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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

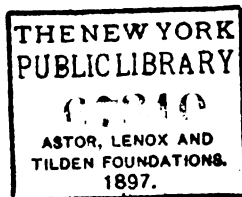
OLD SERIES, VOL. XXX.—NEW SERIES, VOL. IV.



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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1882.

BLACK-BASS-FISHING IN SUNGAHNEETUK.



MOUTH OF SUNGAHNEETUK, LOOKING TOWARD THE LAKE.

SOME of the Vermont rivers emptying into Lake Champlain were once salmon-streams, notably the beautiful little river which the Indians named Sungahneetuk, — the "Fishing-Place River." But the salmon long since ceased to inhabit any of these, only now and then a straggler being taken even in the lake. Our Fish Commissioners have done all they could with the inadequate resources at their disposal to re-establish the salmon in the rivers he once made famous; but, barred with dams, their unshaded waters heated and shrunk, thick with sawdust and

the wash of cultivated lands, and poisoned with chemicals from mills and factories, they have undergone changes too great to allow of their again becoming his home. They are rivers yet, but not the cool and limpid realms whereof he was lord paramount in the old days, and it is no longer worth his while to battle the swift currents of the St. Lawrence and run the gauntlet of the Richelieu nets to come to his own again.

But in Sungahneetuk and in other streams, his ancient heritage, he has a smaller yet worthy successor, almost as game for his size, and ranking high

among food-fishes. Hardy, prolific, armed defensively with firm scales and a dorsal bristling with spines, offensively with stout, sharp teeth set in strong jaws, the black bass holds his own against changed conditions and aquatic enemies, and owns no fish of these waters his master, unless it be the gar-pike, or bill-fish, a fish so invulnerably mailed and murderously weaponed as to be assailed or withstood by no other.

Protection has done wonders for the bass, for all they needed was to be let alone during spawning-time, and whenever the law has been enforced they have greatly increased in numbers. Up to the passage of a protective fish-law, in 1874, it had been the common practice here with all who angled, either for pleasure or profit, to catch these fish on their spawning-beds in June. Whoever had eyes sharp enough to spy out the beds under the tangle of ripples and knots of foam in the shallows or beneath the slow current of the translucent gray-green depths had only to cast his hook, no matter how unskillfully, masked with a worm, and the alert parent-fish would rush to remove the intruder from the sacred precincts, seizing it in her mouth and dropping it well outside the bed, if left to have her own way with it. But just in the nick of time the angler came in, and, striking, fastened his fish, which ten times to one was hauled forth at once by stout pole and line, without a chance for life, to spend her strength in useless threshing of the daisies and clover. It was not always done in this butcherly manner, but it was done in some way by almost every one who fished at all, and at best was a miserable business.

The undiscovered and fruitful beds were few, the barren and orphaned ones many, and if the streams had been their only spawning-places the bass must have been almost exterminated by such continual persecution. But of the many adventuring through stress of nature up the rivers some would escape, and there were the reefs and bars of the lake, where others might breed undisturbed

by man, and so, among them all, perpetuate their race until the day of deliverance.

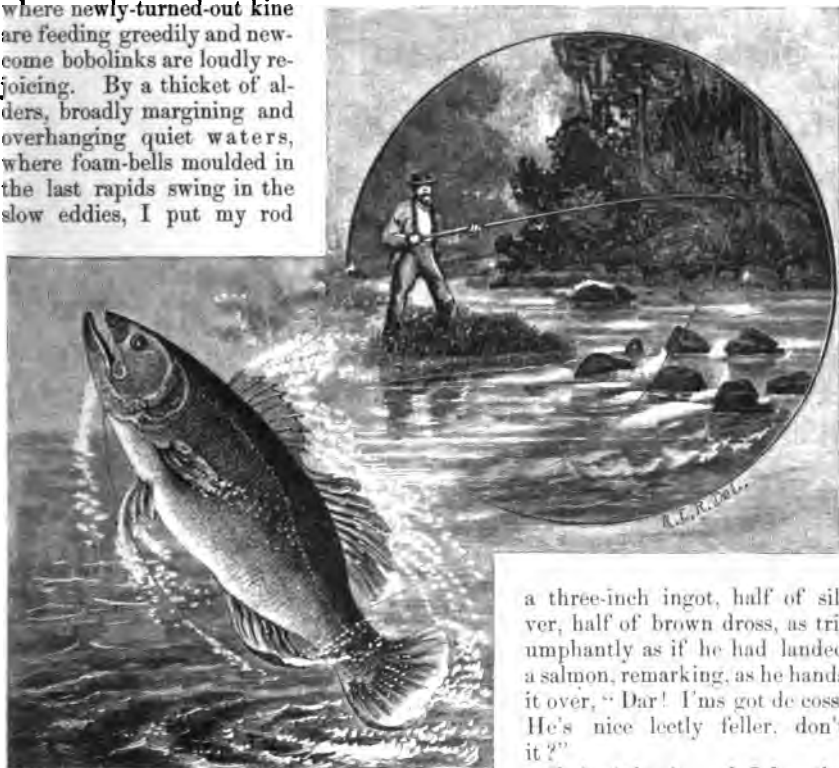
The bass, having hibernated in the depths during the dead months, come on to the spawning-grounds in May, and shortly after set about making their beds, which, when finished, are shallow concavities, in diameter about twice the length of the fish, and from the time of completion till the hatching of the eggs are most vigilantly guarded and kept scrupulously clean. The eggs, which are attached to the bottom by a glutinous coating, are hatched in about two weeks after they are deposited. If a pebble or water-logged chip or twig is washed on to the bed, it is as quickly removed as is the hook of the angler, and all animate intruders are summarily driven off. The infant bass, at their first hatching, are as black and unpromising as a swarm of polliwogs in a mud-puddle, but they soon disperse, and grow rapidly, and early show their blood, for, long before fall, little fellows an inch and a half in length may be seen chasing minnows as big as themselves. When the spawning-season is well over and the law off, the bass have returned to the lake; but in the few days spent by them in the stream before spawning and the beginning of the close time, the angler is given a chance to take them in a perfectly legitimate manner. It is of one of these days' fishing along this beautiful stream, that, if not done very scientifically or with costly tackle yet was not unfairly done, that I have to tell.

Sungahneetuk winds its first slender thread around the ledges of the western slope of the Green Mountains, but soon gathers to it the strands of brooks spun out from ponds and swamps and springs, and in a little while becomes strong enough for the turning of mills. Many of these of different kinds are lodged beside it, grinding grist for the food of men, weaving cloth for their raiment, sawing boards for their cradles, shelter, and coffins. These three kinds of mills are all in a huddle, along with stores and shoemakers' and blacksmiths' shops, at Nutting's Curse, the lowest falls now

so used, as if they had drifted downstream and grounded there, three miles or so above where the widened stream is woven into the broad sheet of Champlain.

Half a mile below these mills, on a sunny morning of a mid-May day, I begin my fishing. The river has drawn itself from the narrow environment of hills, and winds among intervalles ankle-deep with young grass, where newly-turned-out kine are feeding greedily and new-come bobolinks are loudly rejoicing. By a thicket of alders, broadly margining and overhanging quiet waters, where foam-bells moulded in the last rapids swing in the slow eddies, I put my rod

together. It is of hardhack, hop horn-beam, iron-wood, lever-wood—well, *Ostrya Virginica*, a wood which I have long believed the best of our native trees for rod-making,—and I have had it made for me by a cunning workman. It is in three pieces, and of a most unorthodox length,—fifteen feet. The books say eight feet is the proper length for a bass-rod; but I am a heretic. How could one reach



BLACK BASS BREAKING WATER.

over these alders or the thickets of willows lower down stream with such a stick? The slender line is rove through the guides, the hook with its gut snell bent on, and Monsieur Ruisseau, sometime since of Canada, comes forward with the bait-kettle,—“minny-pail,” we call it. He dives therein half-way to his elbows more than once to no purpose, for lively minnows are slippery customers, but at last brings out a chub,

a three-inch ingot, half of silver, half of brown dross, as triumphantly as if he had landed a salmon, remarking, as he hands it over, “Dar! I’m got de coss; He’s nice leetly feller, don’t it?”

Indeed he is, and I breathe a silent prayer for him and myself as I impale the little wretch just forward of the dorsal. May a big bass take him speedily, and may I be forgiven for my cruelty! This baiting the hook is the wickedness of fishing that one is sorry for. Five minutes later one is apt to be angry with the tortured, gasping wretch because he does not swim deeper. This one is most obedient to my wishes, and at once sounds the depths, where I tenderly cast him, just under the bank at my feet.

The slack of the line is slowly taken up, till I can feel the faint tug of his laborious swimming, and with bated breath I watch and wait to feel the stronger tug of a bass seizing him. It does not come, and I cast again and again, far and near, with no stronger responses, till it begins to grow doubtful whether there are any bass here, or, at least, any hungry ones.

I lose interest a little in the water, and take time to note how thickly the dandelions are dotting the grass and setting in their gold the amethyst tufts of violets, how the bobolinks are rollicking over them and the sparrows trilling their happy songs, how busy the robins are with their nest-building, their short play-day already ended, then how all these marginal thickets of alder and willow are bent down-stream with the stress of the spring floods, and even the topmost twigs are clothed with knots of begrimed leaves and looped wisps of grass of last year's growth. I note, too, the fresh-water flotsam here stranded, of chips, cobs, slabs, bits of board, and rails from up-stream mills and farms, with a child's rude toy boat, dismantled and unhelmed in its wild voyage, grounded on its ant-hill Ararat, while some little chap among the hills is yet searching the pebbly shores and, with as fond, vain hopes as ours, shading his eyes to descry his small ship sailing back from Spain. Here is a paddle gone adrift from its boat, and the cover of a minnow-car, with rusting hasp and hinges still clinging to it,—signs of boatmen and fishermen in upper waters.

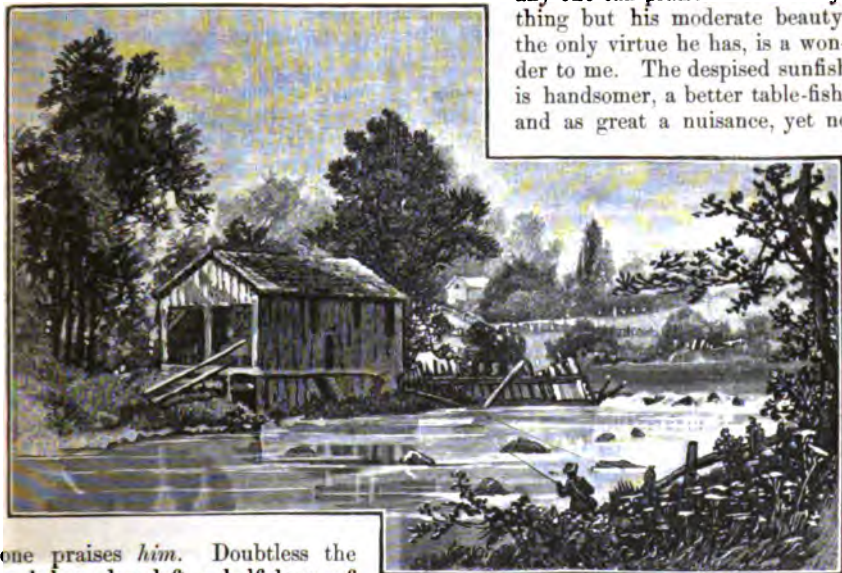
Ruisseau has grown listless too, and for the last five minutes has given me no advice nor made any disparaging comments on my rod and line, which he thinks too slender. When *he* goes fishing he has a spar of white cedar for a rod and corresponding cordage for a line. "Dat's de way I'ms feesh in Canady." He has changed the water in the bait-kettle, and is taking his ease on the grass, with his pipe in full blast, the fumes pervading a cubic acre of May-day air. Suddenly a snap and splash under the farther bank brings him upright and

alert and recalls me from the borders of dream-land. "Dar! dar! Pull off you' line an' trow him ove' dar," pointing with both hands, one emphasized with his black pipe, to the widening circles.

Meekly obedient to my hired master, I make a long cast, and, as much by luck as skill, deliver my minnow, now almost at his last gasp, in the middle of the concentric rings of wavelets. Scarcely has his fall startled the reflections of bank, bush, and grass-tuft to livelier dancing, when the surface is again broken by a sullen seething, in the midst of which is dimly seen the shining green broadside of a bass. The time given him for gorging the bait seems nearer five minutes than the quarter of one during which the line vibrates with slight jerks and then tightens with a steady pull as I strike, and an angry tug tells me that he is fast. Now the line cuts the water with a tremulous swish, and the rod bends like a bulrush in a gale, as the stricken fish battles up-stream in a wide sweep, then shoots to the surface and three feet into the air, an emerald rocket, showering pearls and crystals. I do not know whether I let my "rod straighten" or "pull him over into the water," but somehow he gets back there without having rid himself of the barbed unpleasantness in his jaw, and then makes a rush down-stream, varied with sharp zigzags, ending in another aerial flight as unavailing as the first. Then he bores his way toward a half-sunken log, thinking to swim under it and so get a dead strain on the line; but a steady pull stops him just short of it. Then he sounds the depths to rub the hook out on the bottom, for he is a fellow of expedients; but the spring of the rod lifts him above this last help. He has exhausted his devices, and now makes feeble rushes in small circles and zigzags and a final nerveless leap not half his length out of water. He has fought valiantly for life and liberty, but fortune has been against him. After a few more abortive struggles, he turns up his side to the sky, and is towed, almost unresistingly, alongside the bank.

Ruisseau lifts him out triumphantly, swearing, Catholic though he is, by a Puritan saint: "Ba John Roger! dat's de bes' 'snago I have ketch in my remember!"

We test his weight with our eyes and forefingers, and put it at four pounds. Fairbanks's and Howe's contrivances might make it less by a pound or more; but they are unsatisfactory scales for anglers' use.



A DEAD SAW-MILL.

one praises him. Doubtless the rock-bass has left a half-dozen of his thievish brethren in ambush behind him, and, rather than bother with them, I move on.

The next fish that tries to rob me of a bait intended for his betters and is sent grazing for his tricks is a perch,—a far handsomer fellow, in his bars of gold and dusky green, than the little bass, and, to my taste, worth a dozen of him on the table.

So we fare down-stream, taking here and there a bass of the right sort from deep holes, under banks, and in mid-channel, and from the slack-water on the lower side of the boulders, in no particularly different way from that in which the first was taken. Some are ingloriously lost: but the bass should not be grudging their share of the sport, which

The hook is rebaited, and a cast made beside the sunken log, and quickly answered by a petulant little bite that robs me of a minnow.

"A cossed leetly rock-bass," Ruisseau says, and advises, "Put a wamm on de hook and ketch 'im off de water."

But the smallest minnow in the pail captures him, and the miserable, bony, greedy, watery, big-mouthed little thief is hauled forth without ceremony. How

any one can praise him for anything but his moderate beauty, the only virtue he has, is a wonder to me. The despised sunfish is handsomer, a better table-fish, and as great a nuisance, yet no

must lie in foiling the angler's arts. Besides, the fish that is hooked and gets away may live to be caught another day, and for the time of exemption from creel and pan pay interest of a half-pound or more: only one is not apt to fancy such uncertain usury, especially when the fish is of two or three pounds' present worth.

Thus we come to the lower falls, where in old times the incoming salmon doubtless paid heavy tribute to the Indians as they scaled the first rampart of ledges that barred their yearly invasion. This is the last mill-seat on the stream, where not many years ago the screech of the saw was heard above the rush of waters, but silent now, its occupation gone. A

mossy roof, broken and sagged with the snows of many winters, scantily sheltering reeling posts, unmoving wheels rotting and rusting among weeds and sprouts of willows, and a drift of rotten sawdust, a flume so dry that the sun shines through it and birds build their nests in it, a grassy embankment, and a few ice-battered timbers of the dam feebly reaching out against the flood, are all that are left of the old mill and its once busy life. A half-dozen mouldering logs that came too late for sawing represent its unperformed work, so near did it come to living out its days.

Just below, a little island splits the stream unequally, leaving on that side a shallow rapid scarcely covering the pebbly bottom, on this a deep current that seethes along its swift and narrow way. Into the head of this I cast my bait, and it goes whirling along it, now tossed to the surface, now tumbled along the bottom. For an instant the rod bends and jerks as the slack of the line is taken up by the force of the current, then curves into a drawn bow from tip to reel with a strong, sudden pull that makes the line twang like a bow-string. This is a hungry fellow, who makes no cat's play with his prey, but gorges it at the first snap. How lustily he pulls, with the swirling torrent to help him! If I should lose him, he would go for a four-pounder at least. Keeping a steady strain on him, but letting him take a little line off the reel and piloting him clear of rocks and roots, I follow him slowly to quieter waters below, where we fight it out, and the land-force is victorious. With the utmost tenderness toward the scales, he could not be made to tip them at above two pounds: so I have lost half my fish by saving him.

The next shallow reach of the winding stream leads us toward the blue haze of the Adirondacks, lifted above the tender green of the near woods. At the next, the shorn slopes and bristling ridge of our own Mount Philo front us, and another draws us close to a hillside soft with leafing tamaracks. None of these reaches give any return for care-

ful fishing. Then we come to one most promising of bass, where the deep, slow current slides through an aisle of overhanging basswoods, elms, and ashes, and then under a prostrate trunk, with its catch of drift-wood, as promising of fouled hooks, and in neither respect am I disappointed. My minnow has hardly struck the water when it is contended for by three or four hungry bass. In this case the devil takes the foremost, who in a jiffy gets the hook fast in his mouth, and, as he darts this way and that to rid himself of it, is closely followed by his companions,—who knows whether envious, curious, or sympathizing? A little later two of them lie with him among the clover. The next cast is too near the drift-wood. The minnow gets among it, and the hook is snagged. Ruisseau helps me out of the scrape with some swearing and a possibly more effective pole, and I suffer no loss but of time, patience, a hook, and part of a snell. The remaining bass can hardly wait for their turn while I am bending on a new hook and rebaiting. They come close to the surface, underseeing the operation, and then in turn they are served out.

The next loop of the stream is cast about a wooded bank, and in it, on a sandy shallow, is a swarm of "rock," or "sand pike," handsome little fellows, with barred sides, the largest among them not exceeding four inches in length. All are hugging the golden, shimmering bottom, casting their spawn and milt.

In a deeper rapid three or four large suckers are heading the swift current, as motionless as if moored there. A boy, with a noose of brass wire at the end of a pole, is trying to snare one, for our suckers are true to their name, and never bite. After much slow and careful manœuvring, he gets it midway inside the noose, and with a vigorous pull throws it out, and there is a happy boy and a most unhappy fish.

Presently we come to the wide, deep pool known as the "Dixon Hole," and under its sheltering elms eat our lunch and moisten it with Sungahneetuk, this

year's vintage of mountain-snows, and dry it again with smoke of the Virginian and the ranker Northern weed, home-grown by Ruiseau. The ashes and charred brands of a recent fishing-fire remind him of his favorite sport, concerning which he discourses: "I'd drudder feesh fo' bull-pawt as basses;" which he does at night, by the cheerful light of a pine-knot fire, with his spar of cedar and stout line and big hook baited with a tangle of worms, anchored with a ponderous sinker, the splash of which, when he casts it, rouses echoes out of the circle of gloom which surrounds him. Sometimes he gets a hundred bull-pouts and two or three or more eels. "An' de el an' de bull-pawt ees de bes' feesh I'ms like, expectin' shad:" by which he means to except the white-fish of the lake, known here as "lake shad."

Ruiseau having reslain his thousands, I resume actual fishing, and soon behold a monstrous bass, who lounges leisurely up to inspect my bait and then turns contemptuously away. He has an eye upon me through the limpid depths. He is a veteran cruiser of these waters, and knows the tricks of men,—a philosopher who can trace effect back to cause, from struggling minnow along line and rod to the guiding hand on shore. Again and again I tempt him, to no purpose, and then reluctantly leave him, to try for less sophisticated fish below, but noting his haunt by a certain bush. A little later I return, making a wide détour, and, when I near the marked bush, drop on to my hands and knees, and so get within six feet of the brink without seeing the water or being seen by any of its denizens, and lightly drop my minnow out of sight behind the grassy bank. The trick succeeds: here is a minnow without a man, and the lord of the pool seizes his tribute at sight and is fast at the first snap. Then the tough fibres of the lithe rod are tried to their utmost, first to keep him from gaining the vantage-ground of some sunken logs and brush, then to lead him to a clearer field, when he makes a rush, spinning fifteen yards of retarded line off the reel, and, with a surging leap, flies into the

air, shakes the hook from his mouth, and leaves me disconsolate. It is small consolation to think that I have added to his wisdom and that he will not dare touch another minnow for a week,—as small as that contained in Ruiseau's "I'ms tole you you'll lost him, sartain." Likely enough, before he has forgotten the lesson he will be dragged ashore in an unlawful seine or smitten under the fifth rib by a spearer prowling by torch-light. As ignominious was the death of the last salmon of this stream, which, tradition says, was speared by some boys with a pitchfork, a few turns below here, on a June day sixty years ago.

Slower than the stream flows we follow it where curling deeps promise fruitfulness of fish, trying every foot of such water, sometimes rewarded with the fulfilment, sometimes not, and faster when the thin, barren current ripples over pebbly and sandy shoals, shortening now and then our course a half-mile by a cross-cut of a few rods.

Climbing the two fences of a road and passing its bridge and then skirting a wide thicket of willows, we come to a farm-bridge, beside which an aged Quakeress is fishing. Perhaps it has been "borne in upon her" that she should go a-fishing to-day: at any rate, she has been "greatly favored," and shows us with quiet pride a goodly string of fish tethered under the abutment, conspicuous among them the bristling olive backs and golden-green sides of half a dozen fine bass. Looking upon her placid face, one may well believe angling a gentle art if it can draw to it such a saintly devotee. The stream has grown as placid as she, and now winds voiceless between its willowy banks, giving no sign of its flow but by some gliding leaf or twig and the arrowy ripples of dipping branches and mid-stream snags.

Here is a straight reach, hedged on one side with willows tall and low, interwoven with wild grape-vines, on the other walled with a green bank topped with a clump of second-growth pines and hemlocks. Looking back through this vista, we see the noble peak of

Tawabedeewajo, bright with last winter's snow, shining against the eastern sky.

On the opposite bank I get a glimpse of a rival fisher stealing warily through the thicket in a coat now rusty and ragged though two months ago sleek and glossy enough. Without rod, snare, or spear, the mink is a notable destroyer of fish. Not so silent is the kingfisher that now comes jerking his way through the air, sending his rattling cry before him and leaving its echoes clattering far behind him. Now he hangs as if suspended by a thread while



A GENTLE ANGLER.

he scans the water twenty feet beneath him. Then the thread breaks, and he drops headlong, and, almost before the spray of his plunge has fallen, rises with a little fish on his short spear.

Here, too, minnows are taken in succession by some fish biting differently from a bass but evidently larger than rock-bass or perch. A third minnow is offered him grudgingly, for frequent drafts and some deaths occurring in spite of half-hourly changes of the water

have reduced the little prisoners of the bait-kettle to a dozen. Success has made him bold, and boldness works his ruin, for this time he swallows hook and bait. He swims deeper than the bass, and as stubbornly for a while, but gives up sooner, and, as he is drawn gasping alongside the bank, proves to be a fine pike-perch of two and a half or three pounds' weight. He is not a frequent

navigator so far up the stream, but is often caught near the mouth in adjacent Wonakakutuk and in great numbers in the lake, notably at Kozowaapska and Sobapkska. He is handsome, game, and in every way a good fish.

Again my hook gets foul in a drift of brushwood, and Ruisseau, wading out to clear it, again lapses into profanity over his "jim rubbits, half fill of de creek!" With the Canuck, india-rubber is always "jim rubbit."

As the stream is drawn to the level of the lake, its character changes more and more. The sluggish current sweeps slowly under the double-curved branches

of great water-maples, whose ice-scarred trunks rise from low banks rank with sedge and wild grass and sloping backward to wide marshy swamps, where we hear bitterns booming, rails cackling, innumerable frogs piping and croaking, and the fine, monotonous chime of toads, and mysterious voices that may be those of birds or of reptiles supposed to be voiceless. Every streamward-slanting log now has its row of basking turtles that tumble off at our approach, and the little green heron launches as clumsily from his perch in the tall trees and goes flapping before us. Now our way is barred by an impassable outlet of

the swamp on one side, and here I catch the last bass of the day.

A swarm of little fish, the biggest not an inch long, come swimming up-stream, a school yards in length hugging our shore. As here and there a silver side flashes in the sunlight, it is as if a suit of chain-armor was being drawn through the water. Now a swift bolt strikes it from beneath, and a hundred shining links are driven into the air. In the bubbling swirl beneath the break I see the brazen mail of a bass, and a few feet up-stream I drop my minnow, a prey far more tempting than these atoms, and no sooner seen than seized. In the fight that ensues I have some trouble to lead him to a fairer field and a proper place for surrender, to do which he must be got over a sort of boom which serves for a water-fence, being a single pole

spanning the stream and in the middle sagging an inch or two below the surface. Shortening my line and raising the tip of the rod, I half lift, half drag him over it, and, after some further skirmishing, bring him to shore, and Ruisseau, wading into the mud half-way to the top of his "jim rubbits" to rescue him, shows himself an artist, making a bas-relief in clay.

As I range the result of my day's sport side by side along the sod, a comely rank of fifteen bass and one pike-perch, Ruisseau proudly remarks, "I'ms guess dat ole wimmens ain't beat me, don't it?"

The sun is burning the low clouds and setting the western edge of the world on fire, and so, making a jail-delivery of our few remaining minnows, we turn backward on our long shadows and wend our way homeward.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A PASTORAL PICTURE.

(NIGHT.)

A CROSS the darkness of the night
I see a slender thread of light,—
Light that approaches swift and clear,—
The earliest fire-fly of the year.

A disembodied pulse he seems,
Lit by soft phosphorescent gleams,—
As if beneath his restless ray
Some ocean-wave had gone astray.

A slow breeze wafts along the rill
The mandate of a whippoorwill,
Whose note revengeful seems to be
Softened by mocking fantasy.

The cricket's voice, an iterant trill,
Teases the silence of the hill.
The stars are cold and high to-night,
As vestal virgins robed in white.

The darkness deepens ; overhead
Fragments of cloud are thinly spread ;
A meteor's brief and baleful spark
Of hurrying fire insults the dark. . . .

A radiance of rare splendor born,
Like some red miracle of morn,
Falling from measureless heights of sky
On night's black breast to throb and die.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

LOVE AND FIREWORKS.

THE haymakers at work in my uncle's side-hill meadows had an original way of telling the noon. They were not the owners of watches, and the church-clock was hidden behind the elms, over the tallest of which the top of the white spire, with its lazy vane, could barely be seen. Just at present, too, that sacred time-piece was suffering its semi-annual repairs at the hands of the deliberate Mr. Harriman, the village regulator. No: our chronometer in the hay-field was a simple but admirable combination of horse and hickory-tree. Old Charley, maneless and all but tailless, long since turned out to grass, used to take refuge from the sun under the shade of this hickory, which stood in the pasture at the foot of the hill. Here he would remain, with his nose to the trunk, switching the flies that settled on his ribs, and, as the shadow wheeled slowly in a shortening radius through the hours of the forenoon, Charley turned with it like a kind of revolving sun-dial, with his nose for a pivot. At noon the shadow thrown by the sparse foliage of the hickory was reduced to a round spot on the pasture, leaving large portions of Charley exposed to the sun. Then, with an impatient whinny, the old horse would start for the shelter of the red barn across the field, and thereupon the haymakers, hanging their scythes over the fence-rail and wiping the sweat from their foreheads, would get ready to take their nooning.

I was then *ætate* twelve,—just the meridian of the errand-running age,—and so when Charley made for the barn

I would make for the spring, where the lunch was kept, treading as far as I could on the line of the windrows, and my bare feet shrinking over the intermediate stubble. The spring was under the hill, walled up with stones and shaded by a large chestnut-tree. The meadow thereabout was spongy, and a good place to find fringed gentians in October. A basket of bread and cold meat reposed in the shadow, and in the spring itself bobbed about some dozen stone bottles filled with cider. These bottles, when emptied, became convenient prisons for the little garter-snakes which the haymakers used to catch in the long grass. Many are the bottled snakes which Cousin Bob and I have carried up from the field and let loose among the indignant poultry in the hen-yard.

On this particular day I had taken from the cellar some of the best russet cider—*interiore nota*—from behind the big cistern. Each bottle had two raisins in it to assist fermentation, and had been laid on its side after being filled, to keep the cork wet. The selection of this choice deposit was a bit of hero-worship on my part: the hay-field was to be honored by a distinguished guest,—no less than Cousin Bob himself, who had come all the way from Philadelphia to be present at his sister Kate's wedding.

"It was so kind of you, Bob," said poor Kate, with tears in her eyes, "to come a whole week beforehand and leave all your patients."

"Awful rough on the patients," answered Bob, kissing her in the front hall: "patients under a monument by

the time I get back, I guess; and 'twouldn't make a very large cemetery either."

That was the evening before. Inside the house the family were surrounding Bob in a joyful group. Outside stood the red stage, brilliant in the light that streamed from the parlor windows. The driver was struggling up the walk with Bob's trunk, and I was dancing wildly about under a chaos of valises, dusters, and fishing-rods. A stage-arrival was always an excitement: the arrival of Bob was something to banish sleep for hours. In the watches of the night I longed for the morrow and for Bob's cheery voice shouting, "Shorty, how's 'Old Smoke'? Suppose you get some grease, and we'll go at the barrel." Or else, "Bad hay-weather, Charley; looks good for pickerel. Suppose you get out the scoop, and we'll try the Pound Brook for live bait right away after grub." And in the morning I awoke to the thought, "Bob's come! He's in the next room. There goes his guitar now."

I jumped out of bed, and dressed like a minute-man of the Revolutionary War or a freshman who hears the last strokes of the prayer-bell. I really believe that Kate's wedding seemed chiefly important to me because it brought old Bob home for a fortnight.

"Come in," said Bob, as I knocked at his door. He was seated superbly on the edge of his bed, clothed upon with his night-shirt as with the toga of old Rome, strumming an accompaniment on his guitar and singing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." His generous bass bore out the song's suggestion of winds and waves and "the wet-blown face of the sea." His deep chest-notes breathed for me the quintessence of all manliness, and even the faces which he had to make when he gave them utterance were of heroic cast,—like the tragic masks of the Greek actors. "How you was, old pard?" inquired Bob, unstringing a peg in the guitar. "Do I smell the breakfast in the air, or dooz my eyes deceive my earsight?"

"I guess it's the waffles," I responded. "We're going to have some." As for

Bob's delightful slang, his "daliaunce and fair langage," I never could answer that except by gleeful and appreciative laughter.

A noise was heard below, as of a bell fiercely wielded but impeded in its vibrations by some wooden obstacle. It was produced by my uncle, who, in his matutinal energy, sought to reinforce the action of the bell by rapping it against the balusters as he rang it. Presently we heard his voice thereunto calling, "Come, get up! Get up! Breakfast! Get up!"

"Ah, *bella* — *horrida bella*!" said Bob. "There's the governor again. Been at it since cock-crow. Now, I suppose my landlady, with the usual foresight of her sex, has packed my collars and cuffs at the bottom of that trunk. Here, Charley, lend a hand: put those things on the bed." And he handed out in succession half a dozen pairs of boots, a pile of shirts, a box of cigars, a medicine-chest, a powder-flask, a dress-suit, and two or three human bones. "Put those on top,—Ossa on Pelion. Begun Latin yet, Charley?"

"Not yet," I answered; "but I'm going to in the fall. Jim Cassidy said I'd better. He says the classicals always lick the Englishers at foot-ball. I'm going into Classical Four. He is in Classical Three now."

"Look out for that box. That's something for Katy." And, after a pause, "Charley, is George Spencer in town?"

"Yes, he is. He came last week. Kennedy says he caught a four-pound bass in the pond Friday; right over by the Point. That's a bully place for bass, Kennedy says. *He* got three there all in an hour," etc., etc.

After breakfast, Bob lighted a cigar and stood with Kate out on the piazza, with his arm round her waist.

"How you do smell of tobacco, Bob!" said his sister.

"I suppose, now, Ketchum doesn't smoke any?" suggested he.

"Smoking!" exclaimed my uncle, coming to the door and sniffing. "Smoking's a foolish and expensive

habit. Never smoked in my life. Never used tobacco in any form." And he vanished within. We could hear him as he went through the house and left all the doors open behind him, and we laughed.

"Charley," said Bob, "never smoke. Be virtuous, and you'll be happy.—

'I'll never smoke tobacco, no. It is a filthy weed.

I'll never smoke tobacco, no,' says little Robert Reed:

Bless you, my child, bless you!"

"Now, Bob, how can you make fun of pa in that disrespectful way? And, besides, you are just encouraging Charley to learn the habit when he gets older; and you know father wants him not to."

Katy had been a little nervous and petulant of late. Bob made no reply, but puffed reflectively.

"Jim Cassidy smokes catalpas," I volunteered; "and he isn't but six months older than me; and he said his father saw him smoking one the other day, and he just laughed."

"Frightful levity in a parent!" said Bob.—"Aren't you looking a little thin, Katy?" he went on, squeezing her waist a bit.

"I don't know but I am," answered Katy listlessly. My cousin was a tall girl and very pretty. She had rosy cheeks, and gray eyes, and a large, sweet mouth.

"By the way," continued Bob, a little awkwardly, "Charley says that George Spencer has come home."

Kate said nothing in response.

"Charley!" I heard my aunt's voice calling to me from the back yard.

"Yes, in a minute," I shouted.—"Cousin Bob, I've got to go down to the hay-field now and take the lunch. You're coming down by and by, aren't you?"

"Any cider left?"

"Yes, some bully,—russet cider."

"Well," said Bob, "I'll come down about noon."

"All right. They're mowing the heater lot to-day." And I started around the house.

Accordingly, when the old horse struck twelve in the manner which I

have described, and just as I was lifting the cider-bottles from the spring and the haymakers were gathering under the apple-tree in the lower part of the field, I saw Bob vault the bars and come down the hill. At the same time a buggy stopped at another set of bars. It was drawn by Dick, successor to Charley, and bore my uncle and Mr. Ketchum, the gentleman who was to marry my cousin Kate. After "hanging" the horse to the post, they also came down through the meadow, and we all met at the spring. Bob and Mr. Ketchum shook hands.

"How are you, Ketchum? My congratulations."

"Thank you, doctor, thank you. Kate said you was coming on the stage last night, and you must excuse me for not having been at the house to meet you. I had some important business at the Farms. I'm trying to get my business all done up this week. Business before pleasure, you know."

"Yes, of course; don't mention it. Did you drive down with the governor?"

"With—? I beg your pardon."

"With my father. Of course you did, though. I saw you get out." Bob laughed constrainedly, and turned to shake hands with his old friends among the men, who had seated themselves at a respectful distance and were waiting for their lunch.

My uncle was a smooth-shaved, stoutish man, with a face of a uniform red color. He carried a rough apple-tree stick. He stood with great emphasis on the ground (*his* ground), with jaw dropped and eyes asquint in the sun, regarding the mowing-machine, which came clicking up through its last swath and stopped at some distance off. "Grass in that holler pretty thin, ain't it?" he shouted to the driver.

"Wal, 'tis kind o' light. There's a piece in the middle you'll have to cut with the scythes, I guess."

"Cut it with scythes? What's that for? Don't want any peekin' round with scythes. Men got enough to do along the fences."

"Wal, I can't go in there with the machine. It's too rough. Scratch it all to thunder.—Whoa, there!"

"Rough! What makes it rough?"

"Stuns makes it rough."

"Stones! Stones in there? That's some of McFadden's shiftless work. I told him to get 'em all out last fall and pile 'em on the wall. Gave him gunpowder to blast 'em with."

"Wal, squire, guess he used your gunpowder up shootin' woodchucks, then. He left an almighty pile of stuns in that holler, anyway."

This conversation was carried on in a shout. Then the mowing-machine started up its click and went off across the meadow. My uncle's little blue eyes continued to squint in a mechanical way over the landscape. Suddenly they settled on me in the immediate foreground: "Halloo! shoo-shoo! Where's your boots? Mustn't go barefoot. Dirty trick! Mustn't go barefoot. Get your feet cut: get the lockjaw."

I retired slowly toward the red barn, where my shoes and stockings were stowed away on a beam, and as I went I ruminated. My uncle seldom interfered in my education. He left that to the women,—i.e., to Aunt Sophia and Cousin Kate. His attentions to me were usually confined to sudden warnings about the danger of walking on the picket-fence or climbing the barn roof. "Hi! hi!" he would shout from some coigne of vantage,—the wood-shed door, for instance,—"mustn't fool round the horse. Get kicked." He often gave me sixpences and asked me if I should like to be a lawyer when I grew up. Only on one occasion had he taken my education directly in hand, and that was when it had suddenly occurred to him that my æsthetic culture was being neglected. "Don't play on any musical instrument, do you?" he inquired. "I used to play the fife myself when I was a boy. Don't read any poetry, do you? Come into the office, and I'll give you a copy of 'Hudibras.' Got four or five."

A single anecdote will illustrate sufficiently my uncle's fitness to guide un-æsthetic youth into the higher realms

of imagination, and will show how much sympathy he was likely to have with the sentimental grievances of those under his control. Cousin Bob—who fancied himself something of a connoisseur in painting—had picked up at a dealer's in Philadelphia some half-dozen little oils which he affirmed rather vaguely to be "originals." They represented various saints and martyrs of all degrees of maceration. They were visible only in a strong light, the background and the raiment of the holy men having seemingly been reduced by smoke to a uniform blackness, against which stood out here and there a leaden face or a sallow and emaciated leg. These cheerful effigies Bob brought out of his trunk when home on a visit, and, after having explained their points to Aunt Sophia, who put full faith in them, and to Kate, who laughed at them, he hung them—without frames—on the walls of his room, where they remained after his departure. Bob's room was over my uncle's office. It was a sacred apartment, always reserved for him, and retaining a faint odor of tobacco-smoke. The mantel-piece was littered with glorious *vestigia* of its occupant, such as old pipes, sword-belts, rusty fishing-reels, and surgical instruments, which were never disturbed. I sometimes penetrated to the seclusion of this chamber, inhaled its subtle aroma, so suggestive of dear old absent Bob, and gazed upon the ghostly presences which bedecked the walls. These, as originals, inspired me with a mysterious respect, and not for the kingdoms of this earth would I have dreamed of laying sacrilegious hands on them. But one day—oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle!—my uncle, I say, had brought a house-painter on the premises. After he had painted the well-curb, the fence in the front yard, the red benches in the back stoop, the green shutters of the milk-room, etc., my uncle, ransacking the house with his accustomed energy in search of further objects needing repair, lighted on Bob's saints. "Here," he shouted to the painter from the top of the office staircase, "here! come up here! Sup-

pose you touch up these picters. Give 'em a coat or two apiece: make 'em look pretty: faded out so you can't see what they look like."

I had followed uncle,—having made friends with the painter, who conversed affably with me while he plied his brush all the forenoon,—and I now stood rigid with horror, regarding alternately the red face of this avuncular Vandal and the parchment visages of his intended victims. "But, uncle," I faltered, "Bob used to say that the dark colors were all the beauty of these paintings."

"Don't want any beauty of 'em here. Dingy old things! Touch 'em up a bit. Brighten 'em up, so folks can see what they are. When you get through, come down into the office and I'll pay you."

Then did that smearer of barns, without a misgiving,—nay, even with a simple faith in the resources of his art which begat in me a kind of confidence,—proceed to adorn Bob's originals with fresh garments. To the mantle of one he imparted a brave vermilion, using the very pigment with which he had daubed the benches in the stoop. The girdle which bound the withered loins of a dying hermit was painted a living green,—the green of the milk-room shutters. Only a doubt as to the precise nature of the aureole which encircled the head of one glorified martyr saved that mystic circle from a coat of the best brown paint. And, finally, each leathery cheek received, exactly at its centre, a hectic bloom of the shape and diameter of the old-fashioned copper cent. And then the artist, having surveyed his work with honest pride, picked up his paint-pots and descended into the office to receive his ill-gotten gains. I rushed at once to my cousin Kate and dragged her to the scene. She laughed till her pretty eyes were full of tears, and sank gasping into a chair. The comments of Bob on his next visit home were brief but emphatic. The restored originals disappeared forever.

Well, I had put on my shoes and stockings and returned to the spring just as Bob was opening the first bottle of cider, when a man was seen coming up

the hill with a gun over his shoulder and a game-bag slung under his arm.

"Halloo!" cried Bob, looking up, "there comes George Spencer. What has he been after? Woodcock? To-day is the 1st of July, that's a fact, and the law is off." Spencer bowed as he passed us, a few rods away, and was going on up the hill, when Bob sung out, "Oh, George! You aren't going to give me the go-by, are you?"

"Why, doctor, how are you?" responded Spencer, stopping suddenly and approaching us. "I'm glad to see you home; indeed I am."

He shook hands warmly with Bob, and bowed stiffly to Mr. Ketchum and my uncle, the latter of whom simply glared at him in return and then faced about and fixed his eye on some distant point in the valley. The new-comer was a tall, boyish-looking young man, with a careless, not to say slouching, gait, but graceful withal, and having a merry blue eye with just a bit of the devil in it and an expression of face as of one who took the world perhaps too easily.

"Any sport?" asked Bob, pointing to the game-pouch.

"These," answered Spencer, taking out some half-dozen small bodies, mostly feathers and bill: "the spoils of the chase," he added, with a laugh.

"Oh, golly!" I began, fired with the predatory instinct and regardless of possible snubs, "you ought to see the bag Dave Brown had, day before yesterday, coming out of Parson's cover. Sixteen woodcock and—"

"Look out, Charley," broke in my cousin: "don't be giving Dave away. Mr. Ketchum is in the legislature, you know, and has to look out for the game-laws."

"Day before yesterday was Sunday," said the law-maker in question, with an accent of disapproval.

"That's it," said I. "Dave Brown says Sundays don't count in law. He says—"

"Charley!" shouted my uncle, "here! Take this basket down to the men, and ask 'em if they have got enough cider."

Spencer glanced up with a look half of annoyance and half amused. His face flushed slightly, and he dropped the birds back into the pouch, and, saying, "Well, I must be off," turned and pursued his way over the field just as I was moving reluctantly off on my errand.

It was not so much what my uncle had said, but the tone in which he said it implied that he didn't want me in Spencer's company. I hurried back to the spring in time to hear him say, "I thought that fellow was gone to New York for good,—gone to be an architect, or something."

"I suppose he is taking a little vacation," ventured Bob.

"Taking a vacation, hey?" said my uncle, with a snort. "Better stick to his work. Young men take too many vacations nowadays."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Ketchum, with slow and mournful unction, "that it's vacation with Spencer pretty much all the time. I'm afraid he won't make architecture go. He is too unstable: 'unstable as water, he will not excel,' as the good book says. Now, I spoke to him before he went to New York about making the plans for an extension we are building to the mill; I wanted to give him a lift; but he didn't seem to take any interest, and my partners got sick of waiting for him, and gave the job to another man. What a man wants to succeed in business is concentration. Spencer scatters himself,—goes round playing chess, and botanizing, and tooting on a French horn, and all that sort of fooling. He doesn't bring himself to a focus, like he ought."

"He's a poor toad," pronounced my uncle sententiously and with an air as though Mr. Ketchum was refining too curiously on a subject unworthy of such metaphysical analysis.

Bob seemed uncomfortable under this criticism of Spencer, and it was no less than shocking to me, in whose system of hero-worship that over-versatile genius occupied a place second only to Bob himself. Was not his prowess with rod and gun acknowledged even by Dave Brown, —him, the unsabbatical, the scorner of

statute law, the profane and bibulous brother of the angle,—who frequently in my own hearing had borne testimony to George's gift, as he sat and spat among a crowd of idlers on the stoop of the Eagle Hotel?

"Thar's the Hinmans," Dave would say: "they gits *some* trouts, but I kin beat them. Thar's Joe Briggs: he's a pretty good fisherman; he gits *some* trouts, but I kin beat *him*. Thar's Willem Holt,—comes up from 'York,—he thinks he knows how to fish. Wal, he gits *some* trouts. But I kin beat the hull on 'em, by —! Me *and* George Spencer kin beat the hull d——n lot of 'em!"

It was this Crichton of a Spencer who had taught me how to cast a fly and to construct a sucker-trap. He had a canoe on the river, and had given me lessons in paddling. Once he even lent me his double-barrelled shot-gun,—under conditions of the strictest secrecy and caution in handling on my part. He could whittle anything out of wood, and he had made an elegant model in soap-stone of St. Swithin's Church, which was quite the gem of the church-fair where it was raffled for. He would dash you off pen-and-ink caricatures of all the queer people in the village. And how often at night, when passing his mother's little white house, had I listened with rapture to the strains of George's French horn, where his lonely taper glimmered late among the pines! And then, too, what an admirable woman was Mrs. Spencer, the mother, and how toothsome the vergalieu pears in her side-yard!

But I knew, though rather vaguely, why my uncle was down on this hero of mine. I am telling this story *ab extra*, and solely from recollection of what I myself saw and heard. I will not vouch for hearsay evidence, and I was not of an age when one is usually taken into family councils; nor should I have taken much interest in the sentimental woes of my elders, having in especial a boy's contempt for young women and their love-affairs. But thus much I partly knew and partly guessed: George Spencer and my cousin Kate had been sweet-

hearts, and their passion had been frowned on by my uncle, who, in an angry interview with the young man, had spoken most disrespectfully of his "prospects" and had ended by forbidding Kate to see him. This in itself might not have been enough to break off the affair, for Kate was a spirited girl, with a large share of inherited obstinacy; but there had followed some misunderstanding between the lovers. Whether Kate thought that George took his dismissal by her father too proudly and kept away from her in consequence, or whether he thought that she took it too lightly and consoled herself too readily by flirtations with her other admirers, I never quite knew. Kate certainly was a little of a coquette, as indeed she had a right to be, being the acknowledged belle of the village and much sought after by the young men at picnics and hops. Poor George took it hard enough. I used to meet him in the dusk mooning furtively about the outskirts of our orchard, and to wonder what he was at. It has since occurred to me that he was watching the light in Kate's window,—as time out of mind has been lovers' wont,—and that the apple-tree shadows were to him in lieu of those "broom groves whose shade the dismissed bachelor loves."

And once he bribed me with the sum of fifty cents, to me in hand paid, to give him an old photograph of Kate and say nothing about it to any one,—a bargain which seemed to me advantageous beyond the wildest dreams of "swaps" and speculations in jack-knives or rabbit-coops. Kate, too, moped badly at first. She chose melancholy airs for her piano. She had redness of the eyes,—like the drunkards of Ephraim; and I used to find scraps of Byronic verse on her writing-table and evidently of her own composition, beginning,—

Oh, there are times in life's dull dream, etc.

Alas! this was in ante-Tennyson days, when L. E. L. was still in vogue; and Kate was not without a strong dash of romance in an otherwise very healthy and sensible temperament.

After a while she came out of this mood and was quite gay again; and, finally, after a desperate flirtation with Mr. Ketchum, she engaged herself to that gentleman with her father's full approval,—my aunt Sophia, as usual, acquiescent rather than enthusiastic. Mr. Ketchum was quite the rising young man of our village. He had a third share in the large cotton-mill at Whistleville. He was of an inventive turn, and owned the patent of several agricultural implements, which brought him in a very pretty plum. He was our postmaster, and had represented the town twice in the State legislature. It was mainly through his public-spirited exertions that the railroad extension to the neighboring town of Whistleville had been procured. He was Sunday-school superintendent and junior warden of St. Swithin's Church, of which my uncle was senior warden. He was reckoned rather a handsome man, too, with his luxuriant side-whiskers, black eyes, and big red lips. His manners were even excessive. If my aunt Sophia or any lady entered the room where he was sitting in an arm-chair, he would rise and insist upon her taking his seat. Once, when he dined at our house, I was greatly impressed by the delicacy which he showed in holding his handkerchief before his face, as a screen, while he picked his teeth. And yet, in spite of these unquestioned virtues, I knew that Bob was never quite reconciled to Mr. Ketchum's engagement with Kate. But, if asked to name his objection, he always put it on some absurd ground, as, for instance, that Ketchum wore cloth shoes,—which was quite as unreasonable as Petruchio's motive for throwing his wine-sops in the sexton's face. As for cloth shoes, Mr. Ketchum certainly dressed elegantly, wearing a black frock and a tall hat, even on week-days. His affable prosperity had never seemed in stronger contrast with poor George's prospectless condition than now, while the latter, in his faded brown coat and seedy trousers, was climbing slowly up the hill toward the bars that led out of the meadow into the Whistleville turn-

pike. His very back, as he walked, had a dispirited and almost loaferish expression.

But now the only absent member of my *dramatis personæ* came on the scene,—the heroine herself, who, with a wide straw hat on her head and a bunch of pansies in her belt, appeared on the other side of the bars just as Spencer reached them from the field. We could see the quondam lover raise his hat and let down the bars for her to pass. We could see Kate smile; we could see that they exchanged a word or two as she stepped through the gate and came toward us down the smooth green slope, while he replaced the bars and went up the road. Only a word or two, but it proved to be enough. Balzac tells of a quick-witted demoiselle who could *dépecher une accolade* while mounting the staircase behind her duenna.

Kate was humming a tune as she approached the group by the spring. She had a heightened color and a conscious look about the mouth. Her eyes, cast down demurely, seemed looking for some wild flower along the shaven meadow-ground.

"Well, good-morning, Miss Kate," began Ketchum, taking her by the arm with an air of ownership which she seemed a little to resent. "Come tagging after the men, have you? Couldn't keep away from us. No; I thought not. That's the way with the ladies all. Isn't that so, doctor?"

Mr. Ketchum, though a man of business habits and a Sunday-school superintendent, was by no means a person of severe and gloomy mien. He often said that in his view religion should be a cheerful and not an ascetic thing. In his business he found it more profitable to be "genial" than "stuck up." Though not "a drinking man," as he would explain, he would take a drink upon occasion with commercial or political acquaintances, and would himself insist upon "setting 'em up all round" with hospitable iteration whenever the business in hand required such lubricants. Though holding strict views touching the observance of the Sabbath,

he was, on the whole, a progressive and liberal spirit, and in the famous contention in St. Swithin's Church as to the propriety of singing operatic selections he held with the popular side. He was secretly adored by the young ladies of the choir and of the Sunday-school, who esteemed his air of mingled gallantry and playfulness as the perfection of high-bred wit, to be met on their part only with applauding giggles and cries of, "Oh, Mr. Ketchum, *do* stop making me laugh! You're *too* funny!" etc., etc.

But to-day this excellent fooling was for some reason thrown away on Bob, who sullenly declined response to Ketchum's appeal and made as though he heard it not, ransacking the hamper in silence to find the corkscrew.

"We saw you talking with Spencer at the fence," pursued the humorist, winking at the unresponsive Bob. "I guess I shall have to be looking after Spencer. Come, now, tell us what he said. Did he promise to dance at the wedding?"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" said Kate, disengaging her arm and darting a look expressive of rather complicated emotions at her prospective bridegroom. "I want some lunch. Is there any pie, pa?"

"No pie here. Don't want any such flummery round here. Good, plain bread and meat, cider, boiled eggs," answered my uncle, with his mouth full of the last-named item.

"Come, step up to the counter and ask the squire for a glass of cider," urged Ketchum.

"Cider goes to my head," answered Kate, with a pout; "but I want a sandwich.—And, Charley, get me a glass of spring-water, please.—Bob, you bad boy, what made you run off just after breakfast? I've scarcely seen you yet, and I've got lots of things to talk to you about."

"Fire away," said Bob, who had found the corkscrew and was opening a fresh bottle.

"Well," remarked Mr. Ketchum, consulting his watch, "time's up with me, so I'll clear out and give you a chance. I know Kate has got lots of things to talk to me about, too, but she's too bashful to

say them before company. So you'll have to be patient, Katy, and keep 'em till next week."

"Oh, go along with you," replied she. "I haven't *anything* to say to you,—not anything at all."

One perceives that our poor Kate was nothing of a Beatrice and had little else at command in the shape of repartee than the sauciness of any old-fashioned Yankee girl.

"Well, good-morning, Mr. Craig; good-morning all. Ta-ta, Katy; keep up your spirits, and try to get along without me for a while." And Mr. Ketchum took himself off.

Presently, Kate put her arm into Bob's and strolled down into the pastures, leaning against his shoulder, talking and laughing. My uncle had already started for a distant corner of the hay-field, to examine a fence that needed repairs, and thus the lunch-party broke up.

The wedding was appointed for the 10th of July. On the evening of the Fourth there were fireworks on the village green. Our house fronted on this centre of disturbance, and as soon as it grew dark the family and many neighbors assembled on the piazza and in the yard, which was filled with chairs and settees, prepared to witness what the local press afterward described as a "grand pyrotechnic display." The scene, in sooth, was not without its qualities. In the middle of the green was a platform thickly sown with torches, by whose smoky glare an infuriated brass band performed discords. The Eagle Hotel was brilliant with candles in every window, and its stoop was crowded with the sturdy yeomanry of the vicinage. Fantastic lights and shadows flickered over the turf, and a ring of darkness shut in the whole, save where a few Chinese lanterns twinkled among the trees of some patriot's doorway. Into this outer blackness the fireworks cast momentary illuminations, and here, upon the skirts of the village, the boys lay in wait for the dropping of the rocket-sticks, useful in the construction of kites. I was in those days a keen

hunter of the rocket-stick, and, though larger game may since have crossed my path, I am ready to maintain that there is an excitement in that mystic nocturnal chase which nothing in later life can quite supply. The flight of a rocket! You wait in the shadow with a beating heart, till suddenly—a rush—a scream, and the noble creature sails heavenward with the deliberate grace of a serpent or an eagle, hovers an instant above the world in a column of dissolving fire, and then a soft explosion, and a few lambent stars, crimson and green and violet, come dropping earthward through the summer night; and away we go after them, plunging into the dark, with eyes fixed on the course of the meteors and ears straining for the thud of the sticks as they hit the ground. Sometimes they fall on a roof, sometimes in a pond,—and then I have known the entire hunt to leap in after them, clothes and all, in the heat of the chase.

On this particular evening I had been unlucky, and had secured only one short stick. I was posted alone in a field north of the green, near the Whistleville pike, and most of the rockets had taken a different direction. For half an hour there had been nothing put off but blue-lights, pin-wheels, and such small deer. I had begun to despair of further prey, and had just made up my mind to strike out for home and claim my share of the lemonade and sponge-cake which I knew that Hannah was to distribute among the spectators in our front yard, when—*f-r-s-h!*—the blackness overhead was cleft as by an arrow of flame. The head burst just above me, and the sticks descended toward the north side of the field.

"By the mighty, I've got 'em!" I chortled* in my joy, and started across the field on a run. Farther yet—farther! They'll drop beyond the fence, perhaps in the road, perhaps in the next lot. And, indeed, just as I reached the fence the sticks fell. They struck the top of a carriage that was driving along the road, and frightened the horses so

* For "chortle," *vide* "What Alice Saw through the Looking-Glass."

that they reared and plunged. The night was dark, but I could see the figure of a man standing at the horses' heads, and I heard from the carriage a woman's voice—a voice that I knew—saying, in a low, agitated tone, "Oh, George, what was it? Take me back! please take me back! I wish I hadn't come."

And then I heard the man—whose voice I recognized also—answer soothingly, "It's nothing, darling: nothing but one of those cursed rocket-sticks, that startled the horses a bit. But they are all quiet now. They're perfectly gentle. Don't be afraid, dear. Keep hold of the reins a minute till I jump in."

And in a trice he was in the carriage, and the team was off down the road at full speed. It had all happened so quickly that I had had no time to think what it meant. I had even forgotten the rocket-sticks, till the tramp of feet and a rush of boys across the field recalled my mind to the quarry, which had now somehow lost its importance.

"Say, young feller," the foremost called out, "did them sticks fall anywhere round here?"

"In the road, somewhere," I answered indifferently. And, leaving them to search for them, I hurried home and joined the circle in the front yard.

"Where is Kate?" I whispered, as soon as I had picked out my aunt Sophia from among the mothers in Israel who were purring gently in the back seats.

"Kate went into the house with a headache, Charley, some time ago. Perhaps you had better go and see how she is, and ask her if I can do anything for her."

I ran up-stairs and knocked at Kate's door. No one answered. I opened the door. The room was empty, and the lamp burning. Then I looked for Bob, and found him at the front gate, making himself agreeable to a local young woman.

"Cousin Bob," I said, "come into the house, please, a moment. Something important."

"Important! Been blowing your fingers off with a toy cannon?"

"No. Please come in. Really and truly it's important. Come."

Bob excused himself and followed me into the hall.

"Kate has run off," I said breathlessly.

"What do you mean?"

"With George Spencer," I added.

"Where? When? Who told you so?"

I explained as rapidly as I could.

"Come into the office," said Bob.

We found my uncle seated at his desk, writing. The front door was sternly closed, that he might seem to lend no countenance to the fireworks, which he disapproved of as frivolous and dangerous inventions, liable to set fire to barns and other property,—whereby plaintiff hath suffered great damage.

"Tell him what you saw, Charley," said Bob.

I entered upon my narrative, my uncle listening with a dazed expression, and, when I had finished, breaking out with, "Hey! What? Kate in a wagon? Who with? Spencer? Where was she going?"

"Toward Whistleville."

"Whistleville? What for?"

I hesitated, and Bob came to my relief: "Why, it is very clear, sir, I think, that the girl has run off."

"Run off! Flummery! What would she want to run off for? The boy has made a mistake. Kate is out looking at the fireworks. Saw her myself half an hour ago."

"No," I cried eagerly, "Aunt Sophia says she went into the house some time ago with a headache; and I looked in her room, and she wasn't there."

"Then she is just taking a little drive. Run off! What should make her run off? Stuff and nonsense!" But he rose from his desk with an anxious look and grasped the apple-tree stick that stood in the corner by his chair.

"I'm afraid it's more than that, sir," said Bob gravely. "Kate has been acting queer the last few days. She's too good a girl to do anything in a premedi-

tated way that would give us all pain. But, then, the best girls have romantic notions, and she may have given way all of a sudden. She used to be very fond of Spencer at one time, you know; and it isn't likely—is it?—that they would be just taking a drive all for nothing at this hour of the evening."

"The miserable hound!" shouted my uncle, suddenly experiencing conviction and displaying an equally sudden energy. "Tell William to put Dick into the buggy—quick! Charley, run over to the post-office and tell Ketchum to come right over here. Send your aunt into the office."

"Hold up a bit," said Bob. "Dick's no good. We want the fastest pair they've got at the livery-stable, and a light wagon. Charley, dust out and order Scott to put in the best team he has got. I'll follow you there in a minute.—And if I were you, sir, I wouldn't notify Ketchum or say anything at all to mother. There's no use making a scandal, and it may be I can overtake them before the 10.35 train leaves Whistleville. They must be meaning to catch that. Time enough to kick up a bobby if they get off."

"Do what you like, Bob," answered his father, sinking into his chair with an air of utter collapse.

"Run ahead, Charley," said Bob. "I'll take you with me.—You had better stay in the office, sir, till we get back, and act as if nothing had happened. I'll go up and lock Kate's door and tell mother that she is asleep and not to disturb her."

At this point I left the office, and cannot say what further conversation passed between father and son. But when Bob joined me at Scott's stables, some fifteen minutes later, he reported, with a shake of the head, that the governor was badly cut up.

Our team was a fast one, and hardly needed the cut of the whip that my cousin gave them as we turned into the Whistleville road. The night was dark and warm. The trees and bushes went by with a rush, and I had such a wild feeling of adventure that I could scarcely

keep from shouting aloud as Bob put the ribbons into my hands while he lighted a cigar and said, "Let 'em spin, Shorty! Give 'em head. They've got at least half an hour's start," he added, as he resumed the reins. Beyond this we exchanged no words about our errand, but bowed along in silence, having that shamefaced reticence in matters sentimental which prevails between a man and a boy. It was five miles to Whistleville. We had gone about half the distance, and had reached the top of a bare hill, when Bob pulled up abruptly. "Hark!" he exclaimed. "Is that the sound of wheels ahead?"

We both listened intently.

"No," I answered; "it's only the brook down in the hollow."

"Pshaw! So it is," said Bob.—"Get up!"

But, at the instant of starting, one of the hind-wheels rolled gently from its axle, the carriage toppled over on its side in a leisurely manner, and I found myself lying among the sweet-fern and huckleberry-bushes by the roadside. The horses stood perfectly still. There was a moment of silence, and then,— "D——n everything!" said Bob, from the ditch. He had kept hold of the reins, and neither of us was hurt, as the carriage, luckily, had no headway on and the fall was soft. "Strike a match, Charley, and look at my watch. I can't let go the reins."

"It is a quarter past ten," I reported, after some fumbling.

"The game is up," said Bob.

"It's only two miles and a quarter," I suggested: "couldn't we hoof it?"

"What! in twenty minutes? Not much we couldn't. We had just about time enough to make it with the wagon."

"We might get another wagon from a farmer."

"There's nothing but woods for a mile ahead. No; about face! The next time you see your cousin Kate, young man, her name will be Mrs. Spencer."

We unhitched the sweating team, drew the carriage off the road, and

started homeward on foot, Bob leading the horses and whistling softly as he went. About half a mile up the road we came to a farm-house, where the lights were still burning. Here we got a pole, and, putting in the horses, drove back to the village. It was near midnight when we reached the green, and the Fourth was over. A smell of gunpowder still lingered in the air, but the houses were dark, except where a few sleepless revellers kept wassail in the bar-room of the Eagle Hotel. We left the horses at the stable, and went directly to my uncle's office, where a light was burning. Bob shrank perceptibly from entering. There were voices inside, and, as we opened the door and walked in, we found Mr. Ketchum in the act of taking leave. He evidently knew nothing of what had happened, for his face wore its habitual look of smug self-satisfaction. My uncle, on the contrary, had an expression of ill-concealed nervousness, which deepened into alarm as his eye sought Bob's for tidings of our success. Bob shook his head. No one spoke.

Mr. Ketchum saw that something was the matter. "Anything wrong?" he inquired, looking from one to the other. "Anybody sick?"

"Sit down a minute, Ketchum; sit down," said my poor uncle. He made one or two efforts to speak, but his voice shook so that he could hardly utter a word. Finally, he controlled himself, and began, "I hoped it would turn out a mistake, or that we could stop it in time, and so I said nothing to you. But—but—I am terribly shocked—terribly mortified to have to tell you. My daughter has acted badly: she has disgraced her father. You can't feel worse about it than I do."

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" demanded Ketchum.

"Oh, let's have it out," broke in Bob, stepping forward. "Ketchum, she has run away with George Spencer,—this evening, while the fireworks were going on. They went to Whistleville, and I went after them as soon as we discovered it; but the wagon broke down on top of

Mosses Hill,—and so they've got off; and, upon my soul, I'm sorry for it, and I didn't think it of Kate. If she wanted to break with you, she might have done it fair and square. This running off in the dark is a shabby business. The girl has treated you badly, Ketchum, and the family owes you an apology."

Bob held out his hand, but Mr. Ketchum did not appear to notice it. His face went white and red by starts, and the passions of grief, anger, and shame chased each other over his broad cheeks like flying cloud-shadows across a meadow. "Why didn't you tell me this when I came in here to-night?" he demanded at length, facing my uncle.

"I thought Bob might catch the fools and bring 'em back in time to save this disgrace and hush the thing up," explained the runaway's parent.

"Oh! And you thought the girl was good enough for me anyway, even if she had run off with another feller."

"There was time to catch 'em; there was time to stop it, before they could get the down train, if the wagon hadn't broke down.—Mean, stinking wagons Scott always keeps!" he added, with parenthetical rage.

"Oh, the wagon broke down, did it?" sneered Ketchum, with a black look at Bob. "Yes; I've heard of that kind of wagon before.—I'll tell you what it is, Squire Craig, I can see when a job is put up on me as well as the next man, and I ain't going to swallow it so sweet and nice."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" said my uncle.

"I mean that I may not be a college-educated man or belong to a high-toned family, but as long as you felt sure I had the stamps you was glad enough to take me all the same, and so was the girl. But as soon as this report about the mill gets around, you shake me quick as a wink. And the joke is on you, after all. For, as sure as I sit here, that story about our paper's being protested in Thimblebury is a darned rotten lie, and the man that started it knows it's a darned lie." And he brought his fist down on the table with an emphasis on the

expletive that lent it almost the dignity of an oath and doubtless gave its utterer a delightful thrill of wickedness.

"So help me God!" said my uncle, after a pause, "I never heard any report of the kind till this minute, and it wouldn't have made a particle of difference with me if I had. I didn't want your money, and my daughter didn't want your money. I favored the match myself because I thought you a worthy, industrious young man of good principles and steady habits."

"It's a put-up job," asserted Ketchum, rising and taking his hat from the table. "I don't say that you are in it yourself, Mr. Craig,—and I dare say you ain't; but your daughter is, clear enough, and so is her brother. Well, I wish you joy of your son-in-law,—a cuss without a cent, and that don't know how to make a cent for the life of him. As for that little flirt—"

"There," broke in Bob; "that'll do. Not another word. I took you for a gentleman, and I made you an apology accordingly, which I see I didn't owe you; but if you say anything—"

"Bob!" interrupted my uncle authoritatively. And, as Ketchum stalked out of the office, he continued, "The man has been insulting, but he has a right to feel hard toward us. Kate has treated him shamefully: she has treated the whole of us shamefully."

"Well," replied Bob, breathing short, "I don't defend the way she did it, but I'm glad she's done it, after all. That fellow is a cad to the bottom of him. I always thought so, and now I know it. Spencer's a gentleman, if he isn't anything else."

"Halloo!" exclaimed my uncle, recovering his usual manner as his eye fell on me. "What's the boy doing here? No place for boys. Time to be abed. Here,—here's a dollar for your savings-bank: buy fire-crackers next Fourth. Off to bed with you." And I withdrew.

Here is the letter which my tearful aunt Sophia received from Kate a day or two later. I found it last week in a

bundle of yellow papers in the little hair-cloth trunk under the garret-stairs. *Eheu fugaces!*

"NEW YORK, July 6, 18—

"MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,—Will you ever forgive me? You must, for I am so happy. I know that I have done very, very wrong; but George was so impetuous. He had a presentiment that unless I went with him that night we never should be married. You know what a strong *will* father has, and I did not dare to face the *scene* that would have taken place if I had broken off my engagement with Mr. Ketchum in the usual way. Poor Mr. Ketchum! I have treated him very badly, and I *did* like him—in a way. But, mother, I found that I could *not* marry him. He was too vulgar. Only think! I discovered that he had bought a book called 'Etiquette and Eloquence; or, The Perfect Gentleman,' telling about how to behave in company, etc.; and he used to learn little speeches out of it and say them to me when he called. Please all of you forgive me, and write to me at No. 137 Blank Street, where we are boarding. George has a good situation with his uncle, who is an architect and is going to take him into partnership some day. I wish you could see how happy I am.

"Ever your own loving daughter,

"CATHERINE C. SPENCER."

"P.S.—We were married that evening at Whistleville, by Rev. Dr. Quickly, in ten minutes. We have heard of poor Bob's accident with the wagon. Dear Bob! how I love him! Ask him to pardon us for it."

It is needless to add that every one came round in time,—even my uncle, who held out manfully for several months. Even Mr. Ketchum, if he did not forgive, at least forgot so far as to marry a rich young woman of Thimblebury, with whom he subsequently moved to that flourishing burg and to higher spheres of usefulness in business life.

HENRY A. BEERS.

AN AFTERNOON IN A FRENCH HAMLET.

I THINK what decided us to pass the afternoon there was the music of a French horn,—a bewildering, distracting, fantastic strain, compounded of wonderful odds and ends, fragments of songs and operatic airs, as if a dozen music-boxes had broken loose in the player's head and the medley conveyed somehow to the vibrating tube of his sonorous instrument. When the strange, wild music first struck our ears, it seemed to come straight from the very heart of the forest, dilating the imagination with visions of some huntsman gone mad. But it turned out to be only the village musician playing an arrangement of his own, as he headed a wedding-party which had been taking its pleasure under the green boughs of the forest. For the little hamlet in which we had stopped for breakfast was on the skirts of the famous woods we had come from Paris to see.

We had hardly been an hour in the village before this wondrous music burst upon the still air. When we rushed to the windows of our little inn-bedrooms to see what it all meant, what was our delight to behold a most enchanting wedding-procession coming directly from the midst of the woods down the path that led into the village street! The *cortège* was headed by two musicians, one blowing vigorously into the brass tube of his French horn, the other carrying his violin and bow beneath his arm. The bride and her groom came next, and behind them there filed a long line of peasants in their holiday array. We were in luck. We had chosen for our day's outing Saturday, the wedding-day of the people all over French soil. This particular wedding-party, after the good old custom, which even the Parisian workmen and *bourgeoisie* keep up, had gone into the forest to take an airing; for a wedding in France among the people that does not include a drive or a walk under the open sky or beneath

the green boughs of the nearest park or woods is no wedding at all. How many such wedding-parties have I seen in the Bois, and followed as they wandered about through the leafy paths, or watched as they sat at the long tables of the open-air restaurants to eat the marriage breakfast! Daudet's Sidonie, who on her wedding-day breakfasts at Véfours and drives to the Bois with her numerous *cortège* of gayly-dressed friends in white silk-lined carriages, is very far from being the bridal party of my predilection. Frequent observation has developed a taste for plebeian weddings, as furnishing a more natural *mise-en-scène*. I have always fancied the bride's song had a heartier ring to it when she was too poor to sing it to the click of glasses filled with Mumm's extra dry. What luck to catch a glimpse of a peasant-bride here in her home-setting, with the frosts and the suns of the meadow on lip and brow! I gathered up my skirts and fairly flew down the steep stone stairway of the little inn, to meet the procession as it came down into the street.

The musicians stepped past quickly, and then I saw that the bride was a fresh, keen-eyed brunette, with a color on her cheeks that made the flowers she carried seem faded. She wore her bridal finery of white alpaca and tulle veil with the native grace of all born Frenchwomen, although it pleased me to see that she carried the train with a certain *naïf* awkwardness, looking over her shoulder at it with the furtive glance of secret pride. Both her step and her carriage were those of one used to free ankles untrammelled by the discomfort of long skirts. I presume it was out of compliment to the exquisite cleanliness of the little street that she let the train sweep its full length behind her; for a satin-shod foot could have traversed its entire distance without fear of soiling.

The groom was a dapper, smartly-dressed little man, who wore his wed-

ding-favors with the air of one to whom matrimony carried no terrors. There was nothing of the peasant about him. His waxed moustache and tightly-frizzed locks suggested a knowledge of the world undreamed of by the simple rustics who followed him. He was so much a man of the world as to be annoyed that his bride could not keep step with him. Every few moments they stopped to try a fresh start, but they always fell out again after a few paces. Then he would bite his stiff moustache and mutter something in a tone very unlike that of tenderness. French bridegrooms, I have noticed, have none of the meekness of their transatlantic brethren. They think, I presume, that in the matter of discipline one cannot begin too soon.

But the most interesting part of the procession was not the chief figures, but the long line of peasants who composed the wedding-party,—the women in their black skirts, spotless aprons, and gay kerchiefs, the men carrying flowers in their hands and huge wedding-favors in their button-holes and at the sides of their peaked felt hats, and the children in brand-new *sabots* and their tight, close-fitting little caps. It all made a charming picture, these coarse, work-worn faces and their rustic finery, set into the framework of the beautiful quaint old street, with the sunlight falling on the rickety houses and tumbling walls, and the blossoms of the delicate pink peach sprays shedding their perfume upon them. The women, I noticed, had the slow, sluggish movements of those accustomed to carrying heavy burdens or to toiling through deeply-furrowed fields. Even now, on this festive occasion, the grave music of their step seemed incapable of taking on a lighter, brisker measure. Their faces also were attuned to a serious cast of expression, and there was a soberness in their smiles which seemed curiously out of keeping with the occasion. It is a mistake to suppose the French peasant of gay, light-hearted nature. His temperament differs with the province in which he is born and lives. It is true that the *méridional*

has all the devil-may-care joviality of the Southern-born man: the sun warms his blood and makes him look smilingly at things. But the peasant of the North is for the most part grave, taking sober views of life and his toil. On this wedding-occasion this characteristic was plainly made manifest. These marriage-guests, trying vainly to keep step with the jolly mad music of the inventive horn-player, were like some long-unused instrument which requires much tuning before it gives forth a gay air.

I continued to follow them down the winding street, till I saw the entire procession entering the door of a long, low house, which shut upon them when all were in. The wedding-feast was set within, doubtless. Then I remembered that my own breakfast must be growing cold at the inn.

When I entered the large, low dining-room, I found my friends breakfasting in company with our host, a fine, noble-looking peasant, whose robust torso was covered with the inevitable blue blouse. There was also a young man present, whom he introduced as his son, and whose faded velvet jacket and flashy cravat seemed strangely out of keeping with the long checked apron his father wore. There was also a sweet fresh-faced girl, in wooden *sabots* and an odd high coif, who waited upon us, and a kid that followed the girl and nibbled at the bits from the table that fell to the floor. Conversation was going on at a rapid rate, and I found the topic was America. One of our party, who had lived on a ranch in the far West, was explaining to the older peasant the life there: he was dilating on the chances of gain, on the vast stretches of country, the great herds of cattle he had owned, and the money he had made. The old man listened to him as he might to the tale of an Eastern romance. There was no lighting of the eye with the eager interest and the balancing of possibilities we had seen exhibited by a Cornish farmer only a few weeks before, when a similar conversation had taken place. Père Picard nodded his head approvingly, as if the story pleased him from a

purely impersonal point of view, saying, as his eye wandered to the narrow window-casement through which one could see the carefully-tended little vegetable-garden, "Ah, yes, America is a great country; a great country. But—France is good enough for us Frenchmen." And he smiled radiantly, as he fed the chickens that came in through the open door, as if the point were incontestable. There was something quite imperturbable in his content. Only once did it give symptoms of being ruffled. Père Picard had a soul above cabbages, and that soul longed to see the great world. We were telling him of where we had been,—to England, to Germany, to Italy, etc.

"Ah, how fine it is to be young, to have money, and to travel!" he cried, interrupting us with a sigh of envy.

"Yes, that is one of our national faults. You French stay at home, but we Americans run about all over the world."

"It is not a fault; it is a quality," he replied, with the nice discrimination of the fine French mind.

Père Picard was an admirable type of his class. He had that remarkable combination of ignorance and intelligence which makes the French peasant such a riddle to those who do not understand him. In his own sphere he showed a really surprising capacity and shrewdness. He had also the conversational ease and quickness of apprehension characteristic of the Frenchman in whatever rank of life he may be born. But his ignorance of matters and things in general—such information as the weekly newspaper conveys to even the most isolated backwoodsman in America—was really grotesquely funny. He spoke with deep commiseration of the widow of Washington, whose demise he supposed to have just taken place, General Garfield being quite too modern a name to have penetrated the classic reserve of the French provinces. His views of the ethnological mixture of races in the United States were much too hopelessly mixed to permit of our even making the attempt to set him straight. Indians, negroes, Brazilians,

and Esquimaux were firmly fixed in his mind as being our somewhat heterogeneous ancestry; and, as he observed our undeniably Anglo-Saxon skins out of the corners of his shrewd, keen eyes, it was easy to read his conclusion that we were lucky in being so white.

His son, for all his fine clothes, showed himself no better scholar. He had little to say, and, instead of joining in the conversation, contented himself with a true Frenchman's rude stare of admiration at the pretty girl of our party. When the talk turned on Paris, his interest fired, however: he wished *he* could be there; a man had some chance in such a city as that.

"Why not go? It is but an hour away."

"Ah, here a man is not free to do as he chooses,"—with a pregnant shrug of his shoulders.

"Do you mean that for me?" and his father turned upon him angrily. Then, in a voice full of scorn, he added, "*Monsieur mon fils* wishes to be a fine gentleman, to be an artist and live with the great wits and celebrities of Paris. We are too old-fashioned for him; we are like a *sabot* that leaks." It was evident that the velveteen jacket was a sign of revolt. There was all the width of difference between it and the father's coarse apron that lies between the old and the new generation.

After breakfast I asked the son to show me his sketches; for he had been telling me of them while the others were talking. He took me into a high, remote little room in one of the distant eaves of the old house, a room dark and barren, pathetically wanting in those pretty adornments which even the poorest artists contrive to place about their studios. But the sketches were admirable, showing real talent and an unusual breadth of handling. I told him so, and he laughed: "Talent? Oh, yes! wonderful. My father thinks so, at any rate,"—as if the question of his merits as an artist were a very obvious joke. Then he told me how unhappy he was because his father was so opposed to his being a painter. "But that is the curse

of our class. Born a peasant, you must forever remain a peasant. All the doors are closed against you; you must spend your life behind a plough, or be laughed to scorn as a fool and a ninny," he burst forth bitterly.

I could think of little that was encouraging to say to him, but patriotically suggested America as offering a wider field for his discontent. But I was obliged to hurry away, for I was anxious to take another stroll through the village.

When I went into my little bed-chamber to put on my bonnet, I found the sweet-faced peasant-girl there, turning down the sheets of the bed. As I entered the door there was the brisk staccato step of some four-footed creature behind me, running along the stone passage-way. It was the kid I had seen at breakfast. It came in with me, and, after an inquiring glance, as if looking for some one, it seemed satisfied, and proceeded to make itself quite at home on the goat-skin rug which served in lieu of a carpet. But there was evidently an affair of the heart between it and the pretty, sad-eyed girl, for it had all the restlessness of a lover. It got up, and was clearly only happy when following her about as she busied herself in filling the stone ewers with water.

"Does he always follow you about?" I asked.

"*Oui, madame*; he cries unless he is with me," she answered; then, a little while after, with the shyness of one not used to conversational amenities, she continued, "I brought him up on the bottle, like a baby. He had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was only fifteen days old. Since then he has never left me. I shall be sad when they kill him, he is such a knowing little *bichon*."

"You have no children, perhaps?" I said, noticing for the first time the small gold circlet on her marriage-finger.

"Ah, *madame*," with a fall in her sweet voice, "I lost my own, my only one, a few months since. I didn't think one *could* feel so badly,—for a baby. When it died I prayed to the Virgin

Mary to die too. Then we came here, and I had the house to look after, and *bichon* to nurse, and I had no time to cry." As if conscious of his mission in life as a comforter, *bichon* lifted up his voice and bleated in sympathetic response. She took him up in her arms then, and stood for a moment in the door-way, with the kid's four legs in mid-air and his head nestling in her bosom. And so she carried him as she followed me on my way down the steep stairs. My friends had already gone into the forest, Père Picard said, and had left word that I was to follow. But I preferred to stroll down the beautiful, quaint village street and get better acquainted with its lovely ancient face.

From the very beginning of our journey the little village had been wooing us to fall in love with it. It had been among the first of its charms that, with the instinctive reserve of quaintness, the hamlet lay some distance away from the railroad. We had approached it by no less a last-century process than a genuine stage-coach drive, with the accessories of a scarlet-habited postilion, bell-harnessed steeds, and the ringing notes of the traditional bugle. The kerchiefed peasant-women who crowded the *intérieur* of the little stage got us in tune, as it were, for the thoroughly rustic character of the people and the little hamlet, which latter, though but an hour from the most intensely modern of modern cities, seems a thousand years away from it. Indeed, everything about the little village suggested that it dated back to the Crusades.

But on this fresh spring morning, as we had rattled over the bright, cobble-laid little street, it was made very evident that even the ghost of that mediæval fear had long since been consigned to oblivion. The great arched doors opening into the large court-yards were stretched wide apart, the hens and the goats were nibbling peacefully away at the straw, the narrow windows were raised, the toppling walls making no braver defence than such as moss, lichens, and running vines could provide, and apparently not a soul in the entire vil-

lage was left to stand guard in case of a marauder's sudden assault on the chickens. What had become of all the people? Was it a deserted village? If it had not been for the brilliant noon sunshine which gave the street the animation of its dancing light, and a little group of children sitting quite unconcernedly in the middle of the roadway with the assured air of being undisturbed in their play, the little hamlet would have been as uninhabited as an empty grave.

"Where are the peasants? *Ma foi!* they're over yonder," answered our brilliant-garmented postilion in response to our inquiries, pointing east and west to the tilled fields which ran out to meet the horizon in their level greening beauty. "It's only the *vieilles mères* and the children who can stay at home, to keep the soup stirring, in such weather as this."

Our neighbors in their high coifs nodded an emphatic assent, and laughed among themselves. It pleased them to see the ignorance of us fine folk. It was the hour of the *grande-boire*, one of the women explained,—the peasant's mid-day meal. As we looked over the broken, irregular lines of the high wall, we could see that the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were alive with groups of workmen and women resting from their toil. Across the meadows came their strong, coarse voices and their short, high laughter, which, as they reached our ears, seemed the right music to match with the bursting vigor of the early spring: it was the rude cantic of the plough.

One particular group among these peasants I remember as taking their hour of ease under the shade of a large maple. There were some women among them, most of them lolling on the grass and mopping their hot faces with their great cotton kerchiefs. The tree was the only one standing in the midst of a large area of fields, and these peasants had had to walk some distance over the rough ground to reach it. I could not help thinking how a solitary tree like that, in a country whose every

inch of ground is too valuable to spare space for trees to grow, becomes at once shelter, shade, an out-of-door inn,—a home, in a word. Imagine growing to love such a tree as a child, when one had played beneath it, counting upon it as a refuge in the later years of toil, and then try to think of the grief and consternation if the tree were cut down and the place left bare. Such a loss would be as cruel as death.

"*Ah, mais oui*, the peasants love their trees,—there are so few of them; they know every branch, when it begins to grow and when it dies," interpolated one kerchiefed neighbor, as she heard me speaking my thought to a French friend who was with us. And now, as I was strolling down the bright sunlit little street, I noticed how few trees there were: none at all along the cobble-laid pavement that ran up close to the walls and the houses. Some small fruit-trees growing within the stone enclosures of the farm-houses shot their pink-and-white bell-flower blossoms above the tops of the high walls, and vines there were in plenty, running riotously over houses and roofs, and flower-pots could be seen blooming in the narrow window-casements. If the village had been set out for purely picturesque purposes of grouping, this sparse foliage could not have been more perfectly "composed." The vines made a leafy curtain which softened the harsh outlines of the pointed black roofs, artistically draping the stained façades of the older houses. Those irregular sprays of the budding fruit-trees, suddenly pink and marvellously white against the blue of the sky, produced that charming effect of nature, suggested rather than defined, which makes the Japanese artist's touch so subtly poetic.

As I walked along the beautiful little street, peering into the farm-yards and catching glimpses of delightful interiors, of brick-laid floors and bright fires and rows of shining pots, I noticed how each separate house, and even each courtyard, had its own distinct physiognomy, showing indeed far more individuality of character and expression than the faces

of the old dames and children who came to the windows to see who was passing. For all the peasants of this village bore a certain family resemblance to one another, having that kinship which comes when for generations the inhabitants of a small hamlet have married and intermarried.

One of the children who had been staring at me through one of the tiny diamond-shaped panes, braver than the rest, or more curious, came out and stood gravely eying me from the better vantage-ground of the open arched doorway. It made a quaint little figure in that old setting, with its woodenish round little face in a tight frilled cap, a ridiculous little pale braid sticking from beneath the latter, and the two fat little legs sunk in the monstrous *sabots*. It was evidently of the opinion, however, that of the two I was by far the more ludicrous object; for, after a critical survey of my English felt hat and my tailor suit, the moon-shaped little face lost its woodenishness and laughed outright.

"Why do you laugh, *mon enfant*?"

There was a long moment's pause, when I thought I detected a flicker of fear. But the little maiden was made of good stuff, and she had all the frankness of the critic. "*Ah, c'est si drôle!*"—it is like a man," looking me full in the eyes.

Having learned the effect produced on the infant rustic mind by a costume in accordance with the most approved Paris fashions, I preferred to carry the conversation to less dangerous ground.

"Do you go to school?"

"*Oui.*"

"And after you stop going to school, what shall you do?"

"I shall work in the fields,—like my sisters."

"Shall you always work in the fields?"

"Oh, no: I shall be married; then I shall spin." This with such placid certainty of assurance that it made me smile in my turn; seeing which, and as if to confute all possible doubt, she added, "*Grand'mère* is spinning my linen, and *mon père* is laying by my *dot*."

Fearful of smiling again, I dived into my pocket to search for my *porte-monnaie*, that I might make this bride-elect a practical demonstration of my admiration for so well planned a life; but I found only a twenty-franc gold piece.

In my dilemma I turned to find the nearest shop, where my gold piece could be changed into less ruinous gifts. The slender resources of the village in the matter of ready money came to light by means of this little transaction. I went into the first shop, whose realistic sign of a large cabbage and a brand-new broom seemed to promise a large range of commodities; but the old woman of whom I made my request looked all through her cash-drawer in vain, for old bits of flannel seemed far more numerous than coppers in the little empty compartments. "*Désolée, madame, but she had no petite monnaie*; if madame would but step across the way, *Monsieur le marchand de tabac* might be able to furnish the change." And madame stepped across the way. But the tobaccoconist, who suspended his occupation of tailoring to become the most polite of cigarette-venders, was equally bankrupt in change. His regret was expressed in a voice poignant with grief; but with unblushing candor he frankly admitted his doubt that I could procure the requisite amount of *petite monnaie* in the entire village. Determined not to disappoint my chubby-faced little friend, who was watching operations through the doorway, I opened negotiations for a small loan of the coppers the obliging tobaccoconist had on hand,—for an English hat and French spoken with an accent are the only letter of credit one needs on French soil.

Just as I was turning to leave, after a French salute had been bestowed on both cheeks in payment for the coppers, an old woman stepped to the farm-yard door, calling the child; a moment after I heard her calling me. It was too much, she protested; the child would not know what to do with so many sous, and would not madame step in and rest for a moment? She was so evidently in earnest, and my curiosity was so great to

see the inside of one of these old houses, that I readily enough consented. The kitchen she led me into was perfect, with its ruddy brick floor, its brass-knobbed furniture, the white-curtained bed with its monstrous scarlet *duvet*, the yawning chimney, the spinning-wheel, and the rich old china hanging about the walls. Through the door, which faced upon the large court-yard, the barns and out-houses were in full view, the golden straw bursting through the barn-windows, and a cow's yellow coat gleaming from the gloom of its stall. Soon the inmates of the barn-yard made their appearance in the little kitchen. First a procession of chickens came to take a good look at me; then the goat and the kid followed, to make sure I was not eating up their supper; and the pig, after a grunt of disapproval at having company at all, proceeded to shove me aside from the chimney-corner as he seated himself in its coseyest nook.

"*Dame! sont toujours comme ça :* they want to see all that's going on," said the old *mère*, with a little chuckle of satisfaction.

It was easy to see they were considered quite as part of the family and their prejudices and tastes respected. Then I asked her about the old furniture, and I found each separate piece had its history. The desk was a Henri IV., descended from her ancestors; the beautiful carved wardrobe came from the palace yonder when it was sacked in '92. Those yellow plates had been set before the dainty Marie Antoinette, and the eight-legged table had been bought for a song after Napoleon fell. It is little wonder, I thought, that the French peasant is rich. He possesses the national taste for "collecting," and leaves to his children solid mementoes of his choice in good furniture.

When I rose to take leave, the old dame bade me farewell with a simple grace and an old-fashioned courtesy a Parisian dowager might have envied. And I remembered afterward, when I thought over her gentle refinement of manner, contrasting it with the hard, brusque ways of our New-World farmspeople,

what a French friend had once said in commenting on this fact,—that the old *noblesse* had civilized France, the influence of their elegance and fine manners being traceable to this day throughout the whole country, and that, in proof of what a code of courtesy they had established among the peasantry, it was a fact that wherever a French court had once lived, or even had been established for a short period of time, the manners of the country-people were noticeably more refined than in other places. I was quite willing to believe that old *Mère Bertrand*, as I found she was called, had learned her good manners from the first duchesses in the land,—duchesses whose blood was too pure to have escaped the guillotine.

As I turned down the street, wondering which way I should go, I saw something which brought me back with a start from courts and guillotines to the very latter part of the nineteenth century. It was nothing less modern than an artist's easel, planted beneath the eaves of an old ochre-tinted, dormer-windowed house. In front of the easel was seated a trim, jauntily-dressed young woman, who was sketching away for dear life. She was much too busy to be conscious of my approach, or even to heed my audacious curiosity as I looked over her shoulder. Why is it that an artist's sketch, if we catch sight of one on an easel in the open air with the artist in front of it, always seems a kind of public property, which we criticise so much more freely than we should dare to do an unknown writer's manuscript? Is it that writing is a more personal thing than art, or that there is a more universal interest and sympathy with even a poor picture than with a good essay or a fine poem? This young woman's sketch was very far from being poor; it was even masterly for a feminine brush. It was a vigorous drawing in black and white of an old woman in tattered garments bending over a rude broom made of fagots with which she was sweeping. Looking up, I saw the model was unconsciously posing for the sketch, as directly in front of us were two or three old women busily sweeping

the village street with their primitive brooms. They were sad, bent old creatures, with years of hard toil written on face and hands, and the artist, with admirable poetic feeling, had sketched in the outlines of the outlying country, with its stretch of long tilled fields, and its few melancholy poplars, over which she had hung a curtain of dull, sombre sky. The whole picture breathed the pathos of that patient toil whose work is never done and whose narrow, dreary destiny seems fixed and unalterable. How few were the strokes, but how powerful the story!—the story that Millet, Rousseau, Vallou, and Breton have told on their world-famous canvases! I think that is what makes the chief merit of modern French art, and, indeed, of the best modern literature as well. The great pictures and the best novels put us in relation with people and conditions of life that lie outside of our own world, and which our duller sense and sight would have found little in common with. But there comes the genius of Millet or George Eliot, and, behold! toil, in the patient acceptance of its narrow lot, its hopeless monotony, its humorous aspect, and its pathetic ignorance, is as an open book to us. As I walked away from the absorbed young artist sketching her old women, all the village and the people in it were invested with a new meaning. Art had come, at whose touch the commonplace was made one with beauty.

I had been walking so quickly, hurried on by my thoughts, that I had reached the outer edges of the forest before I realized just where I was, when a barking of dogs made me turn my head. Looking down a side-lane, I saw half a dozen fine setters rushing toward me, followed by a gentleman and lady. The gentleman was in knickerbockers and a gay scarlet vest, while his companion's great Gainsborough hat and graceful *tournure* made me wonder what a Paris toilet could be doing in this old village. The forest, the dogs, and the scarlet vest ought to have left me in no doubt. The dogs certainly meant to demonstrate their rights of possessorship. They charged upon me in a body, bark-

ing as if their bodies were all throat. The gentleman hurried forward, calling them off in a loud voice. But I suppose they had scented my own beautiful setter I had left at home in Paris that morning, whose parting had been of a more than usually effusive order, for he was obliged to give the excited creatures a smart snap from his short riding-whip before they slinked off; then he begged my pardon in the purest of Parisian French. The lady joined him in excuses with her higher, sweeter treble, and I was almost grateful for the accident which made them speak to me, for they were a charming couple, she in the grace and beauty of her blond loveliness, bewitchingly set off by her piquant rustic costume, and he matching her in his dark manliness and the brilliant colors of his huntsman's dress. As our paths lay along the same road, they drew me into one of those delightful talks in which their urbane felicity of expression makes the French seem immeasurably superior to others in the art of conversation. They talked of the village, the peasants, the hunting,—which, the gentleman said, was ruined by the peasants setting traps for the hares and the foxes,—and then they talked of Paris. I could not have told why, but when the talk turned on Paris and its gay life it seemed to me that the lady looked furtively at the gentleman, with an anxious expression on her sweet face. Then, looking at her more closely, I fancied there was a longing in her eyes which put out some of the bloom on her cheeks, and a tinge of sadness in her voice which only made its music the more penetrating.

That evening, when I went to bid old Mère Bertrand farewell, I heard a bit of gossip which proved my surmising were not wholly false, for the hamlet would hardly have been a complete little village without its scandal. Had I remained there twenty-four hours longer, doubtless I should have found it as full of gossip as its chimneys were of smoke. Luckily, I left it in time to have the illusion of its being a Paradise dispelled only by the tale the *mère* told

me. It was the same old sad story of a woman's leaving all to gain love, and now her lover was tiring of the chain. They had been in the village two years, and he,—*il s'ennuie à mourir*,—all the world could see that, the old *mère* said. And, she added with subtle discrimination in her allotment of judgment, "It is a pity; for, *hors de cela*,—her living with him like that,—madame is a good woman, much too good for him; her purse is always in her hand. All the village has tasted of her charity."

Not knowing the dark blot on their lives, I was sorry enough to leave them that glowing spring afternoon, for soon my friends came along and I was obliged to hurry forward to meet them.

In comparing adventures, I found I had both gained and lost by not going into the forest with them. They were full of the beautiful strange sights they had seen: of the woodsmen felling the great trees, of the wildness and grandeur of the forest, more beautiful than our American forests, they thought, because it had a more humanized look, as if some one had once lived there (as, indeed, a great and famous court once had) and then had moved away. It might have been the very forest of Arden, such was its beautiful Shakespearian picturesqueness.

But it was no Audrey whom they met in the midst of the woods. It was the figure of an old woman bent nearly double, carrying a great load of grasses and fagots on her back. She was walking into the village, she said; when they asked her if carrying such a burden did not tire her, "Ah, no, she was used to it; she had always done it,—always cut grasses and taken them into the village." It was hard work for an old woman like her. "*Dame!* people must work or starve: some cut trees, and some worked in the fields: she preferred to cut fagots." And they left her staggering under her great load, but with contentment in her heart. She came in sight just then as we were talking about her, and walked, or rather crawled, so bent was she, past us down the village street. She stopped before one of the oldest and poorest of the

houses, and let the huge mass slide off her back with an ease and dexterity it went to one's heart to see. But, as she rose slowly and straightened herself, she recognized my friends and gave them a cheery enough greeting.

Almost unconsciously we had followed her down the street, and now, behold! as we were in the midst of it, it was quite another village that confronted us. Instead of the silence and stillness of the afternoon there was a Babel of sound, as of a hundred tongues let loose; for the little street was full of the bustle and life which come in French villages with the twilight hour,—that hour sacred to gossip and to knitting. All the farmhouse doors now were wide open, the stone benches were filled, and along what would have been the sidewalk, had there been one, several old dames had planted their three-legged stools and were sitting crooning together over their canes. There was a sound of steel needles in the air, and of tongues going faster than the needles, and of high, shrill laughter, and of the lusty evening salute of the crowing chanticleers. At the other end of the street some boys were shouting the "*Marseillaise*," lying flat on their backs, kicking their *sabots* in the air. Women fresh from the fields, with their rakes and hoes slung over their shoulders, stooped to kiss their children, who ran forward to meet them. Scattered among the groups were other peasants, whose holiday attire made it plain that they had been of the wedding-party. About them, I noticed, there was a larger circle of listeners than elsewhere,—for there was news of the very latest edition; and, from the comments and criticisms on the bride which we heard as we passed along, it evidently lost nothing by being retailed *viva voce*. What a picture it all made!—the chattering, picturesquely-dressed peasant-girls, surrounded by those wrinkled, toothless, turbaned old women leaning forward on their canes and tilting their rickety chairs in their eagerness to hear every word. The tumbling houses seemed to have taken on fresh new tints, and the hard lines of those coarse, work-worn faces were softened

to blend with the tender harmonies of the glowing twilight and the delicacy of the spring foliage; for the sun, like the great artist he is, had sent down through the little street a broad golden wave of color that transfigured all ugliness into beauty.

One figure among the many that peopled the little street remains indelibly stamped upon my memory. It was that of a handsome, tawny-haired girl who was busy carrying large bundles of hay to some cattle she was feeding. She seemed to take no part in the general idleness and the busy chattering, but went on with her work as if heedless of the bustle about her. I watched her for some little time, for there was something striking about her, about her bearing and her beauty, her frowsy coronal of reddish hair crowning a figure of noble, vigorous proportions, while there was a look in her face, as it loomed out from the darkness of the little stalls, that had a peculiar fascination. I noticed that she patted the dumb, patient creatures, as she fed them, with the caressing touch of one who loved them; and for a certain cow she took the pains to kneel down and rearrange its straw bed.

Just then a baby's wail smote the air, and the handsome herdsmaiden started. A second later the rough cobble-laid barn-yard was swept by the harsh music of the swiftly-flying *sabots*. She reappeared at the door-way with a babe in her arms,—a babe in the scarlet period of minuteness and presumably chronic colic, for its shrill shrieks were still piercing the air. I could not have told why, for she tossed and trotted the whining tiny thing with all commendable patience, but it seemed to me there was less of tenderness in the motions with which she soothed the child than in the strokes she had given to the coarse hides of her grateful cattle. When, later, she bared her full bosom to the child's insistent wants, there was no melting mother's look in the proud lovely face. As she was nursing the infant, some of the

neighbors passed her by without the usual greeting,—which made it easy enough to read her history. She was a *filie mère*, doubtless, for whose sin the people had found no such mantle of charity as that with which they had covered the transgression of the dainty lady at the château.

A few moments later we had reached the end of the village street. We were led on out and beyond it, to the skirts of the great plain that stretched out toward Paris, by the thrill of a nightingale's song. Behind us, all the babble of the noisy little street sounded now as faint and as dim as voices heard in a dream. The only things suggestive of life in the great stillness of that vast illumined sky and in the motionless calm of the plain were the chirpings of the crickets in the sweet freshly-turned earth and the throbbing notes of that wondrous song. Against the golden-vaulted background there was nothing to break the great expanse, save here and there the fluffy tops of some low copses of shrubbery, and, to the west, the pointed blackened lines of a jumble of roofs,—little hamlets that huddled together like sheep, as if fearful of straying. Then, in the twinkle of an eye, all the gold had faded out of the sky, the plains grew suddenly dark, and the picture of the moment before was but a blurred, confused blackness. It was then that there loomed out of the dimness two figures, a man and a woman, striding across the fields with slow, measured tread. Both had rakes slung over their shoulders, and the girl's hand was in his. Lovers they were, no doubt, for whom, hand clasped in hand, that rough ploughed ground was softer than the velvet of the turf and the dawning stars more brilliant than the light of morn. The little hamlet lay far behind us now, silent and dark. Only those two figures were etched against the gloom, fit symbols of the toil that all the world over is sweetened by the touch of love.

ANNA BOWMAN BLAKE.

FAIRY GOLD.



"HE HAD NO OTHER THOUGHT," PURSUED MR. MORRIS."—Page 57.

CHAPTER I.

THE burden and heat of the day always fell off my soul when I went into Madame Ramée's garden. Inside the great school-building everything was so conventional, so grim, and I knew, besides, so intimately each knot of curtain-fringe and rub on the furniture, that it was a feast for eyes and mind to see the tops of the maples and acacias waving in the wind and feel that here things might expand into the universal air. In a way, the garden meant for me life and freedom, youth and its dreams. When the white-stucco house was first built, it had stood in the midst of green fields; and as the suburban city grew, madame shut out the rows of sordid little tenements that had sprung up around by raising a high brick wall about her grounds. Luxuriant creepers clothed these walls, and there were few months

in the year when arabesques of blossom did not light up the cool greenery of ivy and woodbine. To-day the June roses were out, and the garden was at its fairest. I had been four hours at the piano, and now that I had my half-hour's recess I took my luncheon out of doors to eat it on the bench beneath the acacias.

Marion Hubbard, one of the elder girls, was sitting there. "Did you see a man looking through the slats in the gate, Miss Amber?" she asked me.

I had seen nothing.

"The sun was in your eyes," Marion continued. "He is there still, stooping down and peering in."

"Madame must resent his impertinence: I shall not. He cannot rob us of our garden."

I looked up at the sky through the interstices of the branches. This was a pretty nook under the acacias. In blos-

som-time there was a pleasant fragrance, and the gold-brown bees hummed there all the day long; then, in the fall, when the dry pods rustled, there was a different sort of music.

Marion looked at me with her dumb, dog-like, brown eyes. "You are tired, Miss Amber," she said.

"Miserably tired. Nothing annihilates me like giving music-lessons,—or, rather, teaching notes to beginners."

She continued to look at me wistfully. I had sometimes thought the young girl entertained a fondness for me, but I never exaggerated the worth of the affection of any school-girl, knowing it to be almost wholly the pressure of youthful emotions denied a natural outlet.

"What are you going to do this summer?" she asked.

"I shall stay here and look after the repairs."

"Is madame going to Europe?"

"Yes; she is invited to spend a month in Normandy with her husband's mother."

"She is taking an unfair advantage of you," declared Marion forcibly.

"Don't say so! Don't even think so!" I exclaimed. "You don't realize what she has done for me. I have had no other care than hers since I was twelve years old."

Marion smiled and shook her head. There was a certain stubbornness about this girl the moment an idea really took hold of her. The processes of her mind were hidden, but once in operation her fancies became incontestable and existing facts. "What shall you do here all alone?" she asked.

"The two little Cubans will stay with me. I shall let them play here, and I shall sit by, resting. To watch the weeds grow along the silent garden-paths is my notion of happiness."

"A second Mariana in the moated grange."

"On the contrary,—walking forlorn, with nobody to come or go, is what I look forward to. 'He cometh not,' or, rather, 'she cometh not,' is the answer to my prayer."

Marion smiled at me furtively, and we sat dumb for ten minutes more; then by the clock on the gray stone church-tower I could see that my half-hour was up. My last words still had their echo in my thoughts, and when all at once Madame Ramée appeared at my elbow I was startled, fearing she had heard my impatient complaint. It was my intention never to complain. I had long since discovered that it was essential for me not only to keep on good terms with madame, but to make her interests my own. I took care that our wishes clashed in nothing, for I knew that if I made reservations, gave an unwilling, half-allegiance, I might grow to be miserably discontented.

I was used to madame's noiseless methods of approach. She had crossed the grass which the rest of us were forbidden to tread on, and now appeared from behind the clump of laburnums at my left. "Mademoiselle," she cried shrilly, "you have a visitor."

"A visitor?"

"A relation."

"Is it Mrs. Burt or one of her sisters?"

"It is a gentleman,—connected with your mother."

My mother's only surviving relation was, as I knew, her younger half-brother. But it seemed so unlikely that he should have come to seek me that I remained silent and puzzled, while madame's habitually keen glance grew sharper with curiosity.

"Had your mother a brother?"

"A half-brother,—Henry Farnham."

"It is he, mademoiselle."

Still my imagination was not stimulated. I did not move.

"Go and make yourself fresh," ordered madame. "I will take your classes for an hour. He says he has not seen you for many years."

I rose, but did not remove my eyes from her face. I was accustomed to minute directions.

She shrugged her broad shoulders: "He is only your half-uncle."

"What would you have me do?"

She put her chilly lips to my cheek,—an habitual caress with her, but the least

caressing in the world. "Ah, *mon enfant*," she said effusively, "have I not supreme faith in thy fidelity and good sense?"

Her words implied a caution; but once out of her sight warm currents of blood began to run through my veins, and while I brushed my hair I recalled my madcap uncle Harry, always in scrapes and always in the highest spirits. The last present he had ever given me was in my dressing-case, and I put it round my neck, clasping it as I ran downstairs. At the door of the little reception-room I stopped short, trying to make out the figure on the holland-covered sofa.

He rose hastily and came forward.

"Uncle Harry!" said I, holding out both hands.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you are the girl I saw in the garden!" He had grasped my wrists and was looking into my face. I quite expected he would kiss me, but after a moment's eager scrutiny he dropped my hands abruptly and turned away. "Do you really remember me, little Millicent?" he asked.

My eyes were now accustomed to the gloom of the shuttered room, and I could make out his features. Some trepidation seemed to seize him as I looked: he tugged at his long, thick moustache in a manner that betokened nervousness. I had not seen him since I was ten years old, but I knew the set of the head, the rollicking air, and the dark laughing eye. "I remember you perfectly. I put on this"—here I held up the little locket and chain—"to show you I remembered you."

"Did I give you that?"

"The last time you came to see us you took me out to walk and bought it at a shop and put it on my neck."

"I don't remember. I haven't a good memory. Still, I do believe I knew you the moment I saw you in the garden. I said to myself, 'If that were Millicent, I'd go in and have a talk with her.'"

"I am glad you knew me."

"It was like a convent-garden,—walled about. You reminded me of a nun in your black gown. I've seen

hundreds of them creep about with sad white faces in just such gardens,—always by couples, though. You were alone, and your handsome, high-spirited face was not spoiled by a veil, either black or white."

"I am a good deal of a nun, nevertheless."

"I dare say you are not corrupted by too many of the pleasures of this world," my uncle remarked, with a knowing little glance. "Well, I came on from Washington this morning, and I was just stepping on the ferry-boat, when it crossed my mind this was the place where you used to be at school. I thought I'd come and ask about you. I say," he added, dropping his voice, "Madame Ramée is a majestic woman." I nodded. "After I was once inside the door," he went on, "I grew nervous. I'm not fastidious about the treatment I receive in general, but I've got my susceptibilities, and I don't like to put myself in the way of meeting contempt. I reflected that I was not the sort of visitor often admitted into folds of innocent lambs, and I wanted to run away. But all at once, before I heard a sound, here she was. 'You inquired for Miss Amber?' she asked. I told her I was your uncle,—hadn't seen you since you were a little thing. She remarked that I had allowed many years to pass; and I admitted it. I said to her what I say to you, Millicent, that it is a confounded shame I've treated you so. But there were reasons,—reasons of all kinds. I was poor—I was not too—too—in fact, New Orleans is a long way off, and I rarely came North." He had taken a seat, but he moved uneasily as he spoke. It seemed as if he were little accustomed to social restraints and observances and felt himself cramped by them. "How many years is it since your mother died?" he inquired.

"Eight."

"I suppose your father's people—"

"Papa had neither brothers nor sisters, father nor mother. I know some of his cousins."

"By the way, isn't Snow Morris a relation of yours?"

"Yes; he is one of my father's cousins. I don't know him, but his sister, Mrs. Burt, has been very friendly at times, and I have met her sisters."

"I suppose they have helped you along."

"Helped me? I never expected it. I did not wish it. I have done very well. There was enough for mamma as long as she lived, and then twelve hundred dollars came to me. This was given to Madame Ramée for my board and education. Since I was sixteen I have taught in the school."

His discomfort seemed to grow with every word I uttered. "My life has been out of the common," he said,— "out of the common. I remember your writing me about your mother's death and your circumstances. I could no more have answered a word then, or have taken a step to see you, than if I had been chained in a deep dungeon. My old life seemed finished, dead, clean swept out of the world somewhere. Still, it comes back now as I look at you." He sat silent, biting the ends of his moustache and bending his strong, dark gaze upon me. "They must have treated you tolerably well here," he observed after a time, "or you could not have developed like this."

"Madame has been very kind."

"You wrote when the money your mother left was exhausted. I remember something about it. It was heavy on my conscience then that I could do nothing for you. Just at that time I had had a run of—of bad luck. I couldn't have laid my hands on a thousand dollars."

The idea of anybody's laying hands on a thousand dollars for me!

"Evidently that seems a big sum to you," he said, with his head on one side and a short amused laugh. "How much do you get here?"

"One hundred and twenty dollars a year."

"Ten dollars a month!"

"Of course I have my board; and madame often takes me on a journey in the vacation and pays my expenses."

"What do you do in the school?"

"A little of everything. I teach the

rudiments of music and French, I correct exercises and compositions, and I am study-mistress."

"How many hours a day are you kept busy?"

"I am dressed long before six, and am never in bed before eleven."

"You strain every nerve and labor incessantly for a hundred dollars a year!"

"A hundred and twenty dollars. Remember that I have no expenses except for my dress: I save money, in fact. I am very well off for a girl who earns her own living."

"I dare say you know more about everything than the highest-salaried teacher here."

"On the contrary, I am a mere smatterer. I have had no leisure to learn anything thoroughly."

"I'm glad of it. You're clever enough to do anything, but you were never cut out for a teacher, Millicent; no, by Jove! You were made for life; not to serve, but to be served. I don't see much society,—I have been in the best I could get, but it would probably seem to you pretty bad,—but I'm a judge of three things, a woman, a horse, and a dog, and you're a thorough-bred if there ever was one!"

His excited manner disconcerted me a little, and his comparisons hardly flattered me. He changed his seat from time to time, but always took pains not to approach me too closely, although his look and tone were intimate and familiar. As he had ranked me with the quadrupeds, I on my side could afford to indulge myself with the idea that he was not unlike a dog, who, when doubtful of his reception, first cringes, then, assured of kindness, is ready to burst into exuberant barks and jumps. But it was so evident to me that he was under the influence of strong kindly feelings that I was ready to humor his advances.

"I hate a spiritless woman," he went on. "If you had turned out a cut-and-dried school-ma'am I might have pitied you, but I should not have longed to alter your fate, as I do now. There are women who fill me with disdain. I

hate them to be careless with anything, slipshod in their dress or ways. You have beautiful hair, and it is dressed just as I like it. Your gown fits like the skin. Your hands and wrists are perfect. Just let me see your foot."

I stretched it out. Luckily, my boot was new.

"You are a thorough-bred," he murmured. "You deserve a brilliant fate."

His whim diverted me. Perhaps, too, his enthusiastic admiration disarmed my pride and my fastidiousness. He was my nearest relation, and had a right to praise me if he liked. I had thought with a certain envy of girls who are beloved, flattered, made the objects of a delicate homage. Nothing in life came to me unalloyed, and, instead of the delicately implied worship my instincts craved, it was, no doubt, characteristic of my destiny to offer me this sort of meed. I could not wholly admire my uncle. He was comparatively young, and really handsome, with large rather dull black eyes which occasionally lit up into mischievous brilliancy. His mouth was heavy, but with rich curves which suggested a sweet nature. Something plainly told me that he was unaccustomed to the respectabilities and proprieties which he nevertheless made a distinct effort to preserve. He constantly shifted his legs and arms, as if cramped in each position. He was sufficiently well dressed as to materials, but all his garments showed a cut which was unusual and suggested some individual and over-jaunty idea in his own mind to which he preferred to sacrifice the prevailing fashion. In his dark-blue satin scarf he wore a pin shaped like a horseshoe, with large stones which flashed like diamonds as they took the light, and his heavy watch-chain carried half a dozen glittering charms. Thus, looking him over, I knew very well that my poor uncle Harry was not a man of unimpeachable taste; but I found something in his face which triumphed over the flashy effect and made me love him. There was, too, genuine kindness in his voice, although it alternated between the rollicking and the fierce. It was as if

the sight of me had stirred long-disused emotions and opened deeps and perspectives into past and future in his mind. He questioned me concerning my likes and dislikes, and seemed desirous to know what my wishes and caprices would be if I were free to indulge them. I was guarded in reply, conjecturing that much of what we said was overheard, but I could not wholly repress a girlish feeling, which, after being curbed and straitened so long, leaped forth with sudden flashes at his suggestions.

"How should you like three years of downright loitering?" he asked me finally.

I laughed slightly: "Don't tempt me to think of it."

"You shall have it," he said. "I can afford it. I ought to take a rest. I lead too vagabond a life; I spare myself too little. Sometimes I have thought I did not care,—that I preferred a short existence and a full one, to indulge all my ambitions and all my wishes, and give up the idea of old age. But with a girl like you to live with,—to—" He looked at me with intense affection. "I don't suppose you could ever care about a rough fellow like me," he added. His words touched me. "Don't make professions," he broke in, just as I was about to speak. "Know me a year and a day before you make up your mind. You don't understand much about the career of anybody like me. Say, now, if you trusted a man,—found him clever, upright, honest, liking things decent and worthy in essentials, but indifferent to some of the niceties of refined life,—could you endure the fact that he was ill spoken of by the world?—I don't mean actually condemned, but rather slightly regarded?"

"If I really believed in him,—yes."

He regarded me with satisfaction.

"Read not my blemishes in the world's report; I have not kept my square,"

he quoted.

"So you read Shakespeare, Uncle Harry?"

"I know actors, and I heard them spout that. It gathered force in my mind as I turned it over." He took

out his watch. "I must go," he said. "I have business in New York, and tomorrow morning I must be in Saratoga."

"And shall I not see you for another ten years?"

He laughed: "You will see me within ten days. When I come back I shall have a clear scheme to propose to you. You are a girl to do beautiful things, grand things, to see life on its best side, and I want to offer you the opportunity."

"Be sure to come back, Uncle Harry."

"And will you think of me meanwhile?"

"Of course I shall think of you."

"And kindly?"

"Indeed it will be most kindly."

He came closer to me: "You are not likely to hear much about me, Millicent, but, if you do, don't trust it altogether. Wait until you know me. You may believe in me. I'm better than my record. I'm ready to throw off my old life like a glove and trample on it. I'm not more than half a bad fellow."

"I do believe in you." I put up my arms, drew his head down, and kissed him.

"I wouldn't have asked it," he muttered, with a sort of sob. "I'm hardly worthy yet, but—I—I'm going to begin and be a better man." He stood regarding me a moment in silence, then put his hand to his scarf and pulled out the pin. "You've kept that other trinket so long, I'll give you something better worth having," said he. "Here, take this: it will become your dark hair." He gave me no time to answer, but went out at once.

CHAPTER II.

I FOLLOWED my uncle into the hall; then, after the outer door slammed, I stood still for a moment, turning the horseshoe-shaped pin over and over between my fingers. I was thinking of what I must shortly tell Madame Ramée. She liked full confessions, and, as a rule, I admired her clear judgment. But certain airy possibilities had been suggested

in this interview which I shrank from submitting to her practical common sense. I knew by instinct that she would be inclined to resent any new plans for my life, and I felt inclined to wait a little and test the worth of the chance of my promised freedom before I talked about it. So far in life I had had no personal wishes, and this new experience presented ideas so far out of the common way as to stir the whole range of youthful sensations, desires, and powers.

While I stood preparing myself for madame's cross-examination, some one said, "You have had a visitor, Miss Amber."

I knew the voice, and did not look up: "An unusual circumstance, is it not, Mr. Harrold?"

"And you have had a present, too, which excites your admiration?"

"Isn't it exquisite?" I cried, throwing as much force into my words as they would express, and holding the ornament up to him.

He bit his lip. Mr. Harrold was the Greek and Latin teacher, who came from New York three days in the week. He had been in many respects a kind friend to me, but there seemed always some reason for his finding me in fault, and from his look and manner now I could hardly help the conviction that, after seeing me friendless and lonely for three years, he was inclined to resent my not being friendless and lonely still. He was the youngest of the male teachers in the school, but the most inaccessible and by far the most stern. His forehead was broad, his mouth bitter and sad; his eyes were deep-set, clear, often brilliant, but there was apt to be a little frown between his brows. He had an abrupt way of speaking, which, always peremptory, was sometimes passionate; and on the least provocation his whole face and manner showed an indescribably indignant expression. Still, I liked his glance, which always seemed full of the mental force behind it, and, although I may have been afraid of him, he stirred caprices in me, and there was some piquancy in vexing him. "I was won-

dering," I said, "if these stones are real."

"Real diamonds? You know little enough about their value, Miss Amber, to think of such a thing. Diamonds of that size would be worth thousands of dollars."

"I must confess they look to me as if they were brilliants of the first water."

"You talk out of phrase-books and novels!" said he, angry at my affectations. But, while he spoke, he took the gold horseshoe in his hand, held it toward the light, then, going toward the glass door, scratched the pane. "It makes a mark," said he, with some surprise. "However, I know nothing of such things. An expert could tell you what the stones are worth. What are you going to do with it?"

"Wear it, of course." I slipped it through the knot of ribbon at my throat, then asked, with a pretence of coquettish concern, if it became me.

"You know very well that it becomes you. You study that sort of effect too much."

"Pray tell me, Mr. Harrold," I exclaimed with petulance, "when you have seen me study effects."

"Not a teacher or even a pupil in the school can compare with you for nicety and elegance. You have a parching thirst for whatever is rich and rare. It is impossible for you to accept plain and sober fashions. You ostentatiously vaunt your youth and good looks. You must be exceptional, piquant, daring, original."

I did not dislike the character he gave me, and I told him so.

"Oh, I dare say. But how well does it suit your surroundings, your real position, your expectations? However, with those inward rebellions of yours I hold it as extremely fortunate that some restraints are put upon your freedom. On my soul, unless you were meshed in by the fine wires of madame's rules, regulations, and routines, I don't know what would become of you."

The consciousness that I was at this

moment half dominated by the novel impressions my uncle's promises were stirring in my mind lent peculiar force to these words. I looked at Mr. Harrold deprecatingly. "Aren't you just a little—unjust?" I asked.

His eyes dropped before mine. "But then you fret, you irritate me so," he muttered under his breath. "Have you not been playing with my natural feeling of—of curiosity at finding you on such intimate terms with a stranger? I witnessed your parting." His pale face had flushed.

"But you have not asked me who he was."

"Whoever he may be, I distrust his looks. I saw him an hour ago looking in at the garden-gate. 'A wolf,' I said to myself,—'a wolf gazing hungrily at a fold of lambs.'"

I felt disdainful and not a little fierce, although my uncle Harry had said the same: "He is my uncle,—my mother's brother."

Mr. Harrold evidently regretted his outburst. "I beg your pardon," he began: "it did not occur to me—"

"No, it never occurs to you that I can be in the right. What you really thought I do not wish to know."

"He looked young enough to be your cousin."

I gave him a look which I meant should freeze him with my disdain. He felt it enough to realize at least that he had mirrored his uneasy susceptibilities rather unflatteringly in my mind, and he would have made an effort to remove the impression before it became fixed. He had no opportunity, for the classroom bell rang promptly.

"I am keeping you," I said, and drew back.

He gave me one glance, then, with a knitted brow, strode on to the platform. I heard his impatient "*Now*, young ladies!" as I ran up-stairs.

I had altogether forgotten the ornament at my throat when I went into the study-room, but Madame Ramée, sitting at my desk, found her closest observation challenged at once. She called me out and took the horseshoe from me.

She was at first incredulous as to its possessing any value, but, after comparing the stones with the little solitaire in her own brooch, scratching them, breathing upon them, rubbing them, she declared herself a novice if they were not diamonds of unusual value. Nothing would suit her but to set out for town at once to submit them to a jeweller, and by seven o'clock that evening she returned with the startling information that I was the possessor of a jewel fit for a queen and worth what I considered quite a little fortune. The diamond horseshoe became the excitement of the hour. It was for days considered the chiefest boon I could bestow to allow the school-girls to look at it, put it in their braids, puffs, and frizzes, let it flash across their neckties, or hold it up in the light while they crowded about, professing to be dazzled by its splendors.

Between the fact of my uncle's having come and gone and left me this treasure and the promise of his speedy return yawned an hiatus which was full of meaning and excited gossip, comment, and conjecture. The air was full of rumors. Everybody's imagination was at work. An uncle who could thus shower princely gifts was clearly no inconsiderable personage, and that he would shortly come back and bear me away with him to fairy-land was the least the girls expected.

Certainly to his suggestions that he had it in his power to change my destiny into something more brilliant his gift gave definite form, substance, and color. From the day of his visit there was a perceptible tinge of something not unlike awe in madame's manner. She was, too, a little abstracted and out of sorts, and no longer discussed her summer plans, remarking dryly that everything was uncertain. She evidently regarded me as on the threshold of some desirable fate, and was half annoyed and half desirous to propitiate me. If we were to part, there could be no occasion for remorse on either side. Madame had not been generous, neither had she been ungenerous. She had arranged with my mother to board and educate me for the twelve

hundred dollars which made my little fortune; and when that was gone, at the end of four years, she had told me frankly I must now begin to be of use, and had shown me how to be of use. In effusive moments she was in the habit of declaring I was like her daughter,—that I saved her two house-teachers. She herself never worked except under pressure of necessity, but she understood the art of getting out of others the very best they had it in their power to do. She did not domineer or coarsely tyrannize, but she had nevertheless fixed me in the strictest limitations, and every atom of my strength had been expended according to her directions. The dull barriers of my life, the fixed routine, the impossibility of solitude, had had the effect of benumbing my personality. Nothing had come to me for eight years except by the consent of madame. When I was younger, I had responded to the passionate friendships of the girls who had urged me to visit them in their own homes in vacation. Madame had coolly negatived all such overtures. The thing was misleading, and the effects would be pernicious: such visits would require extravagant outlay, and new experiences would foster wild wishes certain to be followed by heart-burnings and disappointments. There was something so amazingly clever, systematic, and comprehensive in her schemes for me, I was ready to yield at once without accusing her of injustice. Almost every year she took me on a journey with as many of the girls as she could have intrusted to her care, and once we had made the tour of Great Britain and spent a few days in Switzerland. I had had pleasure in these glimpses of travel, although my mental perspective was almost closed by my incessant duties. Vacations were never, in fact, periods of relief for me, since there were usually three or four of the dullest scholars left under my care to make up lessons or to be coached for the examinations.

I had been useful to madame, and I could understand her irritation at the apprehension that I was about to slip from her grasp.

CHAPTER III.

MADAME had questioned me anxiously for a week as to the probable length of my uncle's stay at Saratoga. By the time ten days had passed without any word from him, everybody began to forget that there had been an event in the air and that I had deluded myself with expectations. The end of the school-year was approaching, and the days were crowded with examinations and preparations for commencement. The regular routine was broken up: the girls studied anywhere, in-doors or out. I heard no lessons, but I had examination-lists and reports to make out, letters of all sorts to answer, bills to compare and add up, and the girls' silver and linen to assort. I was, besides, compelled to drill the performers in a French play for three hours every afternoon, and to go over daily all the minor pieces which made up the programme at the coming exhibition. If I had had dreams of emancipation from such cares, I was in the way of becoming disillusionized. It seemed the veriest chimera that for a few days I had looked forward to a change in my career. My sickening from hope deferred made it all the easier to slip along the old track of duties, and the feeling that I was watched and my probable disappointment conjectured among the teachers and elder girls was a cause the more for my undertaking everything with the best heart I could.

"He cometh not," she said, "ran so perpetually through my head in those days, it seemed as if the words must be in the consciousness of others as well. It almost passed belief that in the few days since I had told Marion Hubbard I was no Mariana I had passed so absolutely into that state of mind, with one thought in heart and brain all day long: 'Why does he not come?'"

"I fancy Mr. Farnham returned directly to New Orleans," madame said to me at the beginning of the last school-week, and I assented. She shrugged her shoulders and half smiled, closing her eyes, then went on: "He is, without doubt, a man of many rôles. He has played the part of fairy godmother once."

"No doubt," I said, "he has other occupations in life besides looking after me."

"You take it sensibly. You are always sensible," madame pursued with blandness. "He left you alone for ten years—"

"I think it probable he will leave me alone for another ten years."

"He did not tell you the nature of his affairs?"

"Not at all."

"Nor if he were married?"

"He would have told me if he was married. He spoke of having no ties."

"All these things open a broad field of conjecture," remarked madame cheerfully. And I fully understood that she thought it best for me to give up the idea of seeing my uncle again.

She resumed her preparations for her voyage to France, and began to make arrangements for my carrying on the house and the repairs after she was gone. If anything could have given emphasis to her suggested doubts, it was the logic of these plans.

Madame was always cautious, and, above all things, where money was concerned she never made a mistake. One morning—it was the day before Commencement Thursday—I heard her giving instructions to Mr. Andrews, her man of business, to take her passage for Saturday of the following week. I knew then that it was certain my uncle would come back to me no more. There was a new energy in madame's look and movements, and I believed she had taken means to end her suspense by enlightening herself concerning my uncle.

For a moment I experienced almost a sensation of relief. At least I need no longer suffer the fluctuations of a hope and dread which were simply perturbing. A little later I realized that I had lost something which had been an element of strength. To the momentary calm succeeded a painful sense of weight, as if I were carrying a dead body about with me. I had a part in an eight-hand arrangement to play, and when the hour came for practice I found myself too benumbed to go on with it. The girls

crowded about me. "Ah," said Mr. Wandelewski, the old music-master, "you have given out. I will play your part, and you must have a cup of coffee."

The coffee made me stronger. I dreaded above all things to break down before the coming Saturday, when almost everybody would have gone, and under the pressure of this necessity I took my place at the piano and went on with the symphony. By nine o'clock that night my duties were over. The table was set; all the papers were made out. Madame's door had been shut for an hour: she had told me she wanted a good long sleep to make her fresh for the morrow. The girls, who had been romantically pacing the garden arm in arm, had come in, and there was a low-voiced chatter all through the dormitories.

Marion Hubbard came to me. "Now that you are through," she said, "come out for a breath of fresh air."

I had looked forward to this, and we stole noiselessly down. The gas was lighted only in the hall, and the great door swung wide open to the garden. My heart grew full as I felt the beauty and the grateful coolness of the darkness. The night was soft, but not brilliantly clear. Vega and Altair were just visible above, but not another star shone on that side. Some faint glow of sunset still haunted the horizon, and a young moon was visible through the branches of the acacias. The other trees stood rayless, motionless, tall as giants. The rose-thickets were touched here and there with points of white which betrayed the flowers. The night was absolutely silent, and not a sound came from the great house behind us. Down the dim alleys darkness and silence beckoned. Nothing escaped my senses, which fastened with relief upon the slumberous calm, the occasional chirp of a young bird dreaming of that day's first flight, the fragrance, the warmth, the softness.

Marion pressed my arm. "Lovely, is it not?" she said, in a whisper.

The relief was intense and unexpected. I felt immeasurably happy, as youth can without reason and without

a wish. I pressed the little round hand which was nestling in mine.

"Miss Amber," said a voice out of the darkness.

It was Mr. Harrold's voice. Marion suddenly withdrew from me, and I stood still, peering anxiously straight before me at the tall figure looming nearer. He took both my hands in his. I could see his face quite plainly in the pale light which streamed from the open hall door.

"How odd to see you here so late!" I exclaimed abruptly.

"It does seem odd. My hours are from one to four, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. But here I am, and it is pleasant to be here. I have been waiting for you to come into the garden, like the lover in the poem."

"Waiting for me! Did you expect me?"

"I asked Miss Hubbard to bring you out."

"Where is Marion?" I asked uneasily, for it now became apparent that she had vanished.

"Walk with me awhile," said Mr. Harrold.

"But why did Marion go in?"

"She has not gone in. She is buried in the glooms somewhere. Surely you are not afraid of me, Miss Amber?"

The little note of pique in his voice put me quite at my ease. To be scolded by him was no new thing in my experience, and neutralized the novelty of this strange proceeding. It was certainly unlike him, as it was unlike me, to be wandering up and down here. But with my duties performed and madame fast asleep I could afford to be irresponsible and rather reckless. "Afraid of you?" I exclaimed. "Not in the least. No frivolity, no half-learned German lesson, is on my conscience to-night."

"You think of me merely as a pedagogue," he returned, with an accent of vexation.

"How should I think of you, sir?"

"As a friend."

"I know that you are very good to me."

"I wanted to be good to you. I saw

that you had courage and ability, but that you lacked training. I saw, too, the signs of an impulsive temper and undisciplined impulsiveness."

"You mean, Mr. Harrold, that you made up your mind I was rebellious and impulsive, and you longed to govern me."

"Yes, I should like to govern you," said Mr. Harrold, with rising wrath. "You have a Faust-like restlessness. Were you once free, I—"

"No danger of my being free!" I cried sharply.

My words perhaps disarmed him, for he at once said, in a different voice, "At least give me credit for a genuine friendly impulse. The only way I knew how to show it was by offering to teach you German. You may think a half-hour three times a week is nothing; but I have to count my hours as I do my dollars."

"I never realized—" I murmured, conscience-stricken.

"No, you never realized that my interest was in you,—in your personality. It was pleasant to teach you, for you are clever, a born lover of ideas. It is difficult to make my manner the medium of my real feelings. Here I am to-night going on in the old fault-finding way, when I feel tender-hearted over you as if you were a little child whom I want to shield with my superior strength."

He leaned down close to me, and I trembled with a sort of terror. His manner was so unusual that I was in doubt what reply to make. I reflected that perhaps on my side I was bound to make confession and let him understand that I had played tricks upon him out of pure mischief, and that what he considered my princess-like whims and caprices were simply comic youthful devices of my own as an offset to his sternness. But I said nothing. A spell of shyness had come over me. We walked silently up and down. The moon had vanished, and the night grew clearer. The stars throbbed out, and burned brighter and brighter every moment.

"I confess," said he, "this is a novel experience for me, promenading in a fragrant garden with a young and beautiful woman on my arm."

"I have known these paths painfully well for years, but never have I paced them before with a classical and elegant—"

"You are laughing at me, Miss Amber."

"Well, were you not laughing at me?"

"I never felt less like laughing in my life."

"Flattering me like that!"

"Aren't you young and beautiful?"

"No."

"You are certainly young, and I supposed you knew your other advantages,—rather piqued yourself upon them. Poor child! you have small chance to find out anything. You are always tired out. I suppose you have been busy to-day?"

"Rather busy."

"Where are you going for vacation?"

"Oh, I shall stay here. A mansard roof is to go up on the wing, and other repairs are necessary."

"But of course you are going away?"

"No: I am to stay and superintend matters."

"Are you actually to have no holiday?"

"I look forward to a very complete holiday. I shall be all alone here with the little Martinez girls, with nothing to do save teach them English and music."

"You are worked to death," exclaimed Mr. Harrold, in a tone of profound irritation.

"You have often enough lectured me on my idleness, sir."

"Well, well, believe me, Miss Amber, it really hurts no one, man or woman, to be cribbed and limited between the years of seventeen and twenty-five."

"The years when one is really young?"

"Youth, left to itself, is full of mistakes."

"I want to make a few mistakes!" I

cried wilfully. "I am young, but I have had no youth. You say I have a Faust-like restlessness. I may resemble Faust when I am older, when he cried, 'Give me my youth again, that I may use it.'"

"You always remind me of Faust."

"Unlike Mephistopheles, you offer me no life in exchange for this dreary one."

The clock in a neighboring church suddenly pealed out ten strokes. I had been out an hour, and felt that this dallying was becoming too prolonged. The wind had risen a little, and blew in the tops of the trees. It swooped lower, circled about me, and waved a little curl across my face. Mr. Harrold was looking at me in the pale-yellow light, and now carefully put the little stray ringlet aside. How unlike him all this was! Why had he come? Why did he not go away? There was something in his manner not only unknown but unimaginable. "What are you going to do this summer?" I asked, merely to break the oppressive silence.

"I shall take a party of eight boys to the White Mountains. We shall camp out."

"Ah! that would suit me."

"I should like to see you on an excursion like that, provided I had the privilege of taking care of you."

"I must go in," I exclaimed.

"Stay a moment."

"It is late."

"I have not yet told you what I came for." He caught my hands in his.

"What is it?"

"It concerns your uncle."

My heart, which had been beating strongly, seemed to stop, leaving waves of pulsation that throbbled all through me from head to foot. I had forgotten my uncle for the last hour. "About my uncle?" I repeated vaguely. "Is he coming back?"

"Be strong to bear it. Do not feel it too much."

"Is he dead?"

"He died at Saratoga three days ago."

He said more than this, but I could

hear nothing save an indistinct murmur. Black, noiseless waves seemed rising higher and higher, and I felt myself falling cold and numb to the bottom of an immeasurable depth of sea.

CHAPTER IV.

So this, I told myself next day, was the end of my fancies that I was, after all, like other girls, with some one to love me, to be proud of me. I had tried a little excursion into the fairy-land of hope, and had made a miserable failure of it. When I first awoke that Thursday I shed a few bitter tears, partly in regret for my dead uncle, but more, I fear, over my own desolation.

No one knew of my faintness the night before, save Mr. Harrold and Marion. My sleep had refreshed me, and I rose strong enough to take up the part I had to play and go on with it until the end. By ten o'clock that morning people began to come, although the commencement exercises did not begin until one. Madame sat in the parlor in her black-satin gown and talked with her patrons, with whom she was on the best of terms. Her school had been established by her mother, Madame Chamel, fifty years before, then carried on by the Demoiselles Chamel, when the youngest of the sisters had married the French teacher, M. Ramée, and kept up the school, first as a wife, then as a widow, until the present time. No establishment for girls was considered more safe, and no sordid economies vulgarized its associations. Mothers who had been educated there in their youth brought their daughters with full reliance upon Madame Ramée's good sense and admirable management.

Mr. Harrold looked in toward noon. He was received with much elation by madame, who believed he came to grace her triumph. I thought it a sufficient answer to his long, curious glance that I was going about in apparent health and spirits. I associated him with bad news, and shrank from speaking to him. I knew by instinct that he had felt a de-

sire to let me know the truth about my uncle as speedily as possible. He liked the truth, and sacrificed it to nothing; feeling, on the contrary, he perpetually sacrificed. He had suspected me of nursing dangerous illusions, and wished me rid of them at any cost. I had no more illusions, not even the illusion of believing that I was always to be as miserably unhappy as I was to-day. I knew that I should tide over this present crisis and take up my old life again without any additional burden of disgust and weariness.

The next day every teacher and pupil was gone, except the two little black-eyed, dusky-skinned Cubans who were to be my charge through the holidays. By Saturday night all the rooms in the great building except madame's were mere wide, empty spaces of deal floor, white walls, and uncurtained windows. Madame was in high good humor. All day long she had been like a general at the head of an army. I was her *aide-de-camp*, and every servant in the house had been supplemented by two others, all at her beck and call. Carpets had been taken up, beaten, rolled, and put away, furniture covered and stored. We were used to despatching business with promptness and efficiency: our processes had been evolved from experience and brought to perfection by a series of experiments. Madame was not tired. She was never tired, and never sick. To ward off such evils was the object of her life, and every one within her reach was sacrificed to her love of ease. She had had a successful year, and now had the prospect of a delightful holiday. She had accepted sixteen more pupils than her usual number for the ensuing year, and could look forward to still greater pecuniary rewards. "You will have more to do, perhaps, mademoiselle," she said to me. "I shall raise your salary."

She gave me a little glance and nod, as if she expected me to show elation. I experienced instead a void where thought ought to have been, and did not try to hide my indifference.

"Money does not seem to you im-

portant now," madame pursued. "You have never felt the need of it. Now, formerly I was poor. My mother sunk all her money in this place, and for years I had to count every penny and make the most of everything. After you have once felt the clutch of debt, which grasps your purse and will not let go, it becomes a pleasure to hold it tight and feel that it is full. But, whether you care for money or not, I shall let you have one hundred and fifty a year."

"Better not," said I. "It will cost you money to put on the mansard roof."

"Bah! I see my way. I do not like to build. 'He who builds a great house orders his coffin,' Mr. Ramée used to say." A pensive look came over her large, fair face. "I do not think," she added, presently, "that you care enough about money. Not even that diamond pin your uncle gave you seemed to afford you any satisfaction."

I said nothing.

"I notice, *mon enfant*, that you wear black ribbons on your gown these three days."

"Yes, madame; my uncle is dead."

"How did you know that?" she demanded, quite startled. "I looked up every paper until it seemed a suitable time to tell you."

"Mr. Harrold told me Wednesday night."

Madame stared at me, evidently a little staggered in her belief in her own *finesse*. I had suspected that she knew the fact of my uncle's death. She was an insatiable devourer of newspaper personal items, and I remembered, too, that it was on Wednesday that she had decided to take her passage for Europe. Nothing could have accorded better with her views than keeping the event from me. "A season for everything," was her motto: she liked everything orderly and systematic, and had no doubt waited until I had leisure for grief before she invaded my peace of mind with the news of my loss.

"I wanted to tell you myself," she now observed. "I wanted to keep you from the comments of those odious

teachers who stare at you. I felt, poor child, it would be a grief."

"Mr. Harrold told me," I repeated.

Madame looked as if she had questions to ask, but she desisted. She read character to the point of detecting what was beyond her and unreadable, and where she could not reach she never probed. "I respect you for bearing your silent struggle so well," she said softly.

"Did you say, madame, you had the papers?"

"I kept them all for you."

"Do they give particulars?"

"Many. Your uncle was, I should judge— In fact, some notoriety was attached to him."

I felt vaguely hurt, as if fine arrows were hurled at me out of the darkness. "Do you mean," I cried, "a discreditable notoriety?"

"I cannot judge. He had race-horses; he was connected with the turf. Actually, *mon enfant*, I am as ignorant of such matters as a babe. You heard, I suppose, that he was thrown from a horse and died from the injuries?"

"Please let me have the papers."

"It is lucky he gave you those diamonds," madame remarked, with her arch air; "otherwise they might have gone for his debts."

I did not look at the papers until madame had sailed for Europe.

"Read not my blemishes in the world's report,"

he had said to me, with little enough idea that they were to be laid open before me so soon. Henry Farnham had lived on the shady, dubitable side of the world, but came into the glare by his sudden and dreadful death. He was indeed a notoriety in his way, and had a pseudonyme well known to racing-men both here and in England. He had been mixed up with all sorts of stories, which now came out with considerable piquancy. He was knowing, enterprising, audacious, and had many irons in the fire. There was something singular in the fate of a veteran who had lived with horses for so many years. The animal that

had cost him his life was a three-year-old of his own rearing. He was showing the beast off, when, for no apparent reason at all, he was violently thrown, and, as ill luck would have it, broke his back, falling against an iron pump in the stable-yard. This had happened the fourth day after he had left me. He had lain unconscious for sixty-eight hours, and they had not expected him to rally. He did rally, nevertheless, and talked of getting well, but at the end of a week began to sink, and coma supervened. His lawyer had been with him, and he had made some disposal of his effects; but it was unlikely that his assets would do more than cover his liabilities. His property was chiefly in stables and studs in different parts of the country, and was known to be heavily encumbered. He had no family, and nothing was known of heirs-at-law. He had married twelve years before, in New Orleans, then had been divorced, and his wife had died soon after of yellow fever. These were the facts I gleaned from the papers. Each statement was given in a dozen different ways, with details and amplifications. I could not fail to observe that even in death the man was treated in a light, familiar way, as if he had never inspired respect, but had been, in spite of that, a capital fellow. The general disposition was not to condemn him, but to extenuate his faults and stretch charity to the utmost.

"I do not believe he was a bad man," I said to myself, with a sort of defiance of any verdict against him. I could remember my mother's belief in him through all his reckless extravagances and incessant youthful scrapes. He had been born with high animal spirits and with an eager love of pleasure; he had knocked at every door he wanted to enter, and, led by the full pack of appetites and instincts, had seen strange places and jostled strange companions. But nothing could make me believe that he had not, even before he saw me, experienced a disenchantment, arrived at the knowledge that he had made a bitter mistake and must set to work and remedy it.

I found myself mentally pleading for my uncle from morning until night, and, strange to say, the person whose opposite views I was always combating was Mr. Harrold.

"The question is," Mr. Harrold had said again and again, "is it right or is it wrong? There are blunders and blunders; but do not make that most foolish of all blunders and call wrong right."

It was a clear conviction in my mind that Mr. Harrold would condemn my uncle. But then he had felt the fetters of such strong restraints he was inclined to think nobody ought to be free. He had been brought up to wealth, but, his father dying when he was twenty, and leaving his affairs in confusion, he had been obliged to set to work to support his mother and sisters. One could not help respecting a man like the teacher of classics, who made little of his sacrifices,—in fact, resented the name of sacrifices, and declared that so long as he had a man's work to do he had nothing to regret. But, while I was compelled to think of Mr. Harrold's probable condemnation of my uncle, it was something to be able to accuse him of littleness and over-regard for meagre-spirited moralities.

CHAPTER V.

I HAD leisure to think all this out. The days were long. Workmen had taken possession of the house, nailing, shingling, slating, and painting by turns, and I spent half my time in the garden, where the grass grew long, and the paths, no longer worn by sixty pairs of tireless feet, was soon overgrown with weeds. I used to sit on the bench under the acacias while Anita and Bella Martinez played on the turf. If anything could have added to my mortal weariness, it would have been the sight of those two little girls, who seemed to find this new Northern world a place of gloom, mystery, and ennui,—who never smiled, never seemed to enjoy, but moved as I directed, one always following the other

with slow and silent steps, like two little pallid spectres. Sometimes, to lighten their dullness, I tried to join their games, but it had the effect of making me their spectacle, and they sat down and were content to gaze at me with languid curiosity. The only thing which stirred their sluggish tropical instincts was music: the first bar of a waltz made them ardently alive to their finger-tips.

But in general I was as torpid as they. At times it startled me painfully to find how the summer weeks were drifting on, although, as they passed, the days and nights oppressed me with their torturing slowness. I dimly realized that here was my coveted opportunity for rest and freedom, yet I was not free and I could not rest. My heart had somehow of late been given a push. For a few days I had gazed through a window hitherto closed in the land of the ideal, and when it was again shut down I felt the loss of those lovely horizons. It would have been for my peace to have gone on in unconsciousness, for fancy once awake had stimulated all my powers, and now, denied its wishes, left me exhausted and unsatisfied. I had been so long at work, I had had so little chance of recreation, that I experienced a passionate youthful rebellion against this destiny. For eight years Madame Ramée had been instilling into my mind the most practical ideas. I was penniless, and she not only helped me to gain a sufficient living, but had more than once significantly hinted that I might at some distant day succeed not only to the proprietorship of the school, but to her savings as well. There had been times when I was glad to feel my future assured; but now the very idea of this state of things becoming permanent gave me a black, miserable discontent.

One morning toward the middle of August a card was brought to me with the name "Mr. Snow Morris." A dozen times a week parents and guardians came to ask questions, to make arrangements, to spy out the nakedness of the land. I took the card without interest, until I recalled the fact that

Mr. Snow Morris was a cousin of my own, the brother, too, of Fanny Burt. I was obliged to send for him to come into the garden, for the house was uninhabitable, and I thus had the advantage of a fair view while he was descending the steps. He was a tall, carefully-dressed man, with a long, fair moustache, and an erect and almost soldier-like carriage. He held out his hand as he approached. "How do you do, Cousin Millicent?" he said. He had a cool, deliberate way of speaking, and his manner had an ease which made anything he claimed appear to be his right. His eyes were brown and of the serenest brilliancy; his forehead was full and high and carried off a little effect of over-fulness in the lower contours of his face. I knew that he was thirty-four years of age, a lawyer, and considered, by his sister Fanny at least, to be a very clever one. "I suppose you have heard of me?" he proceeded to say.

"Frequently," I answered. "Please sit down."

He sat down, put his straw hat on top of his walking-stick, which he grasped with both hands, and stared hard at me.

"Where is Cousin Fanny this summer?" I asked.

"Oh, somewhere on the Maine coast. Fanny and I know little about each other in warm weather."

That seemed a pity, for, Fanny Burt dismissed in this way, there seemed a singular dearth of matter for conversation. Looking at Mr. Snow Morris, I saw that he was entirely beyond my experience,—that he passed, besides, the powers of my imagination. His thirty-four years had been spent in getting so much out of the world, it would have been occasion for despair had I felt myself forced to provide his entertainment.

"This place reminds me equally of a convent and a prison," he remarked. "Are you all alone in it?"

"Madame Ramée went abroad early in July."

"Why did she not let you go away to some more cheerful asylum?"

"Solitary imprisonment was considered best. Besides, I have to teach those two little girls English and look after the workmen."

"Does anybody come to see you?"

"Parents and guardians."

"What must you not by this time be willing to give for the sight of a living human being,—a cousin, an admiring cousin, too?"

As there seemed no sensible answer to be made to this, I merely laughed. Some curiosity as to the nature of Mr. Snow Morris's errand I began to be dimly conscious of.

"I wonder I never came before," he went on. "But then I knew you were a school-teacher, and I have an antagonism toward useful, valuable women who know things."

"Evidently, then, we shall not get on at all."

"Do you mean that you are a blue-stocking?"

"Assuredly. There is no end to my learning."

"You don't show it, Cousin Millicent. From your looks, I should say your vocation was to charm the world, not to improve it."

"It is difficult in this sort of conversation to quote Greek or demonstrate problems, but if I had a cue—"

He laughed, jumped up, and leaned his walking-stick, still surmounted by his hat, against a tree, then came back. "Your uncle gave me some idea of you," he now observed. "Still, you surprise me. Do you mean to say you learned all these witches' arts in this gloomy prison?"

He was my cousin, but not a very near one. I had never seen him till now, and his familiarity of tone and manner offended me a little. But his allusion to my uncle interested me, and I began to wonder if his visit in any way concerned the dead man who for so many weeks had governed all my thoughts.

"Did you know my uncle?" I asked abruptly.

"Yes, I knew him well," said Mr.

Snow Morris, becoming suddenly grave. "Business connected with his will brought me here to-day."

"Indeed!"

"He left you everything he had. I made his will, and am the executor."

"I do not suppose he had much to leave."

"Much of his property is heavily mortgaged," answered Mr. Snow Morris, looking straight in front of him with an imperturbable air. "I suppose you had no great expectations?"

"I had no expectations at all. I never supposed him to be a man of any property. Ever since I read that he died in debt, I have longed to ask some competent person whether a diamond pin he gave me the day he was here ought not to be made over to his creditors."

Mr. Snow Morris turned and looked at me with a languid smile. "Why, what an infant you are!" said he. "How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty in October."

"Who has been your guardian?"

"Madame Ramée."

"Your uncle appointed me."

I looked at him puzzled. What did it all mean? What fiction was this of a will in my favor and a new guardianship? "If the diamonds would amount to anything to pay his debts, I would rather, far rather have them used in that way," I said pertinaciously. "I did not know my uncle well, but I knew him well enough and liked him well enough to feel a longing to clear his memory of discredit."

"I am glad you liked him," said Mr. Morris, disregarding the rest of my words, "for he was very fond of you. I had known him for ten years, in a way, but his character would not have stood out clearly without the record of that last desire to do something for his 'little Millicent.'"

The tears rushed to my eyes. I was deeply moved.

"He had no other thought," pursued Mr. Morris. "The day he left you here, he came directly to my office: he spoke of you then constantly. The

moment he became conscious after his accident, I was telegraphed for. All the strength that was in him was spent in settling matters satisfactorily. Everything was left to me *in trust* for you."

My ignorance gave his words a wide range of possibilities, but I understood nothing.

"At that time it was doubtful how much we should realize. Several speculations were in the air, and we could not tell which side of the fence they would fall. In fact, the English races had just come off. I sailed for England the day after his death. His book was well made up. By Jove! everything he touched the last three months of his life had good luck. It gives me a half-superstitious feeling: he seemed to be 'fly.'"

I still continued silent, looking at him bewildered. "Have I frightened you?" he asked.

"No, I do not feel frightened."

"Don't you like the notion of being rich?"

"Am I rich?"

"What do you call rich?"

"A very little of my own would make me feel rich."

"Well, you are likely to have at least two hundred thousand dollars."

I sat cold and helpless. I had a vague, alarmed consciousness of danger. Where had this money come from? Whose was it, and what was it the proceeds of? "I thought," I faltered, "you said his estate was heavily encumbered?"

"There are mortgages, but the property more than covers them, and it would have been under any circumstances desirable to get rid of that sort of property."

"Do you mean that the rest is in money?"

"In hard cash."

"How could he honestly make so much?"

"Easily enough," Mr. Snow Morris declared, turning upon me with a sort of indignation. "Do you suppose that I should mix myself up in any doubtful transaction? Your uncle speculated in stocks and in horses and made bets on

“races. That is the worst you can say about him.”

I had wondered for weeks exactly what it was that seemed open to condemnation in his life and occupations. When I read that he had died poor, this fact seemed in a measure to atone for a shifty life. But he was rich, after all, and this wealth was left to me. My first feeling was a violent shock of repulsion. I felt that I must wait and think it over. I must adjust my views of the honesty of my uncle's processes of money-getting to the fact that I was the one to profit by them. “It would take all the worth of my inheritance away,” I said timidly, “if it represented anything I could not look at with respect. I can earn my own bread, and, no matter how hard the work, it would be less bitter than the enjoyment of wealth gained in a doubtful way.”

“I agree with you absolutely,” said Mr. Morris, with decision. He began to reason with me. He mentioned a dozen names which I knew were accepted by the world as unimpeachable. “Your uncle,” he went on, “was as honest and fair in his dealings as any of these men. He was no trickster. Why, Millicent, do you force me to waste breath like this? Do you know who I am? I am considered fairly respectable.” I knew there could be no doubt of this. “Trust me to judge what is right for you,” said he, and held out his firm white hand. I gave him mine. “Your uncle told me,” he proceeded, “that of all the girls in the world you best deserved a fortunate fate,—that there were capabilities in you which ought to have a chance.”

I sat with my hands folded on my lap

and my eyes cast on the ground. I was trembling all over.

“I fancy you are a little stunned,” said Mr. Morris. “I’ll go away now and leave you to think it over. I only came back from New Orleans last night. I have been there ever since I got back from England, hard at work for you, in a climate like Gehenna. If I had died of yellow fever, I suppose you’d have been none the wiser, although you might have been considerably poorer.”

“I ought to be very grateful to you.”

“You are, are you not?”

“Not in the least. I do not think of you at all.”

“What are you thinking about?”

“Can’t you understand what it is to have stifled for years, with all individual life pressed out of you? It is so horrible to be all alone yet never actually alone,—to breathe the same air with those you cannot love,—to work in harness,—to be coerced by rules, regulations, routines,—to do nothing because you *consent*, but all because you *must*, and to see no way out of it,—to have for encouragement the promise that it is for life,—for life, when to take up the servitude day after day seems an experience to annihilate you——” Mr. Snow Morris was regarding me with so searching a glance that I stopped short, and said, with a little laugh, “You see, I have taken leave of my senses.”

He shook his head and jumped up. “I’ll come over to-morrow,” said he. “Expect me at the same hour. Meanwhile, I have given you enough to think over.” He made a little inclination, turned, and went down the path to the garden gate. There he paused, looked back, and waved his hat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COAL-MINES OF THE STATE OF DADE.



COKE-FURNACES AT COLE CITY.

PASSENGERS northward from Chattanooga, after they have rounded the magnificent barrier of Lookout Mountain, find the train stopping at an insignificant station called Shell Mound. It gets this name from the fact that it is near one of those great shell-heaps which mark the site of ancient Indian settlements along our large rivers; and so abundant are the antiquities of the red-men there that one may fill his pockets with spear-points and broken flints in an hour's walk. Near by flows the Tennessee, sluggish and forest-margined, and perhaps a quaintly-dressed and strangely-speaking family of poor natives will be seen waiting there for a passing steamboat to take them to some equally rural landing up or down the river.

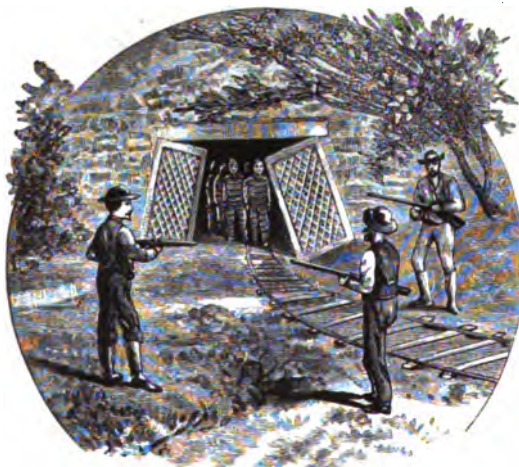
But Shell Mound is an important station, not for its unusual landscape and rural charm, but because it is the junction of a rickety little railway which runs back into the mountains to the coal-regions that largely supply the whole surrounding region with fuel. If the traveller is not afraid to rough it, it

will be worth his while to stop off and run up there. A seat on a coal-car or in the locomotive will carry him jolting through a most charming valley, always rising into the green hills, until he has fairly penetrated their first rank and finds himself landed at Cole City. On the way he has passed one object of special interest,—Nickajack Cave, a cavern in which the Confederate troops obtained large quantities of saltpetre. To explore it requires a boat; and the sight is hardly worth the trouble, unless the visitor is fond of bats, from which the cave derives its name,—a corruption of *Nycticejus*.

Cole City is nothing more than a small collection of buildings belonging to the coal-mining company, and immense kilns in which they burn coke. If the name had been made *Coke City* it would have been highly appropriate. Here the first glimpse is obtained of the labor by which the coal is mined, nearly all of the workmen being convicts, in the dress—and sometimes with the ball and chain—that malefactors everywhere are condemned to wear. Several guards are

patrolling about, watching gangs of men loading cars, or occupying odd little huts, built for momentary shelter, which serve as sentinel-stands whence they can supervise all the operations. They are all armed with rifles, and are hardly more pleasant to look at than the convicts.

The coke-kilns consist of a long line of stone-built structures, similar to those in use for the same purpose elsewhere. On a level with their tops runs the narrow-gauge track from the distant mines, so that car-loads of coal can be dumped into any of the kilns without rehandling. These furnaces are almost always hot,



COMING OUT OF THE MINE,—EVENING.

and a dozen car-loads of coke a day are shipped away as their product.

All this is observed while the visitor is waiting for the train to be made ready by which he is to be carried on to the mines. He sees a little locomotive, about half the size of a New York elevated-railway motor,—not much bigger than a large wheelbarrow,—come buzzing down to a very long train of black little boxes, each of which would hold six or eight bushels, mounted on four small iron wheels certainly not more than eight inches in diameter. These are the "cars," forty, fifty, or a hundred in number, and the bell-rope of this remarkable train consists of an inch-thick hawser, which is passed through a staple

on the edge of each car-box, so as to be continuously attached from one end of the train to the other. The object of this rope is to aid the cars in following one another through the labyrinth they are obliged every day to traverse; but the disadvantage sometimes ensues that a long train will coil itself all up and get into a perfect "hard knot" of a tangle, when without the rope it would simply go to pieces. This is told to the intending passenger to explain the crookedness of the line; after which he is invited to "get aboard."

He does so literally, seating himself on a board stretched across one of the small boxes, then mutters a prayer to his patron saint, and is off. The grade is steep, but the tiny engine puffs up at a runaway speed, and the miniature cars go bobbing and bouncing noisily after, jumping the track now and then, but jerked on again by the strong rope, and the hindmost ones being careful not to get under the front wheels of the locomotive coming round some of the curves and angles. It is all the time up, and more and more on the very edge of things, running along on a narrow shelf chiselled out of the steep face of the mountain, until finally a settlement comes

in view, and the back-broken passenger finds himself in Dade City.

He is not expected, but Messrs. Thomas R. Evans, the chief engineer of the mines, and W. O. Reese, warden, are on hand to welcome him to the State of Dade.

The State of Dade was a remote mountain-principality in the old days. To be sure, Georgia said it lay just inside her boundaries, although Tennessee and Alabama were both within gunshot, and that it was only worthy to be called a county; but the mountain-men maintained that that was nonsense, and that the nation was never safe until the State of Dade had been heard from. Dade City is its capital.

The chief importance and all the industry of this city is under-ground. What is to be seen out in the sunshine

consists of several detached residences of the overseers of the work, the railway-terminus, the repairing-shops, an office



THE CHAIN-GANG LEAVING THE STOCKADE FOR THE MINE.

or two, and the great barracks. This last is the central figure, and introduces the subject of convict-labor in private enterprises, which is the rule of the State of Georgia.

Instead of cooping up her felons in central stone prisons and making them work for the benefit of the State there, she contracts with certain capitalists to pay her a revenue for their services and share the responsibility of their safe-keeping. This is called *leasing* the convicts. The lease of the company owning these mines calls for five hundred able-bodied men and one-third of all future commitments for a certain term of years. About three hundred and fifty is the number at present there, besides one hundred and twenty-five free persons, employed chiefly as railway-men or in some oversight of the work.

At sunset the men come out of the three mouths of the mines, having been at work there during the previous eight hours. They are a muddy, grimy, weary lot, and the lamps in their old caps have about gone out. They throw their tools one side, hitch themselves together by the chains about their

waists into gangs, and march off in prison style, followed by the slouching guards. Going up, they pass a gang descending, who will take their place



"A DEAD SHOT."

and work nearly all night, relieved in turn by a third "shift" for the morning.

Following the gang just relieved, the visitor ascends a steep, rocky, and well-wooded hill, where he is confronted by a stockade forty feet high, consisting of upright logs. On this side is a great gate, surmounted by a little hut and balcony, where a long-haired Tennessean sits as sentinel. Around the whole circumference is carried a walk on top of the stockade, with more watch-houses, and here patrol sentinels, night and day, all armed with Springfield rifles and a plentiful supply of cartridges. Attempts at escape are rare, and still more rarely succeed. The country is so thinly settled, and the few mountaineers are so adverse to sheltering the runaways, that a convict fears the chance of starving to death

too much to try to escape, unless he is in for a very long term, which is not the case with most of these men. The murderers are kept at Augusta.

Inside the stockade is a whole village of log and frame houses, all neatly whitewashed. A rather gay air pervades the place during this hour of relaxation, and laughing, talking, and smoking are going on. In one hut are several negro women (four-fifths of all the convicts are colored), composedly sewing in rocking-chairs of home manufacture. On one side are the barracks, where the men sleep in



IN THE MINE.

bunks and are locked up; on another, the bakery, the kitchen, the laundry, etc. The food of the laborers is tasted and found "not at all bad," as the English say, while a sumptuous albeit totally improvised supper awaits the traveller in the log house of the bachelor warden, just outside the stockade. It is cooked and served by men in that striped raiment which is so unpopular in polite society.

After an evening cigar in the balmy summer air of this most delicious climate and amid the wild luxuriant beauty of these rich Southern hills, a visit to the mine is undertaken, and rough coats are donned. Getting into one of those same little railway-cars, now drawn by a mule,

the visitor and his guide curl up in the bottom, and the beast is started. The darkness is Egyptian; but little cares that hard-headed mule. He breaks into a gallop, and you descend a sharp incline into the body of the mountain at what seems a most terrific speed in that pitchy darkness, between those wet and echoing walls. The stoutest heart shakes at this first experience. You beg the driver to "slow up," but he cannot hear in the clanging of the wheels and the rail and the mule; and there seems no end to it, for three thousand five hundred feet must be traversed before the twinkling of the little lamps appears and you alight to explore the terminal chambers whence the coal is now obtained, and see how

the men must often lie upon their backs or sides at full length to pick down the mineral before they can get at it in an easier posture. Then by another route and another mule a different pit-mouth is reached, and the warm night-air fans the temples with a new sense of its sweetness.

But on the next morning a more thrilling experience awaits the visitor than any race into the centre of the earth at the tail of a reckless mule.

One of the mines is high up on a hill, and distant from the other. The traveller is shown the way over there, and finds that to deliver the coal a tram-way has been constructed right up and down the side of the mountain, the tracks inclining at an angle of about fifty degrees. On one of the tracks a little car, holding a ton or so of coal, comes down to deliver its load at the railway storehouse, and an empty car is simultaneously drawn up by a wire rope which runs over a drum at the top. The only way to get to the top of the hill is to climb into the car; and the traveller does so. Though the wheels are at an angle, the bottom of the car stands level, and he goes up with a breezy enjoyment that is highly exhilarating. There he gazes entranced upon one of the loveliest landscapes in that region of marvellous beauty, walks over to the pretty glen beyond, and then prepares to descend.

But no empty cars ever go down. He must ride on a full one, outside! He gazes down to where, almost vertically beneath him, black specks are moving that he knows to be men and horses, and he lets two or three cars sink swiftly

out of view ahead of him before his courage reaches the proper height, while he is gently informed of how frequently accidents happen, and how, when a car breaks loose, it goes on down across the railway, across the creek, out into



THE INCLINED PLANE.

the woods, and they never pretend even to look for it. Then he gets ready. Jutting out from the framework at the back end of the car-floor he finds an end of a plank large enough to get the toes of one foot on. With this foothold, and clinging to the outside of the back of the car as best he may, he shuts his teeth hard, signals the start, and feels the earth drop away beneath him, as if he were sinking through a mile deep of water in mid-ocean. The lower terminus of the tram-way rushes up to meet him, and all at once a great wind has risen. The upward dart of a balloon just released must be like that ride! Then, suddenly, when he thinks he is going to leap the sheds and the precipice at the bottom, his car mysteriously and gently stops.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE TIGER OF THE SEA.

"In the Louisiana lowlands low."

THE last notes of the old refrain, rendered doubly sweet by negro voices, came drifting over the reef and waters of Biscayne Bay, dying away as our boat crunched into the coral sands of the key of that name which in part forms the extreme southeastern end of the Florida peninsula.

We had "browsed along," as Scope, our cook, expressed it, up the reef from Key West under easy sail, playing the parts of wrecker and fisherman, and now, under the friendly gleams of Cape Florida light, were on the way to a camp of sable fishermen and spongers whose acquaintance we had made some time before.

Our dingy hauled up on the coral beach, we were soon upon the confines of the camp, which in the warm tropical twilight seemed set for weird and picturesque effects. The moon-beams and the flames from a huge brush-fire lighted up the men, boats, and fixtures, casting curious shadows upon the white sandy beach that stretched away around the curve. The bay was "dead calm," and so still that the far-away "Ha! ha!" of the wakeful laughing gull and the thundering return of a shark or ray to the water came distinctly from the outer reef miles away. Two rude tents that might have been relics of the Seminole War were raised against the brush, while several boats, a well-patched seine, and numerous sponging-hooks and lines formed the stock in trade. The banjo was never picked by a jollier party, and, lying upon the sand about the fire, they were waiting for the "way-up moon" before hauling the great net. Captain Dave and myself accepted seats of honor where the smoke was densest and the insects consequently least annoying. Scope joined the musicians to the windward, and the songs rolled on, waking the dormant echoes of the old reef again and again. Now the rich, sonorous voices

rose in chorus, followed by a laughing solo improvised on the spot and dealt out lavishly to the inspiring "picking" of the banjo. The stern realities of life had no place here: light-hearted, clear of conscience, these boyish men lived a life of sunshine and enjoyment and were contented. From far and near they came, and were at home anywhere. Some sang from personal experience of the "Louisiana lowlands low," others of the "Yellow Rose of Texas" and the "Suwanee River," while Sandy sang of the "old Kentucky home so far away."

The evening was well along when the tide gently surrounded old Alick's feet, which were extended seaward, a quiet reminder of work to be done. "Turn out yer, you lazy coons!" shouted the good-hearted tyrant, who was the recognized boss in perpetuity. "You Sam an' Pinckney First, run in de dingy, an' de res' of we kin ten' de payin' out. We ain't a-gwine toe have dis yer sene wusted de way she was over yander. —You see, gem'n," he continued, addressing Captain Dave and myself, who had risen to lend a hand, "we hauled over de mouf of de Maumee de oder evenin', an' w'en we swunged in de net she bag so, an' I see de mullet beatin'. I give de word, an' dese yer boys in wif de net wif a rush, an' I'm dogged ef dey didn't land fifty of de wustest, onaryest mango-roots in county Dade, sah." But the net was in the water, and all hands laid hold to assist in paying out,—some of the boys wading in with it, to see that it did not foul. Out it ran like a huge fiery serpent, the meshes, floats, and sinkers waking to life myriads of phosphorescent creatures, that sparkled and glittered like molten gold, and every movement as we waded along threw out streams and flames of dazzling brilliancy that seemed to dart away, veritable creatures of living light, into the darkness. When about two hundred feet from the shore, the dingy

swept up the beach, "Pinckney First" (there were four of them) pulling hard and Sam paying out. Finally the end was reached, and they headed in, and when near shore the boys waded out and grasped the line. The silence was broken now: yells, peals of laughter, snatches of song, and heave-hoys rent the air, and under the inspiriting influence of the uproar the net came quickly in, the space between the floats showing decided signs of animation. Here a score of mullets sprang into the air, or some larger fish essayed to cross the line. Myriads of sardines leaped affrighted from the water, the moon-beams glancing from their sides in silvery gleams. In they came with a rush, the finny victims leaping and splashing. The uproar grew fast and furious; everybody yelled and pulled, while old Alick, up to his waist in the jumping mass, encouraged first one side and then the other in inarticulate words and invective, his speech occasionally ending in a hoarse gurgle as he disappeared under water to fish up a mangrove-root and toss it outside the magic circle. It was during one of these submarine excursions that he came to grief. The net was well in-shore, and nothing was visible of the old man except his bald pate, around which the mullets seemed to play mischievously. It was only for a second, and then up he rose from the sea as if driven from the mouth of a volcano, and with a mighty crash fell upon his face and made for shore, wildly giving orders to drop the net. But it was too late, and, as it came in, the cause of the old man's flight became apparent. A great fish was rushing from side to side, confused by the throng of smaller fry and mowing them down with terrific blows. It was a man-eater, and to save the net a sponge-hook was caught in its gills, and soon the unwelcome visitor was high and dry. The net, for the moment dropped, was now with a rush dragged well up on the beach, and its load of struggling forms hurled upon the sand. How they glistened and gleamed! every tug at the net turning them over in great waves of silvery

light, twisting, sliding over one another, the larger tossing the others high in air in desperation, while the patter of the lesser fry was like the falling rain. Mulletts with their rounded heads, jacks with golden fins and silver scales dripping with phosphorescent drops, grunts that opened their wide mouths in audible protest, hog-fish, jew-fish, angelfishes of resplendent vesture, parrot-fishes that vied with their namesakes of the land in gorgeous coloring, snappers red and brown, groupers, sea-shad, porgies, yellow-tails, and a host of others, made up this Argus-eyed assemblage, while the crabs, sea-eggs with bristling spines, sea-cucumbers, and other strange creatures that came in entangled in the net would have warmed the heart of a zoologist.

The snappers, groupers, and porgies were sorted out and tossed into a great car floating near the beach that was even now overloaded, and would be called for in a few days by a smack in the Havana trade. The mullets were reserved for home consumption; and, finally, the great net was hauled up on the shore to be cleaned for the morrow. "I've been on de back," said old Alick, "of nigh on to everything in dis yer country, from a wil' steer to a manatee, but I never did 'spec' to be toted by a sherker. He dash right 'twixt my legs, an' den sent me blim into de air. I don't keer fo' any mo'. I'm a-talkin' now."

"He's good for a gallon of oil," spoke up Sam.

"Dat's a fac'," rejoined the old man. "I didn't ride him for nuthin', son; an' I 'spec' we may as well try for mo' in de mawnin'."

The prospect of having a chance of hauling in a man-eater from the shore was enticing, and we decided to remain on the beach all night and join in the sport.

"We do a right smart business in shark-oil," said Sam, as we resumed our places around the fire,—an Adirondack "smudge." "We try out the oil, an' when we gets a barrel we ship it up to Jacksonville or down to Key West."

"What is the oil used for?" we asked.

"Well," said old Alick, with a mysterious air, "dat's reliably one of de secrets of de trade. Dis yer sherk-oil goes to Jacksonville, dat's sartin sho', an' dey say dere's a right smart call fo' ood-liber oil on account of dese yer inwalids a-flockin' dere. Jes' where de oil goes I can't say: you can draw yo' own influences."

The "influences" opened a field of speculation too extended for the lateness of the hour, and soon the sands of Key Biscayne resounded with the hoarse breathing of the whole camp. Our morning toilet consisted in shaking the hermit or soldier crabs from our pockets, followed by a swim in the warm water. Then we turned our attention to the fried mullets which Sam was turning with a mangrove-branch fork to the tune of "Ham-Fat, Ham-Fat fryin' in de Pan."

The boys were soon at work: the trying-pots were taken to a small inlet lower down the beach, and five stout poles were driven into the ground, about fifty feet apart, to which the lines were attached. The lines were ropes about sixty-feet in length. The hook was a gigantic instrument, eight inches across, that worked on a swivel attached to the line by a three-foot chain. The bait, a large grouper, was fastened on, and then the lines were towed out by the dingy and thrown over fifty feet from the shore, near the channel. Each line at the water's edge passed over a crotched stick, the fall of which was the signal of a bite.

"Did any one ever get bitten by a shark about here?" asked Captain Dave, as we lay stretched out in the shade of the bay cedars, waiting for a nibble.

"I knew of one case," replied Sam, "down by Sea-Horse Key, and the man was my own cousin. We was goin' out the southwest channel, when the sail jibed, and the boom struck Dorsey and knocked him over. I threw the oar at him and put the boat about, but before I reached him he threw up his arms with a terrible scream and went down.

It was a great place for tiger-sharks, and one must have taken him. They jump ten feet out of water and take fish hangin' over the stern of a smack."

"I've seen worse than that," said one of the men, named Paublo. "In 1857 I was sold in Havana to the captain of a slaver, and made two trips to the African coast; on the last one, bless the Lord! we was captured, and all hands brought in to Key West (you remember that, Captain Dave?), and bar-ra-cooned on the beach, near Fort Taylor. One trip we had some ugly fellows, and, before the ship sailed, one of them killed a white sailor, and the captain had him up to the yard-arm in less than no time. Poor devil! he got clear of slavery, anyhow. They let him swing all day, as a warning to the rest, and about six o'clock in the evening I stood looking at the body, when a shark about fifteen feet long jumped clean out of the water and made a grab for the dead man, but he missed it. I sung out to the mate, and, just as he stepped to the rail, whish! came the shark again from the other side, catching the body by the hips. They swung a moment, and then the lanyard broke, and off he went—"

"And off goes my line!" shouted Sam, jumping to his feet.

All hands followed suit, and, sure enough, the stick was down, and the line twitching and jerking as if a curious crab was nibbling at the bait. Most sharks bite in this way from the bottom, nosing the bait before starting off.

There had been some dispute the night before among the boys as to Scope's abilities as a shark-fisherman, he having claimed that he could catch a shark single-handed; and now, at his request, the rest stood back to receive a few lessons. Scope had been our faithful cook on many a trip about the reef, but never had confided to us that he was a shark-expert; but under the taunts of the *mainland* darkies he had rushed recklessly upon his fate. He took the line from Sam's hand just as it began to run out, and, stepping back about five feet from the water's edge, planted his bare feet in the treacherous sand and

"paid out," while the other boys stood around, loquaciously questioning as to whether he had a large family to leave and had made his will. But Scope kept his eye on the line, paying out gradually as the fish "walked off," and finally, when he thought the bait had been swallowed, he braced back; the line tautened, grew rigid, and at this supreme moment he gave a mighty jerk. The result was unexpected. A cloud of sand, a pair of heels in the air after a black object *in transitu*, a terrific splash—and a yell of laughter greeted our unfortunate cook as he picked himself up, ten or twelve feet from where he had originally stood, and scrambled ashore. The fish had fairly jerked him into the sea. But there was yet a chance to redeem himself, and, grasping the hissing line, he lay back upon the sand,—only to let go in time to save a repetition of his late experience.

"Now haul in de fish," said old Alick, shaking with laughter. "You'se a born sherker, sho' 'nuff."

Scope looked at the rigid rope, and laid hold in desperation. Suddenly the line slackened, and, with a look of triumph, Scope threw the line over his shoulder and started up the beach on a run. The shark was swimming in,—a trick they have, often breaking a line in the rush that always follows.

"Look out!" cried Sam.

But it was too late. The great fish, still unseen, suddenly changed its tactics, and a terrific jerk threw Scope backward in a complete somersault, filling his mouth and eyes with sand, and almost breaking his back; before he could recover, the line, which had a turn around his wrist, almost dragged him over, but from this predicament he was rescued by the laughing boys, and, chafed mentally and physically and thoroughly disgusted, he gave place to Sam. How simple it all seemed!—now hauling, slacking out, jerking the line this way and that, running up the beach as the shark made desperate rushes from side to side, Sam was surely the Walton of the shark-line. Suddenly he lay back upon the beach, almost prostrate, his feet ploughing deep

furrows in the sand, while the man-eater, as if enraged at this resistance, rose fairly five feet in the air and shook its ugly maw in desperation. But the clanking chain was its funeral knell. A few more leaps and surges, and the monster was humbled. "Clap on yer, boys!" cried Sam. And all hands seized the rope, and with a rush the shark came in, lashing the water with terrible blows, running its shovel nose into the sand, and was finally landed high and dry, snapping its jaws in savage defiance. It was a noble one,—over thirteen feet long. Alick finished it with grim satisfaction, and was preparing to commence a post-mortem in the interests of the Jacksonville invalids, when another line was noticed running out farther down the beach. Wishing to try the sport, Captain Dave and myself started for the rope, followed by Scope, but before we reached it the line came "taut" with a thud, and the post tore from its bed with a spring and dashed into the water. Upon the impulse of the moment, we launched the dingy that lay upon the beach, and were soon in full pursuit of the log, which was rushing up the channel at the rate of ten knots an hour. It would have been a fruitless chase but for the fact that the channel, like many others on the reef, was a *blind* one, ending in a shallow coral-lined bank. The fish soon reached the end and turned, and the log came tearing toward us.

"Steady!" shouted Captain Dave.

"Steady!" gasped Scope in a hoarse whisper, himself very unsteady with excitement and his late exercise.

As the post shot by, Captain Dave, who was in the bow, grasped it. The little boat whirled about madly, throwing us down among the oars and bailers, and Scope, utterly demoralized, begged the captain to "cut de rope." Up along the beach we tore, two of the boys putting out to lend a hand; but our steed was only warming up, and the rope they tossed us was missed as we went by. "This won't do," gasped Captain Dave, red in the face from the exertion of trying to keep the line in the notch at the bow: "we're going out to sea."

The boys, who were pulling after us, yelled, "Take in the slack!" And this we endeavored to do; but every movement on our part only spurred the shark on to greater feats of speed, and the dingy was now taking everything as it came, and was nearly half full of water. We hauled away, now gaining a foot, then losing it, when suddenly the line slackened.

"He's gone, by Jove!" said the captain, wiping the salt water from his eyes: "the line's broken."

"Thank de Lord!" began Scope—but he went no further.

It was the old trick. The line fairly screeched through the water, slipped from the bow, and in a second was over the side. "Cut it, Scope!" shouted Captain Dave, leaning up to windward. But Scope was getting to windward himself; and with a surge the rope caught under the dingy, the opposite rail flew up, and for a single second we were high in air, and then with a slosh the water came in upon us, and the boat righted, full of water, and rushed away in the opposite direction from that we had taken a moment before. The dingy was light, and we might have clung on for some time, but our erratic steed changed its course again, and Captain Dave and myself were washed overboard, the boat rushing on with Scope sitting, partly submerged, high in the stern. He stood it a few seconds, then, seeing the shoal reef near at hand, flung himself into the water and swam to it. Here he stood for half an hour, among the craw-fish and sea-eggs, like a condemned light-house, the picture of despair. We were soon picked up by the boys, and all together pulled for the sunken dingy, which was still under way. It was a heavy pull for the fish, and we soon caught up with it, when the boat was righted, and the line transferred to the skillful hands of our rescuers. They played with the great fish, hauling him in, jerking him this way and that, till finally, when he was thoroughly beaten, the line was passed astern and the monster drawn to the surface and the chain made fast. Though powerless to swim, its great

tail lashed the water into foam, and, after bending its body into a curve, it would suddenly straighten out, lifting the boat out of water. At last, as if in desperation, it seized the keel, crunched the pine planks, and shook the boat as a cat would shake a mouse. But the shark was fairly caught, and slowly we towed it ashore, picking up the unfortunate Scope on the way. The line was soon passed to those on the beach, and the man-eater run up on the sand.

The sharkers had not been idle: four large fish were thrashing upon the beach. The one that had led us such a wild chase was hoisted upon an improvised derrick and found to measure fourteen feet in length, while none of the others were under twelve. Their girth was so enormous, however, that their great length was hardly appreciable. There were two kinds,—the so-called man-eater, *Car-charodon Atwoodi*, that gave the most trouble, and the mackerel-shark (*Isuropsis*). The oil of this fish is especially esteemed by the Northern curriers. Later, we captured a tiger-shark, the privateer of the tribe (*Gallocerdo Tigrinus*), and a thrasher.

In certain parts of Africa the man-eater is worshipped by the natives, who call it the "jou-jou" and consider its stomach the sure way to heaven. Every year a child is selected for the sacrifice,—intended for this purpose from its birth. When the time arrives, the weeping mother with great ceremony bears it to the sea, and at low tide it is bound to a stake, with a goat or some other animal, and, as the tide comes in, becomes a victim to the shark. On the Guinea coast the natives, on the other hand, hold the shark as an inveterate enemy, and destroy it whenever an opportunity occurs. The Kanakas, however, show the most heroism and bravery in attacking these tigers of the sea. Armed with a sharp knife, they plunge into the water, and, when attacked by the brute, in some incomprehensible manner avoid its mouth, slip underneath the fish, and rip it up with savage blows of the knife. The ferocity of the shark has, however, been much

exaggerated. The sharks around harbors are generally well fed and timid. The writer has often jumped from the dock with a party of bathers, some of whom would swim to a key an eighth of a mile away, when sharks ten or twelve feet long had been seen only a few moments before. One of the party, now a staid business-man in New York City, we remember leaped into the water as a man-eater swam lazily along hardly fifteen feet below the surface, with the avowed intention of riding the brute. Suffice it to say, the shark disappeared. It was a frequent occurrence, however, to capture turtles here with all their flippers eaten off by these cowardly scavengers, showing that they did not disdain to attack the helpless reptiles. Among well-authenticated cases of men who have fallen victims to the ferocity of the shark is that of Mr. Joseph Blaney, of Swampscott, Massachusetts. He went out with a large fishing-party, and when on the grounds pulled away from the larger vessel in a dory. Soon after, he was seen to wave his hat and heard to scream for help. A boat was sent, but before they reached him a huge white shark was seen to rush over the dory, sinking her and carrying off the unfortunate man. Mr. Charles Fisher, now in the United States Treasury, was aboard of a ship lying off the rock of Gibraltar, and, while watching the men swimming, saw a large shark approaching. He gave the alarm, and the men all got aboard but one. Mr. Fisher sprang into the boat and reached the spot in time to see the monster sever the man fairly in two. Commerson relates that a shark was seen in the Mediterranean to leap twenty feet from the water in an attempt to secure a human victim. But such cases are extremely rare.

The jaw of our shark, or of the one that had captured us, was carefully taken out as a memento, and found to contain eight rows of serrated teeth,—a formidable array. Though hardly of æsthetic interest, the abdominal contents of one of these sharks might possibly interest the collector of “curiosities.”

The list included a steer's horn, with part of the skull attached, three *hoofs*, one old tin can, a quantity of rope, etc., etc.,—probably obtained at a water-side butcher-shop up the Miami River. The backbones of all the sharks were taken out, to be made into canes, a steel rod being run down through them, and the cartilage, when hard, taking a fine polish. Parts of the skin were also saved, these being utilized in the manufacture of bags, card-cases, belts, sleeve-buttons, knife- and sword-handles, and many other articles. In India and the East generally the shark has a considerable mercantile value. In one year over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of shark-fins have been shipped from Calcutta to China to be used for soup. Shark-oil is a still more valuable product, and is obtained in great quantities from the basking shark (*Selache maxima*), known perhaps better in our waters as the bone shark. It attains an enormous length, and, as its name implies, has a curious habit of lying or basking upon the surface, where it presents a most extraordinary appearance. It has extremely large gill-slits, and lives upon small fishes and pelagic animals that float upon the sea, straining them into its throat through a series of rays or fringes of an elastic, hard substance, which are arranged like a comb along the gill-openings. On the Greenland coast they are caught in great numbers. The most important fishery is at Naor-kanek, where three hundred or more are caught during the season (a short one), their livers yielding about two thousand four hundred barrels of oil, which is preferred to seal-oil and finds a ready market and good price at Copenhagen and other ports of Europe. It is extremely pure, resists the cold effectively, and is perfectly adapted for lubrication. Chemically it is comparable to seal-oil. The fisheries on the Greenland coast now extend beyond Fiskenaes and Proven, where the “spec,” or blubber, of the Hvowalder, as the Icelanders call the great fish, is taken as a medium of exchange for tobacco, pipes, coffee, and other luxuries from the outer world.

There is a legend recorded by Mitchell that bone sharks were formerly caught at Provincetown, Cape Cod, in paying quantities. Twenty years ago one was washed ashore off Rockaway, New York. It was thirty feet long. Earlier than this one came ashore at Cape Cod, of such gigantic proportions that the inhabitants went to the beach for blubber, thinking it a whale. Seven barrels of oil were taken from its liver and sold in Boston for one hundred and four dollars. In 1848 a number of them were caught off Cape Elizabeth near the coast of Maine, and a tradition also exists there that bone-shark-fishing was once a profitable industry in the neighborhood. A large specimen was taken a few years ago off Brighton, England, measuring thirty-six feet in length. About the Orkney Islands is a favorite place for them, where they are called the Hoc-mar. In 1848, according to Sir Charles Lyell, one came ashore at Rothesholm Head, Stronsa, that measured fifty-five feet in length, and for a long time the inhabitants were afraid to approach it: it was finally examined by Mr. Neill, the naturalist, who secured parts of the vertebræ and scapular arch and sent them to Sir Edward Home, of London. They are now in the British Museum, and interesting as being the remains of the largest fish known. In Norway seventy-eight thousand persons are engaged in the fisheries (about four and six-tenths per cent. of the whole population), realizing about sixteen millions of dollars a year. Among these are many who devote themselves entirely to shark-fishing. The great bone shark, the *Squalus acanthias*, or dog-fish, and the Nurse shark, all of which have a wide geographical range, are the most sought after. The Nurse or gunny shark (*Somniosus microcephalus*) is very plentiful along the western coast of Norway and the borders of the Polar Sea. The fishing-banks are about twenty miles from land, in three hundred fathoms, and are visited by the fishermen in decked boats of about fifteen tons' burden. A line about four-tenths of an inch in diameter is used, having a sinker weighing nine pounds,

this and the hook being attached to the line by a chain nine feet long. As soon as the ground is reached, each boat throws over a box, perforated with holes, containing rancid seal-meat or fish. This serves to bait them up. The lines are then put over, and, if the fish are too large to be hauled in by the crew of six men,—as is very often the case, some of the Nurses reaching a length of twenty feet,—the line is passed around the windlass and the game brought slowly but surely up. The liver is then taken out and the air-bladder blown up by a pipe made for the purpose, and the fish released. This is a necessary precaution, as, if they were allowed to sink, the sharks would become over-fed and refuse the hook. The livers vary from twenty to five hundred pounds in weight. The oil is obtained by steam-heating, and is extremely fine, being used for illuminating purposes, while the undissolved portions furnish valuable brown tanner's oil. The annual yield from this fishery amounts to ten thousand barrels of oil, valued at one hundred and fifty thousand gulden. Lately the bodies of the sharks, instead of being cast adrift, have been towed ashore and made into manure. On the coast of Finland the sharks are caught in-shore in the winter for this purpose. Trawls are used in this case, each having thirty hooks eighteen or twenty feet apart and kept just above the bottom by means of glass floats.

Late in the afternoon, as we were about starting for Virginia Key, a hammer-head shark was hauled in,—an unusual occurrence, as they rarely take the hook. They are considered extremely fierce. We can recall but one case, however, to substantiate this belief, and that in 1803, when Joshua Terry, of Sag Harbor, caught a hammer-head twelve feet long, in whose stomach was the body of a sailor. In Cuba they are quite common, and are called *cornudas*. The eyes are placed upon the curious side-prolongations of the head that are its specific characteristics, giving the fish a very repulsive appearance. We secured the head of the "hammer," and before night were aboard of our whilom deserted craft off Virginia Key. The

next morning we sailed across the bay to the mouth of the Miami. Though dignified by the name of river, the famous Miami is a mere outlet of the fresh water of the Everglades. Its scenery is, however, picturesque, being full of a quiet beauty derived from the luxuriant foliage of the banks. Tall cocoas, lime-trees, and rich groupings of poncianas and elders loaded with their brilliant blossoms combine to attract the eye. The entrance to the little stream is particularly pleasant. The banks are green to the water's edge with tall flowing grasses and water-plants. On the clear amber surface are deep shadows, and the reflection of beautiful forms beneath one of the banks forms a striking contrast to a white, shelving coral beach on the opposite side. Here we came to anchor, and spent some time in strolling about the old fort, which has not been occupied since the Indian war. Hearing of our sharking adventures, an old colored man living on the "Mamee" offered to take us to a place where sharks' teeth were to be found as large as a man's hand. It was no exaggeration, for, after a pull of an eighth of a mile up the river, he took us to a mound where in a short time we unearthed some enormous teeth that had belonged to the *Carcharodon*, a gigantic fossil shark of the Tertiary period. As we surmised, they were not indigenous to the Miami country, and had evidently been brought from the phosphate-beds near Charleston, South Carolina, some years ago. One of these teeth was nearly as large as the open hand; and, having collected a goodly number of them, we attempted a restoration after the plan of the jaw of our late captive, who in reality was a distant relative. We arranged the teeth in the same relative position in eight rows to each jaw, and as a result had a mouth that a horse and cart could have driven into, while the body of the shark must have been from seventy-five to one hun-

dred and fifty feet long. The correctness of our crude restoration is shown by the remarks of Sir John Hunter upon a much smaller tooth: "The length of the base of this tooth is four inches and eight lines, that of its longest side five inches and five lines." Sir John adds, "The fossil shark, if having the same proportion to the teeth, must have been over sixty feet long." The fossil tooth used in his comparison was from the Miocene Tertiary formation of Malta, and much smaller than the largest found in America. The teeth, after having lain in the earth untold ages, retain their beautiful polish and fine serrations, the trenchant edges being as perfect as when they were first deposited. Great quantities of them have been dredged from the beds of the rivers at Charleston, as well as at Shark River, New Jersey. Sharks' teeth have their economic value as well as other parts of the fish, but their use is probably confined to the islands of the South Pacific. There they are in constant demand as weapons of warfare, the most dreaded being formed of a pair of cocoa-fibre sleeves that fit over the arms and are covered upon the outside with rows of the sharp, recurving, serrated teeth. These are worn only by the largest men of the tribe, who in battle rush into the ranks of the enemy, seize a victim, and literally tear him in pieces.

Later on we met our friends the sharkers again. It was in the harbor of St. Augustine, and they were working north for the fall shad-fishing. Old Alick was at the helm, and Sandy at the banjo. They had had a rough time up the coast, and had now headed in; the tattered leg-o'-muttons were stretched out wing-and-wing, the notes of the "Louisiana lowlands" floated a moment on the breeze, and the old boat squared away and rushed up the harbor toward the old Spanish town.

C. F. HOLDER.

LIKE CURES LIKE.

"SHE'S comin', Cornelia. Says she'll be here this afternoon, an' she don't want nobody to meet her at the station an' tell her it's only a quarter of a mile walk to the house,—she's seen kentry quarter-miles before; an' they're to come in a waggin. Seems to hev her mind made up, anyhow: that's one comfort. I always hated boarders that didn't hev their minds made up. Guess you'll hev to harness up Dandelion an' bring her up,—her an' her trunks. D'ye hear, Cornelia?"

"Yes, mother," said Cornelia. "I hear."

She didn't look as if she was paying much attention. She was sitting on the top door-step, with her cheek resting on her hand and her eyes fixed on an ant-hill at her feet, which she was absently poking with a twig, to the manifest consternation of the inhabitants. Her hair curled in tight rings all over her head, and her eyes were as blue as a china doll's. She didn't take much interest in the matter, to tell the truth. They had one or more summer-boarders every year, and they were never very interesting. A summer-boarder, to her, meant one of three things,—a maiden lady, who sketched, collected grasses, and found fault with the tea; a country minister, who talked about her privileges in living so near the church and advised her to read some useful work during the winter; and an elderly widower, who came every year, stayed two weeks, and never gave his attention to anything but fishing and meal-times. The prospect of the arrival of an individual belonging to one of these classes was not exhilarating. And, besides, Cornelia Nott had other and very different things to think of. It has never been an easy thing for a girl to decide between two lovers, one of whom dominates her imagination and the other her heart.

Cornelia had had some beautiful letters lately,—one this very afternoon. They really were beautiful letters. She had

seen several in a book called "Decorum," that her aunt had, and none of them were anything like as good as these. They hadn't such fine ideas or such elevated language. She wondered if in the gay world, where such wonderful things happened, young men were in the habit of writing such letters. They seemed too fine for every day, even among people of fashion. The other lover was only Dick Willetts, in the village. He was very nice, and she had always liked him, but he had never written her a letter in his life. She was very fond of him, but, after all, marriage was a serious matter, as she very well knew, and she was not by any means sure that it was altogether a question of fondness. She had heard it said by somebody—she had forgotten which one of the boarders—that marriage was an education. In that case, surely the author of those letters would offer her higher advantages than Dick Willetts could ever hope to do. Well, there was one comfort,—it hadn't to be decided immediately. It was a week or two yet ere she had to make up her mind about the other one,—that is, Philip Edson Cartwright,—such a lovely name, too! Dick she could have 'most any time, she guessed. With which inconsiderate but consoling reflection she threw down her twig and ran to the barn to harness up Dandelion.

The train made a just long enough stop for a slender figure in black to step from the platform, and then rushed on again as violently as if it were not going to stop at another wretched little station about two miles farther on. It was mere affectation, its being in such a tearing hurry.

"Are you Miss Nott?" said the newcomer, walking up the platform with an air of grave interrogation to Cornelia, as she stood shyly, half advancing, half waiting.

"Yes,—that is—I'm Cornelia," she replied, a little confused.

"Yes? Well, it's really the same thing in the end,—that is, if you haven't an elder sister: have you?"

"No; I'm the only one."

"I'm the boarder you expected, you know. Those are my checks. Why, child!" she exclaimed, "you are not going to try and put those heavy things into the wagon yourself? Are you insane?"

"There's no one else to do it," said Cornelia, pausing at the authoritative tone. "Abel couldn't come: so I came alone. They're not very heavy."

"What's that man doing up there? Why doesn't he help you?" went on this sweet but, for some unexplained reason, evidently revolutionary young person.

"Oh, that's Mr. Babbitt," said Cornelia, alarmed.

The bare fact of its being Mr. Babbitt was sufficient to explain matters to any resident of Menton. Mr. Babbitt was ticket-master, and always at the station, but he had never been known to compromise his dignity by doing a hand's turn for anybody in his life.

But Eustace Enworthy was not a native of Menton. "Mr. Babbitt," said she, walking up to him as he stood in dignified ease at the other end of the platform, "please put my trunks into that wagon. There is no one else here to do it."

Mr. Babbitt turned and regarded her with an expression of incredulous amazement, but, meeting her direct glance of calm expectancy, he shifted his tobacco to the other side and walked toward Cornelia, where she stood, blushing and assailed by a strong desire to fly, with one hand on the largest trunk. Mr. Babbitt lifted both trunks into the wagon, and, still under the influence of what seemed to Cornelia to be some strange hallucination, assisted the girls to climb in, gathered up the reins, and handed them to her.

"Thank you," said Eustace. "We are very much obliged." And they drove off.

Mr. Babbitt went and sat down, and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief

he had in the crown of his hat. "I vum!" said he softly to himself. And, after a pause, "Nely Nott, too! I vum!"

Meanwhile, Eustace, apparently unconscious of the tremendousness of the step she had taken, inquired, "What time do you have breakfast, Cornelia?"

"At eight o'clock."

"There! I was sure of it. You know, they told me you'd have breakfast at half-past six; but when your letter came, I said, 'The person that wrote that letter never has breakfast at half-past six.'"

"But we do sometimes," said Cornelia timidly.

"Now, what made you say that?" said Eustace, not severely, but earnestly. "When you see people thoroughly pleased with anything, never tell them the truth about it, because, you know, no one would ever be thoroughly pleased who knew the whole truth. Are they all as pretty as you are up here?" she went on, viewing critically the crimson cheeks and blue eyes at her side.

Cornelia hesitated a moment. "No," said she defiantly, "they ain't."

"That's right," said Eustace approvingly. "If they were, you know, I should have gone home to-morrow. I haven't a bit of petty jealousy, but I hate to be always at a disadvantage."

Cornelia began to think this funny rather than inexpressibly alarming. "But you're pretty yourself," she said boldly.

"Oh, yes," said Eustace, with much impartiality, "I'm pretty, but not as pretty as you are. I don't think my style is particularly taking at first; yours is. Still, I grow on you," she went on thoughtfully. "I certainly do. You see me in red and yellow, and I grow on you awfully." And she concluded with a decisive little nod that made Cornelia burst out laughing. Eustace looked so serious that she was afraid she'd done the wrong thing, but she couldn't possibly help it. This was an entirely new kind of city boarder. She caught her breath with pleased excitement every time she spoke. It was

like sliding down Bent's Hill on Dick's big sled.

"If you have a sweetheart, you'd better tell me when he's coming to call, and I won't put it on," she continued. "Gracious!" as she caught the flush which dyed Cornelia's cheeks; "it's as bad as that, is it? I'd put on a green one, if I had it."

"You may put on what you like," said Cornelia half indignantly.

Miss Enworthy shook her head indulgently: "Oh, I shan't take you at your word. It would be very shabby of me, for, you see, I should have the advantage anyway, for I should flirt with him scientifically. I know very well what you are thinking,—that he's so much in love with you that I couldn't make the least impression anyway. I don't wonder you think so. I should have done so once. But I was out out by a girl not half as nice as I am, with a man who was awfully in love with me,—just because she understood the principles of scientific flirtation. So I learned them myself after that; but I wouldn't, if I were you,—you're much nicer without: I was, myself. Why don't you have golden-rod about here?"

"It never blossoms till August or September, and this is only the 1st of July."

"Oh, doesn't it? I thought one always had golden-rod in the country,—golden-rod and warm milk. Do you have warm milk at your house? Because, if you do, I wish you'd hang it down the well before I have it. It's the only inanimate thing I hate. You're surprised, aren't you, to see that I know enough to hang things down the well to make them cool? I had a grandmother once that lived in the country, and she used to talk about hanging things down the well, when she meant put them in the refrigerator."

"We have a refrigerator," said Cornelia, laughing. "So you needn't have the milk warm unless you want it. There's our house."

"That's nice. That looks just as I wanted it to look. And that's your mother standing in the door, I suppose?

Tell me about her. Is she nice? Do you like her?"

"Like my mother?" gasped Cornelia.

"Why, yes. Is that so surprising? I like mine ever so much, she's so pretty and clever. I'm so glad she married into our family, as the aristocratic child said. So, here we are. Now, where's Cain, to carry in the trunks?"

"It isn't Cain: it's Abel," said Cornelia, somewhat scandalized.

"Oh, yes,—Abel. I never can remember which one it was that killed the other.—How do you do, Mrs. Nott? I'm not a bit the looking person you thought I was; am I? But never mind; you'll like me better in course of time, I know, than if I were. May I go right upstairs and get cool?"

Mrs. Nott, who, in truth, had looked for rather a severe and hard-featured single lady with every outward sign of a mind irrevocably made up beforehand, was somewhat overcome, as she herself subsequently confessed to Nely. "I was that dashed," she was overheard to remark,— "I was that dashed that I 'most forgot whether I'd fixed the spare chamber or the little room over the front door."

The first thing Eustace did when she had entered the pleasant, large room prepared for her reception was to look in the mirror, and the next to look out of the window. Both views being apparently more or less satisfactory, she opened the bureau-drawers. "But," she said, "there is no lavender here. I thought they always had that, too, in the country."

"But you didn't think it was kept in empty drawers, did you?" asked Nely, who was waiting.

"No; I suppose not," said Eustace doubtfully. "After all, it's 'presses' it's generally in, I believe. Never mind; though I did want my things to smell of lavender."

"There's some in the garden, I think. I'll fetch you some." And Nely ran down the stairs, returning with the leaves, which Eustace proceeded with the greatest satisfaction to lay among

the things she had already begun to unpack.

"Ain't she splendid, mother?" said Nely enthusiastically, bursting into the kitchen.

"Splendid is as splendid does," replied Mrs. Nott oracularly. "Still, I won't say but what she has a sort of a way with her, an' the old lady herself can't say as she ain't handsome." Mrs. Nott had come a young wife to her husband's house, and been domineered over for several years by her husband's mother, an old lady of most contradictory temper and unaccommodating opinions. Fortunately for herself, the younger Mrs. Nott was of an easy disposition, and seemed to resent this sort of training much less than most women in her position would have done. Almost the only sign that she remembered it at all was her way of emphasizing any particularly evident fact by the remark that even the old lady herself could not maintain the opposite, which expression had now passed into current acceptance in the Nott family. "Did you tell her what time we have tea?"

"No'm. P'r'aps she ain't used to havin' it quite so early."

"Never you fear but what if she don't want to make a change an' has to, we'll find it out," said Mrs. Nott shrewdly. "She ain't exactly cantankerous, mebbe, but it'll surprise her so if she don't get her own way that she'll lay awake nights thinkin' about it."

"She had her own way with Mr. Babbitt," said Nely. "She made him put her trunks in the wagon."

"No!" said Mrs. Nott, pausing in the act of hulling strawberries.

"Yes'm: she wouldn't let me."

"Wal, wal!" And she laughed with thorough enjoyment. "If that don't beat the Dutch! Made Bob Babbitt put in the trunks, did she? I'd like to have seen him down' of it."

Eustace came down to supper, cool and pretty in white muslin, and, far from finding fault with the supper-hour, seemed so well pleased with the good things it brought her that Mrs. Nott, having been forced by her enthusiasm to

admit that the old lady herself couldn't have made better butter, was less disposed to be impartial in her judgment. After tea, the sitting-room and the front porch were left at Eustace's disposal, Mrs. Nott and Cornelia taking themselves to the back part of the house, according to ordinary Nott usage.

"They're their own comp'ny, and not mine," Mrs. Nott was wont to say of her summer-boarders, "and I ain't goin' to worry 'em with the idea all along that perhaps Nely's and my conversation'll be charged for in the bill; and as for pa, he ain't goin' to be made to keep on his coat for nobody."

The next morning, after breakfast, Eustace asked Nely what she did all day to make herself miserable.

"I guess I don't do anything that makes me very miserable."

"Then you ought. You ought to embroider awful-looking yellow flowers on a yellow-green ground, or you ought to get a bow and arrow and shoot till your arm is lame, or you ought to get a banjo and make your fingers callous, or get a grammar and study a dead language. Didn't you ever do any of those things?"

"Never."

"I never saw such criminal neglect of one's higher duties to society in my life. I've done all these things; and now I want to amuse myself. What do people do here to amuse themselves?"

"They—they collect grasses sometimes," said Cornelia rather doubtfully, drawing upon her memories of former boarders.

"Collect grasses? Well, I'd just as lief collect grasses. I'll begin now. Where do you get them?"

"I'm goin' berryin', and if you want to come with me you'll find all you like."

"By all means. Do you really get berries when you go berrying? It sounds like too well defined a plan to really succeed."

That night, Eustace wrote a letter. It ran as follows:

"DEAR TOM,—You told me to write

as soon as I was settled. I'm settled now. I really think I've found the place I've been looking for,—where you never expect things to happen. I tell you, Tom, expecting things to happen is the curse of a woman's life. It isn't that you care whether they happen or not, but you can't go right along and do what you have to do as if you knew they wouldn't. I can't sit down at home for an evening's reading without wondering if anybody will call; and it's so in everything. But the old lady herself couldn't expect anything to happen here. I went berrying yesterday, and in the midst of it caught myself wondering how Larry Holmes would shudder if he should come across the fields and see my face and hands all stained with red juice. You know Larry. He wouldn't have been more shocked if it had been gore. I'm having a splendid time,—as the Americans say,—and I collect grasses. I found a lot yesterday, but I laid them on a stone and went berrying instead. I shall collect some more to-day. It's just as well to begin over again each day, for there don't seem to be very many kinds. Cornelia Nott is the daughter of the house, and she's very interesting. She is pretty, and she has beaux. I haven't seen them, but I know she has them: she has the air.

"I hope you'll write; but don't say any more about that matter we referred to the other evening after having dropped it for six months. I've made up my mind, and the more settled I grow the more I know I'm right. I'll send back your letter unopened if I find anything of that sort in it.

"Very sincerely yours,

"EUSTACE ENWORTHY."

This she sealed and addressed, and then sat down and thought about it. Tom was not at all the kind of man she wanted to marry. In the first place, she didn't want to marry a man that was tied down to his business, as Tom would be for some years yet. In the next, her husband must care more for society than Tom did: he always looked so hope-

lessly bored unless he was dancing with her, and, though that was pleasant now, it wouldn't be when that bored him too. Then, they never liked the same books. Tom liked "The Cloister and the Hearth," and didn't care much for Henry James, Jr. Oh, it would never do! never do at all! There was time enough yet, and when the right one came he should be made to feel as the right one should. Then she proceeded to struggle with the kerosene-lamp. That kerosene-lamp was Eustace's nightly discipline.

Sunday morning came, and Eustace sat on the front steps, idly watching the insects and flowers and birds and sunlight. "I'm certainly getting the pastoral feeling," she said to herself. "I feel so—sort of—natural. I don't care a bit what anybody is doing in the city." This restless habit of never being able to feel without analyzing what she felt was what prevented Eustace from ever being contentedly guided by feeling, and played the mischief with her nervous system.

Nely came out with her hat on. "Goin' to meetin'?" said she.

Eustace looked at her. "Why," said she, hesitating, "it hadn't occurred to me up here, somehow. Yes, now I think of it, I should like to go. Wait a minute."

Nely couldn't get used to this boarder at all. She had never met anybody before who went to church because it occurred to her. She had seen people who, rebelliously inclined, had stated, with a certain touch of bravado, that they were going to stay away, but never anybody who hadn't thought of it.

Who does not know the country church? There were the four old deacons in the front seat, who had heard the word of life so many more years than the minister above them had preached it that after a few moments' indulgent attention they dropped off to sleep, with a calm confidence that no heresy would be broached for their temporary inattention. Indeed, they had already begun to doubt if heresy was always as black as it is painted, so near were they to the land where dividing-

lines converge; but they did not know this: one only read it in the softened old faces. They waked up in time to pass the contribution-box in good order: that was all that was expected of them. Then, there were the old women. They listened with more attention. "Parson Fields was a good man, but he was gettin' sort of unsettled," according to a few minds, and it behooved that careful attention should be paid by the sisters to arrest the least sign of laxity of doctrine, seeing as the brethren, whose business it was, "were so keerless and neglec'ful." There were pretty, conscious girls, and plain, unconscious, and uncaring ones. Henry James, thought Eustace, says women's lives are fashioned out of what is left of the piece when men's lives have been cut out. Plain sisters' bonnets are fashioned out of what is left when pretty sisters' bonnets have been trimmed. Among the young men who came in late, and whose boots made a good deal of noise, and whose hair was very nicely and enduringly arranged, and whose neckties were of a particularly taking sort, one in particular attracted Eustace's attention from the unremitting persistency with which he turned his eyes in the direction of the Nott seat. A glance at Nely's beautiful unconsciousness was enough to convince her of the state of the case, and she involuntarily gave him a smile of encouragement to make up for this indifference, which caused him to suddenly shift his feet, blush crimson with embarrassment and settle farther down into the pew, and, finally, to smile himself in a shame-faced manner, like a child detected in stealing raspberry-jam.

That evening, Eustace left the tea-table, and, calling Nely to come with her, seated herself on the stone steps.

Nely was more silent than usual. An absent manner showed that her thoughts were not at her own control.

"He is very handsome, Nely."

"Who?" said Nely, with a guilty start.

"And he has the most delicious coat of tan I've seen since I came."

"Oh, — Dick Willetts," said Nely,

with more indifference. "How did you know?"

"Oh, I knew. I hope he isn't coming to see you to-night, for I shall certainly fall in love with him, and that would be so very unfortunate."

"Oh, Miss Eustace!" burst out Nely, "I'm going to tell you all about it, if you won't mind."

"Oh, no, I shan't mind. I shall like it. And the more obstacles, and the more cruel parents, and the more idle tears there are in it, the better I shall be pleased."

"There isn't any obstacle,—that is, if I wanted to," began Nely, with her ready blush.

"Certainly,—if you wanted to. I've heard of similar doubts proving quite serious obstacles," observed Eustace, with a retrospective glance toward certain incidents in her own life.

"Only just—one other."

"One other? Well, two obstacles are sometimes better than one."

"And that's—Philip Edson Cartwright."

"Oh, my! he sounds like a very large obstacle indeed. I'm afraid that, taking the fact that you don't want to and Philip Edson Cartwright both into consideration, the prospects for Dick Willetts are rather slender. In that case I'll take him myself, if you don't mind; for he's quite the handsomest man I've seen in a year."

"But yet I don't know: that's the trouble,—I don't know." And poor Nely, almost in tears over her month's perplexity, poured forth her words with a perfect confidence in her hearer's sympathy and wisdom which was most flattering. "You see, Dick and I—well, Dick and I have almost always kept company, and we've always been to school together, and then he's walked home with me from singin'-school and meetin' and everything, and mother was pleased; she said the old lady herself couldn't find any fault with Dick Willetts, and so I just kind of let things go: not but what I liked him, though."

"No," said Eustace: "I quite understand."

"One night, about three months ago, along in April, we were at the sewing-society over to Mis' Lane's, and she had a nephew up from the city,—I wonder if you've ever met him, Miss Eustace?—Philip Edson Cartwright."

"No, I don't think I ever did. New York is a big place, you know."

"Yes, I know; but I thought perhaps you would know him." And she looked a little disappointed. "All the girls thought he was splendid. He talked a great deal, and told you a great many interesting things about himself; and Mis' Lane told mother that she never knew anybody who conversed so beautifully." Nely was evidently a little afraid Eustace would not appreciate the full force of Mr. Cartwright's attractions. "He had a black moustache, and, oh! he'd had so many things happen to him, and you could see people thought so much of him, and he'd seen so much splendid society."

"He must have been very entertaining."

"Oh, he was! He talked to me a good deal. He said I seemed to appreciate him: I don't know why, I'm sure, only I liked to hear him talk. He came home with me, and Dick went home with 'Melia Bent. Did you see her this morning, Miss Eustace? She was that washed-out-looking girl with all those yellow ribbons."

"Yes, I saw her," said Eustace. "I don't see what Dick Willetts could see in her."

"That's just what I said! Well, Mr. Cartwright came here to see me once or twice, and then after he'd gone back to the city he wrote me letters,—and such beautiful letters, Miss Eustace! I want to show you one of them. It seems to me a man must be dreadful smart to write such letters."

"Complete Letter-Writer," thought Eustace.

"And in his last one he said that he was coming up in a week or two, and he said— I can't express it as he did, but I'll show you the letter. But here comes Dick!"

In fact, Dick's tall, handsome form

came up the path with that decidedly uncouth gait which country roads seem to impart.

"This is Miss Eustace Enworthy, Dick," said Nely,—“our new city boarder.”

"How do you do, Mr. Willetts?" said Eustace; "I am very happy to meet you." And she held out her hand to him, which he took with as much ease and familiarity as if it had been a cambric needle. "I saw you in church this morning, and I wish you'd tell me who that pretty girl was you walked home with: I'm interested in her because she reminded me of a friend of mine."

"That's my sister, ma'am," said Dick bashfully.

"Your sister! She doesn't look a bit like you.—Why didn't you tell me, Nely?"

"I didn't notice who Mr. Willetts walked home with," said Cornelia loftily. The "Mr. Willetts," which at another time would utterly have crushed Dick, was scarcely heard, so flattered was he for the moment by the absorbing interest of Eustace.

"Do you know," she went on, "in spite of church this morning and raspberry-pie for dinner, I've been very near regretting it was Sunday to-day?—you'll never guess why."

"I'm always kind of glad when Sunday comes," said Dick, with a side-glance at Nely,—“Sunday evenings, that is,” he added, lest the point should fail of appreciation: “so I guess I won't be able to say why you're sorry.”

"Well, there was a machine that I saw working Saturday afternoon that perfectly fascinated me, and you people are all so good I knew there was no chance of seeing it to-day, and Monday seemed so far off."

"What sort of machine?" asked Dick eagerly. "Was it a mowing-machine?"

"There!" thought Eustace, "for a chance shot that's not so bad."—"It must have been a mowing-machine," she said aloud, "for it mowed, and I saw it at work up on that hill."

"Oh, yes," said Dick; "it's that new

kind. Mr. Dixon got one down to the city.—Don't you remember, Nely, I told you 'bout it?"

But Nely didn't remember, or appear to be sorry she didn't: so he turned to Eustace for sympathy, and made such demands upon her attention, losing entirely his bashful manner in his active interest, that it was with some difficulty she could gracefully withdraw and leave the others to more personal conversation.

At nine he took his departure, and Nely came into the house. "Why, Miss Eustace," she said, "I didn't know you knew so much about mowing-machines."

"Didn't you? Why, an accurate knowledge of mowing-machines is indispensable to a fashionable education. I passed an excellent examination in mowing-machines. But I don't know as much about them as Dick Willetts does. He's the kind of man that always knows all about his own business,—just the kind of man I admire."

(Let it here be observed, as illustrative of female character, that if Tom ever mentioned the law he was begged not to talk shop.)

"He didn't seem able to talk about anything else to-night," said Nely a little pettishly. "After you'd gone he kept on about that, and about how much you knew about such things."

"Indeed!" said Eustace demurely. "I'm so glad you don't care about him; for now I can talk to him all I like. Are you going to show me that wonderful letter to-night?"

"Oh, yes." And Nely, slipping away to her own room, returned with the document in question. "It's such a comfort to show it to somebody!" she said, with a sigh of pleasure. "I knew mother wouldn't understand. She and father think there's nobody in the world but Dick Willetts."

"I'll take it to my room," said Eustace. "I must have time to read it carefully." Up-stairs she took the letter out of the envelope. "The handwriting rather good,—so much in his favor," thought Eustace. Then she read it:

"MY DEAR MISS NOTT,—I have returned to the city's dust and moil, so inexpressibly fatiguing after the verdure of the country. Like all men of thought and perhaps too close attention to the problems of cause and effect, I am prone to self-analysis, and since my return, sitting here in this dingy office, I have sought to probe my inner consciousness for the secret of why its dinginess seems greater than ever, why the mass of confidential matter my employer—I might almost say my partner—has intrusted to my care seems more ponderous, why the laughing belles whose glances seek mine in society" ("Idiots must be rare in that section of the country," interpolated Eustace) "seem more empty-headed. I wish I could tell you. Let me try. As authors of all times have sought to convey their meaning by some graceful allegory, let me recall an incident of my youth to illustrate my point." ("If this is Complete Letter-Writer, it must be extra edition, half calf, uncut. I don't believe it is.") "I used as a boy to be fond of wandering over the mountain-side, following up mountain-rills, gazing into mountain-tarns" ("Tarn is good," said Eustace), "impressed by the stillness and purity of the situation. While there, often in mere thoughtlessness, I would snare a little helpless bird or other offspring of nature, and amuse myself with its pretty, pleading ways, only in the end to let the little creature go. It was a boyish action, but through it spoke the impulses which have guided my character ever since. Then, on coming down from those heights and mixing again with men, I would think of those solitudes with pleasure,—yes, and long for the little bird I had caught and almost tamed, sorry that I had let it go. Do you see my allegory?" ("Insufferable coxcomb!") "Miss Nott,—Cornelia,—in the country lanes of Menton I found a bird. Its eyes spoke a language easily translatable to one, like myself, accustomed to look through those windows of the soul." ("Windows of an asylum, more likely!") "I read them then, and now, back here in the busy life of the city, I long for

the bird. I close my hand. I do not wish to let it go." ("Oh, don't, by any means," said Eustace satirically; "only be sure it's not a bird in the bush instead.") "I shall come up two weeks from Sunday, to receive your fond reply.

"Your devoted lover,
"PHILIP EDSON CARTWRIGHT."

"If Nely throws over that handsome, devoted giant for this insufferable little man made out of a cheese-paring, I'll never see her again!" exclaimed Eustace. Then she fell a-thinking. What was it? why was it that this bombastic nonsense seemed to Nely so much finer than Dick's straightforward love-making? What could so blind a bright girl's common sense? It was only because it was something different. To her this seemed the most elevated language,—the language of the poets. She had never heard it ridiculed and people told to "come off." The young and unsophisticated girl always half fancies that the language of love should be of an unusual sort and as from another sphere. What folly!—to prefer the imaginative, the unusual, the fictitious, to the actual, the true, and the every-day! Fortunately, her own bringing-up saved her from such folly. She did not expect the man she should some time marry to address her in Oriental metaphor, or tilt in a joust for her hand, or anything of the sort; while as for the man that just now wished to marry her, let us see—Where's his last letter?—

"DEAR EUSTACE,—Glad to know you're so well off. Everything slow here, and beastly hot. You'd better not come back until you get good and ready. Went down to Manhattan the other day with a lot of people,—the Randalls' party,—and Miss Lena fell to my share. She can sing, can't she! Saw your friend Larry the other day in the street, and thought of telling him you were getting freckled (you didn't say freckled, but I know you are,—you always do) picking raspberries; but it was a warm day, and I couldn't stop to put ice on

his head. There's no use in telling me not to say that I'm in love with you, you know. I shall say it right straight along to the end of the chapter. Unfortunate, very, but I'm not Shakespeare, and I always repeat. I'm glad Miss Cornelia is such a daisy. I'm coming to see her before long.

"Yours,
"TOM."

Not much Oriental metaphor or mountain-tarn about that! Then she thought some more. The next morning she walked down to the mill with Nely to see about some flour. On their return, "Nely," said she, "I've read your letter. It's a very remarkable composition, but don't you ever marry the man who wrote it. Do you suppose he'll ever want you to do anything but listen to him and feed his vanity? Do you suppose he'll ever allow himself to be natural,—except when he wants his boots blacked in a hurry? Do you know what people will call you?" went on Eustace, with awful emphasis. "They'll call you that pretty, shy little Mrs. Cartwright and her awful bore of a husband. And that won't be the worst, either. He'll have views,—not original views, but views he's found in a book,—and you'll have to listen to them; and he's very conceited and very selfish, and he can't any more hold a candle to Dick Willetts than—anything! And don't you dare to snub Dick the least bit for the sake of his airs and absurdity, Cornelia Nott!"

And Cornelia Nott was so overwhelmed by this exhortation that she meekly answered, "No, 'm." So it wasn't the real thing, after all,—for of course Miss Eustace knew,—and smart people didn't always talk so, and he wasn't a bit splendid. It was very humiliating, when all the girls thought he was something so out of the common way. Well, she knew better now than they did, and she'd had better opportunities for finding out. Whereupon she gave her head a satisfied little toss.

Just then 'Melia Bent came across the road. "Oh, Nely!" she said,—her

voice was small and very flat,—“I had to tell you. You remember Philip Cartwright? Well, he sent me the most beautiful letter,—all about bein’ on the mountains and walkin’ about there for hours,—though pa did say he didn’t b’lieve he ever walked anywheres he could find anybody fool enough to give him a ride,—and about ketchin’ little birds and lettin’ of ’em go again; and then there’s somethin’ about me.” And ’Melia became embarrassed. “I’ll show it you some time.”

“Thank you,” said Nely loftily: “I don’t care to see it. I’ve seen several of Mr. Philip Cartwright’s letters already, and I don’t care to read any more of his nonsense.” And she walked toward the house.

“Well,” called ’Melia after her, “I wouldn’t be so huffy, if you did think he was your beau, Miss Nott.”

As for Eustace, she sat down that evening and wrote to Tom,—

“DEAR TOM,—This may be the last letter you’ll ever have from me, because the kerosene-lamp is acting in a very singular manner, and the more I turn it the more it flares; but, as I’ve already

aroused the whole family twice in the dead of night with the announcement that it was going to explode, I propose to-night to await my fate in calmness and sobriety. I’ve given up collecting grasses, and have taken to birds’ eggs. There’s an element of cruelty in it that pleases me. I haven’t found any yet. Mrs. Nott says it’s late for them, but I’m going to blow them and string them. But I’m not going to be conversational and chatty any longer. Perhaps you remember that I wrote you the other day that you were not going to come up and see Cornelia at all,—I didn’t want to see you. Well, you can if you like. There’s them as think I made a mistake six months and again two weeks ago. Now, don’t you be too much set up by this, because it isn’t because I’m inconsistent, or because a woman never knows her own mind, or because a woman never accepts a man the first time; but I’ve just been sending Nely down on her knees to thank heaven fasting for a good man’s love, and I always wanted to do everything I saw anybody else do.

“Yours ever,

“EUSTACE.”

ANNIE ELIOT.

KINEO:

THE LEGEND OF MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

HOW beautiful the morning breaks
Upon the king of mountain-lakes!
The forests, far as eye can reach,
Stretch green and still from either beach,
And leagues away the waters gleam
Resplendent in the sunrise beam;
Yet feathery vapors, circling slow,
Wreath the dark brow of Kineo.

The hermit mount, in sullen scorn,
Repels the rosy touch of morn,
As some remorseful, lonely heart,
From human pleasure set apart,

Shrinks even from the tender touch
Of pity, lest it yield too much :
So, speechless still to friend or foe,
Frowns the black cliff of Kineo.

Yet, as the whispering ripples break
From the still surface of the lake
On the repellent rocks, they seem
To murmur low, as in a dream,
The mountain's name, and day by day
The listening breezes bear away
A memory of the long ago,—
A sad, wild tale of Kineo.

How many moons can no man say
O'er heaven's blue sea have sailed away
Since Kineo and his fleet canoe
First vanished from his kindred's view.
Hunter and warrior lithe and keen,
No brave on all the lake was seen
Whose wigwam could such trophies show
As the green roof of Kineo.

But, wrathful, jealous, quick to strife,
He lived a passion-darkened life ;
Even Maquaso, his mother, fled
His baneful lodge in mortal dread.
Then, gathering round the midnight fire,
The old men spake with threatenings dire :
“ Out from our councils he must go,
The demon-haunted Kineo.”

In sullen and remorseful mood,
He gave himself to solitude.
Up the wild rocks by night he bore
Of all he prized a stealthy store,—
Flint, arrows, knife, and birch. Who knows
But some dark lock or dead wild rose,
The phantom of an untold woe,
Shared the lone haunt of Kineo ?

The mountain was his own ; than he
None other dared its mystery.
None sought to meet the savage glare
Of the wild hunter in his lair.
But when far up the mountain-side
Each night a lurid flame they spied,
The watchful red-men muttered low,
“ There hides our brother Kineo !”

Years passed. Among the storm-swept pines
From moon to moon he read the signs
Of blossom and decay. He knew
The eagle that familiar flew

About his path. The fearless bird
His melancholy accents heard,
But glen or shore no more might know
The swift, still step of Kineo.

Save once. His tribe in deadly fray
Had battled all the lowering day,
And many a brave Penobscot's blood
Was mingling in the lake's pure flood,
When, like a spectre, through the gloom,
With gleaming knife and eagle plume
And glance that burned with lurid glow,
Strode the bold form of Kineo.

A hush like death, and then a cry
Fierce and exultant pierced the sky !
They rallied round that fiery plume,
And smote the foe with hopeless doom.
But when the grateful warriors fain
Would seek his well-known face again,
Their gifts and homage to bestow,
Gone, like a mist, was Kineo !

They saw him not, but from that hour
They bowed before his wizard power ;
His watch-fire grew to be a shrine
Half terrible and half divine.
None ever knew when death drew nigh,
When into darker mystery
Of cloud above or deep below
Stole the sad ghost of Kineo.

But, when his camp-fire burned no more,
The solitary mountain bore
His name ; and when at times the sky
Grew dark, a long, despairing sigh
Down the gray precipices rolled,
And tempest terrible foretold.
The fishers feared the wind, the snow,
The lightning, less than Kineo.

Now beautiful the morning skies
Look on this forest paradise ;
Fresh voices, loud and joyous, wake
The echoes of the grand old lake ;
But underneath that frowning height
The shadow and the spell of night
Come back ; the oars fall still and slow,
The waves sigh, *Peace to Kineo !*

FRANCES L. MACE.

IN THE HEART OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

TWO PAPERS.—I.

THE White Mountains and the Green Mountains, the Adirondacks and the Catskills, are all well known to the tourist from our Eastern cities. Even the most confirmed stay-at-home cannot be unacquainted with their charms,—with the nature of their beauty and the interest of their traditions,—so fully have they been written about during a long course of years. But the Alleghanies, though as accessible as any of our mountain-ranges, and as beautiful in their way, are far less familiar to the health-seeker, the lover of the picturesque, and the reader of popular literature. They are looked upon, I fear, by the majority of those who approach their base, merely in the light of obstructions in a trans-continental journey. A few moments spent in wondering admiration of the "Horseshoe Curve" is perhaps the only tribute to their beauty paid by the average traveller. Broad reaches of rolling hill-tops lie outspread before him, deep, narrow gaps and gorges run at right angles to the railroad, offering vistas of the most seductive loveliness; but the country is not a fashionable resort for tourists, and the fame of its beauties is but local. So the traveller goes on his way indifferent, until chance or necessity, perhaps, forces upon him the introduction he would not seek. Dull and blind he must be, however, if more than a first experience is necessary to make him a lover of these mountains and a singer of their beauty ever after. Their physical charms, moreover, are supplemented by an historical record which, in spite of the fact that it falls almost entirely within the present century, is not deficient in the romantic and adventurous incidents which mark the earlier history of places farther East.

In order to get a sort of bird's-eye view of the district that shall fix its main features in our mind for

reference when we come to speak in detail of things that are and things that were, let us first take a day-train from Harrisburg and go with it up to the mountain-top, past Cresson, and down again on the other side. The road we follow is the chief artery of the State of Pennsylvania, the channel through which flows the main current of its vast activity. But it is much more than a great local highway. It is also one of the chief lines by which the East and the West join hands across the continent. The history of this railroad in its first beginnings, as we shall trace them later on, is a curious record not only of local enterprise but of early experiments in "railroading" as well. It is but fifty years since those experiments were begun, yet the first road over the Alleghanies has been superseded and done away with. It has, indeed, passed not only out of use but almost out of mind. How many of the thousand daily passengers over the present track know that there was another steam-route—yes, two others—that preceded it? Even the picturesque remains of the pioneer road—does it seem strange to talk of "remains" in connection with anything so new as railroads, and of picturesqueness as a visible element therein?—are as nearly forgotten as their history, both alike being known to few but local antiquaries and the summer-boarders of the neighborhood, who are very generally from localities not far away.

Leaving Harrisburg, with its outlying iron-works, which prophesy of the vast coal and iron industries that will meet us at every turn, our road follows the Susquehanna to its junction with the Juniata, and then clings for many miles to the beautiful banks of the latter stream. Noteworthy, even in comparison with the grandeur to come, when we shall reach the highest range,—the

Alleghany proper,—are these smaller ranges. Most exquisite, especially, is the gap where the Juniata breaks through its detaining hills. When Blair County is almost reached, the road curves to the north and then trends sharply in a southerly direction, so that we run into Altoona between two of the long north-and-south mountain-ridges. Altoona is the metropolis of the mountains and the chief home of their iron industry in its second stage. Here the half-earthen mass is not taken in all its disheartening crudeness to be forced by the main strength of gigantic fires into shapely cubes of tractable material, but this already docile material is laid hold of for further educating, and is half coerced, half persuaded, seemingly, by machines that are almost human, nay, superhuman, in their working, into shapes whose variety, delicacy, strength, and accuracy are something more than marvellous. In a word, this is not the city of iron-works proper, but of "shops," in the technical sense,—places which the visitor will find very unlike the haunts of femineity usually suggested by the word. These at Altoona are the railroad-shops,—labyrinthine, deafening, oleaginous, magical, fascinating birth-places of engine and of car.

Passing on our road toward the places and things which just now more especially interest us, we begin the ascent of the Alleghany itself. Traversing the thirty-eight miles which lie between Altoona, at the foot of the final ridge toward the east, and Johnstown, which we shall find at its western base, we are bewildered by a succession of magnificent views and splendid triumphs of engineering skill. Nature and man alike have done their best at the famous Horseshoe Curve. Famous it is most justly. I have seen many magnificent roads in the older world, passes of Alps and Apennines, where the background of surrounding peaks is far sublimer and the panorama extends itself over many more miles of length,—places, too, where the engineer had even harder problems to solve than here. But all the same I can recollect no one spot where

the road takes so superb a line and where the work of man so seems to but complete an original intention of nature herself. We have been told often enough that railroads are the devil's work when they meddle with nature that is sublime or lovely. But here, at least, the iron line and steed seem as if invented by some æsthetically-minded Titan to fit a route no other steed could so appropriately travel.

The wonderful curve being passed, the road still carries us up and up, along a line scarcely less bold and beautiful, till we suddenly plunge into a long tunnel, which, piercing as it does the loftiest peak we shall touch, brings us to our highest level. We run out into the light again at Gallitzin,—a curious name, we think, to meet us here amid relics of Indian nomenclature and titles derived from the modern industries of fire and iron. In it, with its strange suggestion of things foreign, warlike, and here most alien, we have our first introduction to the man who was settler and evangelizer of the country hereabouts. Insignificant though it be in itself, Gallitzin is yet the topmost point of the great highway, and so does him good and merited service in forcing his name upon the notice and his memory upon the mind of every traveller from east to west and from west to east. From Gallitzin we run along a mile or so to Cresson, and thence, by descending grades less steep and less boldly picturesque than those of the eastern slope, glide down to Johnstown, where our westward journey is to end.

Cresson Springs is not a village even. It is but the "Mountain House," with its cluster of dependent cottages, space for which has been cleared in a natural grove, principally of maple-trees. There are said to be three miles of well-laid-out walks and drives within the hotel-grounds, while beyond those grounds, on more sides than one, we have the almost untouched forest before us. The winding little paths that have been cut for our benefit here and there scarcely affect the primitive wildness of its aspect. The place is owned by the railroad, and one of its chief recommendations is the fact

that it is in such easy communication with the rest of the world. The mails come and go at all hours, and every passenger-train bound east or west stops before its door. The grounds of the hotel reach down to the track, but the hotel itself is at the top of a gentle slope, and so shut off by trees that there is no unpleasantness in the proximity. The weather is usually of delicious coolness, —for are we not two thousand feet above the sea? The country is exquisite for walking or driving, but especially for riding purposes. The abundant springs which supply the house are as pure as water can be, and their negative virtues are supplemented by the curative power of the iron springs which have long been known to the faculty. Although a room in the hotel proper would scarcely be the place for study, I can imagine no better headquarters for a student who desired either to work or to rest than one of the pretty cottages with shady porches that are close at hand. I can speak from experience of many long weeks spent in such a one. Books were plenty; hammocks swung under the trees conduced to study or to laziness with happy impartiality; there was all the privacy of a summer home with absolutely no care for the morrow. Only, the hospitable private cottages, with their custom of mid-day tea and all-day cordiality, were rather subversive of good resolves as to spending one's morning in a profitably busy retirement.

The great drawback to the picturesqueness of the neighborhood is the entire lack of visible water, incident to a position at the very crest of a water-shed, and this lack deprives one, of course, of that chief delight in some mountain-districts,—facilities for boating and fishing. It must be confessed, indeed, that there is very little "to do" at Cresson in the way the term is understood by the energetic pleasure-seeker. The big new hotel built in 1881 has provided, it is true, greater social resources of a general character than were to be found in the quaint old building which till then had borne the name of Mountain House. For the railroad and for the average

guest the change is undoubtedly for the better, as it is for every one in the way of physical comfort. But to some of us the "improvements" have lessened the attraction that Cresson offered in its humbler days. It is now a place like many others. It was then unique in its way to those who had been long accustomed to the caravansaries of our Eastern coast, though very likely not to such as were more familiar with the nooks and corners of the Pennsylvanian hills. It is no longer what it was once called, the "Pittsburgh Nursery," peopled almost exclusively by a sociable coterie from the Smoky City in search of health and pleasure for troops of pretty children. It is no longer a place where an unaccustomed face was a rarity, and won, therefore, a more friendly greeting than can now be given when the great house is crowded with visitors from every part of the West and South. The private cottages still house the same kind Pittsburghers, but their individuality and coherence are swamped in the foreign throng.

When seeking information as to the origin and history of Cresson, I was referred to a gentleman who was said to be "a perfect magazine of Pennsylvanian history." By this happy chance I was introduced to the memory of a man who deserved at least a passing word of tribute from every lover of the Alleghany.

"Cresson itself," runs a part of my correspondent's answer, "was the outcome of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and was born of the brain and energy of my friend Dr. R. M. S. Jackson, a man of genius and fine culture, who once made his home on that wild mountain. He was a physician, a geologist, a mineralogist, and, indeed, a scientist of wide and accurate knowledge. An enthusiastic love of mountain-life led him to make his home on the old highway near Cresson when the railroad was being built, and, conceiving the idea of establishing a great sanitary institution on the mountain, he, with Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, purchased the tract of land now Cresson Springs and induced the directors of the

railroad to transport to its present location at Cresson the building which had been their hotel at the foot of the mountain. He was a friend of Leidy, Leslie, and many other eminent naturalists. His house on the mountain, since destroyed by fire, was the resort of many of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of the day, and among his correspondents were Emerson, Dr. Furness, and Charles Sumner, whom he entertained for a month, in September, 1856, when he was suffering from the blows inflicted by Brooks, of South Carolina, in the Senate-chamber. In fact, his treatment, as Sumner often told me afterward, first put him on the way of such restored health as he ever had.

"Jackson wrote a most curious and interesting book called 'The Mountain,' full of practical and scientific information about that region, its flora, fauna, its springs, climatology, etc., and to prove that it was the great sanitarium of America. His dream was to make Cresson the resort and the place of restoration for all forms of human suffering; but protracted litigation with unsympathizing natives who challenged his title, and the usual unbusiness-like habits of a man of genius, plunged him into financial difficulties which defeated his purpose by depriving him of his interest in the property. But, for all that, Cresson, with whatever of attraction it has, is the offspring of Jackson's conception and efforts. He had hoped to be surgeon-in-charge there, but, with characteristic enthusiasm, when the war broke out, in 1861, he offered his services as surgeon of a marching and fighting regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, and, after an active and toilsome experience on many a well-fought field, he died, being then surgeon-in-charge of the extensive hospital on Lookout Mountain. How much you Cresson people have lost by his death!"

From the Mountain House itself there is no very extended view to be had, embowered in trees as it is, and occupying a shallow valley just below the highest hill-top. If we take the Hollidaysburg turnpike, however, which crosses the rail-

road just by the hotel and climbs the hill behind it, we shall find, when half a mile or so has brought us to the hill-top, that we have reached the little village of Summitville. From the level crest just back of "The Summit," as the place is called in local parlance, we have a wonderful view, by which we can judge as to what is the peculiar type of Alleghany beauty. For mountain-ranges are as individual as is the outline of any solitary peak, and there is one glory of the Adirondacks and another glory of the Alleghanies. There is far less grandeur of a wild sort here,—no commanding peaks, and little boldness of outline. But what is lost in wildness is gained in harmony and grace. The views in this region are very varied, of course. There are points not far away whence we get a sight of some of the numerous "gaps,"—of valleys deep and narrow, or very broad and sloping. But such a prospect as this one from the summit is peculiarly characteristic of the Alleghany. Looking northward over the shallow depression where Cresson lies and the railroad runs, we see nothing but a reach of high-rolling table-land. But what a reach it is!—so vast and broad and gently broken by the multitudinous round hill-tops that it seems as if our power of vision had been enlarged so as to embrace a myriad miles. There never was such a chance for color to show itself in all the tender grades of brown and green and yellow, unified by the blue haze of distance and the gray and purple shadows of the clouds. It is these last which give the crowning charm to the landscape. They have full sweep over the wonderful wide highlands, and by their magic the conformation of its surface seems to alter in the most marvellous and inexplicable way moment by moment as we watch.

The drives are very beautiful through all this region. It is hard to say which are the more lovely, the open highways, where the eye sweeps the far-receding hill-tops, or the narrow, dark, and odorous tunnels through the forest primeval. Its forests are the best glory of the Alleghany. In some parts where they are

comparatively open, as on the drive to Gallitzin, parallel with the railroad, but a mile or so farther south, the undergrowth of ferns is splendid in its profusion.

If we try now the turnpike from the Summit to Hollidaysburg, we shall find a road so steep and so rough with stones that our progress will be but slow. But the scenery is beautiful and in the greatest contrast to the broad panorama that was spread before us at the Summit. We are climbing down the cleft called Blair's Gap, the highest pass, I believe, through the Alleghany, and the mountain-tops rise steep and close on either side of us. Before we have gone very far, certain things will meet our eye that are not a usual sight in a district so new as this. We are not apt to find ruins of any kind in this fatherland of ours, and it seems doubly extraordinary to find them here in the wilderness, and to find them so picturesque. What was the origin, one cannot but wonder, of the isolated stone viaduct-arches that we pass, now going over one and now under the other? What is the meaning of yonder vast piece of masonry which shores up, as it were, the mountain-side, and seems to have supported a road which climbed around and clung to that narrow ledge so far above our heads? Why were such things built in this thinly-peopled place? and, if they were needed, why have they so soon served all their purpose and been given over into the hands of time and of neglect? Our driver, whether indigenous or merely attached to Cresson by a long course of summer-visiting, is sure to take an interest in the local antiquities, and there will be a touch of pride in his voice as he tells us that all these things were once part and parcel of the "Old Portage Road." There may also be a hint of scorn or incredulity in his look when he finds that his information does not enlighten us very much, but that we are still rather vague and unimpressed.

Let us now take another road from the Summit and drive westward for four or five miles toward the mining village of Lilly. Was there ever such a misnomer,

by the way, for a gritty, grimy, hideous little town, where it is hard to say which are the blacker, the people or their habitations? We have followed hither a broad highway, which, to keep an approximate level, cuts more than once through the elevations along its way. The road is broader and more carefully graded than is usual with the turnpikes hereabouts, and in many places, moreover, we see large square blocks of stone embedded in the highway a few feet from each other. This road too, we shall be told, with other similar stretches between this and Johnstown, was once a part of the "Old Portage."

If we try at last to understand just what was this highway,—which in the year 1835 is said to have carried twenty thousand passengers and fifty thousand tons of freight, that being the first season of its completed existence, and travel only possible while the canals that joined it were open,—we shall find some difficulty in getting accurate information. It was a system of planes and levels, we shall be told, where cars were drawn up and let down the inclines by means of ropes, and even canal-boats transferred over the top of the Alleghany,—so that a craft which had been launched in the Chesapeake might ultimately find itself in the Gulf of Mexico. This brings us, by the way, to note the fact that at Cresson and the Summit we are at the very ridge of the water-shed which divides the great drainage-system of the eastern coast from that of the Mississippi Valley. The hollows and dells of the neighborhood discharge their waters in opposite directions with apparent causelessness; and there is a place on the little branch-road from Cresson to Ebensburg where two springs are pointed out on opposite sides of the track, one of which contributes its mite to the Eastern and the other to the Southern system.

But to return to the Portage. Local information is so vague, proud as the natives are of their ruins,—for things are soon forgotten in this progressive land, where fifty years makes them thrice antiquated,—that we shall have to look for some printed source whence

to get our facts. Even this is not readily to be found. That there should be no popular and easily-accessible account of such a work as this proves how completely it has been neglected by lovers of the picturesque as well as by those curious in the history of early engineering and of the enterprise and pluck of a generation past. It is to be hoped that my readers will pardon a page or two of what some may call rather "dry" reading; for the undertaking of which we are to speak seems to me of sufficient interest and importance to warrant a little serious description.

In the year 1830 a canal was completed from Pittsburgh to Johnstown, at the western base of the main ridge of the Alleghanies. Eighty-two miles of railroad ran from Philadelphia to Columbia, and thence another canal went as far as Hollidaysburg, which was at the eastern slope of the range in question. Now, if these two canals could be joined in some way, the first continuous route, other than the turnpike roads, would be made through the State, and the Eastern and Western States would be put in direct communication. Surveys were started with a view to prolonging the canals over the whole distance, but that idea was abandoned as impracticable. In the year 1831 a law was passed authorizing the Canal Commissioners of Pennsylvania to begin the construction of a "Portage Railroad" from Johnstown to Hollidaysburg, a distance of about thirty-six miles, in which twelve hundred feet of ascent would have to be covered on the western and fourteen hundred on the eastern and steeper slope. Mr. Sylvester Welch was named engineer in charge of the work, Mr. W. Milnor Roberts his principal assistant for the division of the eastern slope, and Mr. Solomon Roberts, to whom we are to-day indebted for our information about the road,* his principal assistant for the western division. The general

design, says Mr. Roberts, for the Portage Road was this: "The principal part of the elevation was to be overcome by inclined planes, which were to be straight in plan and profile, to be on an average somewhat less than half a mile long, and to have an angle of elevation of about five degrees, or about the same as moderately steep hills on turnpike roads, so that the average height overcome by each plane might be about two hundred feet. These planes were to be worked by stationary steam-engines and endless ropes. As ultimately constructed, there were ten inclined planes, five on each side of the mountain, and their whole length was four miles and four-tenths, with an aggregate elevation of two thousand and seven feet. . . . The planes were all straight, and the descent on each plane was regular from the top to a point about two hundred feet from the bottom, the last two hundred feet having a gradually diminishing inclination. . . . The railroad between the planes was located with very moderate grades. . . . It was determined to grade the road at once for a double track, and to build all the bridges and culverts of stone. There was no wooden bridge on the line. In the case of one small bridge of two spans which had to be built at an oblique angle, I proposed an iron superstructure, but the plan was not approved. . . . Great care was taken with the drainage of the road-bed, and a large number of drains and culverts were built, there being one hundred and fifty-nine passages for water under the road."

The road as first used had only one track, with "turn-outs," on the levels, but a double track on the inclined planes. The rails were imported from Great Britain and hauled on trucks from Huntingdon on the Juniata River. "The rails were supported by cast-iron chairs. . . . In most cases these chairs rested upon and were bolted to blocks of sandstone." Many of these blocks, as I have said, are still to be seen embedded in the roadway, from which the rails, of course, have disappeared. "On the inclined planes, which were to be worked by means of ropes,

* "Reminiscences of the First Railroad over the Alleghany Mountains." Read before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in 1878, and published in the "Pennsylvania Magazine for History and Biography."

flat bar-rails were laid upon string-pieces of timber. . . . At the head of each plane were two engines of about thirty-five horse-power each. . . . One engine only was used at a time; but two were provided, for greater security. . . . For the prevention of accidents, safety-cars were used upon the inclined planes, which prevented any serious accident, by acting as a drag, or break-shoe, so as to stop the cars and prevent them from running down the plane. . . .

"On the 26th of November, 1833, about two years and a half from the beginning of the work, the first car passed over the road. . . . On the 18th of March, 1834, when canal navigation opened, the Portage Road was opened for use as a public highway, the State furnishing the motive power *on the inclined planes only*, and it continued in use until the canals were closed for the winter. The railroad was again opened on the 20th of March, 1835, shortly after which the second track was completed. . . . The cost of the road at the close of the year 1835 was one million six hundred and thirty-four thousand three hundred and fifty-seven dollars and sixty-nine cents at the contract prices. This did not include office-expenses, engineering, or some extra allowances made to contractors, etc. . . . Nor did it include the cost of locomotives and cars."

The way in which we are told the road was first managed is in curious contrast to the modes of railroad government approved to-day. As has been said, the State furnished the motive power on the planes only. No steam was used on the level tracks, and they were considered public highways, to be traversed by every man as he saw fit. "Every man for himself," says Mr. Roberts, "was considered to be the popular way to run a railroad. . . . Individuals and firms had their own drivers, with their own horses and cars. The cars were small, and had four wheels, and each car would carry about seven thousand pounds of freight. Usually four cars made a train, and that number could be taken up and as many let down an inclined plane at one time, and from six to ten such trips

could be made in an hour. . . . The experiment of thus working the road as a public highway was very unsatisfactory. . . . The drivers were a rough set of fellows, and sometimes very stubborn and unmanageable. It was not practicable to make them work by a timetable, and the officers of the railroad had no power to discharge them."

The "popular" mode of procedure was especially unfortunate in its results while there was but one track on the levels between the "turn-outs." So long as this was the case, "a large post, called a centre-post, was set up half-way between two turn-outs, and the rule was made that when two drivers met on the single track with their cars the one that had gone beyond the centre-post had the right to go on, and the other that had not reached it must go back to the turn-out which he had left. The road was in many places very crooked, and a man could not see far ahead. The way the rule worked was this: when a man left a turn-out he would drive very slowly, fearing he might have to turn back, and as he approached the centre-post he would drive faster and faster, to try to get beyond it and drive back any car that he might meet. In this way cars have been driven together and a man killed by being crushed between them."

It did not take very long for the people to be convinced that this was not the best way of managing things. The Canal Commissioners' report for 1837 speaks of "the excitement which has been up against the inclined planes of the commonwealth," and says it arose "from the bad management they had received. The delays and accidents that attended them resulted from inexcusable or wilful negligence, and were not chargeable to failure in the planes to accomplish what had been expected of them." Very soon the use of horses was entirely done away with.* The first locomotive used

* There is a discrepancy in our authorities as to just when this occurred. Mr. Roberts says, in 1835 already; but in the Commissioners' report for 1837 their use is strongly recommended, and the engineer promises to introduce them as soon as possible.

on a level was "a light engine with one pair of driving-wheels, which were made of wood with iron hubs and tires. The fuel used was wood, and the engine ran readily around short curves, and, although its power was not great, the machine worked well and gave satisfaction." The engines, of course, did not pass over the planes. After steam was introduced along the whole line of the route, the time consumed to transfer passengers over its thirty-six miles was about four hours.

An account of the tribulations of the engineer corps during the progress of the work gives us an idea of the savage nature of the district even fifty years ago. Travelling had to be done on foot all along the line of work, and it may be conceived that it was not travelling of a very comfortable kind. The surface of the country was very rough, and progress much impeded by fallen timber. The work was begun by clearing a track one hundred and twenty feet wide through a dense forest of heavy spruce and hemlock. The climate was very severe, and in summer the insects were a terrible scourge and rattlesnakes were so plenty that the chief amusement of the workmen consisted in catching them alive.

In spite of all the difficulties coincident with the building of a road through a pathless wilderness, urged on by the haste of a pressing public need and shackled to a certain extent by State interference and the bickerings of political parties, Mr. Roberts says, reviewing the work after a lapse of fifty years, and in all the light that more recent achievements have thrown upon it, "It appears to me that the locating was about as well done as could be expected under the circumstances as they then existed. Railroad construction was a new business, and much had to be learned from actual trial; but it was known at the time that the location was too much hurried, which arose from the great impatience of the public. A good deal of curvature might have been avoided by a careful revision of the line, but the reduction of the height of the summit by a tunnel, as

has since been done, the Legislature refused to permit. . . . At that time the importance of straightness in a railroad was not adequately appreciated." The summit of the Portage Road, at the present village of Summitville, was two thousand three hundred and twenty-two feet above mean tide, or one hundred and sixty-one feet higher than the level of the present tunnel at Gallitzin.

"We were striving," says the engineer, "to build a great public work to endure for generations, and, as it turned out, it was superseded by something better in about twenty years. . . . I may here mention the fact that in 1851 the State began the construction of a road to avoid the inclined planes, with a maximum grade of seventy-five feet per mile and a summit tunnel about two thousand feet long.* Parts of the old line were used, and the road was lengthened about six miles. A single track was laid down, and was in use in 1856, but in the following year the whole work, as a part of the main line, was sold to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company."

Work intended to last for generations does indeed seem to have ill fulfilled its object, admirably as it played its part at the time and indispensable as it then was, when one is obliged to record that not only the original Portage Road but also this later work, known as the "New Portage," has ranged itself among the almost-forgotten relics of the past. Even the long summit tunnel is abandoned, I am told, though the one in use to-day runs very near it. Another tunnel belonging to the first road and cutting through a spur of the mountain three miles east of Johnstown, nine hundred and one feet in length and about twenty feet in width and height, has

* Long before this—so early as the year 1837, indeed—we find that the doing away with the planes had already been discussed. The Canal Commissioners for that year combat the project, while acknowledging the fact that it would have been wiser in the beginning to have so constructed the road. It is amusing, in comparison with the way time is considered on the railroads of to-day, to note their explanation that at the best *only* an hour and a half could be gained by the change.—in a distance of thirty-six miles!

also been long deserted. It surely deserves a better fate than the premature oblivion which has overtaken it, from the fact that it was *the first railroad-tunnel* in the United States. A citizen of Johnstown amused me not long ago by relating the dangerous feat he accomplished by driving through it in a buggy, a thing which no one, to his knowledge, had attempted for many years. The darkness, of course, was utter, and the risk arose from the possible previous falling of rocks to block the way or upset his carriage, and from the washing of holes in the roadway. The only structure connected with either portage now put to service is, I believe, the great viaduct which was the pride of the older route, and which crosses the bend of the Conemaugh eight miles east of Johnstown. It is very substantial and handsome, seventy-five feet in height, with a single semicircular arch of eighty

feet span, and built of light-colored, dressed sandstone. The lover of the picturesque may be excused for preferring its solid beauty to the effect of an iron structure of the kind that would now be erected by the railroad in such a place.

If we drive once more from the Summit down toward Hollidaysburg, we shall see portions of the old road which are now inaccessible to wheels, but which sometimes form most exquisite bridle-paths. The roadway passes now under, now over, the turnpike by means of the viaduct-arches of which I have spoken, and its grass-grown track appears and disappears in the most perplexing manner. Numerous trips up and down the mountain will, indeed, scarcely leave us with more definite ideas than we had in the beginning as to just what course this part of the road pursued when it was in working order.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

THE GREATER WRONG.

HE murdered her, you say,—with one quick blow
 In her fair breast let all her young life out,
 And then, above her, with a maniac's shout
 And shriek, rejoiced to see her lying low.

He struck her down, you say, in life's glad spring,
 When hope and faith and love and joy were strong
 In her glad heart, and life was like a song:
 There could not be, you think, a sadder thing.

I have seen murder that was fouler far:
 I have seen sweet hope slain, and joy, and faith,
 And tender true love stricken unto death,
 With weapons sweet as smiles and kisses are.

The quick, sharp blow that does not mar nor miss,
 Nor torture long, but lets the white soul go
 Unrobbed of all the best that souls can know,
 Is very tenderness, compared to this.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

MISS MATILDA JANE AND THE MINISTER.

BRAMLEIGH is a sleepy-looking town. The village street is draped with drowsily-drooping elms. The sea is just far enough away to whisper as sleepily as the wind in the leaves. Few people are abroad in the daytime. The birds light and sing on the mossy town-pump. The church, which is so white that it makes one wink to gaze upon it, sits in the midst of an ancient burying-ground, and calls the people of a Sunday morning with the sleepest bell possible. Daisies and buttercups nod in the path which leads to the door of the town-hall, and an adventurous tramp of a clematis creeps out of a neighboring meadow and looks in at the windows, trailing its white blossoms over the sill. The green blinds of the ancient white houses are all closed along the street, and in the tall grass which fills the shaded front yards grow a few sleepy-looking flowers, such as lilies of the valley, gray and crimson poppies, "old maids' pinks," and great clumps of silvery-green "live-forever."

When the clock strikes nine the whole world prepares for bed, and if a light is seen glimmering from one of the windows for more than half an hour after that time it is safe to conclude that either some one is ill in the house or some one has a beau in an advanced stage of courtship. Still, a long sojourn in Bramleigh teaches one that it is never by any means as sleepy as it seems,—that every shut-up, drowsy-looking old building has wide-awake eyes and ears on every side, and that even the lank-haired, drawling juvenile is on the alert for a happening.

My landlady, Mrs. Bragdon, lives a mile away from the village, but nearly every whisper which is breathed there finds its way to the farm,—the thrilling news that Mis' Peter Talpey is going to have her sitting-room newly papered, that the minister bought his new coat up to Boston, that John Snow went home with Lucy White from the last evening meeting, and the still more thrilling

news that Mis' Oliver Norton and Mis' Lemuel Stacy have fallen out and do not speak to each other. Mrs. Bragdon declares that she shall not sleep a wink until she hears whether they are pleased again or not. As she expresses it, "She does like to have something goin' on." And when, last fall, all her summer-boarders had taken flight with the exception of myself, the cows had all been sold but two, and the light harvest was being gathered in with the assistance of but two hired men, she declared that she had too much spare time and was blue as a whetstun,—that the village was duller than nothin' at all: she was never so put to it for news in her life.

"Spare time hain't what ails me," grumbled Alfonso, the tow-headed son of the house: "I ken't git a minute ter set in the store: that's why you don't hear no news."

"Cat's-foot! you don't git no news when you do go ter the corner evenin's. You don't set in the store, noway. You jest dangle round Cyrus Parker's gate, to see if you ken't git a glimpse ov Mirandy. But, Lor'! if you ken find out about anything that's a-goin' on in the world, you might ez well go down along ter-night. There'll be pumpkins to cut evenin's by 'n' by, 'n' there won't be no gittin' off then."

So, making himself very brilliant as to his feet and very much perfumed as to his head, Alfonso sets off down the road as soon as his evening chores are accomplished. The light of his lantern flashes from between the branches of the trees, and we hear him singing in a very jolly and confident strain, as he disappears round the corner, "He'll carry you through."

"Well, I don't no as I shell be kerried through ef that boy don't bring no word of enybody or anything," says his mother, seating herself by the fire with her knitting-work.

There is a frosty tingle in the air, and the scarlet glow of the open fire is exceedingly grateful to the senses. The hired girl and the hired man are courting in the kitchen. Pussy-cat washes her face on the hearth-rug. The crickets are piping pensively under the floor. I am absorbed in the fortunes of Captain Fracasse,—just the witching, wonderful sort of story to read by the firelight of a long evening,—and Mrs. Bragdon, who likes company, looks miserable to the last degree.

I look up, and, catching a glimpse of her woe-begone face, am touched with real pity. I know with what delight I may fill her soul if I choose to reveal a secret which I have piously concealed since my first year's sojourn in Bramleigh,—a delectable tale, which, for a wonder, has not been whispered around the hearth-sides of the village nor discussed under the "dim, religious light" of the one lantern which hangs from the dusty rafters in the store.

I put aside my book, and say rashly, before I have really decided to tell, "Mrs. Bragdon, did you ever know what broke off the engagement between Miss Matilda Jane Snow and the minister?"

The sudden brightening of Mrs. Bragdon's face is something amazing. She drops her knitting-work at once and clasps her hands in a touching attitude of expectation. "No; I couldn't never find out for certain. Everybody thought 'twas proper strange, after they'd been goin' together for so long. Marshy, the girl thet used ter work over to the Snows', told me thet they set up together a good many nights, 'n' he used ter bring her peppermints and religious books with his 'n' her names writ in 'em. But, Lor'! Matildy Jane hez alwers bin hevin' a beau, ever sence she left off pantalettes. Once 'twas the school-master thet come from over Bonny Big way. Folks said they was a-goin' to git merried right away, 'n' then he disappeared like a thief in the night, 'n' weren't never seen in these parts eny more. Nobody knew jest why that didn't come to nothin', but I heard

thet Matildy Jane said (you know she's a real active perfessor) thet she shouldn't feel herself justified in hevin' a man thet didn't enjoy gospel privileges no more'n he did. Then 'twas Deacon Thompson, when he was a widderer. He used to go over 'n' sing hymns with Matildy Jane 'most every evenin', 'n' she baked up a lot o' plum-cake 'n' cup-custards 'n' invited him over to take tea, 'n' was partial to his little girl July in her Sunday-school class, 'n' he took her to ride over to Sandy P'int grave-yard, where his fust wife was buried. But that didn't come to nothin' neither. They were both ov 'em temperry, 'n' fell out about suthin'. Matildy Jane hain't no beauty, but she's a good housekeeper, 'n' a fust-rate good woman, though she may be a trifle sot. All the Snows is sot. I know 'em root 'n' branch, 'n' ef they ken't hev their own way they're dretful liable to fire up. This slick-lookin' minister, Parson Whitcomb, wanted her fur her money, they say. He was younger'n she, 'n' a picter of a man, with red cheeks 'n' curly hair. But, Lor'! she hain't got much money: she let that good-fur-nothin' brother ov hers waste a good pile thet belonged to her on his eddication. He was a lazy soul, but was called, as he said, to be a missionary; 'n' ef he kin make himself agreeable to the heathen, I 'spose it's as well as he could do. His room's better'n his company here." Mrs. Bragdon pauses, quite out of breath, and regards me with earnest appeal.

"I can tell you why she didn't marry the minister," say I, with the true air of profound mystery and deep importance which is characteristic of the real Bramleigh gossip.

She gives a great start, removes the spectacles from her well-polished forehead, draws her chair several inches nearer my own, allows the cat to play with the ball of her knitting-work with the most reckless indifference, and exclaims, "You don't say!" in a tone of mingled suspense and rapture.

Whereupon, after the usual preliminaries, the exhortations to eternal secrecy, the hesitations and deliberations

which, somehow, seem to heighten the enjoyment of the expectant listener, I begin my tale :

"The first year I visited Bramleigh, I used to go and see Miss Matilda Jane very often, you know. I went past her house on my way to Morrill's meadow, where the orchids grow. and, stopping at the gate to admire her flowers one day, she came out and presented me with a lovely little bouquet of spice-pinks and lavender. Then, one day when I was heated with my long walk, she invited me into the house to have a glass of her raspberry-shrub, and I accepted the invitation with pleasure, for it looked very cool and inviting inside the wide, breezy old hall.

"'Good gracious!' said Miss Matilda Jane, 'I shouldn't never get my breath again if I walked as fur as Morrill's meadow. I wish you'd always drop in here 'n' rest awhile whenever you take a walk in this direction. I see so few strangers that my eyes fairly ache for the sight o' one, and, when I have time to be, I'm dreadfully lonesome.'

"So I sat with her some time, trying to make myself agreeable; but, as the lady is not a little deaf, and I was not aware of it at the time, we did not get on very well at first."

"Deef as a post,—deef as the back-side o' the meetin'-house o' week-days," assents my listener warmly.

"But I called again and again, and after a while we became very good friends. I liked the quaint old house, with its large, low-ceiled rooms, the huge fireplaces filled with evergreen boughs, the old-fashioned furniture and ornaments brought from over sea by sailor-relatives, the house-plants in the wide window-seats, and the scriptural tiles in the chimney-piece. Then the Manx cat and the parrot were sources of unfailing amusement."

"Didn't you never see the parson—Matildy Jane's beau—when you was there?" asks Mrs. Bragdon, breathlessly impatient for the dénouement of the story.

"Why, yes; I'm coming to that presently," say I with wicked deliberation,

as I stroke the back of the tortoise-shell cat, who has seated herself in my lap and is basking delightedly in the warm glow of the fire.

"Her father, old Cap'n John, didn't take no farncey to him at fust,—so I didn't know as he come to the house much in them days: that's all," she apologizes, becoming sufficiently composed to pick up her knitting-work.

"Not long before I left Bramleigh that fall, one bright, frosty afternoon I went over to the Snow woods on an autumn-leaf expedition, and called to see Miss Matilda Jane, as usual, on my way home. But, finding the minister, Mr. Whitcomb, seated in very close proximity to his lady-love, I thought it best to make my excuses and take an immediate departure.

"'No, indeed; you mustn't think of going,' said she, with energetic decision. 'You must take off your hat and stop to tea, for I'm going to be all alone this evening. Brother Whitcomb's got to go home and 'tend a prayer-meeting, and pa's going over to Tim Ramsdell's to see his new-fangled corn-sheller. Do take pity on me, for the crickets are singing louder than ever to-night, and I shall be lonesome enough to die.'

"'Yes, I told Tim I'd drop over to-night, though I don't believe nothin' in eny o' these new-fangled machines,' explained her father; 'n' ef you'll stay with Matilda Jane I'll let Ethan harness up old Moll 'n' take you over ter the village by nine o'clock, or whenever you feel as ef you must go.'

"'These melancholy autumn days, when everything in nature reminds us of our own sad decline, make us more prone than ever to seek the companionship of a congenial spirit,' remarked the minister in his most solemn tones.

"His cheeks were more like the red, red rose than usual, and he had brought as gifts to the object of his affection oranges and the *Missionary Herald*.

"Miss Matilda Jane was extremely unconscious and matter-of-fact, though her toilet bore marks of more than ordinary consideration. 'You'd better wait long enough to just taste a cup of tea,

too, Brother Whitcomb,' said she. 'I won't be any time preparing it. The tea-kettle is ready to boil now. And if you are not there in time, can't one of the deacons open the meeting?'

"He shook his head plaintively: 'We are too prone to shut our ears to the voice of dooty, too prone to follow our own inclinations 'n' stray away from the strait and narrow path. No, we must follow dooty, even though it leads us away from our dearest companions,' glancing with solemn fondness at Miss Matilda Jane."

"I wouldn't never 'a' hed a man in this world thet courted me jest as ef he was exhortin' a sinner!" exclaims Mrs. Bragdon warmly.

"He did not follow duty immediately, however," I resume, "but stood irresolute, with his hat in his hand, for a few moments, then concluded to follow Miss Matilda Jane into the kitchen instead; and, though he did not make his adieux to either Captain John or me, I supposed he was hastening toward home and the 'missionary meeting,' when, in the course of a half-hour or so, Miss Matilda Jane announced that tea was ready.

"La! Brother Whitcomb went home, after all, did he?" inquired the lady, looking somewhat disturbed, I fancied. 'I thought he had decided to stay. Strange he didn't come out and say good-night.'

"Why, didn't he?" said Captain John: 'he went out toward the kitchen, and that's the last I saw of him.'

"Miss Matilda Jane seemed slightly absent-minded for a moment or two, but soon recovered herself, and was as bright and talkative as ever. 'Now I'll make haste and get my work done up, and we'll have a good long evening together,' said she. 'Ethan wants to go to the store, so he has got the milking done already, and everything will be out of the way beautifully by half-past six.'

"The brightest of fires was blazing on the hearth, and we dispensed with a lamp in order to enjoy it to the fullest extent. It was a delightful evening. Miss Matilda Jane, who is a good storyteller, told me of all the quaint events

which had ever happened in the old town. But the wind came up at length, the tree-boughs creaked weirdly outside, and we were disturbed by strange noises during the whole time.

"Some one is certainly pounding on the back door,' I insisted more than once.

"I hope you won't be scared, but folks have always said that this house is haunted,' said Miss Matilda Jane cheerfully. 'It's nothing but the wind howling through the empty garret, though, and the rats tumbling in the walls. They do carry on outrageously when it grows quite still at night. It's their noise that you hear now.'

"Impossible!' I said. 'Do let us be brave and open the back door.'

"Oh, I'm not in the least afraid. Of course I can't hear as distinctly as you do, but I'm pretty sure there is no one there.'

"We proceeded to the door at once, but found nothing but darkness and a stray apple-bough that was tapping, though not noisily, on the sill. The pounding still continued, however, and I was quite positive that I heard a voice, or voices, shouting from a distance, as if in distress.

"Oh, that's nothing but the boys over in Squire Goodnow's barn. They're shelling corn over there, and make a terrible racket every evening. I can hear them sometimes myself, if I am hard of hearing,' said Matilda Jane when I assured her of this fact. 'Come, let us go into the sitting-room and sit down again and make ourselves comfortable. It's chilly away from the fire.'

"I looked over in the direction of the barn, and saw the yellow light of a lantern and moving figures through the wide-open door, and became more easy in my mind.

"But at half-past nine Ethan appeared on the scene, with open mouth and startled eyes. 'Who's that a-makin' sich an all-fired paoundin' an' screechin' in the suller, or in the dairy, or somewhere 'nuther?' he exclaimed excitedly.

"Well, I don't know but that the old house is haunted, sure enough," said Miss Matilda Jane, starting to her feet. 'Miss Harris has been hearing queer noises all the evening. Let us take a lamp and see what we can find.'

"I hain't no caoward, but I wouldn't keer to see a spirit," piped Ethan, shrinking into a corner.

"Nonsense! spirits don't make such noises," said his mistress, laughing.

"My gun's all loaded, 'n' I guess I'll take it 'long with me," said he, becoming somewhat reassured by her coolness.

"Well, take it and come along," said she quickly.—'Miss Harris, I'm afraid you're scared,' turning to me. 'You'd better stay here by the fire: we shan't be gone long, 'tis likely.'

"But I preferred to be of the investigating party, and we all three started in solemn procession, guided by the light of the fitful kerosene. It was a long distance from the sitting-room to the back kitchen, and as we approached this dark and isolated region the pounding, which had commenced with a vengeance as soon as we had opened the dining-room door, became more and more distinct. Ethan shouldered his gun and looked darkly at every shadow.

"Goodness! the sound comes from the dairy!" said Miss Matilda Jane in a tragical whisper.

"Here a voice made itself heard with great distinctness.

"It's the parson, tew, by golly! That's his voice, though it's so kinder shaky 'n' funny," said Ethan, rushing bravely and nimbly forward as an angry appeal to be let out reached our startled ears.

"Why, he must have followed me there when I went after butter for supper, and I locked him in by mistake," said Miss Matilda Jane, looking distressed and rather awe-stricken, but laughing at the same time in spite of herself. 'He said that he had something to say to me in private, I know, but pa was in such a squizzle for his supper that I forgot all about it afterward.'

"It is not consoling to have one's misery laughed at, so I discreetly remained in the background when the unfortunate gentleman emerged from his prison,—which was like a veritable cell, stone floor and all. I could not distinguish the words which fell from his lips, but, as there were an abundance of them, uttered in by no means his usual smooth, drawling tone, I suppose they must have been more expressive than polite, for I heard Miss Matilda Jane say, with cool distinctness, after a little pause, 'Well, if you have got such a temper as this, you may as well go your own way, for all me. I've seen enough—more than enough—of you, sir.'

"And if you haven't any more sense than this, I shall be very glad to do so, madam," was the quick reply. 'Allow me to wish you good-night.'

"Ethan, light your lantern and go with Mr. Whitcomb to the barn and help him harness his horse," commanded the lady, turning to follow me with stately dignity to the sitting-room."

"'N' he never come ag'in," says Mrs. Bragdon, whose face is all aglow with happy excitement. "I knowed all the time that they must 'a' hed some kind of a quarrel, 'n' I kin see jest exactly how 'twas, now, as if I'd 'a' bin there myself. Probably he follered her into the dairy to pop the question,—it's an orful retired place,—'n' she's so dretful deaf 'n' absent-minded that she didn't neither see nor hear him. She's 'most inconvenient spry-motioned, tew, fur sech a person, 'n' I s'pose she come out 'n' locked him in 'fore he had time to think, he bein' kinder flustered-like, under the circumstances. I don't wonder nobody didn't hear him for so long, for that dairy is a mild away from the front part of the house, three steps down from the old back kitchen. Well, well, I hope Alfonso won't bring no more news ter-night, for I shan't sleep a wink as 'tis,—I know I shan't; 'n' then it's kinder provokin' in sech dull times to hev everything to once!"

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

WALKS WITH BRYANT.

IN appearance, especially during his later years, Bryant was one of the most remarkable of men. Though he was of slight build and of medium height, he gave one the impression of a majestic presence. No one who was ever in his company could forget his kingly look and the simple dignity of his manner. His head was large and beautifully modelled and poised, and, with its ample forehead and fringe of white flowing locks, was the delight of artists. Beneath his shaggy brows glowed deep-set gray eyes, which never lost their lustre. His nose was straight, thick at its bridge, and strong in its setting, but delicately refined in the nostrils. His mouth was large and firm, his cheeks thin and colorless, and, with his fine white full beard and silver hair falling to his neck, he was a perfect picture of what one might imagine of an old prophet. There has never appeared among us one that so fully represented the ideal of a seer. In his case all that is admirable and venerable in old age was conspicuous, without any of its querulousness or infirmities. At eighty-three he had all the intellectual and much of the physical vigor of his fifty years.

I never knew a man who liked to be on his feet as well as Bryant. He never rode when he could accomplish his purpose as well by walking. He walked not merely for the advantage to his health, but because he actually enjoyed it. Though he continued his daily gymnastic exercise every morning, rising at half-past five at Roslyn, and a little later during his winter residence in the city, he never abandoned his pedestrian habit. On the day of his fatal fall after his Mazzini speech in Central Park, he walked from the *Evening Post* Building to his house in Sixteenth Street, and also for half an hour in the hot sun, after the excitement and exposure attendant on his address. He had so accustomed himself to venture anywhere and at any

time and in all sorts of weather on foot that he had come to presume upon his powers of endurance, which led to such deplorable consequences. By a little more prudence his valuable life might have been protracted, without doubt, many years.

My first walk with Bryant, which was an impressive episode of my youthful life, was without his knowledge. It was in the winter of 1853 or 1854, when I was a student in New York. For some time previous I had been an occasional contributor of verses to the *Evening Post*, and one day, when at the office on a little business for a certain literary society, Mr. Henderson, the publisher, asked me if I would like to meet the poet. I had long wished for this pleasure, but when I was conducted into his sanctum, where I was received with the utmost kindness, I was so awed that I hardly dared to open my mouth in reply to his agreeable conversation. Not many weeks after this, one afternoon when the snow had fallen to the depth of two or three inches, I saw Mr. Bryant come into Broadway from William Street and start up town. I followed him at a little distance on the east side of Broadway, and after we crossed Chambers Street the snow was quite untrodden and no one was near us. Drawing a little closer to him, perhaps three or four paces in the rear, I naturally but deliberately placed my foot in his track as fast as he took his out of the snow, and in this way followed him to Fourteenth Street. "Ah," said I to myself, "if I may but imitate this noble life! If only a portion of the spirit of song in him would rest on me!" He never once looked back, and, though my heart burned to address him, I had not the courage to do so. At Union Square he broke into a clean run toward Fourth Avenue, and, as my duty was on the other side of the city, I left him, with feelings that have never ceased to affect me.

My last walk with Bryant was from

the Fifth Avenue Hotel to his house, May 1, 1878, just twenty-nine days before his fatal fall. On that day, by the invitation of the Clerical Club of New York, he met the members and several distinguished clergymen from other cities at a May-day breakfast, where he gave a beautiful address on the subject of "religious poetry." In the parlor of the hotel, before sitting down to table, among others of note, the Rev. Phillips Brooks was introduced to him. The impression produced at the sight of the gigantic person of the great preacher in his ruddy health by the side of our most illustrious poet, who, though slender and old, had a kingly grandeur, is still very vivid and suggestive. The Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood and myself escorted Mr. Bryant to the hotel that lovely morning,—the spring was early, and the apple-trees were in full bloom,—and I went back with him alone to his house. This was the last time that I ever saw him alive.

But in the interval between the events that I have mentioned I enjoyed much of the society of the poet and wandered with him over grounds that were dearest to him of any on earth. His attachment to the place of his birth was very deep. Some twenty years ago he purchased the old paternal estate in Cummington, with some desirable additions, and, under the charge of a brother of Senator Dawes, it has become one of the most valuable farms in that section of Massachusetts. The place lies near the summit of one of those great ridges which are peculiar to the region. It is almost two thousand feet above the sea, and is variegated with meadow- and pasture-land, beautiful groves, streams, and springs of pure water. The hard-maple-tree abounds in this vicinity, and the Bryant place has now all the modern conveniences for the manufacture of sugar. During the poet's childhood the sweets of the maple were secured in a primitive way, great iron kettles being used for the reduction of the sap, instead of the long, shallow pans that are now employed. It was here that he drew his picture of sugar-making in "A Winter Piece:"

"Tis pleasant to behold the wreaths of smoke
Roll up among the maples of the hill,
Where the shrill sound of youthful voices
wakes

The shriller echo, as the clear, pure lymph,
That from the wounded trees in twinkling drops
Falls, 'mid the golden brightness of the morn,
Is gathered in with brimming pails; and oft,
Wielded by sturdy hands, the stroke of axe
Makes the woods ring.

In our walks I learned the places that were most intimately associated in the poet's mind with his early life and experience. Here were the little "Rivulet" where he sported when just able to walk, the site of the old church near the rocks on which as a child he used to sit and eat his lunch between the long Sabbath services, the parade-ground, where a drunken officer at a militia-training excited his fears and commiseration, the old burial-place, the fields where he pulled flax, and burnt brush, and drove the cattle home, and wandered and dreamed in close communion with nature, who was preparing him, as her priest, to speak from her inner shrine. These strolls over the hills and through the woods and glens, though sometimes long, never seemed to fatigue him. My endurance has been tried more than once by his indefatigable ardor, even in the time of his old age. On one occasion, when he was nearly eighty-two, I had walked with him a long way, and, after crossing a wide desolate field, full of briers, we came to the sunny side of an old wood, whose border for some distance was a thick tangle of wild, rank weeds, as high as our heads. The day was hot, and the struggle to break our way through this mass of vegetation very fatiguing, after all our previous exercise. Having succeeded, we reached, a little way within the forest, a large log which looked pleasantly inviting as a seat, and the luxury of which I really wished to enjoy. Said I, "Mr. Bryant, here is a good place for us to rest: shall we sit down awhile?"

"If you are tired," he replied, "we will do so; if not, let us go on."

I need hardly say that our walk was continued; and he seemed fresh at its very end.

Bryant did not keep, as many do, a particular walking-stick to assist him in his rambles. When wandering in the country, his custom ordinarily was to pick up any stick in his way that he could use for a cane, and to throw it down when he reached home again. At one door of his Cummington house was an armful of these ugly and crabbed sticks, each of which he had used but once. I managed to get as souvenirs two handsome canes,—one of ash and one of black birch,—by carefully selecting them in the woods which he frequented and by getting him to use them, which he did with the greatest cheerfulness.

In our rambles Bryant observed everything, and I could see that he was always awake to the objects that had impressed him in early life. The scene of his poem "The Two Graves" is far up the lonesome road to the northwest of the old homestead :

'Tis a bleak wild hill,—but green and bright
In the summer warmth and the mid-day light.

As the sun was getting low one afternoon while we were on our way to the place, he called my attention, without making the least reference to his verses, to the tinkling of a bell down by a stream in the rocky glen, where cows were feeding among the alders. It was the same sound that had touched him fifty years before, when he wrote the pathetic poem describing the scenery where we stood; and nothing could be more faithful than his lines,—

There's the hum of the bee and the chirp of the wren,
And the dash of the brook from the alder glen :
There's the sound of a bell from the scattered flock,
And the shade of the beech lies cool on the rock,
And fresh from the west is the free wind's breath :
There is nothing here that speaks of death.

He knew every flower that sprang up in field or forest, and every shrub and tree. During one walk he pointed out to me four or five varieties of the willow family, among other species of flora. Speaking of willows, he told me that the first "weeping willow" grown in this

country was planted in Stratford, Connecticut, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson from a cutting which he brought from Pope's place at Twickenham. Our excursions constantly led us to scenes associated with his poems. Among his earlier productions "The Yellow Violet" is notable for its accurate and graceful portraiture. In the grove for which he wrote his memorable lines "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," this humble plant flourishes, and here he led me one summer day, and, removing the dead leaves scattered over a bed of it, showed me where it grew in the rich and spongy soil beneath the old beeches and maples. I shall never forget with what tenderness he seemed to regard this lowly plant, and how artlessly he discoursed about it while stooping down and collecting its seed-pods for me. It seemed as if there was some subtle bond between the flower and himself, and I was sure at the time that his memory was busy with the days when, as a child, he saw it

Blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Those summer days at Cummington were always cheerful, and not without mild means of recreation. It was proposed one morning that some root-beer should be made, and that the beverage should contain every sort of suitable ingredient that the hills afforded. So with a sort of grave hilarity were gathered birch and spruce twigs, leaves of winter-green and princess-pine, dandelion- and sassafras-root; but of the desired constituents *burdock-root* was wanting. I had made a careful search for this common plant all about the barns and fertile fence-corners, where it is apt to flourish, but could not find a sign of it anywhere on the premises. When I reported the fact to Bryant, it was very plain from the smile that lurked beneath his white moustaches that he was secretly pleased that his place had been so carefully kept that the coarse intruder, which is so common a nuisance about farm-houses, was a stranger to his own. But he was determined to have the burdock, if possi-

ble, and proposed that the next day we should start out to find it, if any was growing in the neighborhood. So, having hunted for half a mile or more, our search was at last abundantly rewarded. A farmer near whose home it grew dug a quantity for us, and Bryant insisted on carrying the roots back to the house himself. I noticed as one of his traits that he took a peculiar pleasure in doing certain things himself, especially in relation to his friends. For instance, on his seventy-seventh birthday I was expected to dine with him at Cedarmere, but, arriving late on account of a provoking hindrance, I took my meal alone: the dessert was cold and had been removed, but Mr. Bryant, wishing to gratify my love for grapes, went to the grapery himself for the fruit, instead of sending a servant, and cut and brought me the luscious clusters with his own hands. On another occasion at Roslyn he suggested that on my return home the next day I should carry a lot of his fine persimmons to my children. In the morning as I was about to gather them, supposing that by so doing I should relieve him of care and annoyance in the matter, I was gently detained by Mr. Cline, the intelligent manager of his estate, who always acted with the most delicate consideration of Bryant's feelings and preferences, and who told me that the "master" would enjoy plucking the fruit himself,—in fact, that it would annoy him not to be permitted to do so. Of course this was particularly agreeable to me; and soon the old poet came and selected the best that the trees afforded. I suppose it was a similar feeling—gratification in giving pleasure—that, amid other special attentions to me, led him to escort me once to the cupola of a large barn that stands nearly on the summit of the Cummington hill above his house. A magnificent prospect was commanded from this lookout, but the way up to it was by stairs and ladders that looked to me rather risky. On following the old poet up the zigzag and lofty way, I confess I was afraid that at his time of life—it was about

two years before his death—he might be seized with giddiness and fall on the cross-beams below, and I began to express aloud my apprehensions. "It *would* be rather absurd," he said, "after having taken care of myself so long, to come to my end by a fall in such a place and on such an errand as this." I was relieved when he was safely on the first floor of the building again.

Bryant's fondness for trees is well known. How tenderly he addresses them in one of his later poems!—

Oh, ye who love to overhang the springs,
And stand by running waters : ye whose boughs
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear
A paradise upon the lonely plain,
Trees of the forest and the open field !
Have ye no sense of being ?

One might think, looking at the well-wooded heights of Cummington, that there was no lack of timber in that locality; and yet here some years ago the poet caused to be planted a large grove of larches and birches. In the very heart of the forest, on the summit, is a young orchard of pear-trees some two acres in extent. At Cedarmere the trees are among the most admirable features of the place. All over the farm are specimens that he himself planted, while on the large and charming lawn there is almost every variety desirable for fruit or shade. Among them are the ancient pear-trees "which have no history" and a grand old oak overhanging a spring. But there is no tree that he seemed to regard with more affection than a gigantic black walnut some twenty-four feet in circumference, which annually sheds its harvest of nuts.

Though Bryant had a stern look and an undemonstrative manner, his sensibilities were exquisitely tender and refined. He would not catch the fine fish in his pond at Cedarmere, nor allow any one else to do so, simply because he wished to avoid the infliction of pain. I was told that once when some artists were visiting at the place, one of them, an ardent fisherman, cut down a long, slim stick on the lawn among the shrubbery for a rod and began to indulge with much glee in the sport of angling.

When Bryant, who after a while appeared on the scene, found that not only were the fish being heartlessly hooked, but that the pole in the hands of his guest was a rare and precious young sapling which he had planted, his temper was put to a severe test. But the fishing stopped. It was on account of this tender sensibility that he abandoned his intention of erecting a swing for the children at the school-house which he built in Cummington, because

I declared in a pretty emphatic way that such things were dangerous and might be the occasion of serious accidents.

Bryant never lay down to sleep in the daytime, no matter how fatiguing his exercise had been, but sometimes took a short nap in his chair. I have never seen his face wear such an expression of grand and statuesque repose as when he was asleep.

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

The Independents.

THE movement which has been set on foot by the "Independent Republicans" of Pennsylvania may be briefly described as an attempt to reanimate the Republican party by imbuing it with fresh principles and a living faith. The purpose for which the party was originally formed has been so completely accomplished that there is no longer any pretence of a necessity for further efforts in that direction. Unless, therefore, it can be supplied with a new aim and object of exertion, its continued existence is as much an anachronism as that of the Anti-Slavery Society would have been after emancipation was fully secured. There is no difficulty in finding such an aim, no need to manufacture a policy. The principle of Civil Service Reform is one that appeals to all men of enlightened minds and progressive tendencies, its importance is becoming recognized by the masses, and it presents the only practical issue now before the country. The Independents, therefore, are necessarily Reformers, and if the bulk of the Republican party refuses to join in the movement its dissolution at no distant period belongs to the inevitable order of things.

The real resistance comes, of course, not from the general mass of the party, but from those who control its organization and who have taken advantage of the opportunities afforded by a period of quiescence and stagnation to usurp dictatorial powers. Any sign of life must be distasteful to them; the success of the Reform movement will involve their overthrow. They do not pretend to have any policy or principle of their own. They are ready to adopt Reform—as an abstraction; they threaten to abandon protection if the "business-men" do not support them. In other words, they do not even claim to have any interest in politics except a personal one. To vote the "regular ticket" will be not to express an opinion in favor of or against any measure of public policy, but to declare one's belief that Senator Cameron is the lawful owner of all that part and parcel of the Republican party lying within the State of Pennsylvania and must be allowed to manage it for his own profit and convenience.

The point of importance is not how many voters really entertain this belief or have personal reasons for acting on it, but how many will assent to it from blindness or apathy. That the number is very considerable no one disputes. The probability is that the division in

the Republican ranks will lead to a Democratic victory. This will be a heavy blow and great discouragement to the Camefonians; to the Independents it will be a proof of their growing strength and a stimulant to fresh endeavors. The prestige of Mr. Cameron will be gone when it is made apparent that he cannot hold the citadel or show a united front to the enemy. He will, of course, complain that he was deserted by his followers; but the answer is that it was his business to adopt a course which would have prevented desertions. A man who undertakes to rule despotically should be able to enforce obedience. If the be-all and end-all of Republican politics is to beat the Democrats, the responsibility of doing it rests with those who "run the machine" and who assert that this is the only agency by which it can be effected.

Although the new movement is limited to Pennsylvania, it cannot fail, if successful, to become national. It differs materially from the "splits" that have occurred in other States. It has not arisen from personal jealousies or mere local discontents; the sentiment on which it is based is one of hostility to a system more or less dominant throughout the country; the means by which a remedy is sought has a more direct bearing on national than on State politics; and, finally, the spirit in which it is undertaken forbids the idea of any compromise, any temporary settlement, any postponement of the object in view through fear of some ulterior or incidental result. For the first time a body of Republicans, strong in numbers and intelligence, have arrayed themselves as a distinct organization, prepared to contest the whole field and to seek no extraneous help. They will neither bargain for Democratic support nor retire to the old camp after a Democratic victory. Their attitude two years hence will be the same as it is to-day: after having fought the "bosses" in a State campaign, they will not follow them in a Presidential campaign. If the Republicans are to be united in 1882 it can only be by the nomination of a can-

didate who shall have the full confidence of the Pennsylvanian Independents and of voters in other States who hold the same views and are animated by a like spirit.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Girls at Mount Desert.

IN the many studies of the American girl given us so lavishly of late, one trait, or, to speak more correctly, deficiency, has been, if not omitted, at least only slightly dwelt upon. This is her marked indifference to the beauty of nature. Gay and bright of temperament, with an unlimited capacity for amusing herself and others, the American girl finds communion with the great mother an unspeakable bore. She will visit only crowded watering-places during the summer months: to see and be seen is her one thought,—to have a "perfectly lovely time," if any exertion of hers can compass it. Talk to her of the numberless nooks of beauty among the New England hills or of the quaint old villages scattered along its sweep of rock-bound coast, ask her to hide her charms in any such benighted region, the mere suggestion of such a waste of her precious harvest-time will procure you a rejection bordering upon contumely. A howling wilderness in truth does that place seem which can furnish for her delectation neither Germans nor polo, buck-board drives nor tennis tournaments. Long Branch and Saratoga, Newport and Mount Desert, are the *ne plus ultra* of her hopes and desires.

In illustration of this widely-prevailing temper, let us take some types of "girl" to be met at one of our favorite summer resorts,—Mount Desert. Surely there is beauty of natural scenery enough to satisfy the most exacting; yet how few dream of the wealth of enjoyment that awaits those who have mind and heart to perceive and appreciate the vision which, in its plenitude of loveliness, reveals itself, for the most part to unseeing eyes!

One does not murmur because the girl of the period's passion for Mount

Desert is not utterly Hellenic in its rapt absorption. We would not wish her to rave over the preciousness of the golden-rod and purple aster, nor need she adorn herself with trailing garlands of slimy weeds and drooping, bedraggled lilies, after the manner of some æsthetic maidens. If she sought in Mount Desert only the real, healthful enjoyment of a country life, we would ask no more; but, with most, it is the accessories that charm, not the place itself, and a perpetual rush of feverish excitement bids fair to spoil that new-found isle of Arcady. Of course all like the picturesque scenery of the island: they prefer to play out their little comedies in such surroundings; it is more in keeping, perhaps appeals to an indistinct sense of the fitness of things, that the language of sentiment, fictitious though it be, should have the time-honored accompaniment of rippling waves and rustling branches.

Girls at Mount Desert may be classed roughly as "piazza girls," "jolly girls," and "cottage swells." Of all these the "piazza girls" have the least excuse for their presence. Without dash enough for a rough-and-ready life, or wealth and position, the "open sesame!" to the charmed circle of cottagers, they haunt the hotel piazzas, encumbered with pieces of marvellous crewel-work in all stages of completion; novels, gossip, embroidery, beguile the tedious morning hours; while an occasional row or drive with most staid companions and a peep at the hops through the hotel windows constitute their wildest gayety.

From these we turn with a sense of relief to the "jolly girls," who, to use their own expression, make life at Mount Desert one continual "tear." They, at least, have a thoroughly good time, and are going from morn till dewy eve,—indeed, into the "sma' hours ayant the twal," for the pastoral of "oxygen" is not without its too true counterpart in real life. Long rides on horseback, suppers at Somesville, driving, sailing, canoeing,—their amusements are inexhaustible. These gay damsels are not without their uses either, for their bright

dresses have a decidedly decorative effect, lighting up the sombre background of rocks and pines with vivid hues of scarlet and yellow which seem their tribute to the crudity of Mount Desert. Their rampant spirits are, however, rather appalling to the uninitiated, and a new-comer feels a little as if suddenly dropped into a bear-garden and left to the mercy of its denizens. An Englishman last year characterized the life as "too uproariously talkative: one is obliged to talk 'hard all' on a buck-board drive, when one would rather be quietly enjoying the scenery;" and the same speaker added that the type of young lady was perhaps more curious than admirable. When on an excursion with such young people, the thought occurs that, for all love of the surrounding beauty they evince, their time might as well be spent in a circus-tent or riding-school: the bright sky and delicious air give them a sense of careless, rollicking well-being, such as we may share with the lower creation, but any spiritual appreciation it is hard to find.

But, little true love of nature as they possess,—for they have no time to stop and think about it,—one can more easily forgive these happy-go-lucky girls than the faded, jaded society favorites who make their villeggiatura at Mount Desert. Their aim appears to be the conversion of the place into a feeble imitation of Newport. The cottage piazzas are occupied at all hours of the day by fair creatures, clad in the latest marvels of muslin, lace, and embroidery, surrounded by admirers whose taste for athletic sports goes no further than the carrying a tennis-racket or wearing a polo-jacket. These languid fair ones cannot be enticed away from their hammocks and reclining-chairs by any well-meaning member of their own sex for expeditions of any kind, unless the party be so arranged that every Jill has a Jack, and the particular one she wants, at that. Her requirements in the matter of escort are, after all, not exacting, for she has been known, in weighing the merits of various men proposed, to yield her favor to the possessor of filthy lucre, reject-

ing brains and manners as things immaterial. Generally Jill elects to remain within the sacred cottage precincts, strolling around with idlers like herself; sometimes she will, upon extreme persuasion, play a duffer's hand at tennis, or wander with a favored swain in the direction of the shore or woods, often returning in a state of exhaustion, perhaps attributable to the high-heeled boots she will persist in wearing. Her evenings are a round of teas, dinners, and dances, for which she is as elaborately costumed as fashion can demand. Poor mother Nature would find it a hard task to make out of such elements a lady of her own. Let us hope that she may elsewhere find material more plastic to her touch.

If girls were only taught something of the earth they live on, rather than the smattering of languages and music which is all that most possess, the love of nature, which must lie latent in us all, might so work in them as to subdue them to its sway. But few have the barest knowledge of botany beyond the names of a few hot-house and garden flowers, and in geology granite, limestone, quartz, are to them synonymous terms. To instance this ignorance, last summer at Mount Desert a specimen of the common sun-dew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) being brought to one of the hotels by an enthusiastic botanist who exhibited its action, the astonishment of the feminine element, old and young, was extreme and unfeigned: they had never heard of insectivorous plants.

Many protest themselves ardent lovers of nature and a country life, but the devotion which contents itself with the unsparing use of such epithets as "gorgeous," "stunning," "perfectly lovely," is of little depth, and commonly transient as "the early dew that goeth away."

There may be some among the gay crowd of pleasure-seekers at Mount Desert to whom its deep solitudes still speak with soothing, tranquillizing voice. If any such there be, like the seven thousand in Israel, their existence is unsuspected by the world at large, for they are chary of expressing their feel-

ings, knowing by experience the derision which awaits them. S. L. R.

ART MATTERS.

The Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Artists, New York.

So many good pictures were sent in to the society this year that when the accepted ones were reviewed by the hanging committee it was found that fully one-third must remain unhung for lack of space. So the walls were filled, and then it was announced that during the course of the month they would be rehung with the canvases which were unavoidably left over. Thus we had two exhibitions instead of one, though for present purposes it will be best to consider all the works together. Unlike the majority of larger exhibitions,—these two contained about two hundred and fifty numbers,—almost all the pictures were interesting; and it will be impossible, therefore, to give even a word to everything I should like to notice. Fewer mere studies, fewer canvases valuable for promise rather than for complete achievement, fewer tentative essays, were shown than ever before on the walls of this society. What was good was, in the majority of cases, quite complete and well balanced in its own way. The portraits included many that were very fine, though, with one exception, none as striking as we have seen in former years from such men as Chase and Alden Weir and Currier and Sargent. Mr. Weir sent a charming head of a young girl, most beautifully painted and quite as remarkable for originality of sentiment; and also a large portrait of a lady that was rather stiff in pose and lacking in expression, but most clever in the management of the various white tones which made up almost the entire color-scheme. Mr. Duveneck sent two portraits of ladies, not very good in the color of the flesh, but otherwise quite admirable, dignified, and individual works, full of pictorial "style." Mr. Wyatt Eaton excelled himself with two

half-length feminine portraits. If not so strong as Mr. Duveneck's and not so original in manner, they were perhaps more beautiful. Mr. Dewing's portrait of his wife was a strong, careful, and accomplished piece of workmanship, devoid of all sensuous pictorial beauty, but attractive in its earnestness and reality. Mrs. Whitman's portrait of a little girl in a sunshiny field was admirable in color and vitality. Mr. Alexander deepened the good impression made by his *débat* at the Academy. He sent to this exhibition a fine portrait of a middle-aged man, very boldly painted, rather unpleasant in color, but remarkably true and vivid in its rendering of life and character. Mr. Frank Millet, whose manners of painting are so diverse and often so very bad, contributed the best piece of work I have yet seen from his hand,—a large full-length portrait of Lawrence Barrett as Cassius. It showed the actor in white drapery against a white wall, and in the management of this difficult scheme as well as in the painting of the face and arms it was very accomplished. May Mr. Millet always do as well, and not fall back into the glaring or the weak and pallid color he has more often chosen! The best portrait of the exhibition, however,—if we except Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother, which was exhibited last autumn in Philadelphia and need not again be discussed,—was a portrait of a lady standing by her horse, the work of Mr. Abbott Thayer. Even those who had most admired Mr. Thayer's work in former years, who had already hailed him as one of the most original and most charming among our painters, were not prepared for such a masterpiece as this. No better portrait, it is safe to say, has been painted on this side of the water since the days of Gilbert Stuart; and it would be hard to overmatch it with a similar work from the brush of any contemporary artist. The lady stood in front of her horse, with her arm passed under his neck and his head drawn down toward her. Only this head was prominent, the rest of the animal serving merely as a background to the lovely figure. The habit was

dark-green velvet, the long gloves pale brown, and the head, with its delicate coloring, was surrounded by soft red hair. From these few notes Mr. Thayer wrought a subtle and beautiful harmony of color, while in expression and sentiment the work was equally remarkable. The technical execution was strong and free in fact but delicate and refined in effect. And the way in which, while every portion of the canvas was elaborated with due and proper care, the whole was yet subordinated to the head,—forming, as it were, but its beautiful and appropriate setting,—might serve as a lesson to all intending portraitists. It may be noted, by the way, that this was a genuine "commissioned" portrait,—not a studio arrangement planned with a view to good "effects."

Among the figure-paintings of other kinds the first place should be given to two single figures, in his usual poetizing vein, by Mr. George Fuller. They were not so good, perhaps, as those he exhibited last year and the year before, but they were very beautiful and very interesting none the less, and marked Mr. Fuller once more as of all our figure-painters the one with the most distinct and individual touch of what—for want of a better word—we call genius and distinguish by that name above all cleverness of brush, all skill in the mere imitation of actual things. Mr. Chase sent a small figure of a girl in a Japanese dress, rather loosely but most cleverly painted, and remarkable for its odd but faithful effects of *chiaroscuro*. Many other interesting canvases must be passed over in order that mention may be made of Mr. Eakins's large "Crucifixion." It is difficult, however, to put into words exactly the merit of this canvas and the effect it had upon the spectator. It was the reverse of a conventional representation of the theme, for all the accessories which are told of in the records and which have usually been accepted by painters were deliberately omitted. One saw only the single figure on the cross,—with the crown of thorns, to be sure, and the inscription above the head, but without the wound in

the side; and one saw it, not amid preternatural darkness, but dominating a stretch of rocky desert illuminated by an unclouded Eastern sun. Yet the canvas was something more than a mere anatomical study of a martyred form seen under bright light. It was this of course; and those who know Mr. Eakins's anatomical science and his mastery over effects of light need hardly be told that in this way it was very striking. But in spite of the manner in which the physical agony was insisted upon, in spite of details certainly repulsive, in spite of the almost hideous attenuation of the body and limbs, in spite, too, of the fact that, death having already come, the head had fallen forward upon the breast, and so no spiritual or psychical expressiveness had been attempted,—in spite of all these things, the picture expressed in strong language some of the main ideas which we connect with the crucifixion of Christ. It expressed, in the loneliness of the figure and the unsympathizing sunny desolation of the landscape, the idea of abandonment and isolation, more distinctly, I think, than it is often expressed with all the traditional accessories one finds in other works. And the attitude of the head, the half-seen sadness of the shadowed face,—this face being the only point in the picture which *was* in shadow,—carried with them an inexpressible pathos. It was not a complete suggestion of all the elements possible to the scene. But it did not attempt so to be; and the elements which Mr. Eakins *had* dwelt upon were, I think, suggested with force and impressiveness. Technically, the canvas was very interesting, the difficult task of modelling a nude body in full light having been ably dealt with, and the lines of the low landscape especially well conceived.

Among the landscapes I may note first of all those of Mr. Twachtman, small in size, unpicturesque—though never unpictorial—in theme, and low in color, but painted with such a feeling for the essential beauty of what are usually called unbeautiful things, with so much originality of temper and of

brush, that they were among the very best things of the year. One of them, indeed, a winter-scene, with snow, in the outskirts of an American town, polled a larger number of votes than any picture which was presented to the committee,—no less than ninety-eight, I am told, out of a possible one hundred. Thirty votes secured admission; few canvases secured more than sixty, and even the great Whistler portrait only some ninety-two. So Mr. Twachtman may rest awhile upon the verdict of his brother artists, waiting hopefully for the time when the public at large will realize that in him they have an admirably strong and locally minded and therefore most original *American* painter, and when it will prefer his vigorous canvases to the conventional, weak prettinesses of men who are to-day more popular. Mr. Inness—one man, thank heaven! who is both admirable and popular—sent a charming pale-toned winter-scene, similar to the one at the Academy, and a wood-interior with vivid greens, as different as possible, but quite as fine. Mr. Ryder was at his best—and that is most beautifully poetical—in two small dusky canvases. Mr. Bunce and many another showed work of a familiar but always pleasing sort. Mr. Currier sent from Munich several canvases so devoid of coloristic beauty, so wildly eccentric in every way, that even the most fervent admirers of his water-color work—and I hasten to inscribe myself upon the list—could not say much in their praise. After long study I could not understand them, could not see how nature could have looked thus to any eye, even that of the freest interpreter. But they had an accent of sincerity none the less,—an accent which convinced one that to Mr. Currier she had indeed appeared in such a guise. Mr. Walter Palmer sent a large view of Venice, rather too scenic in effect, but with much delicate color and much originality of conception. It was by no means so good, however, as his smaller Venetian view at the Academy. Among the still-life pictures I must mention one by Mr. Thacher; for no man who can teach the useful lesson

that even a lot of potatoes may be made into a clever and a positively beautiful study should be allowed to go unthanked.

Several interesting pieces of sculpture filled a small room adjoining the main gallery. Chief among them were some of Mr. St. Gaudens's beautiful low-relief portraits in bronze, and a high-relief in plaster by Mr. Olin Warner, which last, it seemed to me, shared with Mr. Thayer's portrait the chief honors of the year. It was a long panel showing a nymph leaning over a tripod to caress a pouting Cupid. Daring in conception and in line, it was saved from the failure which almost always attends such boldness in modern work by an exceeding grace of outline and perfection of modeling. In expression it was both vital and original, the head of the nymph being lifelike and full of spirit, though sufficiently classic in outline to fit the theme.

M. G. V. R.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

A Peep at the Truly Rural.

STORM-BOUND one Saturday in a little hamlet on the border-line between New York and New Jersey, I found shelter at a farm-house and remained over the Sabbath, getting pleasant glimpses of the old Dutch customs and manners that are still practised by the farmers of Dutch descent who inhabit this district. The farm-house that sheltered me was a fair type of others in the neighborhood. Its walls, fully a foot and a half thick, were of brown sandstone, quarried on the farm, and carried up to a height of some fifteen feet. The shingled roof was set squarely on these. A smaller building, also of stone, was set at right angles with the main building, the twain forming two sides of a square and suited to all the purposes of a fortification. The smaller building, I learned, had been the slaves' quarters in early days: it was now used as the kitchen and pantry of the farm-house. The most curious part of the building were the eaves, which were carried out in a

slightly-curved line some three or four feet, forming the roof of a portico without pillars or floor. Under this roof neats' tongues, beef hams, and ears of seed-corn were hung to dry. It was also a receptacle for hoes, rakes, scythes, and other farming-implements, thieves in this primitive district being evidently unknown.

After tea, which came about seven o'clock, the family and guest gathered around the kitchen-stove for an exchange of experiences. A striking contrast was that kitchen to some town apartments. The great stove in the centre of the room sent out a genial heat; behind it stood a sort of open dresser, containing several shelves filled with pans of milk, protected from dust and culinary odors by a muslin curtain. A rag-carpet covered the floor; an old-fashioned clock, in "case of massive oak," ticked in a corner, and beside it stood a sewing-machine. A fowling-piece, walking-sticks, an ox-goad, broom, and dust-pan, filled other corners. A table, stand, looking-glass, and sundry wood-bottomed chairs completed the tale of its furniture. The low ceiling overhead, formed of huge beams of whitewood planed and beaded and the pine floor of the loft above, was stained a rich maroon color by smoke and steam. Quite as picturesque was the group gathered about the fire. The farmer had discarded his coat, and sat in vest, check shirt, and overalls,—the latter thrust into great top-boots of well-oiled cowhide. He was an old man, with a crown of snow-white hair, stout, ruddy, good-natured, and slow of comprehension, as became his Dutch ancestry. The "hired man" sat next the farmer,—an old man who had spent his life at hard labor in his native town, too well contented with his lot to seek other fields of labor. He was clad like the master, except that he had donned a gingham neck-handkerchief, whose superfluous folds, after encircling his neck, were tucked into the bosom of his vest.

The good-wife, in clean calico gown, merrily clicked her needles and added here and there a wise suggestion or

sharply-put correction to the reminiscences of the men. Leo, a large brindled dog, occupied the post of honor by his master's side; and three remarkably fine cats, Dordy, Lily, and Spotty, surrounded the mistress.

The guest, many years the junior of the party, sat quietly listening while the old men told stirring tales of the border in Revolutionary times,—for this region was then the debatable-ground between the two armies, and was raided and re-raided by the lawless Cowboys and Skinners, to say nothing of the foraging-parties of the opposing hosts; and many times during the struggle the stone dwellings of the farmers became intrenched forts, where the people made a stand against their assailants of both parties.

At nine o'clock the whole family retired, the guest being shown to an upper chamber under the roof, with but one small window, so high and so deeply set in the thick wall that he could easily fancy it a casement in a castle-wall looking out upon some ivied, owllet-haunted turret. Next morning the farmer was astir at daybreak, lighting the kitchen fire, and then attending to "the chores," his advent in the farm-yard heralded by the squealing of pigs and the gabbling of geese and turkeys. His wife also rose and began preparing breakfast,—although past seventy, still scorning the presence of "hired help" in her domains.

Breakfast was served at seven. A city epicure, though under the dominion of French cooks, might have done justice to the bill of fare, sweetened as it was by the grace of hospitality and the sauce of appetite. The quaint Dutch dishes that graced the table would have excited a collector's envy. They held country sausage and home-cured ham, mashed potatoes, head cheese, wheat and rye bread, golden butter, buckwheat-cakes, cider, apple-sauce, coffee, milk, and wheaten grits.

At dinner a genuine Dutch dish—

rolachies—unknown to Yankee palates was served in honor of the guest. In preparing them, the housewife takes fresh beef and tripe, cuts them in small pieces, mixes, and preserves with spices and vinegar. When desired for the table, the compound is warmed in the frying-pan and served hot. Judging from the writer's experience, one must be to the manner born to fitly appreciate it.

The driving storm prevented our attending the preaching-service held each Sabbath afternoon in the one little chapel which the hamlet boasts; and, as there were few books in the house, the afternoon, like the preceding evening, was spent in labors of the tongue. The farmer's reminiscences now assumed a personal complexion, however, and before night came the guest had heard the personal history of the host and his family as well as of his immediate neighbors. In politics he was a Tammany Democrat, in religious belief a Quaker, but his wife, unfortunately, being a Baptist, they had compromised, and attended the Methodist meeting together. He had never journeyed by rail or steamboat, and the farthest limit of his wanderings was the great city, whose lights were reflected on the clouds at night, barely twenty-five miles away.

Next morning the floods had abated, and the farmer volunteered to drive his guest through the mud and snow-drifts of the country roads to the station. Old Dobbin, a staid, fat, sleek farm-horse of twenty summers, attached to the stout square box-wagon that bore the farmer to church, market, and elections,—the only occasions of his going abroad,—was brought to the door. It was long years since Dobbin had alarmed his master by any faster gait on the road than a walk, and he was a weary time making the five miles to the station. Arrived there, the townsman bade his kind entertainer good-by, and sped away cityward, well pleased with his novel experience, but not at all desirous of exchanging town for country.

C. B. T.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Short Biographies.

"Bentley." By R. C. Jebb. (English Men of Letters.) New York: Harper & Brothers.
 "John Quincy Adams." By John T. Morse, Jr. (American Statesmen.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

THE modern Plutarch has a wider range and a less definite object than the ancient. He does not limit his studies to statesmen and warriors, nor seek to hold up shining examples for imitation. The whole field of human life and action is open to him, and he is content to instruct and amuse without kindling enthusiasm or exciting emulation. It is only necessary that his subject shall be one in regard to which some curiosity exists, and that it shall be so treated as to give the essential facts, the "latest results," and the most authoritative views in a clear and agreeable style and in a compact form. A like process of condensation is going on in most departments of human knowledge and even of pure literature, with the probable result that the libraries of the future will consist wholly of hand-books and selected specimens. What further degree of sifting and fusion these may receive must be left to the imagination.

Mr. Jebb's "Bentley" seems to us the most interesting volume of the series to which it belongs. That this should be the case is certainly remarkable. To most readers Bentley is a mere name, with the single association of a reputation for scholarship in a field in which scholars only can appreciate his services. But this fact of itself gives a novelty to the subject that cannot be expected in the biography of a popular author. Then his work was that of a pioneer and an original genius, and its scope and spirit may be comprehended apart from specific results. He took also a prominent part in contests and controversies which, if they have no bearing on the life and thought of the present day, contribute to our conception of his own period. Above all, "everything that he did or wrote bears a vivid impress of personal character. The character may alternately attract and repel; it may provoke a feeling in which indignation is tempered only by a sense of the ludicrous, or it may irresistibly appeal to our admiration; but at all moments

and in all moods it is signally masterful." It is, in fact, a character that belongs to a well-known English type,—the same type to which Johnson and Swift belong. Less lovable than the former, less repellent than the latter, Bentley exhibits the same strength of fibre, the same stubbornness and pluck, the same clear-headedness and wrong-headedness, the same keen sense of humor and deficient sense of beauty. He is a striking figure that well deserved to be drawn from obscurity and set in its appropriate place. This has been done by Mr. Jebb in a manner altogether admirable, with full knowledge, adequate sympathy, rigid impartiality, and great ease and deftness of handling. The book is, indeed, a model of clear and flowing narrative, including all that was needful in the way of criticism and elucidation, without any obtrusive mannerisms of thought or style.

We can give almost equal praise, so far as general treatment is concerned, to Mr. Morse's biography of John Quincy Adams. Here, indeed, the task was a much easier one, for it required no special or technical equipment: the subject has direct and close relations with contemporary history, and Mr. Adams's Diary supplied the fullest material in regard to his career, and a revelation of character that left no obscurities. In both the character and the career there is much more to admire than to condemn; but that isolation which deprived Mr. Adams of all personal sympathy during his life exerts its influence still on both the biographer and the reader. Some people, it is to be feared, may draw the conclusion that high-mindedness and a thorough knowledge of affairs make no proper outfit for an American statesman,—that a flexible conscience and a talent for scheming are the main requisites. The truth is, however, that Mr. Adams had himself an utterly unsympathetic nature. He was incapable of warm attachments, devoid of tolerance or charity, and without pleasure in social intercourse. He had no friends, no associates, no followers, and he wanted none. At times, indeed, he seems to have been depressed by a sense of loneliness; but he had no suspicion that the fault, or any part of it,

lay in himself, and he was in his proper element when engaged in a single-handed conflict with the many. Yet the obloquy of which he was so long the object was mostly factitious, and gives no true indication of the sentiments entertained toward him by his opponents. His character as well as his talents extorted their respect, and it is probable that any real feeling of personal bitterness that existed was chiefly on his own side. Looked at from our present stand-point, there is something remote and star-like in his unimpeachable integrity, his independence of party, his devotion to the public interests, his lofty abstinence from all self-seeking, and his unswerving maintenance of the right. Nor can it seem otherwise than remarkable that, with such qualities and such defects, he should have filled nearly every post which is an object of political ambition, while it is, as Mr. Morse remarks, "a striking circumstance that the fulness of greatness for one who had been Senator, Minister to England, Secretary of State, and President, remained to be won in the comparatively humble position of a Representative in Congress."

Recent Novels.

"The Revolt of Man." (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"Marion Fay." By Anthony Trollope. (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Prudence." By Lucy C. Lillie. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Dorothea." (Round Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"Dick's Wandering." By Julian Sturgis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MODERN satirists seem to find a curious fascination in pushing to the extreme of development certain theories and experiments in vogue at present, and, by fixing the date of their chronicles some two hundred years in advance of our times, are able to show the logical results of ideas now permeating society with their hidden and dangerous leaven. Thus, in "The Revolt of Man" England is supposed, about the year 2100, to have arrived at the climax of the power of the Perfect Woman. The fair sex have not only usurped all executive, judicial, and legislative functions, but morally and intellectually have reduced man to a state of flaccid obedience. Even the traditions of his whilom power are lost. All robust masculine literature, vivid and creative art, spirited and moving drama,

have been replaced by feeble feminine productions, which, without humor, pathos, or power, aim only at offering types of dominant woman and degraded man. Men have lost even the instinct of self-defence. A long course of servitude to elderly wives has dwarfed their courage. Women are unable to marry until they have achieved success in their professions and are able to support a husband: accordingly, a woman of forty is apt to be on the outlook for a husband of twenty. It is this horrible ordeal which finally fires the youth of England to revolt. Lord Chester, an audacious young fellow of twenty-two, falls in love with his cousin the Countess of Carlyon, a cabinet minister of twenty, instead of yielding to the passionate solicitations of a duchess of sixty-five, who demands him for her fourth husband, and the Perfect Woman's government totters to its fall. The story is sufficiently amusing. There is a certain perplexity in the reader's mind as to whether some of the superfluous and extravagant suggestions are mere burlesque or are supposed to be logical deductions from present inchoate ideas. The mystery of the absolute subjugation of the present tyrant of the world, with his massive capacity to reduce the weaker creature by knocking her down, is left a little too much in the dark. Somebody has said that, given "matter and a push, it would be easy enough to make a solar system;" and, no doubt, man once dominated might be kept in subjection,—but how to dominate him?

Mr. Anthony Trollope has ostentatiously lamented that Thackeray did not write more,—that in his career there was a lamentable deficiency of "elbow-grease." But Mr. Trollope's admirers are forced to lament that some very clever novelists may write too much. It always seems right and meet that we should find plenty of commonplace in Mr. Trollope's books, but, as a rule, we have been compensated by touches of humor, a *vraisemblance*, and a wide humanity which moved us to lively interest. "Marion Fay" is a story of the son and daughter of a marquis who, after playing the rôle of a Liberal in his youth, is confounded in his age by the actual radicalism of his offspring. The obvious conclusion in the reader's mind is that Mr. Trollope wished to make everybody avoid the insanity of radicalism, and so has grown to wish to divest Lord Hampstead and Lady Frances of the least power of charming. There is, in many situations,

a demand for sweetness and pathos, without any answer save insipidity and verbiage. In *Lord Llwdythlw* we find a touch of some of the old power; but, on the whole, the novel is singularly destitute of good taste or fine feeling.

"Prudence," it would seem, ought to have been a satire, for, seriously treated, there is a sort of mental aberration suggested by characters who insist on going drearily through familiar rôles which we have been in the habit of laughing over for a year or two. But Mrs. Lillie's story is, barring the æstheticism, a pleasant little history pleasantly told. Prudence herself is too pretty not to be charming in spite of her follies. The actual heroine of the book is Helena, who misses Prudence's beauty, her success, the love bestowed on her, but at least has the gain out of her loss in the comprehension of certain truths and realities which the gay little title-heroine never guesses at. This is another of the many books in which an American girl crosses the Atlantic to conquer.

"Dorothea" is a reminiscence of the Centennial Exhibition, and an arabesque of love-story runs through the experiences of three or four people who visit the "Main Building" and "Agricultural Hall," make sketches of the droll and the picturesque, and write newspaper accounts and have surprising adventures in consequence. The story is slight, but pleasant and readable.

Into the making of Mr. Sturgis's agreeable novel have gone vivid and picturesque experiences, knowledge of the world, and remarkable freshness of feeling. A certain sketchiness and lack of completeness only slightly mar the effect, for the author's strokes are very neat, delicate, and suggestive, and the reader's imagination is captivated by the ease with which it follows up the clues presented, hears what is left unsaid, and gains glimpses of what is beyond vision. The canvas is a tolerably broad one, and is filled in with people drawn with keen but at the same time very kindly insight, and one carries away a distinct mental picture of even the unimportant characters. Mr. Kirby, the politician, who resembles to a remarkable degree the typical American politician,—Mr. Cavendish Tisley, of Damascus, who has mastered the Eastern question,—Ossie, the delightful naughty boy of the story,—Lady Raeborough and her unamusable husband,—Mrs. Hurte Parkinson, whose

husband is mythical,—and the like, have the reality of people one has met. The career of a young gentleman of fortune has long been a favorite theme with English novelists, and Mr. Richard Hartland's experience is not exceptional. His wandering is not far outside the safe places his mother would have appointed for him, although he makes the maternal heart palpitate a little by having some private views of his own which appear to her revolutionary. The ease with which the young man acquires what seem to him tolerably clear ideas of life and men suggests the necessity of his making over the world without loss of time. Mr. Sturgis's genial optimism does not allow his hero many abuses to correct. An Irish estate, for instance, would have set Dick to work on a basis which required the exercise of his full energies, and perhaps have taught him that schemes of perfection cannot be summed up in single sentences. But, although Dick's soul is engrossed by great duties and high questions, his time is chiefly taken up with fascinating young people who are very charming and very witty and waste their strength on trifles. Dick's entrance into society and bedazzlement by feminine beauty, feminine hues, and feminine inconsistencies are gracefully given. He encounters all the mingled fascinations of the sex in his cousin Betty, whom he enjoys scolding, without once guessing that, as he is afterward informed, "when a young man scolds a young woman it's a flirtation." Betty's marriage puzzles him, particularly when she tells him afterward that she had expected him to save her from it. "Probably," he tells himself, "she had meant nothing. He was beginning to think that half the words of women meant nothing. Perhaps they made a mystery about themselves with strange speeches, as the hunted cuttle-fish darkens the water about him with an ink-like fluid. Wonderful are the ways of women and of cuttle-fish!" His cousin Betty had taught him to look for mystery in women: hence he was unprepared to find direct simplicity in Miss Kitty Holcroft, a charming Boston girl with whom he travels in the East. The story of this acquaintance is well worth reading, and we do not recall an instance, outside of Thackeray's books, of a young man's falling in love more consistently, inconsistently, and naturally than in Dick's case.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1882.

ST. JEROME'S DAY WITH THE PUEBLO INDIANS.



THE NORTH PUEBLO, TAOS.

IT was in the dusk of evening on the 28th day of September, 1881, that a party of ladies and gentlemen arrived at a little railway-station in New Mexico, called Embudo, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, thirty miles from the Pueblo de Taos, and fifty miles north of Santa Fé. For a night and day we had been passing through Southern Colorado,—a journey which a few years ago would have been looked upon as hazardous and toilsome in the extreme. At present it can be made not only comfortably but luxuriously. A special car had been placed at our disposal at Colorado Springs, and in this we lived: it was our movable house of supplies.

Profiting by the experience of some of the party who had been in this region before, we had provided ourselves with sufficient provisions to last us for five days. The road carried us over the Veta Pass and across San Luis Park to Antonito; thence, skirting the base of San Antonio Mountain, it passed over the great lava-plain of the Black Mesa, and descended nearly one thousand feet by steep grades and winding cañons into the dark gorge of the Rio Grande del Norte.

The *fête* of St. Jerome at the Pueblo de Taos is held annually on the 30th of September, and Indians from nearly all the Pueblos in the Territory, as well as a

considerable number of Apaches and Utes from their more distant reservations, meet together on this day. This half-barbaric and half-religious festival is rarely witnessed by persons outside of the surrounding country: therefore, to eyes unaccustomed to seeing Indians in gala-dress in their native villages the spectacle could not fail to prove attractive. The night of our arrival at Embudo was passed very comfortably in our car, which had been switched on to a side-track, the rest of the train going twenty-five miles farther south, to Española. After a hasty breakfast next morning, we made preparations for the day's ride to Fernando de Taos, a small Mexican town, three miles from the Indian Pueblo. By a previous arrangement, wagons had been sent over the day before from Taos to await our arrival at Embudo.

On stepping upon the platform, our eyes fell upon the sorry-looking teams (the best the town afforded) which were waiting to convey us across the country. However, no time was to be lost in lamenting: lunch-baskets were hastily packed and stowed away under the seats, and blankets were unrolled and spread out in lieu of cushions, for the wagons had neither springs nor covers. When all was in readiness, the two stronger teams were started in advance, taking more than their share of the load, the third and weakest following. The horses, after making several efforts to go forward, soon came to a stop. We had now our first experience with Mexican horses and harness and Mexican roads. Evidently the horses were not acquainted with each other, and had made up their minds not to pull together, for, after a series of jerks and lurches, which made us feel uncertain whether we were going backward or forward, one of them suddenly stopped and refused to pull, while the other, trying to do all the work alone, succeeded in breaking the harness, which fell in pieces about its feet. We were still, fortunately, within sight of the station-house, and our shouts brought a man with straps and ropes, with which the damage was quickly repaired. With

vague misgivings whether we should reach Taos in time for the festival the next day, we started forward once more.

The road, following the river in its winding course, led us over rocks and boulders which had fallen from the mountain-sides and in some places seemed almost to block the way. Wherever there was a little spot of land which could be irrigated we found small, one-story, comfortable-looking adobe houses, many of them surrounded by flourishing orchards of apples, peaches, and plums. It was the season of fruit-drying: spread out upon the roofs all these fruits were in various stages of drying, while great strings of scarlet peppers were hanging from the gray mud walls. Their brilliant colors could be seen for many miles in the clear atmosphere of this high altitude, and many were the exclamations, "How beautiful!" "What is it?" "What can it be?" sent back and forth from wagon to wagon, until, on a nearer approach, the mystery was explained. Sometimes we stopped and bought fruit which a mild-eyed Mexican picked fresh from the trees while we waited.

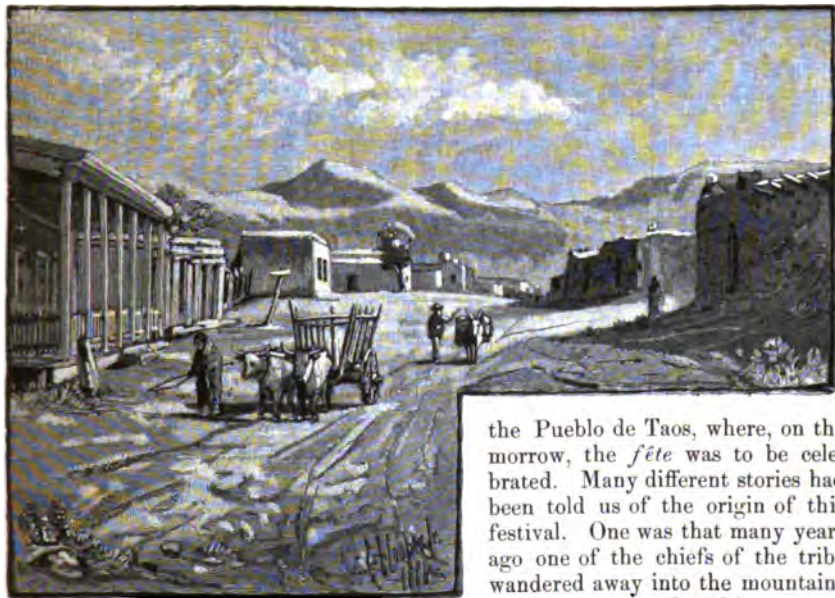
The first frosts of autumn had already turned the green leaves of the cottonwood to a golden yellow, and here and there the American ivy twined its crimson tendrils. These bright colors contrasted and harmonized with the dark green of the piñons and the gray sagebrush which grew thickly about their trunks. Every turn in the road was a fresh surprise to us. On either side the frowning mountains shut us in, and at our feet the Rio Grande rushed and tumbled in white foam, or rolled in deep silence in its smooth bed, as blue as the sky over our heads.

We rode a dozen miles through these picturesque surroundings, until we reached a little cluster of mud houses, called "Cieneguilla" (little swamp), so named from the green spots of earth moistened by the streams trickling down the mountain-sides. A little Mexican boy, with a baby hanging from his back in a gay shawl, ran out of an *adobe* to watch us as we passed. He opened his

black eyes wide and showed his white teeth when we tossed apples to him, and the baby dangled from side to side as he ran to pick them up. At this settlement the road leaves the valley and the river and begins to climb higher to the table-land above and before us. For two hours we went steadily forward over steep, long hills and into sandy valleys. This was a severe test to our worn-out,

ill-matched horses, which wavered and stopped often, although they were a great part of the time pulling empty wagons.

At last we reached the top of a high mesa (table-land), and were well repaid for our long toil by the grateful shade of the piñons and the deliciously fresh and balsamic air which filled all space. New and distant groups of mountains



STREET IN FERNANDO DE TAOS.

appeared and disappeared from time to time as our road, winding through a grove of pine-trees, shut out the view. Then we descended a long hill into the cool shade of the *arroyo honda* (deep ravine), where we found the rest of the party already seated beside a stream of water, taking their lunch.

We were glad to join them and refresh ourselves for an hour before beginning the long climb up the hill on the opposite side of the ravine. From the top of this hill, although many lower hills and valleys intervened, we could see in the hazy afternoon light the mud walls of Fernando de Taos, twelve miles away, and still farther off, closer to the mountains, a dark line of tree-tops showed us

the Pueblo de Taos, where, on the morrow, the *fête* was to be celebrated. Many different stories had been told us of the origin of this festival. One was that many years ago one of the chiefs of the tribe wandered away into the mountains and never returned, and in memory of him absent Indians return to the

Pueblo. One is led to believe that the priests have told the Indians of St. Jerome's wandering and fasting in the desert, and for this the young braves fast through the twenty-four hours of the saint's day. Religion and barbarism are strongly mingled, and saint and Indian share the honor of the wild, weird rites.

It was long after dark when we reached the mud walls of the town. A few dull lights had been glimmering before us, rather misleading than guiding us through the almost endless windings of the road that led us at last into a dimly-lighted square, on the opposite side of which was a long, low building, which from the bustle and moving lights

before the door we judged to be the hotel. The cheery host came out to meet us, holding the lamp high up over his head as we were helped down from our cramped positions, and showed us into two large, comfortable rooms, where bright fires of piñon wood were burning in the queer little corner fireplaces. Snow-white beds were ranged around the walls, and everything had an air of comfort and neatness which we had not expected to find in such close proximity to an Indian village. Our companions had arrived some time in advance of us, had had their first sight of the Apaches, and had also received an invitation from the Mexicans to the "grand ball" which was to take place in the evening. After supper we strolled out, our host leading the way, to a large hall, where we found the dance already begun.

The young *caballeros* were leading their favorites out to dance, rows of women and young girls were seated on benches around the room, and on a platform at one end sat three musicians, making rather doleful music with two violins and a horn. We took our places on the benches and watched the solemn scene. Instead of the light fandangos which we had hoped to see, there were only monotonous quadrilles, without grace or life; not a word was exchanged, not a smile passed over the ladies' faces, as they stood waiting for the dance to begin. After each dance, the ladies were quietly conducted to their seats, and the young men, disappearing into another room, soon returned, each with a saucer of candy, which he emptied into an outspread handkerchief in his partner's lap. We visited two or three such ball-rooms, and, finding the dances all of the same spiritless character, were glad to return to our hotel to rest for the night.

The stillness and beauty of a morning in New Mexico are almost indescribable. Those of the party who had been in Egypt compared the clear sky and the still air to a morning in that land. The inhabitants seem to imbibe this stillness into their natures, for a Mexican is never known to hurry or move quickly. On

this particular morning, in spite of the dreamy influence of the atmosphere, it was necessary for the Americans to show their natural quickness and efficiency in providing for an emergency by securing, without loss of time, two large farm-wagons and two Mexicans as drivers, and we soon joined the motley crowd wending its way up the lovely valley of Taos.

This is one of the most productive valleys in New Mexico: it is well watered by clear streams flowing down from the mountains, and has long been noted for its large production of wheat. For almost three centuries the Pueblo Indians have cultivated and irrigated the soil. Historians tell us that at the time of the Conquest the Spaniards found them living in towns and villages, skilled in the manufacture of pottery and the weaving of blankets. They are supposed to be a remnant of the ancient Aztec race, and they themselves claim to be descended from Montezuma. From him they learned to build their *pueblos* and *estufas* (or secret council-chambers under the ground), where their sacred fires are still burning. Although they live in friendly relations with the surrounding inhabitants, they never intermarry with nor adopt the habits of the people about them. The land farther down the valley, cultivated by the Mexicans, has been given to them by these Indians; the blankets, as well as many of the cooking-utensils, used by the former, have been made by them also.

Our good-natured driver, after repeated urging from the impatient party he was conducting, seemed at last to catch the same restless spirit, and hurried the mules forward at a smart pace. From by-ways and lanes, over low corn-fields, men, women, and children were hurrying forward, bearing down upon the main road, which led to the entrance of the Pueblo. A Mexican woman in a bright orange-colored dress galloped past us, boys on donkeys were hallooing and urging their beasts forward by persistent pounding with their heels, and one woman, who seemed determined to get there before any one else, rushed past on a fleet horse, riding on a man's

saddle, without foot in stirrup, keeping her seat well.

We were now near enough to hear the beating of drums in the plaza, and, after passing the little church on the right, in the belfry of which an old Indian was standing, ringing the bell by pounding upon it with two small stones, one in each hand, we entered the square, where a strange scene burst suddenly upon us. We were bewildered and dazed by the sights and sounds about us. On the topmost roof of the large Pueblo to our left, Indians were standing, some of them motionless as statues. Others were leaning against the gray walls of the chimneys, in scarlet blankets, with their arms folded across their breasts. Squaws and little papposes were sitting or standing in groups looking over the parapets of the different stories. All was con-

fusion in the plaza. Every time the bell was rung, four Indians guarding the church door fired off their guns close to our ears with deafening sound. Indians were constantly passing before us, dressed in handsome beaded jackets and leggings and gorgeous in paint and feathers.

We now discovered that close beside us Mexicans and Indians were trying to raise a pole, and at its foot a lamb was lying, its four feet bound together. When the pole was firmly placed in position the lamb was hoisted sixty feet into the air and left to hang in the fierce rays of the sun as an offering to Montezuma. We hoped that the poor creature would soon die, and when we saw it motionless hours afterward, we believed it to be dead, and were satisfied. Our astonishment was great when we learned that after it was taken down it quietly walked



SAN STEFANO DE GUADALUPE, FERNANDO DE TAOS.

away, apparently unharmed. Barbarous as this seemed at the time, it did not compare in cruelty with the wicked sport of the Mexicans, who introduced their game of riding after and trying to catch chickens without dismounting. A hundred horsemen would dash madly up and down before the Pueblo after one poor chicken, and, if three or four riders seized it at the same time, it would in-

stantly be torn to pieces amid the shouts of the crowd. It was even dangerous to attempt to cross the square at such times, as the horses, driven into a state of frenzy by the harsh use of spur and curb, could not easily be checked in their mad course.

We turned from this sight and climbed the ladders to the roofs of the Pueblo, preferring to talk as well as we could by

means of signs, with the help of a few Spanish words picked out of grammars on the journey, with the dignified Indians who watched what was passing below. About five hundred Indians live in the two buildings. The smaller and less imposing one stands opposite to the other, a few hundred feet away, separated by a shallow stream of water, over which two stout foot-bridges are laid. Mexicans and Indians fearlessly rode over these. A drunken Apache riding behind another Indian toppled so from side to side that we expected to hear him splash in the water, but by some wonderful skill he kept his balance and reached the other side safely. It must be said to the honor of the Pueblo Indian that he is rarely seen intoxicated. Drunkenness is punished very severely by the *alcalde* of the village. Through square holes cut in the dirt roofs we descended by means of ladders into the cool, clean chambers within, where everything was extremely neat. In the corner of a kitchen a pretty squaw was stewing some peppers for dinner. Her fat old husband was seated on a bed in the adjoining room, and motioned to us to take seats beside him. He was the only Indian who asked for money. It pleased the squaws when we admired their babies, some of whom had round spots of red paint on each cheek and one in the middle of the forehead, and all of them were decked with beads and bracelets. We knew by the firing of guns and the beating of drums that other ceremonies were being performed which we must not miss. On stepping out upon the roof, we saw a small procession coming out of the church. An Indian was carrying the little wooden image of St. Jerome, while four others held a canopy over it. They were preceded by the French priest of Fernando de Taos. After crossing the square, they entered a pavilion of logs shaded by branches of cotton-wood, which had been erected near the large Pueblo.

A party of young braves now came out of their *estufas*, each holding a branch of cotton-wood over his head. They came forward with a sort of

shaking step, accompanied by a chant, and crossed the bridge, where they met those who were to be their competitors in the race. The two bands took their places and waited for the signal to start. All were naked with the exception of a cloth around the loins, and were painted in gray and brown colors, sometimes half the body brown and the other half gray, whilst their faces were painted white. Many had bracelets of feathers around their ankles. The governor of the Pueblo, wrapped in a scarlet blanket and carrying a silver-headed cane in his hand, walked up and down the line, making the way clear for the runners, who stood barefooted, the right foot poised upon a stone, their bodies leaning forward and their faces expressing the great eagerness of the moment, whilst they chimed together a low sort of grunt. Little boys placed branches of cotton-wood on the ground to mark the starting-point, and amidst shouts and yells the racing began. This lasted a long time,—until some twenty or more had had their turns. Then the victorious party were pelted with bread by the squaws from the house-tops. With the same step and chant they marched back to their Pueblo, where they were received by their own squaws with more bread and shouts of joy.

All this time we had endured the heat of the morning sun, at times quenching our thirst with delicious peaches of the Rio Grande Valley, which had been carried to the Pueblo in crates on the backs of donkeys. Many of these patient little animals, their backs laden with the fruit, had passed us the day before on our drive over from Embudo. Sometimes they looked like walking boxes, only four feet and two long ears being visible, and often added to this weight a lazy Mexican would be seated on top. When it was announced that the ceremonies would cease for two hours, we were glad to get into our wagons and drive to the sacred grove a short distance off, where under the shade of superb cotton-woods and beside a delicious mountain-stream we ate our lunch. The dim sounds from the Pueblo reached

our ears even in this retired spot, and we were drawn by a strange fascination to return before the two hours were ended. The frightened screams of our Indian boy made us turn quickly, and, crouching behind some donkeys standing near the corner of the Pueblo, we saw about a dozen newly-masked Indians, painted in gray and white and trimmed with feathers. Bunches of stripped corn-husks were tied and twisted into strange shapes on each side of the head, more resembling the antlers of deer than anything else. Some of them had painted their faces in white cross-bars, which made their expression all the more hideous through this grating. These, although harmless, were the most repulsive Indians we had yet seen. They came stealthily forward on all-fours, making horrid grimaces and uttering low guttural sounds. They drew near an unsuspecting fruit-vender, and, before he could protect himself, they had seized the nearest fruit. One ran off with both hands full of grapes, another clutched at the peaches, and the leader (as he appeared to be) decamped with a box of apples on his shoulders, where, behind the wall of the Pueblo, they ate the stolen fruit as fast as they could devour it, and soon returned triumphantly with the empty box. These tricks were often repeated, no one daring or caring to make any resistance. An Indian boy happening to be in their way as they crossed the plaza, they picked him up (in spite of his kicks and screams), ran to the bank of the stream, and threw him in. His mother, seeing this from the house-top, came down and gently led him home, while he was trying to wipe his face on his wet shirt, the only garment he wore. In the midst of these wild antics they spied the white faces in our wagon, and in a moment we were surrounded by the disfigured creatures. They came so near as thoroughly to frighten some of the ladies, making pretence to kiss and embrace us: although they held up their hands within a few inches of our faces, they did not dare to touch us, but looked at us and grinned like monkeys.

They were off as quickly as they came, seeking some new sport. One of their favorite amusements was to sit upon the ground in a circle and chew green peppers; then they would interlock themselves like writhing serpents, swaying their bodies to and fro and howling. This would attract a crowd of curious spectators, when, at a signal from their



A PUEBLO INDIAN.

leader, they would all spring to their feet and throw clouds of dust over the unsuspecting by-standers.

The whole afternoon was passed in such sports. Sometimes they imitated a bull-fight, or a cock-fight, or a balky horse. This grew tiresome after a time, and we wandered about, trying to barter with other Indians for blankets and

bangles. We made an old Apache happy by tying a lady's broad-brimmed sun-down under his chin. When told that he was *bonito*, he looked very silly, and smiled as he rode away on his pony, his coarse black locks hanging down from under the brim.

The day was now drawing to a close. The image of St. Jerome had been carried back, to the sound of drum, into the church, there to repose until the next anniversary. We took our seats in the wagons and sat with our faces turned toward the picturesque scene as we slowly drove down the valley. In the background were the Taos Mountains, all aglow with the glory

of the setting sun; close at their foot the Pueblos, gay with the figures of Indians and the golden leaves of the cotton-woods in the sacred grove, were on the right; on the left was the broken and ruined tower of the ancient adobe church, whose date no one knows. The crowds of people passing out and hurrying homeward made a picture never to be forgotten. And, as we crossed the stream on our way back to Fernando de Taos, we could well believe the story told us,—that the young braves stood on the bank morning and evening, singing their plaintive songs and still watching for the coming of Montezuma.

E. T. L.

RUTH.

COME, fair Ruth, as your namesake of old,
And upgather the sheaflets of gold
As they spring from the fields of the sun,
And entwine them with delicate care
'Mid the rays of your gold-gleaming hair
Until they and the sunbeams are one.

Was it twilight,—the hour you were born,—
Or beneath the first smile of the morn,
That your eyes mingle gray with their blue,—
That their light is so bright when they smile,
Yet so gentle and tender the while,—
So uncertain, and yet, oh, so true?

I remember how, once, in a glade,
You, reclining 'neath soft leafy shade,
Had just solaced your soul in sweet song;
All the birds in the branches above,
Gushing forth in light lyrics of love,
Claimed you queen of their musical throng.

Now sweet voice, and bright eyes, and gold hair,
Where'er I may go, they are there.

Ah! believe that I love you in truth:
For your dead mother's love still endures,
And the love that was hers now is yours,
Darling daughter, my beautiful Ruth!

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

FAIRY GOLD.



"OH, MR. HARROLD, WILL YOU NOT LISTEN FOR ONE MOMENT AND HEAR HOW IT IS WITH ME?"—
Page 131.

CHAPTER VI.

THE clock in the church-tower had been striking eleven when Mr. Snow Morris came, and it chimed twelve just after he had left me. Fate had knocked at my door in the interval. My first impulse had been to discern a threat in the advance of this good fortune, and the swift-hurrying crowd of visions the transformation in my destiny brought took on shapes which frightened me. I had, in fact, experienced a burning sense of shame at the thought of accepting a prosperous career under unfitting conditions. Now that I was no longer stunned and blinded, I should have liked to discuss the matter afresh under the new lights which shone more clearly every moment. It may be that Mr. Snow Morris had chosen cleverly his moment to leave me to my own thoughts,—that he understood there

might be a force in his silence which his best eloquence might lessen. It was necessary for me to attain sufficient breadth of vision to grasp present and future realities, and, if allowed to argue, I was likely to be confirmed in my narrow, biassed views.

Certainly, left alone I began to ponder my words and regret the half-defiant, scornful attitude I had assumed toward my uncle, who had longed to do something for his "little Millicent." I realized that a large part of my cowardly shrinking was mere petty fastidiousness. I observed to myself that a haze is perhaps a necessary condition to any seeming grandeur in men's various forms of money-getting. Had my poor uncle been a prosperous grocer, it would have seemed a pleasant thing to inherit his money, although if the exact methods by which he made his profits had been

laid bare I might just the same have experienced a fatal aversion to his clever processes. I only knew the world through the medium of an undisciplined imagination and a flattering fancy. Mr. Morris apparently found nothing in my uncle's career to distinguish him painfully from other money-making men. So long as I had not dreamt of profiting by his enterprises, I had been ready to wear his colors and do battle for him. Why should I set to work to find something equivocal in his antecedents and reject the first generous kindness I had so far met in the world? I had, besides, been ungrateful to Mr. Morris; but he would understand that I had been unable to carry off the burden of sudden greatness with exact common sense and full alacrity of perception.

The pendulum which had first swung violently to the left had by this time turned furiously to the right. I felt my spirits rise. Youth is a believer in sudden and delightful promises, is greedy of novelty, and expects swift and instant happiness to invade its life. How lonely I was! It narrowed my new joys to have no one to whom to confide them. Under the laburnums the two little Martinez were playing in their silent, joyless fashion, piling white pebbles into mounds, as I had bidden them do, obeying faithfully, but glancing toward me in a dreary way from time to time, longing for the signal of release. I called them to me, kissed their heavy lips, and patted their dusky cheeks. I told them all about myself,—about my father, who died suddenly when I was eight years old, and my life with my mother for four years afterward. Then I pictured the little figure in black,—my small, shivering, cowering self,—crouching here on this very bench, all alone, when I first came to the school. I went through all the story of those heavy, childish impressions of trouble, sorrow, and desolation, while they sat on the ground at my feet and looked up speechless with wonder. I began to realize that I was excited. There quivered through me thread-like thrills of anticipation. I told the little girls I was going to be

rich. They stared in silence. My fancies all awake, full-fledged and ready for flying, I declared to them I should travel all over the wide, beautiful earth.

Great tears gathered in their eyes.

"Take us to Habana with you, Mees Amber," faltered Bella, while Anita clung to my knees.

The little creatures were fabulously rich themselves, and wealth could offer them nothing; yet the thought of being free to go and come smote their homesick hearts with a wild longing. Alas! no place was dear to me. The world was all before me where to choose, but no spot was inwrought with tender and clinging memories except this nook in Madame Ramée's garden beneath the acacias.

By the time Mr. Snow Morris came next day, all that menacing, raven-winged flight of evil augury across my mental vision had vanished. Instead of a calamity, I now saw that this new wealth was likely to be a beneficent influence, brightening, widening, releasing me from the sordid fears and petty annoyances which wasted my energies. I dismissed my doubts as belonging to mere weakness, indolence, and oversusceptibility.

"You needed a little time to get used to it," Mr. Morris said, looking at me with his half-smile. "You look radiant to-day. You are certainly the luckiest girl alive,—getting a fortune at twenty, the age when everything is freshest. I shall have to look out for you: able as you will be to put every fancy into practice, you are sure to get into innumerable scrapes."

"And you are really to be my guardian?"

"No doubt of that."

He had a copy of the will in his pocket, and now proceeded to read it out to me. It covered six pages of foolscap paper, in fine, cramped handwriting. It was, it seemed to me, both verbose and rambling, and with elaborate diction went over and over again what was in reality a simple matter. Everything was given to Snow Morris in trust. I was again and again declared to be my

uncle's sole heir. Issue of his body he had none. He had made no marriage but the one which the law had just annulled when the legal proceedings were cut short by his wife's death. All his property, real and personal, after his just debts were paid, was to be held for my advantage. If I married, I became at once mistress of my own estate. In case I remained single, the management was left in the hands of the trustee, and I had control only over the income. It seemed as if in some strange way my uncle had had a foreboding of difficulties which he had made an effort to overcome by the most minute instructions and the fullest particulars concerning his own circumstances and his own wishes. Even after the instrument was finished, signed, and witnessed, codicil after codicil was crowded in, of which I could discover no use, giving directions in case of certain contingencies the very idea of which appeared to my mind extravagant.

"I have tired you out," said Snow Morris, when he was through. "I suppose you never heard a legal document read before."

"Oh, many of them. But I never heard anything so difficult, so formidable, as this. One would think there were a hundred heirs, all eager to push me out of my place."

He was folding the paper carefully. "Whereas," he remarked, "you are the only blood relation Farnham had."

"It seems a pity about his marriage."

"In what way?"

"If he could have been happily married and had children—"

"In that case I should not be sitting here talking to you about this inheritance. For my part, I can't regret he made an unfortunate business of it."

A little terror ran over me at the thought that my advantages were based on a domestic failure. This catastrophe had decided which of my future chances should be used and which fall unspent into the darkness of what could never come to pass.

"Your uncle married a woman by the name of Rosina Boncourt," Snow

Morris remarked, as if it were worth while to offer this explanation. "It turned out badly. She was a frivolous, false creature, wholly unworthy. After her death he had nothing to do with the sex. Still, he never ceased to crave affections which would uphold him in leading a life as good as he knew how to live. Now, a clear-headed, sweet-minded wife, on whom he might have leaned without mistrust, would have been everything to him. However, all that is over. He did not marry again, had no children: hence you inherit all he had to leave."

Mr. Morris had prepared a letter for Madame Ramée, enlightening her concerning my new circumstances. I could imagine her reading it through with a sickening sense of disappointment. My independence was a pecuniary loss to her. For services like mine, which were accumulations of the habits of years, the instinct of dependence, and the desire to acquit myself of every obligation, she would be compelled to pay dearly. I felt almost remorseful that I could thus easily throw off my heavy yoke of servitude. But, in spite of this remorse, the letter was despatched by that day's mail, and I performed my penance by carrying perfection into the least detail of my preparations in the house. Madame was to be at home before the middle of September, and the school reopened on the 18th. There was little chance for idleness and fanciful cravings for me at this period.

Snow Morris came and went for the next three weeks, and sat and watched me at my work. He laughed at my conscientiousness. Under the same circumstances, he declared, he should have washed his hands of all madame's responsibilities. He took an easy tone of railery about duties in general unless they concerned one's self. At first I feared that it was his nature to turn his talents and his ambition exclusively to the idea of rising and ruling and enjoying wealth. In his case this would have been a dangerous force, for he possessed plenty of wit, a fastidious discrimination, and governed most people with whom he came

in contact. But the more I saw him the better I understood that many of his phrases were mere clever talk and had nothing to do with his actual opinions. His real characteristics, I began to tell myself, were sincerity and coolness,—a sincerity which made him instantly reject what he did not want and refuse to be hampered by things he took no interest in, and a coolness which allowed him to use all his intellect, his observation, and his sense of humor in what he was doing.

I liked him very much, but I resented his cousinly overtures. His easy assumption of familiarity, his flatteries, his way merely of sitting and looking at me, had startled a self-consciousness which was not pleasant. He was too good-looking, too magnificent, too entirely the man of the world, for me to be intimate with him. I preferred an attitude of reserve which would prevent his measuring my slight resources too accurately. His experiences so far transcended mine that I realized I must know a thousand things hitherto undreamed of before we spoke the same language. I liked to observe him: there was something almost dangerously instructive in the way he came and took his leave. It savored of teachings beyond those madame had imparted to her young ladies. When he talked to me about the world, I began to feel as if to miss the wealth now within my grasp would have been to miss what was most splendid in life. As I became used to his visits, my repugnance, dread, scruples, connected with my uncle's money, grew dim as old night-fancies of my childhood.

Still, I refused to let myself take over-seriously my new guardian's superiority to what I had so far come in contact with. He was a part of the great pleasure-taking world which I had not yet seen. All the men I had had a chance to know were hard-working, goaded by necessities and sharpened by harsh competitions. Mr. Andrews was terse and frigid; old Mr. Wandelewski, the piano-master, had been disappointed in everything and turned to music for a refuge and a passion; and as for Mr.

Harrold, he had found life too grave a matter to have a grain of folly left in his composition. Now, Snow Morris had considerable aptitude for folly, and I found it very graceful. He could gambol at times, and gambol becomingly,—all the more so because the nature of the lion showed itself in his moods, and, royal although his ease was, one felt the spring behind it.

I often talked to my guardian about his sisters. Fanny Burt had written, offering her congratulations and declaring her intention of returning to New York, in spite of the continued hot weather, just to see me. But I was used to Fanny's promises. She had met me in Switzerland three years before, and had joined madame's party to return to America. She had known me as a child, and I enjoyed her reminiscences of my mother. We swore an eternal friendship; but this did not suit madame's views for me, and once back in New York Fanny utterly forgot me, except for a periodical spasm of cousinly emotion, when she sent me a note and said she was coming to see me in a week. My experience of the world had compelled me to make all sorts of allowances for everybody's mistakes in calculation, their backwardness and necessary hinderances,—except my own. I had been the only person whose duty and performance were to have no limitations and no drawbacks.

But the first of September Fanny Burt came at the hour when I expected her brother. "Have you been looking for me, you dear Milly?" she demanded, putting one hand on either side of my face and kissing one cheek and then the other.

"Not in the least."

"You mean that you are used to my not keeping my promises; but that was because of your horrid dragon. I'll venture to say the apples of Hesperides would still be waving upon the boughs if Madame Ramée kept the gates. She glared at me so when I came, I felt like a house-breaker. And she was always prowling in the hall while we were together, listening to every word.

It used to exasperate me so to see how you were domineered over by that vulgar taskmistress that I could not endure to witness it."

"Dear Fanny, never say such things again!" For, indeed, madame had been very good to me, and I seemed a party to horrible injustice and ingratitude in listening to this.

"Well, well, let us forget it," said Fanny, sitting down. "How thankful I am you are going to be free at last! How coolly you take it!"

"Take what?"

"Coming into a fortune. I remember that your mother had a brother, but I fancied he was a dreadful black sheep. And, indeed, he must have been something of the sort; but, goodness knows, I wish I had such an uncle!"

This stabbed me a little: "I do not call him a black sheep, Fanny."

"No: two hundred thousand dollars and more would make the blackest sheep as white as snow to me. That is right. Stand up for him. He got his money, I dare say, as honestly as Thomas Fox did his. Anyway, so long as a man gets money, nothing else counts. You did not know your uncle very well?"

"I had not seen him for ten years when he came here in June."

"What a lucky chance! No telling where his money might have gone if he had not seen you."

"He had nobody else to whom he could leave it."

She regarded me pensively, her head a little on one side. She was a brilliant blonde, and, in spite of her thirty-six years, looked pretty and girlish. She had been left a considerable property by her elderly husband, who had died twelve years before, but it had been jealously tied up in a way to prevent her giving it to any possible successor. But no disinterested man had pressed a second marriage. Unfortunately, through bad investments, her dower had shrunk in value until she now had less than two thousand a year. This was her grievance, for she had had to struggle and contrive carefully to dress herself and educate her daughter and still live in a

place where the air of the world she loved and pined for could penetrate. "So Snow is your guardian?" she remarked, looking at me with a tender, complacent smile.

"Madame Ramée has to resign her rights first."

"Ah, well, he will be your guardian. How do you like him?"

"I admire him."

"So do I. Are you afraid of him?"

"I think not."

"I am," said Fanny, with a little grimace. "He is clever," she proceeded, "always master of himself, and necessarily a thousand times more master of poor little me. Still, women are always falling in love with him, and he is no end of a favorite with his own sex. I think a good deal of that: don't you?"

"I never had occasion to think about it at all."

"Well, if you ever marry, marry a man who has plenty of male friends. Now, Mr. Burt stood alone. He was dry, pedantic, and terribly dogmatic. No man liked him, and he found fault with every man. That is just the way with sister Henrietta's husband. He is only comfortable in the presence of women: he can domineer over us."

Fanny was habitually candid and autobiographical about her married life, and, lifting the veil freely in her own case, could see no virtue in reticence where the domestic experience of her two sisters was concerned. They were both older than herself, and Henrietta—Mrs. Thomas Fox—was the wife of a man who had made millions in sugars, coffees, and spices, while Alice—Mrs. De Forrest—had married a landscape-painter of considerable repute. Fanny did not begrudge them their prosperity, but the fact that they had advantages enormously beyond her own gave a very perceptible tinge to her feelings toward them. Their superior resources were, nevertheless, the creator and feeder of some of her highest energies. All three sisters were devoted mothers, and there was something almost grandly pathetic in Fanny's anxiety to make her little girl Edith

equal her cousins in cleverness and surpass them in attractiveness. Both Foxes and De Forrests were remote and legendary personages to me, while Fanny and Edith had been more or less in my thoughts for the past three years. So now, when she began to press her claims that I should live with her instead of her sisters, I felt her carefully-accumulated, logical conclusions quite unnecessary. I had, of course, thought more or less about where I was to go when I left the school. Mr. Morris had given no positive opinion, but told me my own inclinations had better decide the matter. Nothing could have suited me better than Fanny's proposal that we should take a "flat" and live together, sharing the expenses while she bore the burdens of housekeeping. "I am a good housekeeper; I really am," she pleaded, while her pretty face took on a delightful glow. "I am just a little extravagant; but you will not mind that, for my extravagances are not mistakes: they come from my love of perfection, of carrying out an idea fully, of adding charm to life. A girl like you needs things right and fitting. I know how to do it. You shall be well set off. My *métier* is being a rich woman, and when I lost it society was the poorer. I declare, when I go to Henrietta's and see how, with all her magnificence, everything is still inartistic and dreary, with no feeling for real elegance, and to Alice's, and find that with the so-called clever society she draws around her there is no *laissez-aller*, no *abandon*, no wit, no actual pleasantness, I absolutely pity their ignorance. Now, I will give you a really charming little home if you will only content yourself with me and Edith."

"I should like it of all things, but—" I was about to add that her brother's decision was the pivot upon which my plans turned, but she interrupted me, as if she feared I were going to bring forward arguments against her.

"Of course," she proceeded, "I am not disinterested; and Henrietta and Alice will tell you I am needy and want to get my living out of you. But who

is disinterested in this world? Henrietta would enjoy having you, because she is horribly dull, and Alice is always running after lions, and would make one of you and give artistic receptions in your honor. Now, the reason I want you is that I need part of your income that I may bring up Edith respectably."

"And I want you, dear Fanny, because I need some one who may instruct me in social ways, fix my standards, save me from blunders. Besides, I need somebody I like, whose society I enjoy, whom perhaps I can love. It flatters me enormously that I have it in my power to be useful to you and little Edith. The thing is, will your brother like the scheme?"

"Mark my words," said Fanny, with a little laugh, "he will like it immensely."

CHAPTER VII.

I COULD not help wondering a little whether Fanny Burt and Fanny Burt's brother had combined to make this little arrangement, and when the latter came that afternoon I asked him if the plan were his.

"No," he replied. "Still, I thought it not improbable that some such idea had brought Fanny back to town before cool weather. Candidly, I think it a capital notion that you and she should live together. It will be a great help to her; but you need not mistrust her motives on that account. Now that you are rich, everybody will want to get something out of you."

"Neither you nor Fanny seem inclined to foster illusions. For my part, I am frankly fond of her and Edith, and shall love to live with them."

"Fanny is fond of you; she will be very fond of you. And she is a sensible woman, and will keep the goose that lays such golden eggs with the best care."

I looked at him with a little indignation.

"You don't like to be called a goose," said he,—"not even a golden goose?"

"I don't like too mercenary views."

"You think me rather sordid?"

"Rather sordid."

"But, if I humored your romantic views, you would be disappointed when you discovered Fanny's dependence upon you in the matter of money. Prepare yourself to be a little hard-hearted where she and Edith are concerned. They will want everything, and will find fault with the universe if they do not get everything. Don't let them make too much out of you."

My experience of life had not prepared me to expect unmixed kindly motives from people in general, but this hard cynical advice revolted me. "Do you entirely disbelieve in disinterestedness, Cousin Snow?" I asked, rather resentful.

"Oh, no. I believe in a great many things I have never seen. Now, you, I fancy, will prove to me that generosity has an actual existence in the world. But then you are rich, and may afford to be large-minded. Becky Sharp said she could be a very good woman if she only had five thousand pounds a year. It never seemed to me a difficult matter for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven: he can do good to those who would persecute him if they had a chance, forgive his enemies who can't hurt him,—in short, cultivate all the finer emotions. But what opportunity has a poor devil like me for sweet thoughts and good impulses? They cost too much. If I had twenty thousand a year secured to me, I might afford to do a hundred things I dare not attempt now. I would be an honest lawyer, a good friend, a kind brother. I would fall in love with a woman, and stake my happiness on the winning of her."

"And aren't you an honest lawyer now?"

"Oh, in your phrase I am honest. I steal no man's money. I rob no widow or orphan. I shall not embezzle your income. But no lawyer can be honest to the fibre of him until he is a great man and may choose his own work."

"I am sure you are a good friend and kind brother."

"Cherish that illusion. Perhaps, too, you believe I am an ardent lover."

"That is a particular experience. One does not expect—indeed, hardly wishes—a man to be always in love."

"I am almost thirty-five," said Snow; "but I have never yet said to a woman, 'Will you marry me?'"

"Nor been in love?"

"I hope I am not such a monster as that. I have been a little in love,—but not like an Antony. Kissing away kingdoms and provinces is all very fine: any man would do it for a Cleopatra; but Cleopatra has not kissed me yet. Nowadays a man wants to kiss himself into kingdoms and provinces. But I have never been able to fall in love with an heiress, and I could not afford to marry a poor girl: so, if my fancy was excited, I looked at the matter philosophically, and said to myself, 'If I were a rich man, that girl would make me a very desirable wife. As it is, her extravagance would dance me to the very verge of the precipice, and keep me balancing there 'twixt safety and destruction the rest of my life.' Then I counted up her charms, deducting the enormous discount due to a certain novelty and freshness which must pass, and the shrinkage in value was frightful. She was no longer bright, beautiful, or bewitching. I seemed to see her old, saddened, querulous,—so heroically resigned her."

"Of course you were not in love."

"I have never been absolutely in love, and have refrained from the mistake most men make of accepting the glimmer of a hand-lamp for the radiance which streams from heaven. I had a training which freed me from sentiment; but I am at heart more capable of deep feeling than other men."

He sat looking at me with a smile half musing, half mocking. His eyes were inscrutable. They had more power than other eyes, and I could readily believe that he had a capacity for simple, direct, and altogether passionate emotion.

"I don't make myself out a fine fellow to you," he remarked. "But then there is a sort of economy of time in these confessions. You might accept me for a

month as a hero, but something would occur to shatter such notions, and you might go to the other extreme and do me injustice. I want you to know me *au fond*: so I will disguise nothing. And whenever you see a fault in my sisters, be certain that in some form or other I have the same. The Morrisises are all alike. There was not, I suppose, sufficient material to set us up each with a distinct character and temperament. Never murmur because you have no near relations who mirror in every sort of unbecoming angle all your secret traits. Our misfortune was that we were poor. Our disease was poverty: we took cold, and it was driven in."

"You were not actually poor?"

"We were dreadfully poor. My father had lived well up to his income, and there was only his life-insurance for my mother and the girls. They contrived to keep up the house and go into society, and by the time the money was spent, Alice was married and helped the other girls to marry. I had ten thousand dollars of my own, and that launched me. It sent me to Harvard, and, true to the family instinct for having the best of everything, I got into the most expensive set, and loaded myself with debts which it took me twelve years to clear off. Often in my dreams now I have that mill-stone of debt round my neck again. But it set me to work with a will to make money, and gave me a cool head and heart before the temptations which assail others of my age. I believed in nothing but money. I determined to become rich; but I did not give my whole heart to the process, and I have not become rich. I make enough to live on, but not enough to feel contented on,—above all, to marry on. It takes all my money to keep up with the men whom I like for my intimates. I am not and never have been extravagant where my personal wants are concerned; in fact, I have never felt free from the necessity for daily self-denial and continual close calculation. I spend from seven to eight thousand a year, and I confess it at times occurs to me I am getting as little for my money as a

man can. Bores and noodles take all the entertainment out of life."

"I would not spend eight thousand a year upon bores and noodles."

"But then you are not much of a Morris, and have not had our experience. Besides, you don't know yourself yet. Rich people are a great deal pleasanter to know than poor ones, and their influence in the long run is something appalling. One first admires costly methods, then one's taste becomes discriminating and exacting, and finally everything seems dwarfed beside the necessity of living in an elegant, expensive, fictitious way. We will see what your strength of mind will prove under the pressure. This winter you will probably like to go out well enough to take trouble about it; but, mark my words, in a year it will not be enough for you to go to the opera, for example. First it will be essential that you are sumptuously apparelled, next that you dine well, and afterward that you are conveyed to the Academy in a comfortable carriage."

"You take the chief end of life to be to—"

"My chief end in life at present seems to be to come over here and waste time," Snow answered, jumping up. "It is settled, then, that you and Fanny live together?"

"You must tell me what to do."

"Don't make me domineering and dictatorial. The danger is that I shall take my duties too seriously. I think too much about you already."

"How can you think too much about me?"

"Easily. Your uncle has given me very limited powers over you," he went on lightly, but with some fire in his eyes. "I have no prerogatives. Who knows but that at this instant you have some love-affair on hand, and that your easy, smiling pretence of obedience covers the intention of marrying a few months hence?" He regarded me steadily.

I laughed.

"Come, now," he said imperiously, "are you heart-whole?"

"Absolutely."

"How many lovers have you had?"

"Lovers? Not one. You don't know Madame Ramée."

"I know men; and I am ready to swear some fellow has been making love to you."

"Never."

"And you are in love with no one?"

"No one."

"That is as it should be. Now, don't fall in love until I give you leave."

He shook hands with me, walked swiftly down the path to the garden gate, and, pausing there, looked back with a brilliant smile. I gazed after him, a little stirred and considerably amused by his words. He had become intimately associated with my splendid prospects; my uncle was by this time a hazy and dream-like personage in comparison, and all the benefits his wealth was heaping on me seemed to come from Snow Morris himself. Now, as I looked after my guardian, I was thinking of my near future, finding nothing doubtful or incomprehensible about it, when all at once I turned at the sound of a footstep, and was confronted with somebody who made everything I had done and thought of late grow tottering and unsubstantial. The past few weeks vanished out of my mind. Snow Morris and Fanny Burt became meaningless, non-existent. I was no longer a brilliant young lady discussing social possibilities from a stand-point of high privilege, but Madame Ramée's assistant who had been exceeding her instructions and was now found out by the person of whom, next to madame, she was most in dread,—namely, the Latin teacher.

"How do you do, Mr. Harrold?" I inquired nervously. "Can it be that you are already back from the White Mountains?"

"For a day," he answered briefly.

"Did the boys come with you?"

"I left them there, camping out." He froze my curiosity by the coldness of his responses. He had stopped short a few paces off. "I cannot think," he now remarked, "how you happen to be so intimate with Snow Morris, the Wall-Street lawyer."

"He is my cousin."

"Your cousin?" It was evident that nothing seemed to Mr. Harrold more improbable.

"You have met Mrs. Burt: he is her brother."

"Positively," Mr. Harrold exclaimed, "you are mustering alarming auxiliaries in the shape of near relations. I used to think of you as all alone in the world."

"And you liked me best lonely and forlorn?"

"I did," said he; but he smiled, and his face softened. "I loved to think that you had nobody to look after you. All these weeks I have been haunted by the idea of you wandering up and down this garden pale and sad. Half a dozen times I have written to you, then have torn up the letter."

"Oh, that was cruel! It would have been such a pleasure to have a letter from you. What did you write?"

He sat down on the bench beside me. I was glad to see him, and, accustomed as I was to regard him like the unquestioned stars in their courses, found nothing to excite conjecture in his appearance. My pleasure in his visit was a little dashed by the consciousness that I was wearing my best summer gown of sheer-white muslin, made with little frivolous frills. But I congratulated myself that my hat was so broad-brimmed that when I drooped my head it shaded my face to the very tip of my chin. It was positively a place of humble retirement behind this flapping edge, and now, when Mr. Harrold sat down and looked at me closely, it was a real resource thus to hide myself.

"Do you really want to know what was in those letters?" he asked.

"Very much."

"Are you glad to see me?"

"Very glad."

"Then why shut away your face? Take off that absurd hat."

"The sun blinds me. At this time in the afternoon it comes round the church-tower and shines just there where the sycamore was cut down last year."

"Nonsense! Look up at me. The sun ~~does~~ not come near us at all. Take off that hat," he ordered indignantly.

I obeyed him. Our glances met, and we both smiled,—I anxious to propitiate him, and he so kindly that I was amazed at the inconceivable charm of his face.

He gave me only that one glance, then looked away as if I had been the afternoon sun and blinded him. "I have thought about you," he said rapidly, "as half broken-hearted. Your look on Commencement-day pierced my soul: it has given me a burning pain at my heart ever since."

"Oh, forgive my sad looks," I stammered.

"I felt," he pursued with a rapidity almost like vehemence, "as a man might feel who had wounded to death some dear and lovely thing. You were already suffering when I dragged you about the garden that night; but, as if I believed a hurt creature ought to die, I stabbed you with that news about your uncle. I cannot forgive myself."

"Oh, sir!" I cried. But he waved his hand imperiously to enforce silence, and I began to understand that he was under the pressure of some feeling which urged him to speak on and be free of his words, heedless of any reply.

"It had been such a wicked, unreasonable jealousy I felt of your poor uncle," he proceeded. "You accused me just now of liking you best lonely and forlorn. It was true. It was sweet to me that in the wide world there was nobody to claim you. I used to tell myself that no happiness was possible for me in this world, and that no girl's heart must beat for me, but at the same time it gave me a thrill of joy to realize that you needed love, care,—just what I longed to give you. And this grew upon me, it became a thirst, a sweet, agonizing thirst; and when you were here with me that night its deep, imperious demand swayed me. Why did I not speak out when I longed to speak? While you looked up at me, it was on my tongue to tell you all; then doubt and hesitation crept into my heart like serpents. I stifled my impulse, and told

you instead that you were expecting your uncle in vain."

I could not avoid thinking faster and seeing deeper than his words as they came to my ears. I was shaken from head to foot by the same terror I had felt that night of which he was speaking. Then I had not defined my impressions, but now a clearer instinct taught me that Mr. Harrold was ready to utter words of love to me. I longed to avert any fuller utterance of his meaning, but my tongue was paralyzed. My eyes rested on his as if fascinated, yet I was conscious of but one longing,—which was to escape from his sight instantly and forever. I vividly realized how powerless I should be to make him understand what was really in my heart. The tyranny he knew well enough how to exert over me might be only too effectual.

"I was under the influence of my dull, unlovely laboring days then," said he, leaning closer toward me. "I knew how to keep a grip upon my heart as well as upon my tongue. Years ago I said to myself, 'I must not marry so long as mother and the girls need me.' And this prohibition has been strong upon me. But once out upon the hills, I rubbed from my eyes the mist of those false ideas. After all, I have a life of my own to lead,—only one life, no other chance. And I want you, Millicent. I want you. Be my wife."

He had gathered both my hands in his. There was such tenderness in his face, I was troubled more and more.

"You will have to live with my mother and sisters," he went on; "but you shall have your own way in everything. Hitherto you have had no such ties, and the relation may prove pleasant. And we may grow richer. I may be able to do everything for you. I have a book in press; it is to be followed by others,—a series of class-books for which there seems to be a demand. I do not count on their success, but the possibility remains. I make a fair income already,—more than three thousand a year. You shall no longer be overworked. And, with you by my side, everything will be easily within my

power. I have had a dull time of it: inspiration has often failed. But now—Millicent, I love you deeply, dearly.”

My face was scorched by blushes. I was devoured by an agony of shame. It was so weak, so unwomanly, so absolutely monstrous, to listen to what ought to have been kept close in the silence and sacredness of so unselfish a heart. How could I ever let him know that I had wanted frantically to stop him from the first moment he began to speak, but that something in his words and look made me love to listen, as if—as if all this love of his had been for some one really worthy and I were hearing the story of it? Besides, I was used to holding him as one in power above me, and I could not easily reverse our places and command him to do this or that. He could have seen nothing of this conflict of feeling in the expression of my face, for, while I was struggling to speak, all at once, with some reiteration of what had gone before, he flung his arm around me and for a moment my head was against his shoulder. I wrenched myself away.

“Do not—do not!” I cried.

“What do you mean?”

“Don’t make love to me,—don’t ever dare to make love to me!” I exclaimed, stung to anger. I had started up, and he, too, was on his feet, standing close beside me.

“My child,” he said very softly, “I was too precipitate. But—but—it is not a new thought with me. Try to think what it means when I tell you that my whole heart is yours.”

“Don’t tell me so. Don’t you understand that I hate it? I would not love anybody for the world.”

He walked away to a little distance: “Do you mean that you cannot and will not love me?”

“Yes.”

He was visibly paler. “I don’t offer you much of a career,” he said. “But surely, Millicent, you have a better chance of being happy as my wife than going on here day after day, year after year?”

I tried to speak, but he rushed on impetuously. “Of course you know nothing

of such things except from books. I dare say your ideas are romantic. So are mine. I see that I have not gone to work in the right way to win you. But circumstances have governed me. I never before addressed a word to you without a suspicion that madame was listening.”

Even now the two little Martinez were solemnly watching us through the shrubberies.

“Wait a little,” said he, with the glimmer of a smile. “Test me. Find out what is in my heart. I have been severe, dogmatic, dictatorial, but I—”

It was all coming over again, and, in view of that peril, I must speak. “Oh, Mr. Harrold,” I cried, “will you not listen for one moment and hear how it is with me? I will not keep you long. I have never thought of love; it has had nothing to do with my life. And now I am so excessively preoccupied—”

“With what?” he demanded.

“I am going away from the school,” I faltered.

“Where are you going?”

“I shall live in New York with my cousin, Mrs. Burt.”

“So that was why Morris was with you?”

“Yes: he is to be my guardian.”

“I don’t understand you. You torture me, Millicent. Speak out.”

“My uncle—who—died—left—me—a—fortune.”

Mr. Harrold gave a groan and sprang up. He was absolutely haggard. “I thought he died poor,” he muttered, “and I thanked God none of his accursed gains were coming to you.”

This cut like a rapier-thrust. “Oh, sir,” I pleaded, “don’t say that! It is cruel, it is unjustifiable. Mr. Morris declares he believes my uncle to have been an honest man.”

Mr. Harrold maintained a silence which crushed me, his face averted. Then, when the pause had told me all his meaning, he looked back, and asked, “How much is the fortune?”

I told him, with an overwhelming feeling of humiliation, all I knew about

it. He questioned me closely on every point, and, without once lifting my head, I answered as fully as I could. He drew from me every circumstance concerning my uncle which Snow Morris had imparted. Then I told him all my plans, withholding nothing, not even the little crowding fancies about trifles which bewildered me. I asked his advice about Madame Ramée, and he made me see my way more clearly. Never had he been so kind. However he may have felt in trying to win me, in renouncing me he was strong, generous, and disinterested.

"I should have expected you to go to Europe at once," he finally remarked. "That is the American method of bridging over all gulfs."

"Cousin Snow says there is time enough for that after I come of age."

"Let me see: you are nineteen."

"I shall be twenty in October."

He was again silent, and the silence tried me. I had a pent-up emotion which demanded relief. I lifted my head, and saw that he was leaning against the trunk of the acacia, looking up at the sky, his face pallid and set. My tears burst forth, and I began to sob in mere over-excitement.

"Oh, what are you crying about?" he asked, with a cool little smile. "What under heaven can trouble *your* peace of mind?"

"You feel," I said, "that I ought not to take this money, and it makes me hate it."

"Don't let my words rankle. A great many feelings were stirred at the news. I spoke as I had no right to speak. I wonder who would refuse a fortune like yours. Let him to whom it has been offered in his dire need and who has found himself strong to reject it be the judge, not I. I have had no such temptations. Of course I begrudge you the money."

This seemed so ungenerous that I gazed at him in astonishment. He returned my look with his cold smile.

"You know little of the world, and nothing of men," said he. "A man who leaves Northern New Hamp-

shire and travels all day and all night to see a woman for a few moments is driven by a strong motive power. Frankly, I wish your uncle had never lived."

I pondered his words in silence.

"But, if you are likely to be happy, I will try to rejoice," he went on. "Wealth has fallen into your lap. Don't let it retard and vulgarize you."

"Retard me? Vulgarize me?"

"Probably you consider this old experience of yours retarding and vulgarizing; but no life full of work, with daily results of usefulness, is either poor or mean. Any existence without some hard tasks, the fulfilment of which means the fulfilment of our highest powers, is too ignoble to be borne."

I listened, vaguely impressed, but hardly understanding. It crossed my mind to wish that Mr. Harrold could instruct a conscience and set it as a constant living monitor over me.

"Money coming just as yours does, stirring some faint doubts as to whether you are doing right in accepting it, ought to be very well used."

"If I only knew how to use it rightly!"

"You will learn if you wish to learn. Your youth is both your good luck and your misfortune. You have enormous opportunities for happiness, but an over-easy happiness brings temptations which involve great dangers to purity of heart."

"You are good to talk to me in this way. I will remember it."

"No," he exclaimed vigorously, with a sudden blaze of color on each cheek, "I am not good. You don't know what is in my heart. Forget everything I have said. Good-by."

"Why do you go away?"

"I am going back to the White Hills. My train leaves in an hour."

He bade me a curt adieu and was off.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE seemed no danger for the few following weeks of my falling into the

meshes of that over-easy happiness of which Mr. Harrold had warned me. By the end of September I was staying with Mrs. Fox, in her cottage near Long Branch, but I had been forced to undergo sharp penances, thorny regrets, and real vexations. I had not counted upon pleasure in Madame Ramée's return, but the ordeal had been harder than I was prepared for. She came back feeling the change in my prospects a clear injury to her. She perpetually rehearsed the grievance of having brought me up like a child of her own only to lose me when I began to be useful; she had, she declared, involved herself in ruinous expenses at a time when she was compelled to look up teachers, each of whom would cost her three times as much as she paid me. All this was inconsistent, the argument wholly against herself, but the logic of it was incontrovertible for me, since it seemed wildly irrational that the world must be altered to suit my demands. All my sunshine was annihilated by madame's manner, which varied from invective to the most insulting politeness. When I was no longer needed, I came away; and the final wrench cost me dear. This had been my only home, and the little girls, at least, had loved me. For days after I left them I heard their voices calling me, and again and again I dreamed of their tears, their caresses, the clasp of their tender little arms. Indeed, at the final moment of parting, I longed to remain; and to have taken up the old routine unchanged and gone on with it would have been mere self-indulgence, and no generosity at all.

The final straw which made madame's load of troubles unbearable she had not thought of connecting with me. Mr. Harrold had severed his connection with the school, saying that, with his increasing occupations as a private tutor, it was impossible for him to lose so much time in going out of town. When I heard of it, I knew, with an overwhelming sensation of shyness and dread, that I was to blame for this as well. His unlooked-for visit, his swift words and instant departure, had not been easy to forget.

However idle and unreal his fancy that he loved me might have been, there was certain to be actuality enough to the wound I gave his pride. I had always found fault with his inaptitude for a little youthful folly, but when his little half-hour of weakness had come I had been not only the cause of it, but the punisher.

The Foxes had been anxious to make acquaintance with me, and had stayed at the sea-side for a month on purpose to entertain me. Their cottage stood on a sandy bluff, with the ocean-tides coming and going at its base. The gales were over, and the water was so placid in its wide expanses it seemed at rest, except for the everlasting surges on the shore. I had gained new lustre in my cousin Henrietta's eyes of late, and she had been quick to offer me a home with her, and had yielded reluctantly to the persuasion that my plans were made. She had, however, insisted upon my spending a few weeks with her before settling down with Fanny, and frankly told me she hoped that an experience of the best of houses, the most liberal of tables, and a full establishment, kept up at the highest cost, might induce me to change my mind and stay permanently with her.

Henrietta had been the last of the three sisters to change her maiden estate, and when she was past thirty had married a bachelor of fifty. She was now forty-five, but seemed younger from the fact of her having children of all ages from six months to eleven years. Mr. Fox was a blooming old gentleman, proud of the fortune he had made, coolly critical of his wife, but adoring his offspring. In his counting-house he was a shrewd, far-seeing man, still devoted to the least details of the business which had made him one of New York's capitalists. In his own house he was a sort of tame baboon, with infinite gambols and perpetual tricks to exhibit his superiority. He had become far richer than he had ever dreamed of being, and it was the most agreeable of mental processes to renew his recollections of his early obscurity. His table was as well

furnished as the markets permitted, but his notions of genial hospitality were not carried out until he had told his guests what his frugal breakfasts and dinners had been at the beginning of his career. He liked to talk to me, and enjoyed presenting himself to my imagination in various aspects,—a barefooted boy driving cows in the country,—entering New York with fifteen cents in his pocket,—and the like. His wife, whose worldliness had always been of the unhesitating and unscrupulous sort, must have been as much diverted by this as by the autobiography of a talking monkey who had in early days swung by his tail in strangely-populated forests; but she was well trained, and always echoed his remarks with an apparent glow of enthusiasm. It was admirable to see her hold without deviation her attitude of wifely sympathy, even when she must have suspected possible ironical remark and adverse criticism. She had made her peace with the conditions of her life. She probably disliked vulgarity and trivial pomposity, but, weighing them against the solid advantages of her lot, she was willing to accept the slight impediment of a husband like Mr. Fox.

It was late in October before I was taken back to town and relinquished to Fanny Burt. The Foxes were reluctant to resign me. They had nothing appreciable to gain from me, but nevertheless they seemed galled by the idea that poor Fanny was to have any widening resources. It moved their admiration that I, a girl of twenty, could command my own life and be able to play with the real affairs of the world so easily. It seemed a great pity that I should throw away my opportunity of living with them and learning to use my wealth. But for my part I was very glad to enter upon new life in the little nest which Fanny had been making. She had taken a flat in a great building called "The Parthenon," not far from Madison Avenue, and a little above Fortieth Street, and here I was to enter upon my actual, beautiful, unfettered life, in which would be nothing to disturb or hinder me. I was a little tired of Henrietta and her

husband, of her phalanx of children, nurses, and governesses. Although I had thrown off my burden, there was still, in some indefinable way, a little burden left. I was a trifle astonished at the persistence of my own personality. I wanted no longer to be the old Millicent Amber, all my nature tuned to the pitch of Millicent Amber's key-note, my mental estate mapped out to cover Millicent Amber's experiences and imaginations, beliefs, desires, loves, hates, disgusts, just what they had been when Millicent Amber was subject to the whims, caprices, and tutelage of other minds. It would be a pity if, with a comparatively unlimited income, one's wishes and needs were to belong to the monotonous and narrow order adhered to when twenty-five dollars a quarter was the limit of one's expenditure. I wanted no longer to be a stoic and bear my obstructed fortunes, restrained activities, unfulfilled wishes, with philosophy, but to put on a court suit and enter upon an impetuous youthful season forgetful of everything save enjoyment. The Foxes had not helped me to outgrow my old self; in fact, without obtruding too strongly my want of family feeling, I must still confess that they had bored me, and old thoughts had taken possession of me and driven out new ones.

"How did you endure Henrietta so long?" Fanny exclaimed, the moment Mrs. Fox had driven away after depositing me at the "Parthenon." "I am sure they made you dreadfully dreary."

"I am glad to get home, Fanny."

"I was not afraid of the temptations they held out. The kingdoms of the world and the glories of them may be dearly bought. When Mr. Fox makes a spectacle of himself, and Henrietta crushes me with her superior knowledge, her infallible methods, my poverty and insignificance seem a blessing. What did you say when she gave you precise directions as to your new duties and requirements?"

"I certainly listened. She was very sensible."

"She knows what is best for everybody. She tells her doctor what to prescribe, she writes voluminous epistles to her clergyman every Monday morning concerning his slips in theology the day before. One person, however, and one alone, she does not instruct, and that is her husband. I don't know how he established his supremacy, but it is fixed. She never differs with him—in his presence. If he made the assertion that all of us Morrisies were convicts, then turned his little round blue eyes on her and pursed up his little purple mouth, Henrietta would abjure her family and remark that Mr. Fox had the highest moral views." This was stating the case boldly. "Well, thank heaven," proceeded Fanny, "that experience is over for you. I shan't domineer over you, dictate to you, wear you out with trivial details. Here is my little Edith: what do you think of her?"

Edith Burt had been standing in front of me, staring hard at me, ever since I came in. She was an overgrown girl, with a heavy, statuesque, but striking sort of beauty and a shambling, awkward movement. Now that her mother drew attention to her, she became crimson and effaced herself instantly. Having disposed of her daughter, Fanny asked me, with easy assurance of my admiration, how I liked the rooms. They dazzled me. At Madame Ramée's I had slept in a dormitory bare of color, eaten in a great, dull dining-room with long, narrow tables, and spent my time in class-rooms destitute of furniture save desks, benches, and a cabinet piano. At the Foxes' sea-side place all the rooms were exquisitely furnished, with the finest mattings, rugs, and chintzes, but cool, grotto-like effects had been studiously carried out, and, in spite of rarity and costliness, there was no beauty. Here were seven small rooms *en suite*, the dark, glossy floors half covered with Eastern carpets, the walls hung with marvellous combinations of reds, golds, blues, and olives, while, to give more color, painted and embroidered screens of the most gorgeous hues

ran around the chief rooms, making a background for chairs and sofas. There were no connecting doors, only *portières* of velvet and tapestry. The seats were so deeply cushioned it was impossible to sit save in attitudes of repose. Every vista was a delight to the eye: plants were growing in pots and *jardinières*, and each corner was a comfortable nook to read or sew or write in. It was a relief when I went to my own room to find it as simple as India matting, a tiny brass bedstead, and a cloud of lace with myriad blue ribbons could make it. It was, however, lined with mirrors, and the ceiling was azure studded with stars. Everything was delicate, luxurious, and feminine.

When I had dressed for dinner, I found that Snow Morris had come and was walking about finding fault with Fanny. "A man would stifle here," he declared. "I live in two rooms each twenty-five feet square. If either of you should put me in a passion, I should open the windows and throw things out, simply to breathe."

"You can stay away with your passions," retorted Fanny. "How thankful I am we have no odious men to stamp round!"

"How do you like this jumble, Millicent?" I told Snow I admired it, and he continued: "They are pushing decoration to absurdity, and beauty to hideousness. After we tire of these dazzling orgies of color, we shall be glad to go back to gray and white. I, myself, furnished your little room. Fanny wanted to make it Japanese, like her own."

"I like mine better. I should have a feeling of perpetual masquerade, living in a tea-caddy like that."

The dining-room was so small that by no stretch of imagination could it be made to hold more than twice our present number with comfort. Yet its antique furniture was heavy enough for a mediæval hall. We ate off delicate India china and fairy-like crystal. Everything was, in fact, ideal except the servant who waited, for, unluckily,

although everything else in these days pliantly answers demand, no invention has yet discarded the human for domestic service, and where the awkwardnesses of humanity are concerned the best æsthetic taste is powerless.

"Are you going to feel at home here?" my guardian asked me in the course of the evening.

"I hope so, when I get used to it."

"That will not be long."

"I am a little morbid, I suppose."

"What about?"

"My old responsibilities haunt me. I feel their pressure more than when they had practical results. They govern my imagination. I begin to believe they have eaten into my most permanent layers of feeling."

"Nonsense!"

"Every morning at five o'clock I start up with a surge of thoughts in my brain which arouse it, knocking at the door of every memory or habit. That used to be the beginning of every day for me."

"You must have something to interest you."

"Madame Ramée's clutch is still on my conscience. I find myself referring my actions to her standards and quaking at the thought of her displeasure."

"It has been a long servitude."

"It is pitifully crude of me to make these confessions to you, is it not?"

He laughed. Fanny was in the next room, writing notes. Edith had gone to bed. I was sitting on one of the deep-cushioned sofas of ruby velvet, and Snow was opposite me.

"Why do you laugh?" I asked him.

"You know the fortune came bringing a sting with it. It makes me a little apologetic, for I can't feel my own absolute right to it."

"I laugh," said Snow, "to think of a girl like you, with youth, beauty, and money, making herself miserable with quibbles of that sort, seeing 'more detraction at your heels than fortune before you.' In a little while you will understand the worth of your wealth better. You have been tortured and refined in that grinding mill until your

senses are almost gone. I must teach you how to enjoy life."

"Oh, I have begun. I like these rooms; I like our dinners; I like Fanny's pretty ways."

Snow thrummed his fingers on his knee. "Were you ever on horseback?" he asked.

"No."

"I will see about your having a few lessons, and we will go riding these fine mornings. Do you dance?"

"Yes, I can dance."

"That belonged to Madame Ramée's course, no doubt. Alas! I no longer dance." He regarded me with so deep and penetrating a look I felt curious to know what thoughts were working in his mind. I waited patiently until he spoke. "Has it ever struck you," he asked pleasantly, "that I am a very generous man to let you enter the great, whirling, greedy world?"

"What was the alternative?"

"I want you to be successful," he went on. "But, at the same time, I hate to think that I am putting my chances of ever pleasing you in jeopardy. When you have ninety-and-nine lovers—"

"I shall not have ninety-and-nine lovers."

"You have got one, at all events," said Snow. He gave me a half-laughing glance, but he looked, nevertheless, intensely serious. He had risen. "I shall stand sentinel over you," said he. "I shall challenge all who approach, unless you forbid it."

I was rather annoyed at his meaning, and still more at my clear perception of his meaning. It seemed a bad contrivance for me to be encumbered at starting with a tacit understanding of what was better left in the twilight.

"Have they not told you," he went on, "that I am likely to make love to you?" I could not deny it, and, still displeased, said nothing. "I shall love you," he said very softly and clearly, "but I shall not make love to you."

I raised my head. "Was it worth while to spoil our friendship by saying all this?" I asked coldly.

"Perhaps not. You see, Millicent, what the drawbacks are of being horribly worldly. All my sisters know that I have said for years that I should marry none but a rich woman. I feel caught in the net of my own words. There will come a time when I shall wish you were poor. But, meanwhile, I am not going to spoil our friendship."

"Don't spoil it," I implored.

"I'll do my best," said he. "Good-night."

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. BURT was no novice in social ways, and she undertook her new responsibilities courageously, but with discretion. People were coming back to town, and among them the triple score of family connections upon whom Fanny could count with assurance. There was no need of any struggle for a place for me. My grandmother had been a Morris and had married an Englishman, by the name of Amber, without connections in this country. The rumor was that I had got a fortune from my British relatives, and this was considered not only satisfactory for myself, but a piece of good luck for Fanny and Edith as well. Accordingly, by the middle of November, sheaves of cards had been left at our door. I rode with my guardian two or three mornings each week, and the rest of the day Fanny and I spent in driving in our little Park carriage or going about to the galleries. There was something mysterious in the eagerness with which Fanny rushed at the fresh piles of cards in the great china bowl on our return. To have these people come was essential: to stay at home to see them was unnecessary and even undesirable. My name was engraved beneath Fanny's on her visiting-cards, and in a week she went about returning these attentions with similar results. I was to adhere to my mourning until after Christmas, to make no visits, and to accept no invitations. As nobody caught sight of me except at church or in a carriage, my seclusion provoked

curiosity, and, after a few weeks, Mrs. Newmarch—the head of the Morris clan, as it were—took pains to come at ten o'clock and sit waiting for me until past noon, when I came in from my ride.

"I wanted to see you, my dear," she said when I entered. "I began to believe you were a myth." With her eyeglass at her eye, she stared at me from head to foot with the most undisguised curiosity. "Been to ride with Snow Morris?"

"Yes."

"It must be a substantial loss of clients for Snow to give up his mornings to you."

I sat down and looked at Mrs. Newmarch, who was a large, awkwardly-made woman, excessively plain, and, to my eyes, abominably dressed.

"I dare say Snow will be no loser in the long run," she went on, with a little chuckling laugh. "Snow is my own nephew, and I am glad to have him ride with you. But he has no right to keep you all to himself. Why can't you come and take a family dinner with us?"

"I don't go out at present. I'm in mourning."

"But your uncle died more than three months ago, and, as he was an Englishman, and nobody knew him—"

"My uncle was not an Englishman."

"I thought, Fanny, you told me he was an Englishman."

"I, dear aunt? I never mentioned him."

"Somebody told me he was an Englishman. I cannot think who it was, but certainly I understood he was an Englishman. However," conceded Mrs. Newmarch, who had been ready to quarrel with us on the question of my poor uncle's nationality, "nothing ought to hinder your going to the houses of your nearest relations."

"I don't want to hurry her, Aunt Maria," put in Fanny: "she has lived so quietly—"

"She seems quite presentable," Mrs. Newmarch was kind enough to say, looking me over again. "A riding-

habit is so trying in the house; but she carries it off very well. You need not be afraid to take her anywhere, Fanny." Fanny sat speechless. "Remember three things, my dear," said Mrs. Newmarch, rising to take leave: "speak well of everybody, but identify yourself only with the right people. Reflect that nowadays no man falls in love except with an heiress. Finally, understand that you can be liberal of your youth and spend it freely, for a rich woman is fascinating at any age. If you act on this, you'll have the best of everything, you'll not be cheated, and you will be a complete success."

The influence of Mrs. Newmarch's visit remained with Fanny, and she decided to put a day on her cards. Accordingly, we were at home on Mondays, and found it not disagreeable to sit in our little parlors and receive the visitors, mostly ladies, who trooped in and seemed to enjoy drinking chocolate and Russian tea out of our pretty cups. The opportunity of meeting me, having been missed so long, was now vaunted as a privilege. Mrs. Newmarch was not the only one who had offered me advice. Fanny had told me never to be afraid of silence, and, when I found myself ignorant as to what was the right thing to do or say, to look rather bored. Mrs. Fox had assured me the safest way was to study the style of some successful woman and mould myself upon her. It saved trouble to run in grooves: no matter what were my private opinions, only those current among the best people were to be uttered. My cousin Alice, Mrs. De Forrest, on the contrary, had studied effects for years, and her advice was to seize the advantage of my unique position and make something intense out of it. I must, to begin with, find out a fashion of toilet striking and becoming,—it might be mediæval, antique, or modern,—and study the style *au fond*. Then it remained to develop a taste in music, in art, in literature, and make the most of it my powers admitted of. Mrs. De Forrest and her daughter Hildegard were at this date Wagnerian and impressionistic.

My cousin Snow had assured me that all this advice was good and I should do well to remember it. But the blending of these different counsels was so paradoxical a matter that I halted in turn before each, putting off my choice until the time for making a choice was gone. I found, too, when the people began to come they hardly inspired me with a wish to efface myself and build up a new structure in my place. I admired very much certain elderly women, who were clever and brilliant and talked with a whim, gayety, and address which was exquisitely feminine at the same time that it was sparkling and rather audacious. This genius for making the most of whatever trifle presented itself seemed to me one of the most fortunate of social gifts, and I was a little amazed to find it unusual among the younger women, who had somehow missed this tone which invests drawing-room life with its highest charm. The girls were beautiful and clever, but few of them possessed the art of being piquant and original without shocking or displeasing, or buoyant and spirited without becoming gushing or uproarious. Some were insipid, but many were desperately in earnest, with a difference in the objects of their ambitions, which ranged through the whole scale of the trivially social to the artistic and philanthropic. They all seemed thrilled with energies which they longed to use, and were enigmas to their graceful, elegant mothers, who found them questioning and insubordinate, disposed to overturn the old order of things appointed for girls without establishing their chances of a new empire. By one of those coincidences which make the world seem small, Marion Hubbard lived directly across the street from us, and, if it had not been so busy a world, we might have seen each other constantly. Among the brighter girls Marion stood rayless and with no special lustre about her circumstances or family connections: she was in no way distinguished. She talked little, for she was not yet in full possession of her powers, and could, besides, accept nothing superficially, being obliged to discover and analyze everything for her-

self. She liked to sit watching and listening, finding society more stimulating when she was a mere looker-on than when she was compelled to play a particular rôle in it.

I was allowed to attend "family dinners," and I was soon initiated into the splendors of the Foxes' town establishment, where the dinner lasted four hours, and where, between courses, we were served with plates to look at of fabulous value, both of rare beauty and ugliness. Having already compassed a satisfactory knowledge of my richer cousins, I had more curiosity concerning the De Forrests. Mr. De Forrest was a landscape-artist of high reputation, and the society his wife drew about her was supposed to enjoy a certain immunity from the trivial and low standards of the merely fashionable world. There were two children, Claude and Hildegarde. Claude was so uncommonly gifted it had thus far been impossible to make him accept any one particular career. He was a painter whose occasional pictures pleased certain critics; he had written a novel, two plays, and a long poem, and was, besides, a shining light in the social world. Hildegarde was more special. She was a beauty. People came to the house to look at her, and went away satisfied. Among those who had gone away was an English lord who had been at first led captive by her charms. The disappointment had not depressed Hildegarde, who was admirably consistent and sensible, and, being statuesque in her style, made no scenes, and indeed rarely spoke. She sang, however, very beautifully to the accompaniment of the harp.

Mr. De Forrest never went to other men's houses, and Mr. Fox, resenting this, refused to have anything to do with his brother-in-law; but my cousin Henrietta met us in the dressing-room. "You will find it a menagerie," she assured me. "Nothing but painters, *litterati*, and 'idea-ed' people generally. However, they will do you no harm, and may do you good by showing you what to avoid."

The house was striking, with fantastic

and rather bizarre effects, and I felt bewildered and a little shy when Alice, after introducing me to her husband, led me to a sort of nook, exclaiming in her emphatic manner, "This is your place. Mr. De Forrest himself arranged this background for you. Now let me see if you do not look charming in it."

I sat down on a little lounge, and Claude came up to speak to me, and brought others; but it was not until I had stolen a look at my "background" that I lost the dread of being a little absurd. I was "grouped," as it were, with a rather tattered tapestry curtain of dull rich hues and a table covered with faded plush bordered with gold fringe, holding two or three battered brasses and a glass jug. These probably harmonized with my plain black-velvet gown; at least they did not embarrass me, and I could address Claude without feeling myself ridiculous. He was a young man of twenty-five, with a beautiful, girl-like face, his golden-brown hair parted in the middle and of unusual length. His eyes were large and rather mournful, but his smile was peculiarly attractive. He spoke in a low, trained voice, with a cadence to it almost a rhythm. I had not hitherto met him, from the fact of his hours not suiting ours, his card coming up usually about an hour after Fanny and I had retired for the night. Now that I saw him, much that had been mysterious in the accounts I had heard of him became easy to understand. Opposite me sat, or rather reclined, Hildegarde, who was dressed in a classical costume of white cashmere, her superb neck and arms bare, the latter manacled with gold bands above the elbow. Her black hair was bound with fillets and displayed to perfection the contours of her small, perfect head. She looked—as she was—a poet's dream.

Mr. De Forrest took me out to dinner. It was fully understood both by host and guests that the object of the symposium was the discussion of matters which led to a better appreciation of literature and art; and this was per-

haps the reason that the general atmosphere was a little depressing. Few could answer such high demands, and, although Mr. and Mrs. De Forrest had a flow of dissertation which never paused, the rest of the conversation was fitful, and, if it once flickered into anything like brightness, immediately went out. The dinner was not very good, although the menu was ingenious and showed vivacity of imagination. Many of the dishes seemed to be experiments out of un conjectured materials, and one was puzzled to know what the compound was, since the result was not delicious. These private qualms probably had something to do with the fact that every one seemed preoccupied. The meal lagged a little. Subject after subject was brought up by the artist, who had an unhesitating, fluent, but rather unintelligible method of presenting his theories which fell with a paralyzing effect upon his auditors, who, after finding that their counterblasts of "Don't you think, sir?" "I have always discovered, sir," and the like, were in no way adequate to stem the tide, subsided into an attitude of hopeless admiration. Mrs. Fox did not talk at all, but tasted her food suspiciously, and took one sip of each kind of wine presented. Fanny Burt was the liveliest person at table, and was evidently rallying the burly critic of *The Forum*, much to her own amusement.

We were glad when dinner was over, and I resumed my "background" with my best air. People began to arrive for the reception, singly and by twos, evidently picked for some particular and special powers. There was a new picture to be looked at, and when Claude came and sat down by me I asked if it were not my duty to go and praise it like the rest.

"No," he answered: "you are fulfilling your mission."

I told him I was glad of that, for so far I had been unable to learn the settled formulas for praise.

"Surely," said Claude, looking at me sweetly, "a candid and unspoiled soul like yours will not use formulas. They rule the world, it is true; but, then, what

is the world? You do not belong to it, nor do I, nor do any of those for whom art was created."

"But it is a matter of convenience to have little phrases," said I. "Most of the ladies talk caressingly, as they would to their dogs or babies. The picture is a 'dear little thing,' 'so natural.' 'Oh, how nice!' 'I quite dote on it.' Others say there is 'plenty of breadth' and 'feeling,' that it is 'conscientious' and shows 'free handling.'"

"Mere catchwords,—terms of trivial praise or caught from hand-books. Such people have to disguise the poverty of their thoughts by speech." He regarded me musingly, then proceeded: "If I painted a picture which was the blossom of all art, I would rather have it locked away from all but two or three than tainted by vulgar and indiscriminate praise."

"I fancied an artist wanted universal tribute, and that coterie-praise meant a mere *succès d'estime*."

"It is the fashion to speak slightly of coteries. But the influences which keep up true standards of taste come from a mere group in every generation. I sometimes fancy it grows smaller and smaller, so great is the mass and so strong the pressure of popular knowledge and ideas. It is difficult for an artist to preserve his honest impressions of what he wants to do, so essential does it seem to execute something which shall please the great, staring, ugly Moloch of a public."

This was new, and his earnestness impressed me.

"I should as soon," he pursued, "think of kneeling before a woman I loved in public and parading my passion in sight of all the world, as of offering some of my sonnets to the periodicals. The bare thought of it makes me shudder."

"But you have written novels?"

"Yes, and have suffered much from what was said and left unsaid."

"How much you have already done! I have heard something of two plays."

"They have not been acted. But then I hardly want them to be acted."

My plays are too severe a test for the resources of any New York theatre. Besides, my characters are despotic: they demand enormous powers of the actors. And there are neither actors nor actresses nowadays, if we except a few on the French stage. Even they are *bornés*."

Snow Morris had come in; I had seen him going quietly about the rooms, addressing here and there a person, and he now approached us. "Most people are a little *bornés*, aren't they?" he remarked to Claude. "Everything has bounds except Miss Amber's powers of listening. She has been absorbed in you ever since I came in."

"Is that a reason for your coming and breaking up our talk?" asked Claude plaintively, but smiled at me dreamily and walked away.

"Handsome fellow, isn't he?" said Snow. "And he is not so bad as he seems."

"He seems to me delightful."

"He represents the reaction from my generation. We were *blâtes*, cynical, materialistic. We had not strong feelings, so we laughed at the idea of them, and dismissed as foolish illusions what we were incapable of. We believed in nothing but amusement, and when amusement did not amuse us we at first accepted that fact as accidental and significant of nothing in particular. When ennui recurred, we thought ourselves growing old, and became sad, bored, and argumentative. These young fellows have the wit to find out that youth must give itself up to something beyond self, must use its strength; but they somehow lack inspiration, and the *élan* only carries them half-way. They want

to see deeply, love strongly; they desire desire, but have to content themselves with imagining it. But they have china and lace-decorated mantles, and are less stupid and coarse than we were. Claude will give you a tea in his studio. I went to one once. The place is a dream. The talk was beautiful, but after half an hour of it I felt as if I must go out for a mouthful of fresh air."

It had become evident to me that there was a little disappointment ranking in Snow's mind. He had done little with his life; commonplace aims and necessities had governed him, and he had soon given up expecting anything particularly good from himself. The acceptance of a low scale of estimates, when one realizes the possibilities of having easily made a high one, is galling.

But I liked him all the better for not posing and attitudinizing like the crowd at Mrs. De Forrest's. We were by no means left to our *tête-à-tête*. There was music. Hildegard sang at the harp, and there was a long piano solo from a striking-looking young man. A handsome woman in red velvet read a scene from a play, and a poet whose name I had seen in the magazines recited some original verses. The effect of actual performance before one's eyes and ears is always to destroy illusion: hence I fear that the performers gained but a limited power over us. One felt hope at the beginning of each new effort, but it always ended just the same. It was all rather poor, and, the moment refreshments had been served, most of us hastened to take leave, unaffectedly wearied out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ADIRONDACK HOME.

FAR off, crossing the vast, dim valley below us, the St. Lawrence River is seen,—a thread of silver creeping through the verdure to the sea.

We are at an Adirondack homestead, where I spend a part of every summer. It is a remote place among the mountains, and just in the edge of the great woods. My brother Edward now resides here.

In the bottom of a deep, wooded valley, through which flows our little river, a quarter of a mile back of the house, is the saw-mill. We (three brothers) built it when we were boys. We still treasure a large flat bottle filled with saw-dust,—the first cut by the saw when the mill was started, more than twenty years ago. In order to comprehend the sentiment involved in this saw-dust, it is important to know that we picked out this place in the forest, and paid for it by our industry, and built the mill, from ground-sills to ridge-pole, including the machinery and everything about it, with our own youthful hands. We were mill-wrights, carpenters, and builders, learning the trades as we went along.

The rest of the farm is now cleared, but we still keep the deep valley in woods, as it was in the good old times. It is a very cool, leafy retreat in summer, and many old associations are connected with it.

Last year, in coming here, I brought with me from the city my office-boy, Salsify Kamfer, aged fourteen, a slim and handsome lad, with a sweet face, brown eyes, and dark hair.

I learned early in our journey that the care of this city boy in the country was likely to be enlivening. Although a docile Sabbath-school scholar at home, and full of good impulses, his city-bred soul revolted against the country. As we left metropolitan surroundings and the railroad dwindled to a single track and the telegraph to a single wire and the stations to mere sheds of rough

boards, Salsify could not forbear expressions of contempt. He also told me very frankly that the people were the most disagreeable he had ever seen. He said they were afraid to talk. When I explained to him that quiet living in solitary places induced habits of taciturnity and reserve, he insisted that it was not reserve, but sulkiness.

The morning after our arrival, when I endeavored to impress Salsify with a sense of the grandeur of the landscape that stretches away to a dim horizon in Canada, he conceded all I claimed for it, but was evidently much more interested in a couple of guinea-fowls that were rambling about the door-yard with the chickens and turkeys. We were informed that these "guineas" kept the hawks off. The harsh clangor of their voices was supposed to have this effect. But Salsify was chiefly interested in the fact that the guineas were great fighters. He remarked that their heads were more like snakes' heads than like the heads of other fowls. When, two days after our arrival, it was discovered that the male guinea had a leg broken and the big Plymouth-Rock rooster had lost an eye in a mutual unpleasantness, Salsify began to manifest for the first time a genuine respect for the country. The female guinea has an ugly trick which interests the boy. When quietly feeding near the chickens, she suddenly brings her reptilian head to a level, pointing toward a chicken, and then, making a rush, strikes the unsuspecting victim. The feathers fly, also the chicken. After suffering a few attacks of this kind, the persecuted innocent begins to limp, and eventually grows weak in the back and dies.

Salsify, in a dim, unconscious way, sympathizes with the guinea-fowls. He admires their neat appearance and their exhibitions of power. They resemble the city demagogue who stands for the boy's idea of a hero.

If Salsify is in fault in his admiration, perhaps I am equally so in mine. My favorite is the tall, gaunt, bluish-gray fox-hound who guards the house and premises. This dog, Plato by name, has an enemy the strangest and most absurd that ever afflicted a quadruped. He has battled with it for many years. The bitterness of these contests has sunk deep into his mentality, and is now apparent in his long, melancholy visage. His enemy is not a burglar or another dog: it is simply and vaguely the thunder of the heavens. Plato's battles with the thunder-storms are widely known and often talked of in the neighborhood. As we came here in the heart of the thunder-storm season, I have had opportunity to see Plato in full operation.

As the first low muttering of a storm is heard, Plato's warm brown eyes, which I have perhaps just then caressed into a peaceful and affectionate expression, darken and contract, the wrinkles on his face deepen, his long, slim tail suddenly becomes a crow-bar, and, jerking away from me and throwing up his head, his mouth opens, and the long, moaning, bell-like note peculiar to his race echoes through the clearing. If he happens to be in the house, it makes no difference: his voice cannot be suppressed. The only relief is to get him out as soon as possible. He is, presumably, inspired with the vision of some grisly terror from the moment he hears the thunder coming. This thing has apparently become the nightmare of his existence.

Having uttered his premonitory howl, Plato's next proceeding is to dash off toward the coming storm as far as the boundary-line of the premises. Here he stations himself, and pours out his soul in long, dismal, defiant notes, facing the storm. As each fresh peal is heard, his excitement increases, until he runs at his utmost speed, tearing from side to side along the line, throwing his head skyward as he runs, and pouring out great volleys of sound against the advancing foe. During these exercises, Plato (who is in all else a very obedient dog) is equally regardless of entreaties and threats, or

even blows. He seems to remember only that the family and the premises must be protected, and that he alone is responsible.

As the storm progresses and crosses the line of battle, a scene ensues generally designated and known as "Plato's circus." It is evidently clear to him that his enemies are upon him and coming in all directions. He turns this way and that to repel and pursue them. The dog's ambition is apparently to catch always the last thunderbolt before it has time to leave the clearing. In this mad pursuit he charges around the house and across the premises in all directions in a howling frenzy of excitement. As the deluge comes down, Plato may be dimly seen through the sheets of water flitting past, drawing himself out into a blue line in his efforts to increase his speed sufficiently to overtake that last thunderbolt. As the bolts come thicker and faster, Plato's howl is sometimes broken short off, ending with a squeak, as he twists himself to a sharp angle, leaving the old and turning to pursue the new arrival. In the midst of such terrors his voice also becomes "choky," and seems almost articulate in its expression, this effect being due doubtless to his feelings and to the fact that his mouth is likely to be partly filled with rain-water.

Frequently it becomes evident that Plato is, in his own opinion, getting the worst of it. The contest upon his part degenerates into almost a squabble. The strange, invisible powers of the air press heavily upon the dog's imagination. There is a tradition that when very young he was sometimes driven under the barn with drooping tail and scared wits by an unusually sharp clap of thunder. But in later years, although at times almost pulverized by fear, he has never retreated. He not only maintains his ground, but makes a point of always pursuing the last bellowing monster until its voice dies away behind the hills.

When all is over, the poor dog comes into the house whimpering and whining like a sick child, begging for sympathy, and evidently under the impression that

he has warded off a dreadful calamity. It is now past the middle of the dog-days. Plato has become worn and haggard. Thunder-storms are frequent. He no sooner subdues one than another more hideous and awful is discovered stealing insidiously upon him from behind the horizon. Like all his race, however, he is very enduring; and it is the general impression that he will be able to continue, as in previous years, with forces unabated, to the close of the summer campaign.

One of Plato's peculiarities is that his intelligence resides chiefly in his nose. He refuses to accept the testimony of his eyes unsupported by his more trustworthy nasal organ. He has even failed to recognize his master at sight; and usually on meeting any of the family away from home he circles around to the leeward and takes a sniff before making his approaches.

Plato is at his best when hunting the foxes which abound in the neighborhood. He never hunts them alone, but always in company with his cousin Hero, who belongs upon an adjoining farm. The exploits of the two dogs are noteworthy. The pair, when allowed to go at large, are well-mated vagabonds. If not prevented, they would do nothing but hunt foxes all the year round,—except, of course, at such times as Plato is engaged in his thunder-storm business. To prevent an extensive waste of dog-power, Hero is, as a rule, kept chained at home. Plato, however, is at liberty to visit him at any time and cheer him with reminiscences or with the hope of a good time coming. The good time always comes in the autumn. When the summer heats are over and the golden brown of October appears, it is proper and decorous to chase the foxes. On a fine frosty morning Hero is unchained and permitted his freedom. It is a joyful moment indeed to the two friends. There is an immense wagging of tails, and a manifestation of hilarity that seems a little out of place in dogs of so grave and solemn a character as these hounds are.

Within fifteen minutes after Hero is

liberated, the two friends start upon their first hunt of the season. They generally go first to a piece of woods at the east of the house and about half a mile distant. Usually within half an hour the first wild yelp announcing a fresh track is heard. A few minutes later, the fox, closely followed by Plato, is seen crossing a long level which is just beyond the road in front of the house. The foxes, having had rest from the dogs since the previous autumn or winter, are not very shy. Last autumn the first fox started in this manner seemed almost to have been caught napping, for Plato was close upon his heels. As they were seen crossing the wide, open stretch of meadow, it seemed inevitable that Plato, who is a very fast dog, would catch the game; but the fox was a very cunning animal and a great dodger. As we looked upon the race from the piazza, it was jump and dodge and squirm and twist and zigzag all across the field, until at last Reynard reached a rail-fence at the boundary. Here the fox had a trick which gave him an advantage. He went through the fence, and the dog went through after him. Then the fox dodged back again to the other side of the fence, and so continued threading the fence back and forth like a needle, and the dog, trying to follow with his greater bulk, was embarrassed and confused. The fox, skittering along the line of fence in this alternate manner, secured a respectable start, and the dog was left behind to pick up the track and follow the scent in the usual way, which he did with eager yelps and howlings. In the mean time, the heavy "boom, boom" of old Hero's voice, as he steadily and soberly followed the track across the meadow and along the fence, would have told any expert in these matters that Hero, though the slower dog, had better staying qualities. Hero has been in at the death of a great many deer, a few bears, one catamount, and a variety of other game, in his years of hunting among the Adirondack Mountains. It is observable that he now leaves all the lighter play and the circling-round to his less experienced friend, while

he himself follows along the regular line.

In some instances the men of the family at our farm-house, induced by the entreating voices of the dogs, go out with their guns to secure the fox. The method is to listen to the course the dogs are taking, and to stand in the line of approach. Ere long the fugitive will be seen coming, and he will approach until within easy range, if the hunter remains quiet. In this way many foxes are secured each year. But in the majority of instances the two dogs are not seconded by the men. Then they go chasing on and baying hour after hour, until they have worn out the day, and perhaps the night, in the pursuit.

Sometimes the fox, tired of the chase, takes to his hole. The men, hearing the baying at a fixed point, know what has happened. Occasionally they go to the assistance of the dogs. Then, with a long withe or lumber pole, cut from the woods, they explore to find the direction of the hole, and, cutting down from above, reach the fox in his home. In unearthing the fox there is usually a tussle. Plato, in an agony of excitement, perceiving by his exquisite sense of smell that the fox is just in advance of the shovels in the hole, in spite of all prohibitions dives in among the implements, crams his long, slim head into the fox-hole, and a moment later, with a smothered yell, pulls backward. What has happened? The little hunted fugitive in the hole has turned upon his pursuer and has planted his small, sharp, foxy teeth in the most sensitive part of that wonderful nose which is Plato's grandest characteristic. Plato continues to pull and yell, and the fox, finally, rather than be drawn out into open day, lets go. Plato's nose has become quite crooked in consequence of these encounters. The shovels resume. Then old Hero comes up warily, and, as the fox is unearthed, Hero's ponderous jaws close upon poor Reynard's cranium, and it is crushed like an egg-shell; and the men, saying that there is "one varmint the ces" in the neighborhood to kill the turkeys, go triumphantly home.

There is another issue which often results to the hounds from "holing" a fox. The men occasionally pay no attention to their beseechings, but leave the two canine friends to their own devices. In that case Plato sometimes turns himself into an excavator. He uses his strong fore-legs and broad paws in digging. As the fox-holes are usually in sandy knolls, he is enabled to make considerable progress. Holes made by his work and running several yards into the hill-side have been discovered. Notwithstanding his uniform failures to reach the fox by this method, he continues to practise the art of digging with unabated enthusiasm. The notion that he will ultimately dig out a fox is evidently one of his cherished hallucinations.

The tenacity and endurance of the hounds are best seen when they are left wholly to themselves in their hunting, as they often are for weeks together. They will be absent from home upon one of their "hunting sprees" for perhaps thirty-six hours, and engaged during all that time in the chase, pursuing by night as well as by day. Plato returning from such a dissipation is a sight to see. He went away full-fleshed and sleek, he returns a mere sack of bones, so terrific have been the excitement and exertion. If it is cold and wet, as it is apt to be in this mountain-region in autumn, he is permitted to come into the kitchen and lie down behind the stove with the cat. For a season he is merely sluggish clay, sleeping constantly, or waking only to eat voraciously or to avoid the broom of the housewife. After about three days he is recuperated, and starts off again, fresh as ever, to meet his cousin Hero, doubtless by appointment, and the pair set out for another episode in their wild career. Such a life would speedily destroy any animal organization less enduring than that of the hound.

The gentle side of Plato's nature is best seen in his dealings with Miss Sylvia, the cat. As we are sitting upon the piazza, a gleam of pure milk-white comes whirling and dancing suddenly around the corner of the house upon

the green lawn. A glance tells us that it is Miss Sylvia in pursuit of some imaginary object. As she sees her canine friend recumbent at our feet, with a quick, joyful step and serious air she comes up on the piazza to greet him. She is a very affectionate creature. She advances to Plato slowly, and, softly purring, walks directly under his raised head, touches his jowls with her arched back, and coquettishly flirts her tail in his face. Then she turns and walks backward and forward, purring and rubbing her furry sides against his throat and breast, while he elevates his nose a little disdainfully to give her room to pass. If he still remains stern and cold—as he usually does—and utterly regardless, she then looks up in his face, raises her right fore-paw daintily and gives a soft pat with it upon one of his long, pendulous, silken ears. This, as Salsify says, generally “fetches him.” Plato rises and glances upward at us sheepishly, as if he would say, “What does she want with me? I despise this nonsense;” and then he puts his long nose down against Miss Puss and gently pushes her off the piazza on to the grass. Then Plato returns and sits gravely down by us upon his haunches with a very dignified air, as if he had performed an important family duty. Miss Puss endures this cheerfully. She is evidently a little afraid to trifle with Plato, and quite willing to be treated by him as an inferior if she can retain his good opinion. It is quite clear, also, that Plato is a little ashamed of the sentimentality of their friendship. It is asserted that upon one occasion when Miss Sylvia was unusually familiar Plato went so far as to take her in his mouth and drop her into a tub of rain-water which stands just at the corner of the house; but, upon cross-examination, the evidence of this did not seem to me sufficient. There can be no doubt, however, that Plato does not like publicly to own his friendship for the cat. He would unquestionably be very unwilling to have his cousin Hero know of it.

I have not been able to impress Salsify with my ideas of Plato. He re-

gards “that fool of a dog” as a failure. Salsify is to me a perpetual delight. His utter ignorance of the different varieties of trees and of the birds we see is amazing.

As soon as we came here I established a little camp for picnicking about a mile below the mill, in the deep, wooded ravine through which flows the river. Here Salsify and I have spent many of the warmest days entirely free from the heat. We occupy the time with fishing, conversation, reading, and athletic games. We have but few callers: a solitary crane hangs round, and a kingfisher claims an adverse possession. We could easily take along the rifle which is at the house and kill the kingfisher and the crane, and perhaps some of the red and black squirrels that frequent the cool, wooded valley, but we are both opposed to such proceedings and object to them when they are suggested by our country friends. As we sit on the piazza at the house with the family and the neighbors in the cool of the day, and talk of our little camp where we picnic, and of farming, and hunting, and other topics, there is greater freedom and enjoyment than I have known anywhere else, except, perhaps, among the girls and boys at a district-school. The families of the neighborhood seem to constitute only one large family. They run in and out and about each other's houses as if they were common property. Salsify is beginning to enjoy this free life, and says he never found so much pleasure in any other. The freedom of the place has extended to our camp, rendering the long talks which Salsify and I enjoy there free and confidential. My own burden—the knowledge that life is so far advanced with me and I have accomplished so little—has been placed frankly before my office-boy during the days we have spent together in the leafy solitude of the woods lying on the bank of the river. We have also read a few books together; but there is a difference in our tastes which works against success in this direction: he still clings to sea-stories and delights in piratical adventures.

We get along better in relating our own experiences. He exerts himself to impress me with a sense of the daring character of his adventures. The days at school when he "licked" all the other boys, and the days in the streets when he fought with the "mud-larks" and was himself "covered with gore" and glory, are dwelt upon for my edification.

This extravagant talk on the part of Salsify has to be taken with a good deal of allowance. He is a fine young chap, with generous impulses, and his reckless boasting is in part the result of a pardonable purpose. For this youth is trying to ward off what he regards as a dire calamity, and he thinks this kind of talk may help him.

The calamity which Salsify dreads, and the fear of which is a burden to him, is the imputation of goodness. Vague as the danger is, and perhaps to most minds shadowy, it is as much a reality to him as my burden is to me or the thunder-storm to Plato. It appears that on several occasions at the Sunday-school and elsewhere Salsify has been called "a good boy." No other appellation could so humiliate or depress him. "I am no saint," he pleads indignantly, as he discourses of his grievance in our camp. And then he proceeds to lay before me the lies he has told, the battles he has fought, and the small thefts he has committed. I discover also that he has a list of semi-profane words which he explodes like fire-crackers in his vehement talk. In reply to Salsify I am compelled to admit that, taking all the sins together which he has committed since his babyhood, the array is perhaps sufficient to constitute a barrier against goodness. But I do not tell him that which I cannot help thinking,—that, with his extremely impulsive nature, sweet disposition, and honesty of purpose, he is not likely wholly to escape the imputation which he so much dreads.

Salsify's criticism of those who have been his instructors at school is interesting. "There is Miss Williams," he exclaims patronizingly, "who might be a real nice girl, but she is a slave to duty,

and has no more idea of freedom or a good time than a machine."

I suggest that she is discreet.

He replies that she makes an old hen of herself, and that if any one has got to be always discreet like that it is no use to live.

I remark that I have heard her speak well of him.

"Yes," says Salsify a little conceitedly, "I know she likes me." And then, after a moment's reflection, he adds indignantly, "I don't like her: she thinks I am good: she thinks I am a regular little tin angel on wheels."

Two miles east of our farm-house, on a hill-side, is a small hut, which can be distinctly seen in a clear day, and which is brought out very plainly by using a spy-glass. This hut interests Salsify and the rest of us, because it is the hunting-lodge of the Alaska-sable-man. (The word *sable* is always pronounced *saple* in this region.)

The authorities in such matters here say that of course there is no such animal as the Alaska *saple*; but they add, with a laugh, that the fur of the Alaska *saple* is obtained from an odorous animal not convenient to stumble over on moonlight nights. The fur of the Alaska *saple* in the market might not seem as sweet by another name. Therefore there is, as a convenient fiction, such an animal as the Alaska *saple*, and his fur is very fine, and happens now to be in fashion.

For some months in autumn and winter the Alaska-sable-man pursues his lucrative calling. He lives a hermit-life, and is not likely to be troubled with visitors. At the termination of his exile he deodorizes himself, his dog, and his peltry, manages to get into a new suit of clothes at some intermediate point, and returns to his fellow-beings.

I have not stated hitherto the fact that our little camp and general location are in and near a belt of woods which connects (with some slight breaks caused by clearings) the Adirondack forest with the forests of Canada. More or less deer are seen every season passing over this territory or run-way in their journey-

ings, and now and then a bear is discovered along the same line. These are often pursued and killed. Sometimes the hunt and capture is in sight of the houses. The story of each of these incidents is valued as an important part of the history of the neighborhood. The oldest bear-story relates a capture four miles away, at the Corners. There is a small church at the Corners. Soon after it was built, forty years ago, one Sunday, while the people were in church, they heard suddenly a great noise outside on the green. Looking out, they saw an immense black bear fighting with three dogs. The meeting closed unceremoniously, and the people went out to see the fight. In a few minutes the hunters who were pursuing came up, and the bear was killed.

It would require a pretty thick volume to set forth the store of good things in the way of hunting adventures and incidents which have accumulated in our neighborhood within the last thirty years. They can be told worthily only by the hunters themselves, in the cool Adirondack summer twilight or by the winter fireside.

Salsify's interest in the narrations we heard of hunting-exploits evening after evening on the piazza was extreme. Moved by curiosity and the stories, Salsify naturally desired to explore. He resolved, among other things, to attend church at the Corners, where that bear was killed on the green. On Sunday morning, before I was aware of it, he had arrayed himself and had gone alone to the place. He returned early in the afternoon, and explained to me that the church-services did not amount to anything, and that he had never been so stared at in all his life before. He professed, however, not to care for the staring, and said he could look any man, woman, or child of them all, including the preacher, out of countenance in ten seconds.

I did not venture at the time to tell Salsify why he had attracted so much attention. I enlightened him gradually in the course of the week, as I thought he could bear it. When I had told him

all, he was, to my surprise, not abashed, but pleased, and gloried in the sensation he had created. The fact was, he had decked himself out in what he supposed to be real country style. Whether he had gained his ideas from Buffalo Bill as seen on the stage, or from some book, I did not learn. However it was, he had brought the things with him in his trunk, and his suit consisted of blue flannel pants, a handsome blue flannel shirt with broad collar and silver stars, and a pair of brilliant red suspenders, without coat or vest. It was a neat rig for fancy yachting, or for a hero on the stage; but for a quiet little country church, in which there were not five people who had ever seen the sea or a theatre, it was not quite the thing, certainly. I learned afterward that Salsify was variously taken by the plain people who saw him for a drummer-boy, a sailor, an actor, an escaped circus-performer, and a vender of patent medicines.

As Salsify came to know of these misapprehensions, he rejoiced in them, and was delighted with the sensation he had produced.

The next Sabbath, when I went with him to the same church, he urged so strongly his right to wear the brilliant suit again that (with some modifications) it was permitted. I noticed that he sat during the entire service in a belligerent attitude, breathing defiance. The religious exercises, simple and majestic in their homely setting, entirely failed to reach down to the current of his youthful life. His imaginary contest with the worshippers completely absorbed him.

Another of Salsify's explorations consisted in seeing how near he could get to the hut of the Alaska-saple-man. With this object in view, he wandered off alone, intending to make his way through the woods in a direct line to the locality. He was absent all day, and returned from "somewhere down toward Canada," having gone astray. Coming out on a road, he paid a man who knew the country a dollar and a half to bring him home, where he arrived after nightfall.

Perhaps it was this experience on the part of Salsify that led him and all of us to take so deep an interest in the boy who was lost near Blue Mountain. Blue Mountain is about twenty miles from where we were located. The news that a boy was lost in the woods up there spread very rapidly. The huckleberry-plains at the foot of the mountain are visited every year by farmers from a distance, who come with their families and camp in this wild section and pick berries and make a holiday time of it. The boy who was lost, Andrew Garfield by name, was in one of these camps. He went out toward evening to hunt partridges, and did not come back. His parents and the camps were, of course, alarmed as it grew dark and Andrew did not return. Quite a disturbance was made, and a good many people were said to have gone to the place next day. The second day after Andrew disappeared, my brother Edward and Salsify and I went to the scene. Edward drove his team, taking us with him in a rough lumber-wagon. The twenty miles of road we travelled was smooth and hard, and the bright air and mountain-landscapes were a perpetual enjoyment.

Edward gave a man who was walking in our direction a ride. This custom of giving a ride to any one on foot is universal in the locality. The man who accepted the ride was named Sam Curley. Mr. Curley said there was a new joke down where he lived. Tom Powell had sold a cow to Bill Worden for a six-year-old animal, when she was no such thing. The cow had only one horn. Bill looked at his purchase and noticed that there were thirteen wrinkles on her horn. One wrinkle comes every year: so that it appeared to him that the cow must be thirteen years old. He felt bad about it, and spoke to Tom, charging that Tom had misrepresented the age of the animal. Tom replied indignantly, asking Bill if he really was such a numskull and did not know anything. "Why," said Tom, "the animal has but one horn, and of course both wrinkles come on one horn." Bill had to give up and accept the explana-

tion. The six-year-old cow with thirteen wrinkles on her horn was the joke of the season.

About an hour before noon we reached the huckleberry-plains. We found a dozen little tents clustered together there, and there were twenty or thirty teams and nearly a hundred people. It was on the bank of the St. Regis River. There was a fine view of the mountain, and miles and miles of woods stretching away in every direction.

The story about the lost boy was that, he having gone after the partridges and not returning, a dozen men had gone into the woods that same night, making more or less noise, and trying to call loud enough for the boy to hear them. But they could do nothing. The tall, raw-boned man, with red hair, who answered our questions, said they might as well have tried to walk right through a mountain of tar as to go through "them woods" that night.

On the following morning four parties of men, with guns, had gone into the woods in four different directions and commenced firing the guns. There was one solitary report of a gun heard, apparently in reply, far off up the river, but after that no response. As they could not find the boy, two surveyors had been sent for, and in the afternoon of the day after the boy was lost the surveyors arrived. They were familiar with the entire region. They said that the boy was probably wandering off up the river, and that the single report of a gun which had been heard in reply was from *his* gun. They took a party of four men, with provisions, and immediately plunged into the woods.

When we arrived upon the scene, the boy had been out one day and two nights (about forty hours), and the surveyors had been nearly twenty-four hours in the woods. We pitched the little tent we had brought, tied our horses to the back end of the wagon, where they could feed from the wagon-box, and then made ourselves at home among the huckleberry-pickers and those who were waiting to hear from the lost boy.

In the evening it was pleasant at the camps. Fires were built in front of some of the tents, and the men, gathering round them, chatted, and a few sung songs. Some of the older ones talked of old times on the Potomac. They said camping revived memories of their days in the army.

About an hour after dark there was an exciting incident. The report of a rifle was heard a quarter of a mile away in the bush. It was replied to by several of the men at the camps by discharging guns and by loud calls. A few minutes later two men came out of the woods, saying that they had felt their way in the intense blackness for two hours, having almost reached the camps before dark. They were two of the men who had gone out with the surveyors. As the people gathered round them and listened with breathless interest, they explained that the surveyors had come upon the track of the boy and were following it up the river in a line parallel with the stream and about two miles distant from it. They had followed the track about six miles when the two men were sent back with the news. The men said they saw where the boy had picked blueberries, and that there was no doubt that it was the track of Andrew, the lost boy.

At this point in the narrative a little shriek was heard, and attention was drawn to the shrieker. She was a compact little woman, with light hair and a neat blue calico dress. She was Andrew's mother. She was soothed by the other women. Her husband said, "Don't cry, Jane: maybe he ain't dead, after all."

After Jane and her husband had gone away to their tent, there was some discussion in regard to the probability of the boy being found alive. The red-haired man thought it would be possible to find him alive. This man seemed to be an excitable individual. He declared that he would not sleep a wink that night, because he would be thinking all the while about the boy.

The two men who had brought the intelligence said the surveyors had sent

out word that the boy would very likely get to the bank of the river in his wandering; and they thought if he did he would be likely to keep along by the side of it. They wished, therefore, that some of the men would take a boat and go up the St. Regis River a dozen miles or more, searching and calling as they went. They thought it possible that the boy might be found in that way.

By midnight all had been said that could well be suggested, and the company around the fires dropped away to the tents to sleep. The next day was Sunday. It still remained clear and bright weather. The day was spent in various ways by the people, but the majority remained quietly at the camps. Divine service was suggested, but, on inquiry, it appeared that there was no one present who was willing to address the people or to lead them in religious exercises. There were, however, several good singers present, and groups of people spent a part of the day in singing Moody and Sankey hymns and other selections that they had in memory. Salsify somewhat distinguished himself in these exercises. There were a few new arrivals,—young fellows who came for a Sunday excursion from the settlements, just to "see" and spend part of the day and return.

The great event of the day occurred at about five o'clock in the afternoon. It seemed that the red-haired man and a friend of his, acting on the suggestion of the surveyors, had taken a boat on Sunday morning at the dawn of day and had gone up the St. Regis River. As it was mostly "still water," they had penetrated a dozen miles or more along the river into the woods. Some time after noon they turned and came down the river again. A little while before five o'clock they had nearly got back to camp, and were coming around the last bend of the river, three-quarters of a mile above the camps. There was some wild grass growing on the shore just at the bend. Something rustled, and then a boy put his head up above the grass: it was Andrew, the lost boy. He called out lustily, asking the men for a ride in

the boat down to camp. Fifteen minutes later, down at camp, a hum, a buzz, a roar began off toward the river, and the next we knew there was the red-haired man and another man and a handsome, light-haired boy with his cap off right in our midst, and it was known that the boy was Andrew, who had been found. There we all were, shouting and crying and laughing, like so many insane people, over the boy. The first individual movement that I distinctly recall was that of the mother of Andrew. Coming from a tent, she rushed forward like a projectile from a catapult, but seemed to weaken after a moment, and actually fell down on her face in the midst of the tumult. She was helped up, and had a chance to put her arms about her boy's neck, after which she sat down on the ground and cried.

Immediately after this, attention was called to the red-haired man, who was making his arms go and trying to tell the story how they had found the lad. "I tell you what, boys," said he, "when the grass wiggled and he put his head up and I see it was Andrew a-sittin' there, like little Moses in the bulrushes, it just made my hair pull."

Andrew, who was about Salsify's age, evidently did not like all this excitement. His mother's sympathy compelled him to cry a little, but it was clearly disagreeable to the boy. When asked if he was starved, he said no, he was not hungry much.

Andrew's supper was not long in coming. He was annoyed by the attention bestowed upon him while eating. After supper he admitted that he had been "a little bit holler" toward the last, but he insisted that huckleberries and winter-green and birch-bark would do very well for three or four days. When asked how he could sleep in the woods alone, he said the only

trouble was to keep awake, and that "it slept itself," if he only let it. The boy obstinately asserted that he liked it in the woods and had "enjoyed it first-rate." He admitted that he had got his head turned, but declared that when he struck the river he understood how it was, and came back. When asked if he had heard the guns fired by the various parties that went into the woods the morning after he disappeared, he said he did, but that they confused him. He would hear firing in one direction and would go toward it, after which there would be firing in another direction and he would turn toward that, and so it "mixed him all up." He had fired his gun once in reply, but, having lost his box of percussion-caps, could fire no more.

Edward and Salsify and I started on our return to the farm-house the next morning. There was an incident that amused us just as we were starting. Mr. Pinkham came to the plains to pick huckleberries, provided with a bundle of slips of paper, and on each slip was written, "Tobias Pinkham, — Lost!" He was going to tack these notices to the trees as he travelled, if he got lost, and he had a paper of small tacks in his pocket for that purpose. He agreed with some hunters that in case he should be missing they would search for him, looking out sharp for the notices. It was a very serious agreement upon Mr. Pinkham's part. He emphasized the point that he would pay the hunters for their trouble, either in money or in maple sugar. Mr. Pinkham's notices were looked upon as a great joke, and the news of them was spread abroad by us as we met the neighbors on our return journey. We reached the farm-house in time for dinner, and three days later Salsify and I came back to the city.

P. DEMING.

EDGE-TOOLS.

AS the steamer "Eastern Belle" approached the pier at Flying Point, a slender row-boat shot out from among the green piles and came up alongside. The "Eastern Belle" was so small and sat so low in the water that one could easily board her from a row-boat. This was a pretty row-boat, painted white, with a gold water-line, and having "Lurline" in glittering letters on the stern. A lady in pale blue held the ruddercords, and a younger woman had been pulling rather well for a woman, looking back at the steamer over her left shoulder.

Stephen Armstrong, standing on the hurricane-deck of the "Eastern Belle," looked up at the wharf and saw the usual crowd of young women wearing tennis-cloth petticoats and fancy jackets and young men in flannel garments and canvas shoes. Suddenly somebody spoke to him from below: "Stephen!"

He leaped down, scorning the steps, and was immediately seized by the lady who had been steering the "Lurline."

"Stephen! what a good, good boy! I knew you would come: you are too sweet for anything!" Then she added softly and imperatively, "We've come to take you off in a boat; go and get in quick, and, mind, you are an old—a very old—friend of Anita's; you must greet her as an old friend; and do be quick!"

"What do you mean?" said Armstrong. "I never even saw—"

"Yes, you did," said his sister, speaking intensely, in the same swift undertone: "you knew her five years ago in Venice: don't forget. Now go and greet her *very* cordially."

"Shall I kiss her, or what?" asked Armstrong, standing quite still, and looking down densely at the small, excited woman before him.

"Don't be vulgar: of course you'll only shake hands; but do it with a great deal of *empressement*, and, above all, be

quick. It doesn't look at all as if you were dying to see her."

"I am not," said Armstrong; but he obeyed his sister and stepped into the small boat.

The girl who had been rowing rose at once and impulsively held out both hands. Hardly knowing what he did, Armstrong took them in his own. A great flush swept over the girl's face, and she cast an almost imperceptible side-glance toward the wharf. "I am so glad you've come," she said, in a sweet but rather high-pitched voice. "I looked everywhere for you, and almost thought you were not on the boat, but all the time I knew you would come."

"Don't you want me to row?" asked Armstrong, releasing her hands.

"Oh, no, thanks. I like it," she answered. She raised her eyes to meet his, then dropped them suddenly and resumed her seat as Mrs. Leigh stepped into the boat.

Mrs. Leigh seated herself in the bow. "You steer, please, Stephen," she said.

The "Lurline" left the steamer and shot up a sparkling blue cove at the end of which a small beach made a landing nearer the hotel than the wharf.

"Now that we are away from those people," said Mrs. Leigh, "I will introduce you: Miss Haven, my brother, Mr. Stephen Armstrong. Of course I couldn't do it before, for fear of being overheard."

"You must keep the boat off, if you please: it is shoal to the left," said Miss Haven. All her lively eagerness of manner had vanished: she was quiet, ceremonious, and downcast.

Armstrong's position enabled him to study her quietly. She was a pretty girl, of the golden-blond type. Her hair was yellow, with red tints and amber shadows in it; her eyes were light yellow-brown, like rare sherry; the close sleeves of her flannel gown were turned

back, displaying the difference between her milk-white arms and her slender hands made tawny by rowing in the sun. She stopped rowing presently and pushed her hat back from her forehead. At this moment Armstrong's attention was attracted by the singular gestures of his sister, who sat in the bow behind Miss Haven. Mrs. Leigh apparently beckoned. Armstrong rose. Mrs. Leigh waved him back with gestures yet more frantic. Armstrong subsided into his seat, in doubt as to whether his sister wished him to go forward or to jump overboard at the stern. The gestures continued, growing every instant more wildly perplexing. "Do you want to speak to me?" asked Armstrong at length, in despair.

"No," said his sister quite shortly, and silence reigned in the "Lurline" till the boat ran up on the beach.

Naturally, Armstrong carried the rudder and oars into the little boat-house, and Miss Haven followed him with the brass rowlocks. When they came out Mrs. Leigh was gone. "Never mind," said Miss Haven: "we shall find her at the hotel. That crimson wrap in the boat is mine, if you'll please get it; thanks. Oh, there! we shall meet that crowd from the wharf, and I in this outrageous dress! I must go round by the beach."

"Is it outrageous?" asked Armstrong, following her perforce.

"Horribly so: the girls are all dressed for tea except myself. I am so tired: will you please give me your arm? I rowed more than two hours before we went to meet the 'Eastern Belle.'"

"That was foolish of you," said Armstrong stupidly.

"Oh, no, it wasn't," said Miss Haven. "Don't you see that it was the only thing left for us to do? Everybody thinks you're having an elegant time if you're only out on the water. And dear Mrs. Leigh has been wearing a hat of her husband's all the afternoon, so that even with a glass they could not tell, you know: wasn't that clever of her? I do think she's the cleverest woman I ever knew. As a rule, I can't endure women."

She had clasped her hands upon his arm, and as they came up to the hotel, Armstrong necessarily bending to listen to her chatter, they had every appearance of being devoted to each other. Mrs. Leigh came to meet them, and took her brother's left arm, and the three thus crossed the piazza and the wide hall of the hotel. At the head of the first flight of stairs, Miss Haven disappeared down a short corridor, and Armstrong was drawn into his sister's small parlor overlooking the sea.

Once there, with the door shut, Mrs. Leigh sank into an arm-chair and beamed approval on her handsome, bewildered brother. "Delicious!" she said; "capital, Stephen! it absolutely could not be better!"

"As far as I am able to judge," said Armstrong, "it absolutely could not be worse. Will you be good enough to explain?"

"Why," said Mrs. Leigh, laughing, "of course you can see, if you're not a perfect owl, that it is all on Stanley Richards's account. As for calling her pretty, I do not, and never did: she is loud, and she dances horribly, and he is so refined, too, and a girl who wears canvas shoes, of all things! But it was old Peter who made money in the Pennsylvania oil-wells, you know; so on her mother's side she's well connected, but she is all Wheeler and not a bit Van Dusen,—not a bit."

Armstrong walked up to a window and stood looking out for a moment at the water. "What has all this incoherency to do with me?" he said. "Did Miss Haven wear canvas shoes? I didn't notice."

"Why, Stephen Armstrong, how can you? Of course she never did; she is a perfect lady; and you know you always notice a woman's foot the first thing: you always did."

"Well, then," said Armstrong bluntly, "what do you mean, anyhow?"

Mrs. Leigh crossed the room, and, opening the door, peeped out, then she closed it, came back, and resumed her easy-chair. "Why," she said, "it was all the fault of that dreadful girl."

"But I thought you were fond of her?" said Armstrong.

"How can you be so stupid!" she said. "I'm not talking about Anita, of course: it is that terrible Wheeler girl. And everything was going on so smoothly, and he is so elegant in every way, and the only really nice young man in the hotel. And I'm sure everybody could see they were made for each other, and he was so devoted, and everybody talked about it,—even Harry, who, you know, never notices anything,—and then she came, and was so bold and horrid, and would ask him to take her rowing and walking. Think of it, Stephen! positively ask him! and what man ever lived who knew how to shake off a girl who acted so? And the poor dear felt so! Just fancy how mortifying it was for her! She'd always been such a belle, and never been slighted in her life before. It is enough to kill the poor child; and that Wheeler thing looks so hideously triumphant. So I told her I'd send for you, and you were the best actor in our dramatic club, and you'd make things all right as soon as you got here, only I wouldn't try to deceive you, but we'd have everything perfectly frank and plain to begin with. So now you know all about it, don't you, Stephen, dear?"

"No," said Armstrong, "I'll be d—d if I do."

"Well, I'm sure," said Mrs. Leigh with dignity, "you needn't swear about it, Stephen."

"I beg your pardon," he answered; "but really, Alice, I think you are a trifle more incoherent than usual. Am I to understand that your *protégée* has been cut out by another girl?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Leigh, "if you will put it in such a vulgar way."

"And you sent for me to play me off against the other fellow?"

Mrs. Leigh considered a moment. "Harry wanted you to come," she said presently: "he says the shooting is remarkable for August: he's off shooting now; he's been on the marshes since five this morning. He told me to tell you to come here for your vacation, instead of going to the Adirondacks."

"Then you didn't send for me on Miss Haven's account?"

Mrs. Leigh frowned a little. "How absolute the knave is!" she quoted, and laughed rather vexedly. Suddenly she crossed the room, and, putting her hands around her brother's arm, laid her soft cheek against his rough tweed sleeve. "Do you remember how I planned for you the winter you had that *penchant* for Ethel Kent?" she said.

"Did you plan?" he asked; but as he spoke he looked down and smiled.

"Did I? you ungrateful boy! Have you forgotten the little lunches I made for you? and how many times I pretended to be busy and left you two alone? And then, Stephen, in the Tyrol that summer: have you forgotten that time I managed for you and that pretty Miss Fernald to ride on the donkeys, while I kept that horrid old aunt of hers in the diligence with me, and all that you might have a good time?" She rubbed her cheek against his sleeve softly, as his brown spaniel Florence might have done.

He smoothed her hair with loving superiority, as he might have smoothed the silky head of Florence (there is generally a certain air of condescension in the way a man caresses a woman). "No," he said, "I have not forgotten."

"Well, then," she said plaintively, "won't you be a good boy and do this one thing to please me?"

"And, briefly," said Armstrong, "what is this thing you want me to do?"

Mrs. Leigh gave her brother an impotent little shake. "I have told you so many times already. You are to appear to be perfectly devoted to Nita Haven, and pretend to be an old adorer of hers, so that Stanley Richards, instead of thinking he has dropped her, shall think she was trifling with him, and that she was much fonder of you all the time: don't you see?"

"And the young lady?"

"Poor Nita! as I told you, she's been the greatest belle; and she is so terribly cut that she will do anything to show him she doesn't care and was never in

earnest herself. Yes, she will do anything, no matter what."

"Even to the length of accepting attention from me? Thanks."

"You know I did not mean that. I sent for you because you would make him more jealous than anybody else I could think of."

"Thanks; but why?"

"Because you are distinguished and handsome and not a fop."

Armstrong was no more of an ass than most men, yet he felt in better temper just at this moment than he had since he reached Flying Point. "And suppose, in playing with edge-tools, I cut myself?" he asked.

"Forewarned is forearmed," said his sister tritely; "and, besides, you never could be so absurd as to fall in love in a case like this, where you know all about matters. Come, do you promise? Say quick: I hear Harry's step in the hall—"

"Well, yes, then," answered Armstrong with reluctance.

His sister raised herself on her tiptoes and kissed him rapturously.

At Flying Point everybody walks after tea; later on they may row, or dance, or have impromptu concerts in the hotel parlors, but after tea they must walk on the sand or be unorthodox. Therefore, after tea, Mrs. Leigh drew her white lace shawl over her head, and, raising her eyebrows significantly at her brother, slipped her hand through her husband's arm and started for the beach.

After a moment's idling, Armstrong made his way to that part of the piazza where Miss Haven sat, playing with her fan and listening to the chat of a circle of her mother's particular friends. There was a young man at a little distance,—a tall fellow, with a thin, dark face, a pair of level black eyebrows, and a manner suggestive of his having always been leaning against that particular pillar of the piazza. He was smoking a cigarette and folding his soft white hat into various shapes. Armstrong bent over Miss Haven's chair, as if he did not wish to be overheard. "Shall we have that walk you promised me?" he said.

The girl bent back her pretty blonde head and raised her eyes to his. By so doing, she displayed a beautiful white throat. She was certainly very pretty. There was filmy black lace over her head, and a bunch of deep-red roses in her square-cut black bodice. "I always keep my promises," she said softly, yet with an odd distinctness: her voice was very low, yet, somehow, one felt that her words might have been heard at a distance. She rose and took his arm.

He hesitated. "We may come in rather late," he said: "will you not need a warmer wrap than that lace thing?"

Miss Haven laughed lightly and sweetly. "If you remember Venice," she said with soft intension, "you may remember how wilful I used to be about wearing wraps."

"Ah," he said, "can I forget anything connected with Venice?"

Miss Haven raised her eyes, and the two exchanged a peculiar glance. The young man leaning against the pillar did not appear to observe them. He had shaped his hat into a triangular form, and was intent on making the folds quite firm and even. He did not look up, but mechanically removed his cigarette and held it against the wind as Miss Haven passed.

It was that night of the week when a band came from the city to Flying Point: it was playing now a waltz from "Olivette," and some of the young people were waltzing on the broad piazza.

"You are very silent," said Armstrong, when the two had walked some moments without speaking.

The girl turned toward him. "I shall always be silent when I am alone with you," she said. "I see that your sister has explained things to you. I thought she had written you all about it, only you looked so puzzled when I greeted you; but you understand now why I was so horrible in the boat and pretended to know you and to have been looking for your face on the 'Eastern Belle,' when of course your face was perfectly strange to me. You are very good, and I promise you I will be as

little trouble as I possibly can. Your sister tells me you write: well, you shall write and read and study and do whatever you please, if you'll only appear to go off walking with me. After we round that point, out of sight of the hotel, I promise not to speak one syllable to you. I will leave you absolutely to your own devices."

"You are very kind," said Armstrong.

"You are very clever," said the girl; "you are like your sister: she is the cleverest woman I ever knew."

Just here they came upon the Leighs, sitting on a log half sunk in the sand.

"Don't you think it is odd, Stephen," said Mrs. Leigh, "that in whichever direction you walk at Flying Point the best view is always behind you? You needn't laugh, for, positively, it is so: I've proved it a thousand times. I always keep looking back when I walk, and the water, and the tints of the sky, and the reflection of vessels at anchor are always best behind you."

"Your head ought to turn like a revolving light," said Armstrong heartlessly.

"Horrors, Stephen, don't! you make me dizzy," said Mrs. Leigh.

Her husband, who was punching holes in the sand with his cane, looked up with a smile at his brother-in-law. Nobody ever enjoyed a joke better than Henry Leigh; he found amusement in things which annoyed other people; he was easy and tolerant, and smiled quietly on all the world. He had said once to Armstrong, "Alice is absurd; she has the most ridiculous ideas and nonsensical theories of any person I ever knew; she is a *reductio ad absurdum*; but I always liked a joke, and Alice is a standing joke,—the most satisfactory joke I ever knew."

Armstrong sat down on the log and began to play with his sister's black fan, while Miss Haven and Henry Leigh resumed some former dispute about the origin of a quotation.

"That is a handsome brunette," said Armstrong presently.

It was a pretty, dark-eyed girl, with a white-and-gold Egyptian shawl about her

head and shoulders. She was walking with the young man who had been playing with his hat on the hotel piazza: she leaned rather heavily on his arm, and inclined toward him as she walked.

"Hush," said Mrs. Leigh, glancing toward where her husband and Miss Haven were making footprints in the sand and laughing over their comparative size. "Pretty? Stephen Armstrong, I gave you credit for more taste. She is not pretty: she is vile."

"Indeed?" said Armstrong. "I didn't suppose the Flying Point House would board bad characters."

"You dreadful boy! who said anything about bad characters?"

"You said she was vile."

"Of course you knew I only meant she was detestable."

"Oh, is that all?"

"All? Why, Stephen Armstrong, that is *the girl*!"

"What girl?" said Stephen densely.

"Why, the Wheeler girl, of course."

"Oh!" said Armstrong, looking at the approaching couple with quickening interest: "that's the girl, is it? Jove! she has a good figure, though."

"How can you be so disagreeable, Stephen? You know she has no such thing. How can you say it is pretty?"

"Figures don't lie," said Armstrong inanely; then he sprang up suddenly and joined Miss Haven. "Miss Vanity!" he laughed, and bent to examine her pretty, slender footprints in the sand. "I could trace you anywhere on Flying Point," he said, "by your footprint: there is not another like it; don't ever hope to escape me."

"I have no wish to escape you," said Miss Haven sweetly; and just then Stanley Richards passed them with his dark-eyed companion. Miss Wheeler cast a quick side-glance at the two apparently merry young people, then she looked swiftly at the young man beside her.

"There's a fast yacht out there," he said coolly: "it looks like Ben Waterman's."

Henry Leigh and Miss Haven began to build a fort in the sand, like two

children; Miss Haven laughed and chatted with unusual gayety.

Armstrong went back to his seat by his sister and lit a cigar.

"How pretty Nita is!" said Mrs. Leigh musingly.

Armstrong made no reply.

"Don't you think so?"

"Think what?"

"Think that Nita is pretty."

Armstrong drew a moon-face in the sand, and then looked across at Miss Haven. "She is just the style of girl that I don't fancy," he said.

"Why, Stephen Armstrong," said his sister plaintively, "how can you say that Nita Haven is disagreeable?"

"I did not say so," said Armstrong in some surprise.

"Well, you said you didn't like her; and of course you'd like her unless you thought she was disagreeable, wouldn't you?"

Armstrong laughed, and continued his drawing in the sand. "You grow more absurd every day," he said.

One evening, Mrs. Leigh drew her brother into her parlor with an air of excitement. She closed the door. "I should not have believed, Stephen," she said, "after all that has happened, that you would waltz with that Wheeler girl."

Armstrong turned half away from the open window and looked back into the candle-lighted room. "May I ask," he said, "what you'd have me do, when Richards asked me to be introduced?"

"You might have made some excuse."

"What, in the name of common sense?"

Mrs. Leigh tapped the carpet restlessly with her slender foot. "I should think anybody would know what to say."

Armstrong returned to his open window. "I confess," he said, "that I did not."

The night was so perfect that, although it was late, the white sands were covered with strollers. The mass of gayly-dressed dancers had shot apart

like a kaleidoscope-figure, and separated into wandering pairs. Armstrong recognized Miss Wheeler, in her white-and-gold shawl, going toward the beach, not with Richards, but with a certain callow sophomore from Williams. Presently another pair stepped into the yellow square of light which fell from the door. It was Miss Haven, who had just bidden Armstrong good-night at her mother's door, and a young man in an ulster and a soft white hat.

They hesitated a moment when they reached the sand, then, instead of following the other promenaders, turned to the left and walked away toward the pier and the bath-houses.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" asked Mrs. Leigh.

"No," said Armstrong, "I didn't know you spoke to me. I beg your pardon: what did you say?"

"Positively," said Mrs. Leigh with dignity, "I will not say it again. I have said twice that Anita was getting entirely over her absurd fancy for Stanley Richards."

"Do you think so?" said her brother, with an odd look.

"I know so," she said with conviction.

"I believe I'll go down and have a cigar with Henry," said Armstrong. "Good-night."

The next evening, Armstrong and Miss Haven went rowing. They pulled out of the small cove and into the open harbor. The moon had not yet risen. The night was warm and dusky, and the light-house sent a glowing path of crimson across the water. The drops that fell from the oars were phosphorescent. It was so still that they could hear a party of young men at the hotel singing the mournful "Linden-Tree."

Presently, Armstrong stopped pulling. "I went rowing in this boat before breakfast this morning," he said.

"Did you?" said Miss Haven. She was watching the soft glitter of the water dripping from his oars, and was apparently not interested in Armstrong's early row.

"Yes," said Armstrong, "I did, and

I found this in the boat. I think it belongs to you." He bent toward her, looking at her oddly.

Miss Haven met his glance steadily for a moment, then she turned away; her cheeks flushed in the darkness, and she began to whirl the water into shining rings with her slim left hand. "What makes you think it is mine?" she asked.

It was a knot of satin ribbon of a peculiar shade of rose-color. Miss Haven had worn the previous evening knots of just such rose-colored satin about her dress.

"I do not think it is yours," he said: "I know it."

Miss Haven took her hand from the water, shining with phosphorus and dripping wet. She dried it carefully with her handkerchief, then she folded both hands in her lap and regarded Armstrong with some defiance. "Well," said she, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" said he; "nothing. What right have I to do anything about it?"

"No right," said Miss Haven; "none at all." She bent toward him. "Will you have the pink ribbon?" she said, smiling prettily.

"All things considered," said Armstrong, "I will not."

Miss Haven laughed. She reached forward and took the knot of satin. "It is a pretty color," she said. "I should think you would want it." Then, suddenly, she threw it out across the water. "There!" she said vehemently. "I hate those pink ribbons! I hate last night! I hate Stanley Richards! there!" Her eyes were wet and shining with a sudden rush of tears; she leaned back and pressed her lips together closely.

Armstrong began to pull with much vigor; the boat leaped away through the smooth, dark water and left a wake behind it like the road to Paradise.

It is not always pleasant weather even at Flying Point. There came a time when the leaden hue of the water matched the sullen dulness of the sky; when the fog only disappeared to make room for wind and rain, and the break-

ers raved hoarsely along the rocky shore and seethed and hissed upon the sandy reaches; when the fog-bell clanged on the island off the point every half-minute, and the great siren at the lighthouse wailed in the mist and warned off mariners from the deadly ledges. When these days came, there was wailing and complaining at Flying Point. The young people exhausted the list of seaside amusements, and fell into alternate sulkiness and bursts of indignation at the weather; and the weather sulked more than ever, as if to say, "If you called yesterday a bad day, what do you think of this?" As to the matrons, they slept, and dined, and conversed over their fancy-work in the hotel parlors.

One morning a group sat in Mrs. Leigh's room at work.

"Do you feel as if the President was going to get well?" asked Mrs. Spencer.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Blair. "My husband doesn't think the doctors understand the case."

"Oh, doesn't he?" said Mrs. Curtis, holding two shades of violet silk against the light. "Well, now, do you know, my husband has had that same feeling all along?"

"That is funny, isn't it," said Mrs. Blair, "that they both should have the same feeling about it?"

"Doesn't that fog-bell make you nervous?" asked Mrs. Everett, a pretty widow. "I kept hearing it all night. It made me think of Mr. Everett, somehow,—it was so mournful. And the fog-horn, too, that is mournful."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lord, "I think the fog-horn is more mournful than the bell: my husband thinks so too."

"I should think they'd get dreadfully tired of ringing it," said Mrs. Spencer.

"Oh, they don't ring it by hand," said Mrs. Bacon intelligently. "My husband says it goes by machinery; he's been over to see it, and he explained it to me. My husband understands all about machinery: he says you wind it up somehow, and then there's a crank, you know, and a pulley, and the weights go up and come over."

"Isn't that funny?" said Mrs. Blair. "Which would you use here, pink or crimson?"

"Mrs. Linscott did hers with violet," said Mrs. Leigh, "and it was lovely."

"It must have been," said Mrs. Blair: "perhaps I had better do mine with violet."

"Mrs. Jameson did one all in shades of olive," said Mrs. Everett, "and every one admired it."

"They must have," said Mrs. Blair: "perhaps I should like that way best; it would be so odd."

Then all the ladies yawned and wondered if it were not dinner-time, and Mrs. Leigh excused herself for a moment and ran up to her brother's room. She tapped briskly at the door, and, in answer to his *Herein!* opened it and went in. "The fog is lifting," she announced, "and Henry says that Captain Beamis told him to look out for the biggest blow of the season: we shall have some splendid waves."

Armstrong stood brushing his moustache right and left with some savageness: "You did not come up to talk about the weather, I presume, Alice?"

"No," said Mrs. Leigh, "I didn't." She stood by his dressing-table, fidgeting among his brushes and boxes and pulling his things about.

"Well," said Armstrong, "what is it?"

"Your brandy-flask isn't as handsome as Henry's," she said critically.

"I'm glad you came up two flights to tell me of it," said her brother, bending nearer the glass to put in his scarf-pin.

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Leigh. She sat down by the window and began to laugh softly as she swung to and fro in his rocker. "Do you know," she said, "that I believe Stanley Richards is utterly wretched?"

Armstrong smiled grimly: "Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it; wretched and miserable," repeated Mrs. Leigh with relish. "He looks at Nita all the time, and has to keep asking 'what?' when the Wheeler girl talks to him; and he is always walking and rowing alone lately.

Yes, you mark my word, Stephen, that man is miserable."

"The fact seems to afford you a good deal of pleasure."

"Of course it does, after the way that he has treated Nita Haven! I am just as glad as I can be! I don't care a bit how unhappy he is."

"Really, Alice," said Armstrong, "for a woman who looks so kittenish, you are a most vindictive person."

Mrs. Leigh laughed a pleased little ripple, then she rose and yawned. "I must go back: my parlor is full of women," she said: "I came up here to get breath. Thank heaven you are a man, Stephen." At the door she looked back at him and made a little face. "For vacuous depths of utter inanity," she said, "commend me to a roomful of women talking over their fancy-work on a foggy day. Good-by."

"Is it any object to you," said Armstrong, "to know that this is the last time we shall be in this cave together?"

Miss Haven turned from watching the gray-green rollers, and looked at her companion. She only saw a handsome young man in an ulster and a felt hat covered with beads of fog, but there was something about him which made her suddenly flush and then grow pale. "I don't know why it is the last time," she said steadily.

"Because," said Armstrong, "my vacation is over. I am going home to-morrow."

Miss Haven made no answer: she sat looking in silence at the wild sky and the seething breakers and a runaway black boat which was laboring to round the island.

"I hate the last time of anything," said Armstrong savagely. "I remember when I was a little chap even feeling slightly sentimental over the last lesson in my arithmetic, which was a study I always abominated."

"So, in the same way," said Miss Haven, with a certain sweet iciness of manner, "you are feeling sentimental over our last visit to the cave? Thanks!"

Armstrong turned on her impatiently:

"How you delight in twisting and distorting everything I say! You know that I meant no such thing; you know that I have enjoyed every moment we have spent together here."

"Let us go home," said Miss Haven, rising abruptly.

Armstrong also arose, and came and took her hands. "If you are angry," he said, "I cannot help it. I love you."

"Don't!" said Miss Haven impatiently; "don't say another word! It is horrible! How you must despise me!"

Armstrong dropped her hands. "You do not love me," he said hoarsely, and went and stood by the edge of the cave and looked out on the stormy water.

"No," said Miss Haven sadly, "I do not, and I do not see how you can possibly love me. I began, that first day in the boat, by being unmaidenly. You knew all along that I was pretending to be an old friend of yours, and you knew why I was doing it. How can you respect me or love me?" She went and laid her hand upon his arm. "Will you not believe me," she said tremulously, "when I tell you that I never thought of this?"

Armstrong turned and looked down at her. "Yes," he said reluctantly, "I do believe you; but, somehow, that doesn't seem to make things much easier."

"Things are not easy in this world, anyway," said Miss Haven dismally. She was pale and tearful, and looked unutterably wretched.

Armstrong found himself feeling obliged to console her, though of the two he was most in need of consolation. "You need not look so miserable," he said: "it is not your fault. I was forewarned. I have played with edge-tools and cut myself, that is all."

"I shall always blame myself for making you unhappy," said the girl, "but your sister, a long time ago, when I said that she must not send for you, that it was unjust and wicked to act such a part toward any man, she said—"

"My sister has had far too much to do with this affair from the beginning,"

interrupted Armstrong. "Well, what did my sister say?"

A flush swept over Miss Haven's pretty, tragic face: "She said you were just the person for an episode like this, because you were not a marrying man."

Armstrong laughed a laugh with small merriment in it. "There has to be a beginning to everything," he said grimly. He took her hands again. "You have a self-accusing nature," he said: "you will always blame yourself about me, till you forget me. Very well, then, the best thing I can wish you is that you may forget me. Good-by." He bent suddenly and kissed her hands, and, turning, went away. After about ten minutes' rapid walking, he stopped and took an envelope from the breast-pocket of his inner coat. In it was a knot of rose-colored satin discolored by seawater: he had found it on the beach the morning after Miss Haven threw it from the boat: he had said to himself at the time that it was a good omen for the sea to bring this back to him. Now he took up a small stone and put it into the envelope with the knot of ribbon, then he twisted the paper and gave the whole a vigorous fling out over the water. Then he lit a cigar, thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked on, planting his heels rather viciously in the damp sand, and wearing a dull and dogged look, as of a man at odds with fate.

Presently he came upon his brother-in-law, also sneaking and looking somewhat depressed, possibly by the weather. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"To the devil!" said Armstrong.

"In that case," said Leigh, "I don't know but I'll turn and go with you." He turned, and the two walked on together along the shore.

Presently Armstrong flung his cigar away among the wet sea-weed. "I'm a d——d fool!" he said vehemently.

"Very likely," said Leigh: "most men are at times."

Left to herself, Miss Haven, like little Betty Pringle, sat down and cried. "It was all my fault," she said over and

over. "Oh, how he must despise me! how I despise myself!" Then she looked dismally at the water, and then she cried again. After a time she heard a step on the sand and caught a glimpse of Stanley Richards. "He is walking with that girl," she said, "and positively they shall not see me sitting here alone and crying." She drew back behind a rocky point.

The steps came nearer and stopped. "Miss Haven," said the voice of Stanley Richards, "you may as well come out: you are not in the least hidden."

She turned. Richards was alone, standing before her, holding his hat in his hand. The fine rain was falling on his uncovered head. She took no pity on him, she would not ask him to the scanty shelter of the little cave; she said to herself that she was glad he was standing in the rain, and she sincerely hoped he would get very wet and be very uncomfortable.

Stanley Richards was a younger man than Armstrong. He was a thin brown fellow, with keen eyes, a square chin, and a determined expression. He was not as handsome as Armstrong, and did not talk as much, neither did he spar with young ladies after Armstrong's fashion. "Won't you ask me in out of the rain?" he pleaded.

"You had much better go back to the hotel," said Miss Haven ungraciously.

"Thanks; I don't wish to go back to the hotel."

"The cave is public property: you can come in without my permission."

"I can,—yes; but I do not choose," he answered doggedly.

"Come in, then," said Miss Haven, after a moment's angry silence: "it is simply ludicrous for you to stand out there in this pelting rain. Put your hat on, and don't be melodramatic."

Richards at once stepped in, and, bracing his shoulders against the rocky wall, stood looking down upon Miss Haven.

"I wish to heaven," he broke out suddenly, "that I could understand just what has happened between us this summer."

Miss Haven made no reply.

"I don't believe you can tell me yourself."

Still Miss Haven was silent.

"Can you?"

"Can I what?"

"Can you explain what spoilt our friendship this summer?"

"I didn't know we ever had any friendship."

A look of sudden exasperation flashed into Richards's gray eyes. If Miss Haven had been a boy just then, she would very likely have undergone a thorough and not undeserved shaking at the hands of Stanley Richards. "What do you call our—intercourse?" he said.

"Acquaintance will do," said Miss Haven, "if we must speak of it at all."

"We *will* speak of it," said Richards, with vicious emphasis. "I will have no more juggling and no more acting. I will have this matter explained and set right, if it is a possible thing, before I leave this place to-night."

Miss Haven leaped to her feet, her eyes flashing. "How do you dare take this tone with me?" she said; "how do you dare call me to account? how do you dare come here pretending that you are the injured one? I wonder even at you!"

"Great heavens!" said Richards bluntly; "will you tell me who *is* the injured one?"

Miss Haven regarded him a moment in wide-eyed wonder. "I should think you were insane," she said.

"Can you explain to me," said Richards, speaking swiftly and fiercely, "why you parted one noon from me on the pleasantest terms, and that evening refused to dance with me, and the next morning avoided me, and continued to avoid me until that fellow Armstrong came down—"

"Mr. Armstrong is not a fellow," interrupted Miss Haven; "and we will leave him out of the question, if you please."

"It will be hard to do so; but never mind: will you answer my question?"

Miss Haven looked down a moment at her own trim foot. "I am not obliged to

answer," she said, "but I suppose I can. As you say, we parted one noon on pleasant terms, and all that afternoon you rowed with—somebody else; after tea you walked with somebody else. Very late in the evening you sauntered up and asked me to waltz, and of course I refused; any girl would who had one spark of pride. The next morning I was sketching for two hours on the piazza, and you never came near me. I did not avoid you, you absolutely dropped me; and of course I was glad when Mr. Armstrong came. Do you think I enjoyed being pitied by every one in the house? Did you think I would just sit down and cry when you treated me as I was never treated in my life before? Of course I should not."

Richards flushed. "It may do no good to tell you of it now," he said, almost sullenly, "but—those first days—I was driven to be, in a way, attentive to—somebody else. No gentleman could well have helped himself."

Miss Haven looked rather pleased, then severe. "You might have explained matters to me, then," she said.

"You gave me no chance. That one night when you went rowing with me, I tried to explain, and, somehow, made matters worse than they were before."

"Yes," said she sharply, "you certainly managed to do that."

"I only made this last attempt," he said, "because I am telegraphed to go home. I leave to-morrow, and I was determined to understand a few things before I left."

"Well," said she, "do you understand them now?"

"I understand that I have made an ass of myself," he said, "and ruined the happiest summer of my life for want of a few plain questions and answers."

A moment the two were silent.

Then, "Will you forgive me?" he said abruptly.

"No," said she, "I will not."

"Very well, then; good-by," said Richards.

"Good-by," said Miss Haven, without looking toward him.

He walked off along the shore for about five minutes, then he stopped and threw a few stones at a crow who was exploring among the piles of sea-weed on the sand.

"I'm a fool," he said. Then he turned and went back.

Miss Haven was sitting on her rocky ottoman, crying.

"Why won't you forgive me?" asked Richards. He sat down beside her.

"Because," said she, "you ought to have asked me before."

"Why don't you ask me to forgive you?" he asked presently.

"It is too late," she said dolefully.

"Try it, and see," he said. He put out a hand, much tanned and blistered by rowing, and took both her hands close prisoners. Miss Haven met his eyes for a moment and turned her face away.

"On the whole," she said, "I think I won't. I never did like to ask pardon of people." She made a feeble attempt to release her hands, but gave it up as useless.

"We might drop all this," said he, "and begin again."

"Yes," said Miss Haven, quite humbly, "so we might."

Richards lifted her hands and kissed them, first the backs, then the pretty pink palms. "If I have to wait fifty years," he said determinedly, "you shall marry me some day. Did you know how I loved you?"

She was trembling to her very fingertips. "No," she said: "how should I know?" She spoke so low he had to move very near to hear her.

"Do you think," he said, "that you could ever love me? Do you care in the very least that I am going away to-morrow?"

Miss Haven turned on him with sudden passion in her eyes. "I don't know," she said, "just what you think I am crying about if I do not."

Stanley Richards bent toward her suddenly and took her in his arms.

Then the fog-bell, and the breakers, and the siren at the light-house had all the conversation to themselves.

ELEANOR PUTNAM.

IN THE HEART OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

TWO PAPERS.—II.

IN no State has a greater number or variety of nationalities gone to make up a now Americanized population than in Pennsylvania. And in no county is this better exemplified than in Cambria. It contains to-day, of course, many men of all nations and from all sections of our own, drawn thither by its vast mining and manufacturing industries. But, in addition to this, we shall find, if we go back to the history of its first settlement, that it was peopled, not from one source, and not by chance accretions from many sources, but mainly by three distinct waves of immigration. First we hear of Pennsylvanian Germans from the eastern part of the State, who settled the western portion of the county about Johnstown. Then came large numbers of American Catholics from Maryland and the adjacent parts of Pennsylvania, many of their descendants of the famous colony of Lord Baltimore. These established themselves at Loretto, as it came afterward to be called, and in its vicinity. They were in part of Irish and in part of German extraction. The third important source of population was a large party of sturdy Welshmen, fresh from their mother-country, who founded Ebensburg, now, as then, the county seat, and named both it and the county itself. Their history is that of commonplace prosperity, and it is not of them nor of the German Protestant colony that I would speak in detail, but of the Catholic community, around the annals of which clusters all the poetry of a district much wider than Cambria County,—if indeed by such a name I may call the tales of poverty and privation and rough endeavor, of superstition and self-sacrifice and fervid piety, which form the historical and legendary treasure of the Alleghanies.

The early settlers of the Alleghany would, however, be passed over with but

scant attention amid the mass of similar pioneers who have smoothed the rough ways and made plain the paths for us from side to side of our broad continent, were not their struggles and successes identified so closely with the name of Gallitzin, in whose story there are elements of romance and striking lights of contrast such as we do not find very often even in the biography of a missionary priest. Others have been as bold, as self-denying, as rudely tried and poorly rewarded, as he, and have accomplished as much or more in the way of practical results. But of none, I think, can it be said that he was so isolated in his work or so exclusively entitled to the credit of the results. And it is certain that few men have given up so much as he for their work's sake. It is the brilliant story of his early youth, and the thought of the splendid career that might have been his had he not freely chosen his lonely and toilsome lot, that cast about the memory of Demetrius, Prince Gallitzin, and parish priest of Loretto, a tinge of romance that is wanting to the story of even his most adventurous and most devoted compeers.*

The name of Gallitzin is familiar in our ears, not through the exploits of one famous man, but from its constant recurrence in the annals of Russia, borne by a succession of soldiers and statesmen high for many generations in the offices and honors of their native land. The father of our prince was born in 1728, and was a diplomate in the service, successively, of the Empresses Elizabeth, Anna, and Catherine II. He was ambassador

*A biography of Gallitzin was written a number of years ago by a German priest named Lemcke. The materials contained therein, together with much new matter drawn from the prince's own papers, have been used by Miss Sarah H. Brownson in her "Life of Gallitzin," published in 1873. From this most interesting book the greater number of the following facts have been selected.

for fourteen years at Paris, where he was the friend of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, and afterward at the Hague, where his son was born in 1770. The only other child was a sister older than Demetrius, or, to use the pretty Russian diminutive by which he was called, "Mitri." The prince's wife was Amalia von Schmettau, daughter of the celebrated Prussian field-marshal and sister of the general of that name. She was a woman of fine mind and the strongest character.* Although beautiful, young, and *fêted*, she withdrew after a very few years from all society save such as furthered her purpose, with the intention of educating herself and her children. Residing apart from her husband, who was detained at his post by the duties of his position, but always in the most friendly communication with him, she travelled all over Europe with her children, settling wherever the prospects seemed best for the thorough training she had planned, and which she always superintended herself. The greater part of Mitri's school-days were spent at Münster, in Westphalia, where there was a Catholic college. The princess chose it not at all for sectarian reasons, for she had never professed to believe in any form of Christianity and had never instructed her children in religion, but solely for its superior advantages as a place of secular training. Through long association with its professors, however, she was at last induced to embrace Catholicism, after, as we are told, having studied and meditated on the subject for three years from the time when she first acknowledged its claim upon her attention. It is needless, perhaps, to say that, with her strong mind and quick emotional nature, she became the most enthusiastic of devotees and the most indefatigable of propagandists. Many years later she was instrumental in bringing into her Church the Count von Stolberg, whose conversion stirred political and philosophical Germany from end

to end, and who became himself the instrument of the no less noted conversion of Friedrich von Schlegel.

In the year 1787, when he was seventeen years old, the young prince joined his mother's Church. Strangely enough, the fact gave her little pleasure at the time, for such seemed then to her to be the weakness and indecision of his character that she regarded the profession of his faith rather as a proof of thoughtlessness or pliability than as a vital and determinate act. His father was deeply grieved at the occurrence. Mitri had been intended from his birth for a Russian officer, and had been educated with that end in view. His father, a man of fine intellect and upright character, had no belief in religion of any sort, but knew that it was wise—indeed, in a manner, requisite—that a Russian soldier should profess, if any, the Greek faith of his countrymen. He could but trust that time would accomplish what his wife feared it might, and prove Mitri's conversion but a freak or a temporary mood of thought.

Mitri's education finished, there were still two years to spare ere he could enter upon the active exercise of his profession. Many plans for improving them were suggested, none of which could be carried into effect, owing to the disturbed state of Europe, where the French Revolution had just broken out. After much discussion, it was decided that he should go to America, to study the new republic which had so recently drawn the eyes of Europe upon itself. General von Schmettau suggested that he should give his nephew letters to Washington and put him under the personal supervision of the first President. But this was opposed, for reasons that to-day seem strange enough to be amusing and, I think, worth quoting. Von Fürstenberg, the founder of the college at Münster, writes to the princess, "It is true we have aimed throughout Mitri's whole education to secure him against the blind following of strange views or prejudices; but he is young, weak, and vain. The fame of Washington is dazzling for him: he would very likely accept his opinions,

* Dr. Katercamp's life of this princess, and her own "Tagebuch und Briefwechsel," may be consulted for an account of a woman remarkable even in that day of striking personalities.

even his manners, out of veneration for him and to please him. We know the impression a famous man makes upon a youth; but who of us has any knowledge of Washington's *religious and moral principles, of his political honesty?*" At last the young prince embarked from Rotterdam, under the charge of a priest, and with letters recommending him to the care of Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, "the father of the Church in America."

Scarcely had he touched the shores of Maryland, we are told, when he made up his mind to abandon Europe and his brilliant career, his family and friends, and the society of his equals in things social and intellectual, and enter upon the life of a missionary priest, buried in the heart of a vast wilderness and surrounded only by people who were in all cases rough and uncultivated and in some cases quite uncivilized. It seems impossible that such a decision should have been arrived at by a youth of twenty-two without some strong outside influence brought to bear. There seems to have been something of delay and a spirit that was a little less than frank in the way the news of his project was communicated to his friends at Münster, through them to his mother, and through her to Prince Gallitzin. The princess did not receive the news with pleasure, as her son had hoped she might, for, as before, she doubted his constancy and strength of mind. It was a year ere she was convinced he had done wisely, but then she entered heart and soul into his plans, without, apparently, a selfish thought bestowed upon the fact that he was lost to her for this world. His father's displeasure and grief can be readily imagined. An only son, the hope of his race no less than the pride of his immediate family, to bury himself in the bosom of an alien Church and the depths of an almost unknown and distant land! Authority at a distance would have had but little effect; yet the way in which the disappointed father resigns himself to the inevitable and expresses his affection for the son who has so blasted his hopes is so sturdy and so

noble that most of our sympathy with the participants in the triangular family discussion goes with him.

In three years after his landing on our shores, the young prince had completed his seminary course, taken the lower orders, and been consecrated priest. From the courage and intrepidity with which he grappled ever afterward with the toils and dangers and persecutions of his life, we should conclude that it was a desire for combat and exertion that had led him to embrace his vocation, were we not told that he himself explained his decision as having resulted from the unquiet, convulsed state of Europe as compared with the "tranquil, peaceable, and happy situation of the United States, together with some consideration, naturally suggested by these events, on the vanity of worldly grandeur and preferment." He was the first priest whom the Catholic Church in this country could claim as entirely her own, having been both educated and consecrated on her soil.

The exact extent of the sacrifice that Gallitzin made when he embraced a life of missionary work cannot be understood without a fuller description of the state of the country and of the Church than I can enter into here. The first Catholic colony had been founded at Baltimore in 1634. All the churches in the country remained under the charge of the vicar-general of London until the Revolution, and the first bishop, Carroll, was appointed in 1789 only. It is hard to picture to ourselves the then distressed and disorganized condition of a Church now so flourishing. The Catholic population was widely dispersed and miserably poor,—made up, moreover, of the most discordant elements. Its clergy were foreigners of all sorts, and unable, very often, to sympathize with—even to speak intelligibly to—the congregations under their charge. At first, Gallitzin was an itinerant missionary,—indeed, few priests at that time were anything more,—wandering through vast tracts of the roughest country in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. Many legends are told connected with

this period of Gallitzin's life, detailing how he cast out very palpable devils and overcame with supernatural aid of the most visible kind all doubting inquirers with whom he came in contact, and obstinate heretics who had never even gone so far as to doubt. The spiritualistic stories of to-day do not exceed in fantastic detail and apparently well-authenticated endorsement these last-century tales of possessing spirits, of warning, threatening voices, and of clear, prophetic visions.

In 1799, after four years of incredible hardship, during which he had become thoroughly acquainted with the character both of the country and its people, he obtained permission to settle in the remotest district of Pennsylvania which the Church had yet invaded, the wildest, rudest, and most uninviting in all save the grandeur of its scenery and the fertility of its soil when once cleared of its tremendous forest-growth. At the place which he afterward named Loretto he built a little church of logs, which was dedicated with a solemn midnight mass, chanted in his magnificent voice on Christmas eve. The scene as we picture it is one of wild beauty no less than of impressive solemnity. His hearers had gathered from places within a radius of scores of miles. Some were members of his flock; others, ruder and more ignorant still, had been drawn by rumors of an unaccustomed spectacle. They were as unlike the young soldier and courtier turned priest as was the rough little structure lined with evergreens stuck full of shining candles to the palaces where he had been born and bred. The snow, we are told, was waist-deep outside the church.

I have no space to follow in detail the long record of the life and labors of Gallitzin, or "Father Smith," as for many years he was called, allowing no mention of his real name and rank to be made. At Loretto he dwelt till his death in 1840, leaving his immediate charge only to make toilsome and dangerous journeys still farther into the heart of the wilderness, where there was not even a log church to receive

him, but where service was performed, often for the benefit of a single family, in kitchen, barn, or stable. For very short visits he went only at the rarest intervals and on necessary business to Baltimore and Philadelphia. More than once he refused tempting suggestions of preferment, even of the mitre itself. His desire had from the first been to build up a community trained, ordered, and governed in the strictest accordance with the precepts of Christianity and the Church, free from that alloy of worldliness which to all but enthusiasts appears an inevitable ingredient in human communities. He undertook a vast task, for he constituted himself in the fulfilment of it the guide and ruler of his people in their worldly as in their spiritual concerns. He was imperious, doubtless, very often, but only with the worldly scoffer and the unrepentant evil-doer. With all others he was as tender and humble as the lowliest woman. Autocrat as he grew to be over his scattered and incongruous flock, where the Irish and the German elements were never long at peace, can we wonder that he became an object of persecutions, slanders, envyings, and jealousies of every kind? His rule was denounced as tyrannical, even unjust; his motives were questioned, his private character assailed, complaints were carried time and again to the bishop, and a rival settlement, with a rival priest, established itself at his very doors. His patience, firmness, and meekness combined seem to have been almost superhuman, and they conquered entirely in the end. At the time of his death his enemies were silenced,—many of them, indeed, converted into his warmest adherents. His death was lamented far and wide as a public calamity.

The persecutions which he was forced to endure were not a tenth part so distressing to Father Gallitzin, however, as the pecuniary troubles which came upon him without any fault of his own save that he trusted in the promises of his friends at home. His father, who died in 1803, always maintained that his son had formally renounced all claims on the

estate. This the son as firmly denied. The property all went to the princess, who, finding that on account of his apostasy and expatriation she could leave no part of it safely to her son, bequeathed it at her death, in 1806, to her daughter, who promised to share it equally with Demetrius. In order to make sure that it would go to the Princess Mimi, and not to collateral relations, Gallitzin was urged by his mother to come home for a time and attend to the legal transactions himself. This he at first thought of doing, but finally concluded that a separation from his struggling flock would be too great a wrong to them. His allowance came but sparingly and at long intervals. It is impossible to decide to-day whether the blame was wholly due then and later to the disturbed state of Europe and the difficulty of remitting money with safety, or in part at least to the culpable negligence of his sister and her various agents. Suffice it to say that he never received the portion of the estate which his mother had promised him and his sister had sworn to deliver over, and never saw his way clear to go home and claim it for himself. When he first settled at Loretto, and was in constant expectation of large remittances from home, he judged that the best way to insure the speedy settlement and steady prosperity of the parish would be to buy large tracts of land in his own name and sell them again in small portions and at low rates, to be paid for at the convenience of purchasers. Part of the land, moreover, he retained in his own hands as a trust property, which should in future insure a sufficient income for the Church's establishment at Loretto. Owing to his failure, in spite of constant promises, to obtain any but a comparatively small portion of the large fortune that should have been his, financial embarrassment pursued him through the whole course of his life. It is easy to say that he was in constant terror for years lest a very short time would see his total ruin, but it is not so easy to imagine his feelings during those years when he felt that ruin for him would be ruin as well for

his beloved church establishment and for hundreds of poor people whom he loved and who had confided in his judgment, who had even come into the wilderness at his solicitation. This last bitter trial was spared him, and when he died his Church was flourishing. His dreams of her educational establishments have realized themselves, whatever may be said of the surrounding community that was to have been so true a model of a Christian people. The Catholics around Loretto to-day, in so far as a stranger can judge, are about like the Catholics—and Protestants—to be found elsewhere.

Loretto is only some five miles distant from Cresson, and is situated on the slope of one of those broad, shallow vales which are so characteristic of the Alleghany. Gallitzin's rude little home, with its adjoining chapel, is still intact, but the church of his day has been replaced by a great brick structure, in front of which stands his monument. Near it is a large building, where the Sisters of Mercy have a boarding-school, and on the opposite slope of the valley, buried in trees, is a college under the direction of the Franciscan Brothers, whither young men come from all parts of the country to be educated. In the midst of the smiling prosperity of the region, and remembering the importance to the whole country of the institutions that Gallitzin founded, we find it hard to believe that only eighty years have passed since he consecrated his little log chapel, and that it was then the only sanctuary of his faith between Lancaster and St. Louis.

When we have made acquaintance with all that Cambria County has to show in the way of antiquities and natural beauty,—when its lovely drives have become familiar, when the Portage Road and its ruins have been studied, when we have visited Loretto and the name of Gallitzin is well known and well beloved, when we have dined at that shady little inn in Ebensburg which recalls the "Golden Lion" or the "Stork" or "Palm-Branch" of some German village,—there is still much remaining in the vicinity to attract us. If

we care for modern industries,—for man as well as nature, and his present work as well as his past history,—if we can amuse and instruct ourselves with the problems and triumphs of practical science, there could be no better field for us than this. From the mining of coal and iron to the final processes by which the latter is transformed into shapes the most complicated, the most delicate, and the most ingeniously serviceable to man, there is no stage of the labor which may not be studied within the distance of an hour's journey from Cresson. The whole country is underlaid with beds of ore and metal. As we drive down to Hollidaysburg amid the relics of the "Portage" and over the steep, wooded roads, we come at short intervals on dark holes in the mountain-side, or long "shoots" to bring the material down from a higher level to the turnpike. Here coal is dug for local consumption, and is transported in winter on sledges to the farmer's very door. Lilly is a large mining village, right on the line of the present railroad. Its streets are filled with begrimed men, their faces and their clothes of a uniform sooty complexion, and each wearing the tiny lantern which the world over is the miner's badge. One is almost disappointed not to hear the hearty "*Glück auf!*" which is the miner's specific greeting in every part of the Fatherland, and which, to those who there first made acquaintance with the grimy fraternity, seems as characteristic of it as the lantern or the coal-dust itself.

But if we would see what a primitive Pennsylvanian mining village and its inhabitants are like, we cannot do better than make the excursion to "Bell's Gap," which is locally celebrated for the beauty of the scenery. Running down the railroad to a point a few miles east of Altoona, we take a little branch road that goes at right angles to the main line, some nine miles up into the mountain-pass. The memory of a magnificent October morning comes to me as I write. A train of empty cars was about to go up for coal, and a sort of little open wagon was attached for our accommoda-

tion in front of the engine. It might have been a somewhat dangerous mode of travelling had the speed been great, and even where it took us fifty minutes to cover the nine miles it was, at all events, an exciting mode. Around the edge of the mountain we crept, crossing from the side of one peak to the side of its neighbor over fragile, many-storied trestles. To every finger-tip we felt each throb of reserved power in the body of the docile giant so close behind us. But a strength so near at hand seemed to become part of ourselves, and, with the free view of the snake-like rails before us, we felt we were, in some occult, inspiring way, the authors of our own smooth, resistless progress. Mist on the mountain-tops, shadows of cloud, and gleams of sun through the valleys brought out the autumn tints most beautifully. Brighter single trees—more scarlet maples, for instance, and ruddier oaks—I had seen in other places in other years, but I had never seen a place where the rolling hills formed such superb vistas, where the various trees were so exquisitely blended, where the proportion of evergreens was so exactly right, and where the peaks and slopes had been so little disturbed by the charcoal-burner's axe, or by the fire that has scarred so much of the Adirondack country and so many miles along Lake George. The trees were in fullest leaf, and scarce two of the same kind seemed to grow together,—so that the shape of each was defined as far as the eye could see it against the slightly-contrasting colors of its neighbors. And these colors I had never seen so exquisitely delicate, so variously shaded. There was no violence, not a crude tint, but the very perfection of bright browns, and dull reds, and yellows both dull and bright,—yellows as deep and permanent-looking as the green of the pines, or as evanescent and fairy-like as the mist that crept among them.

There is no view from the end of the line. The road runs its head into the mountain-side, where lie the treasures that it seeks. A cluster of gray-painted frame houses forms the nucleus of the

village. The forest-paths on every hand are straggling streets of ruder dwellings, —simple log huts or board shanties, which make one shiver to think of long winters spent within their paper walls.

The men are at work in the mines, and our attention must needs confine itself to the women of the village and such stray members of the working sex as are either above or below the grade of a miner. There are some rather ruffianly-looking ne'er-do-weels whom one ranks at once in the last-named class, while social superiority is represented by the country doctor and attorney and the capitalist — judge or general, I have forgotten just what the title happened to be — whose name distinguishes more than one locality in the neighborhood. The artist who would fill his sketch-book with rustic figures from such a scene as this must be content with the individual, and that only of a grotesque kind: he must look neither for beauty nor for picturesqueness. There is nothing to be seen among the women which even hints at a beauty past, present, or possible of imagining. There is no delicate grace suggested, such as we see developed in our own better classes. There is none of the rugged and healthy womanhood we have seen among the peasantry of other lands. And there is scarce a trace of the neat and self-reliant alertness which so often makes a homely, middle-aged New-England woman attractive to all observers. The types are not only unbeautiful, but most uninteresting. There is seldom an appearance of health, never a look of neatness. Almost every woman looks unhappy, and all look tired and worn and ill and dull. Here on the top of the mountain there can be no malaria to give this look we know so well among the farming population of the lowlands of the West. But the pure air is probably no sufficient antidote against the bad food and hard labor and severe cold with insufficient shelter which form the basis of this monotonous existence.

No two towns could be less alike than the two which are chief in Cambria County, — Ebensburg and Johnstown.

The former lies quietly at the end of a tiny branch line, sleepy and old and Catholic and agricultural. The latter is divided by the rails of the great highway itself, and is new, rough, and busy with the rush of huge mills and factories and the throb of perpetually-passing trains. It is not dusty like Ebensburg, but grimy; not breezy, but smoky; not spread on top of the mountain, but cramped into a six-sided little valley at the junction of two rivers. Steep hills enclose it almost entirely, their wooded sides visible in every direction over the house-tops. The gap in the mountain where the river finds a westerly exit is filled, as we see it from the town, by the railway viaduct and the Cambria Iron-Works' many chimneys with their banks of smoke. The town is but a dependence of the works and of the minor industries which have grown up about them. The few fine residences are owned by men high in the company's service and rich with its earnings, while the streets of countless little dwellings, each with a family likeness to the other, tell of a long roll of workmen busy in its mills or in the coal-mines that feed them, disgoring their black nutriment almost directly into the gaping furnace-mouths. If we climb one of the long, winding, yet very steep hill-roads and reach the level table-land that spreads its fields and forests broadly toward the west, we soon see a different style of farm from the small holding and shabby little tenement of the mountain-farmer. The Cambria Company, securing its mineral rights, thought best to buy the property out and out, and, farming it principally for hay crops for its own consumption, shows it to us in broad clover-fields beautiful in their extent and neatness.

The tourist who travels for pleasure only does not often stumble on such hostelries as those which afford us accommodation in Johnstown. Here we may make, perhaps, our first acquaintance with the provincial hotel, kept, not for the tourist or the summer boarder, but for the commercial traveller. The preternaturally early breakfast-hour and

the twelve-o'clock dinner tell of business habits which we had thought extinct with a previous generation. Whatever else may be missing from the bedrooms, we are sure to find in each a long extension-table of many leaves for the use of the errant salesman. Through some open door we can always see one piled high with samples of the latest fashions as adulterated for the provincial market. In 1835, when the "Portage" was being built, Johnstown was a quiet little village clustering about the canal basin and with elder-bushes growing high in the main street.

The Cambria Company's iron-works are among the largest and best-appointed in the country, and there are, moreover, vast wire-mills in the town, where small articles of many sorts are manufactured from the heavy wire that comes to them from the iron-works proper. One does not soon tire of watching their curious processes, in many of which the clever machine requires no assistance, save that of a boy to see that it does not get out of order. We may watch, for instance, how the barbed wire for fences is prepared by a machine whose working is so simple as to be understood at first sight by the least initiated. Two long wires enter the machine, on top of which lie two others in small coils. As the main wires pass between these two which are to form the barbs, their ends insert themselves between and twist around the main ones, and are then cut off short by a pair of shears which come out to snip at the right moment and then retire with a vicious precision quite comical to see. The long wires then twist themselves together and reel themselves into large coils ready for sale. And all this is done in plain sight, in the twinkling of an eye, by the unaided machine, which takes up no more space, by the way, than an ordinary centre-table.

In contrast to the noise and glare and rush of places where metal in any shape is treated hot are the rooms in the wire-mills where heavy wire is drawn in a cold state into grades of greater tenuity. The machines look not only simple but ineffective in their quiet working, and

the absence of fire is the absence of all excitement and picturesqueness. But it is all the more wonderful, perhaps, to see the great wire rods gradually becoming less and less in diameter till they are finished into little shining coils of stuff as fine as a hair and as smooth as a silken thread.

Daylight must be used, of course, to inspect all such minor processes as these. And daylight alone reveals the vast scale on which the main work is prosecuted and permits us to study the *modus* of its action and realize its marvellous results. But at night, when the factories are at rest, the iron-mills roar on, and it is then that their weird impressiveness is best revealed. Night after night, so long as we are within its reach, the infernal attraction lays hold of us and draws us within its fiery circle. Night after night we are bewildered and excited by the rush and noise and force and glare of the gigantic conflict between man and the brute material which he conquers and moulds to his will at last by the well-directed power of his fearful allies, flame and steam.

The great yard at night is a treacherous field of darkness, a labyrinth of tracks, where tiny engines puff and sneeze and jerk about their loads of black or still incandescent metal, rushing hither and thither at tangents impossible to calculate in the enshrouding gloom, and helping us by no civility of head-lights or cautionary signals. For this is their home, their private domain, and when the public intrudes upon it the public is alone responsible for keeping itself out of harm's way. We grope about in a half panic toward one or another of the vast buildings which flank the yard on all its sides, some silent and dark, some disgorging light and noise in all profusion. On the one hand tower the vast stacks of the blast-furnaces, which roar day and night through uninterrupted months for their endless meal of ore and fuel. Far off in another direction the long, low rolling-mills show through their open doors a red-hot interior, with black, hurrying figures and winding streaks of fiery metal. But

dominating the whole, brighter and fiercer and noisier than all, are the Bessemer steel-works, and here we stop first to see the very apotheosis of our century,—an apotheosis of iron, water, fire, and their forces in resistless combination. Mr. Ruskin has done what he could to disgust us with steam, its processes and its results. We wait for a subtler and more daring critic to point out its superb picturesqueness, its imaginative and artistic side. We cannot fail, however, to realize them for the moment if we stand awhile on this little platform high up on one side of the huge raftered building where the Bessemer blast is in progress. From this platform a boy controls with half a dozen levers the hydraulic forces which lift and lower and swing the machinery of giant cranes and buckets and ingots and converters with which the tiny, hurrying human figures do their task. The ruddy glare reveals all the infernal beauty of the scene, but covers up and glorifies the dirt and grime we know must be there. We follow this "Bessemer process,"—the most grandly picturesque, perhaps, of all the processes by which metal is treated,—not for scientific but for æsthetic satisfaction. We see one end of the building taken up by a vast accretion of chimneys and troughs and ladders and platforms. In front, just under the great, gaping chimney-mouths high up in the air, hang two huge cylindrical receptacles,—the "converters,"—into which the hot iron is poured to be deprived entirely of its carbon and then doctored by the addition of a certain given quantity thereof,—which addition of just the right amount transforms it into steel. There are other processes for securing the proper quantum of carbon, and no more, to the metal under treatment. But, whatever may be the relative scientific and practical success of this which has made the name of Bessemer famous, there is, picturesquely speaking, no process to be even remotely compared with it. The converters, in alternation, are tipped down to be filled with a stream of fluid iron, and, as they are tilted up into place

beneath the chimney-mouth, the whole building is filled with a shining rain of sparks, each like a distinct and much-magnified snow-crystal. The blast of air which is to bear away the carbon is forced through the contents of the converter, to bellow from its top up the chimney and out into the sky above with a deafening roar and a blinding glare. For some fifteen minutes the blast continues, the color and intensity of the immense flame varying as the metal loses its carbon. From these variations of tint and density the "blower" who superintends it judges how the blast progresses, and knows when to give the signal for tipping and emptying the converter just as the carbon is all exhausted and before the metal is burned. As the converter swings down,—controlled, as I have said, by the little lever at our elbow,—all the glare that has gone before seems as darkness compared with that from the incandescent metal pouring into the huge ingot-mould awaiting it. The colors of the liquid, almost etherealized metal in the different stages of the process are as various as they are beautiful,—now red of many grades, now orange, now pale yellow, and sometimes, when seen in little streams, a lavender too intense for steady gazing.

The rail-mill, where the short, thick bars of metal are rolled out in a few moments into the requisite length and shape, is picturesque enough, but in the wire-mill we shall see a sight as remarkable for grace and fascination as the Bessemer blast is remarkable for power and impressiveness. A long line of "rolls," through which the metal is successively passed, stretches across an iron-floored space, and in front of them stand a row of lads ready with their tongs to catch and control the end of the fiery wire in its swift passage. The thick bar passes between the revolving cylinders which constitute the first pair of rolls, and comes out attenuated to a certain extent. The end is caught in the tongs and inserted between the next pair, passing through, of course, in a reverse direction to that in which it has traversed the first. This process is re-

peated a number of times, the wire growing thin and long with supernatural rapidity. The longer it grows, the more "slack," so to speak, there is to be controlled as it issues from one pair of rolls to be inserted in the next. It is this which makes the process so strikingly picturesque to the observer and so dangerous to the operator. Yards upon yards of the graceful, serpentine stuff, which looks so pliable but is so stiff and jerky and intractable, accumulate between the pairs of rolls, and with the motion of his tongs the workman must control it so that it neither entangles itself nor injures him. When the end of the process approaches and the length of the wire is very great, the services of another workman are required to seize the slack with his tongs and run backward with it across the iron floor, while his comrade manages the end. The long coils rise and waver high in the air in their rapid flight with a grace that is indescribable, and cover the ground with huge, fiery, snake-like curves in swiftest motion. All the rolls are running at once, of course, a fresh bar being started as soon as the preceding one has left the first pair of rolls; and the wild motions of the metal itself and of the many lads who struggle with it in its apparently frantic efforts to free itself from their control make an exciting spectacle from which it is almost impossible to tear ourselves away. We watch for an ending, a lull which will relax our interest; but the always-beginning, never-ending process continues without a break. There is no small sense of personal danger to add its spice to our enjoyment. It seems momentarily impossible that the burning streak should not get the mastery and cease to coil itself so safely near our feet. Accidents to the rollers seem always imminent, and are, indeed, more frequent here than in any other part of the works. A false step in the backward run over the slippery iron floor is surely disastrous. An end of wire missed by the tongs means, very likely, a hole through arm or body. And not very long ago, we are told, a workman got

himself *inside* instead of outside the immense coil that formed and wavered over his head as he inserted the end of the wire between the rolls. In a moment he was cut in twain as the swift revolution drew the metal line taut against the machine. Dangerous as the labor is, it seems strange that lads and quite young boys should usually undertake it. We are told, however, that their greater quickness and agility stand them in better stead than would the presumably cooler heads of their elders. As the wire issues finished from the last "pass," the end is again caught and presented to a wheel which reels it up into the coils we know in our shops, and it is then thrown aside to cool. Long in the telling, this process is swift enough in reality. It takes some forty-five seconds only for the bar to enter the first pair of rolls, traverse them all, be coiled up as five hundred feet of wire, and tossed aside to make room for the next-comer, which is already awaiting the services of the wheel.

The night is far advanced when we cross the yard once more. It is partly lit at times by the glare from the Bessemer chimneys, and anon covered with utter darkness as the converter is tilted down for a while. Leaving its dangers at last behind us, we pass along the bank of the river under the great railroad viaduct which spans it. A solitary locomotive, symmetrical, polished, docile, glides slowly over our heads. Surely it is alive in this magic midnight,—a living, magnificent child of steam and iron and man's intelligence. Gigantic level rays from the Bessemer building far behind us fall upon it and on the rocky river-bed and the huge bridge-arches, and across and beyond them up to the wooded hill-side, where the hoarse voices of the miners and the occasional flashing of their lights show that coal is mined as well as burned by night. Is there no poetry in our nineteenth century and its work? Is there no majesty, no impressiveness, no food for the imagination, in its iron, and steam, and flame, and speed, and power?

M. G. VAN RENSSLAER.

THE ROMANCE OF CHILDHOOD.

MEN of imaginative minds have often given great weight to the thoughts and fancies of their childhood. Goethe insisted that the puppet-play described in "Wilhelm Meister" had a real importance in the history of his development. Wordsworth thought so seriously of a child's early impressions of the world that in his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" he seems to have adopted, almost in earnest, the Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence. And indeed those first pictures which the universe paints on the sensitive retina do have the air of belonging to some past stage of existence. They lie in the memory at an infinite remove, like the miniature objects seen through the wrong end of the telescope,—small, distinct, and with a prismatic play of color about their edges, as though the dew were still on them and the light of dawn. The mind soon learns to expect no novelties. New combinations there may be, but the elements are old. But in childhood, before the alphabet of experience has been learned, there are new letters to be spelled,—sensations elementally new, such as one might have in mature life if a fresh sense were added. "Turn the eyes upside down," says Emerson, "by looking at the landscape through your legs, and how agreeable is the picture, though you have seen it any time these twenty years!" We can play our imaginations this pleasant trick no longer; but, as children, what a novel world we secured by simply rolling back the eyeballs, as we lay on our backs, till the room stood topsyturvy! A smooth white floor was spread for the feet of fancy to run upon without let from wall to wall. The well-known furniture hung head downward,—tables, chairs, piano, even the fire in the grate,—like a group of domestic stalactites. The doors had thresholds two feet high. All was so old, yet so delightfully strange.

A loss befalls us when our scale of distances begins to change. It is like an illusion of the special sense which happens to one sitting drowsily by a window, who sees suddenly a long way off a large bird flying swiftly along the horizon, but, on shifting his position, sees only an insect crawling on the pane close to his eye. Thus, the little lawn where I used to play was an ampler field for imagination to explore than the widest landscape nowadays. Seen from the study-window of a moonlight November night, it had an unfamiliar, almost an unearthly, look. Mysterious shadows haunted its borders, and in the middle plot, where the hoar-frost spread a dim white drugget under the moon, I could uncertainly make out the fairies' ring circling about in the wind. *Hic patet ingenuis campus*. How different from that "sunny spot of greenery" on a May morning, when the lilacs at the house corner were in bloom and the syringa-bushes at the gate were full of bees! Then it was like a slope in Arcadia, with gray-green tufts here and there among the grass, crowned with the blossom of a self-sown daffodil. The bright patch-work quilt lay on the ground for the baby to play on, and the nurse sat on the terrace-steps with her sewing, while we wove the dandelion chain.

The far corner of the lawn was foreign country, and there was an excitement in visiting it. It was there that the water stood longest after a rain, and the turf was fine and mossy. It was strewn with winged maple-seeds and the chocolate-brown pods of the honey locust. These products and the trees which shed them had something exotic about them when compared with the more domestic flora on the near side of the lawn. We felt at home with the snowberry-bushes under the study window, whose fruit was our ammunition, and the row of vergalious whose little yellow pears we

found in September scattered about in the long grass under the terrace-bank, their skins speckled like trout and broken into deep cracks. Their rough bark also afforded coignes of vantage for the locusts that sang in the summer noons and left their cast shells, sometimes as many as a dozen on a single trunk, of which we hoarded collections in paper boxes. The lawn was pleasant at five o'clock of a summer afternoon. Then long shadows fell across the grass, and we heard the distant voices of the children just let out of school, and knew that presently the tea-bell would ring and we should go inside to bread-and-butter and strawberries.

The far corner under the maples gained an added mystery from its being the scene of my initiation into the game of "secrets." A little girl among our playfellows came to me one day, and, whispering solemnly, "Never, never tell!" led me to a spot marked by a flat stone. This being raised disclosed a hollow nest in the ground lined with moss, in which were set, in a kind of pattern, colored beads, gilt buttons, bits of tin-foil and sparkling glass, and other glistening "nubbins." It was as though the lid were lifted from Golconda and the wonders of the subterranean world revealed.

"Hush!" she said, replacing the stone: "it's our secret. Nobody knows it but me and you and Ella Burkett. It's our secret,—us three."

No amount of stock in railway or mining corporation could give me now half the sense of importance that I felt when admitted to a share in that partnership. I wonder whether this game was peculiar to us, or whether other children still play at "secrets"?

The same little Alice who let me into this first secret lived in a house in our neighborhood, where I sometimes went to play, and which was to me as a castle of romance by reason of one architectural feature in which it differed from the abodes of prose. Common dwellings had only two staircases, one in the front hall and one in the back entry for the servants' use. But in that enchanted

mansion was a third flight, ascending from a side-entry to the upper story of a wing. At the turning, half-way up, was a stair broad enough to make a little room of itself, and over it a window of yellow glass which shed a strange fairy twilight through the hall. The wing was little used, and we were left to play alone all day on the broad stair, where we spread our toys and spelled out our picture-books. Outside the window a large willow shook in the wind, and the shadow of its branches wavered in the solemn illumination that lay upon the floor. Such tricks as memory plays us! In many an old cathedral the dance of colors from the great oriel, making patterns on the pavement of the nave, has brought suddenly before me little Alice's face, and the dolls and wooden elephant and leaden soldiers, and the picture of "slovenly Peter," all transfigured in that mystic glory.

But, alas for young love!—for even thus early may love begin,—my sweet playmate was something of a sloven. Her Shaker bonnet was always dangling from the back of her neck. Her brown hair was in a snarl. Her stockings—which were none of the whitest—were usually down about her ankles. Her knuckles and even her dear little knees were often grimy. My nurse, a particular woman, once said in my hearing that Alice was a dirty girl. I had never noticed this myself, but I was now moved to a high moral disgust,—being at the time aged six,—and when Alice next came to play with me I said, "Alice Powers, you are a dirty girl. Go home. I won't play with you." Poor Alice looked at me with big eyes, and then, bursting into tears and flinging down an apron-full of horse-chestnuts which she had brought me for a present, went slowly out of the yard. As I watched her sobbing shoulders disappear down the walk, my heart misgave me. I felt that Alice was nice, but public sentiment had pronounced her dirty. Conscience, too, gave a twinge as I picked up the horse-chestnuts,—her *douceur*. They were new

from the tree, shining and darkly grained, like polished mahogany, each with an eye of flourey white. A few days after, my little playfellow was taken with the croup and died. I took the horse-chestnuts up into the garret, and, in a dark corner behind the chimney, sobbed over them all a rainy afternoon in an agony of remorse,—experiencing even at that tender age the worst of all mental sufferings, the memory of ingratitude toward one who has loved us and has gone forever beyond the reach of our atonement.

When the child grows old enough to read, its imagination has a wider reach, but becomes less original. It reproduces its favorite books in its sports. From say nine to eleven the minds of all the boys in our neighborhood were under the tyranny of "The Scalp-Hunters" and "The Last of the Mohicans," and our chief out-of-door pastime was to play Indian. Assuming the names of Chingacook, Hawkeye, Uncas, Seguin, St. Vrain, etc., we ranged the vicinage in war-parties, emitting whoops, darting our wooden lances into the quivering bodies of the evergreens, and laying ambushes behind hedges. Our belts bristled with bunches of grass, the scalps of imaginary Mingoes and Navajoes, mingled together in cheerful defiance of ethnography,—although the lodge of a big sagamore in the Algonkin tongues, who could have taught us better, lay right in our war-path. Sometimes we were treed by peccaries in the big apple-tree. In the deep and parlous canyon behind the gooseberry-bushes we were attacked by twenty-five grizzlies. We scoured on fleet mustangs over the broad prairies grazed by Deacon Barlow's cow, slaying buffaloes and Comanches. We held the abandoned hen-house for a whole summer day—though sorely wounded—against a besieging party of Apaches, who shot burning arrows into the walls and tried every other stratagem which hellish cunning or the resources of Captain Mayne Reid's imagination could invent. This play was never popular with the girls, who were forced to be squaws and prepare our venison in

the wigwam—the area of the cellar door—while we were off on hunting- or war-parties. Often, on returning at evening, laden with spoils, we found that the squaws had betaken themselves to other games, and we had to recall them to their domestic duties.

In-doors, a favorite plaything was the spool-basket, and the favorite game that we played with it was a kind of original jack-straws. The basket being inverted, about half a bushel of brick-shaped blocks and spools of all sizes and colors tumbled gently into a heap. From this mountain, resembling the lava-pits of the Modocs, and representing chaos or the dawn of history, the tribes of men were slowly to extricate themselves. The white spools were the Caucasian race, the red spools the Indians, the yellow the Mongols, and the black the Africans. Such of these as rolled out upon the floor at the overturning of the basket, or could be extricated from the heap without displacing the blocks, gathered into bands and fought each other, or sailed away on block-rafts over the tranquil surface of the play-room carpet to green isles under the table, and edges of new-risen continents along the lounge, where they founded colonies. Gradually those who lay deeper in the mountain, overwhelmed in a sort of Dantesque hell, emerged through openings between the boulders, and formed the obstructions about them into ramparts. Finally the whole mass was reduced into ordered lines of fortification, the scattered bands united into allied nations, and the whole ended in a *Volksschlacht*, where the long cylinders of carpet-thread spools served as cannon, and the air was darkened by shot and shell composed of the little paper sewing-silk spools.

In days somewhat younger than those, a main resource was the kitchen, whose unrestrained life contrasted gayly with the stiff proprieties of the parlor. Our kitchen had a stone step at the threshold of the dining-room door, where a cricket sometimes sang, that dwelt in a neighboring cranny. Here I would sit after supper, between the servants' table and the wooden bench under which were ranged

my uncle's shoes, — twenty shoes precisely alike, which he wore in succession, beginning at one end of the row and making a complete revolution in ten days. Over the bench hung his shoe-horn on a nail, and over this was a shelf with a lantern and footstool. Beyond was the cellar door, which, when opened of a dark night, gave admission to abysses of mystery into which the imagination plunged with a pleasing shudder. Here I would sit, I say, and listen to the gabble of the girls as they slowly stirred their tea, absorbing it with loud gulps and masticating their buttered toast with a crunching and chonking sound most fascinating to the ear. The conversation was usually discontinuous, and abounded in rather abrupt reflections, such as, — " 'Tis three years, come Tuesday week, since I left the old country. Dear, dear ! Where'll I be this day twelvemonth ? "

To this there would be no reply, but the other would say presently, gazing at the tea-grounds in the bottom of her empty cup, " What's my fortune ? "

" I see an old man sifting in a chair. "

" No, but 'tis not, then : 'tis a big house on a hill that ye see. "

" Sure I've a purse in mine. " Etc., etc.

Often I besought them for tales of Ireland, which I conceived of from their report as a wondrous green land of faery. On Pancake Thursday, when they baked a ring in a cake and the kitchen was full of gossips who came to the cutting, these stories most abounded. There seemed to be a definite repertory of them, known by name to the natives, — for they would be called for under their titles, like favorite songs at a glee, — as, " Have ye 'The White Lady of Blackrock Castle ? ' " or, " Havee'er o' yez 'The Yellow Wathers' ? "

I can remember nothing of them beyond the vague outlines of one, in which a girl who is sitting in a tree at twilight hears her lover, underneath, plotting with another man to take her life, and afterward, in a company where her lover is present, says that she has a riddle to tell : " I dreamed a dream that the fox was digging a grave for me under the tree in the woods. And I dreamed that the fox fell into the hole

that he was digging. " The conclusion of the history has gone from me.

I remember once being taken into the fields to hunt for shamrock by one of my nurses, a fresh-faced young thing, just over, whom we called Fat Janey. It was on some saint's day, or some Irish anniversary, and there was some sentimental or superstitious rite that she wanted to perform with the mystic trefoil. I have forgotten the exact nature of it, — perhaps putting it under her pillow to dream upon, as is done with the wedding-cake. At all events, I remember that she had to content herself with our common clover ; and I recall her voice distinctly as she went searching through the fields, —

The long gray fields at night, —

for it was toward evening, — crooning one of those wild, monotonous, tuneless chants that the maids sing while hanging out their clothes. Some of the girls knew a few scraps of Gaelic, and would teach me to repeat them. I have forgotten all but two sentences, which sounded like " Conny sthon thu " and " Tau da maw. " (The spelling is strictly phonetic, and I haven't the least notion what the words mean.) I now suspect that they occasionally took advantage of my innocence, — for they would make me say over phrases which they declared meant, " How do ye do ? " or, " Give me a kiss, " and would laugh immoderately when I repeated them, and cry, " Listen to the child ! "

A cook that we once had, named Nora, possessed great dramatic talent. She was a large, handsome woman, from the south of Ireland, with a mass of blue-black hair. She would let this down over her shoulders, and, standing in the middle of the kitchen, carving-knife in hand, roll her fine dark eyes and recite the following dialogue, taking both parts alternately :

She. — Would ye not have a wife both fair and young,
Could speak the French and the I-talian tongue ?

He. — No. One language is enough for any woman to speak ;

And, before I'd be governed by such a wife,
I'd take the sword and end me life.

[Stabs himself with carving-knife, and falls rapine on kitchen-floor.]

She.—

[Rising nimbly from floor, and standing over his imaginary body.]

Alas! alas! Thin I fear 'tis true,—
So I'll take the sword and end me life too.

[Stabs herself, and falls in like manner.]

She pronounced the *w* in "sword" distinctly.

The servants' cousins or followers were an unfailling spring of fresh interest. From the dining-room I could hear a low rumble of talk in the kitchen, announcing the arrival of some John or Patrick. On going out there, I always found him sitting uncomfortably straight on one particular chair, under which his hat was deposited, dressed in black clothes, which also suggested discomfort and unwontedness. It was matter of speculation with me why the young and pretty girls had hardly any followers, while those who were uncommonly old or ugly were wooed most assiduously. Perhaps the old ones had property. One lean and tushy hag, named Catherine, who lived with us several years, was very confidential with me about her suitors. She was torn between two. The first was an absurdly-young fellow, with a fresh, pleasant face. He was at least ten years her junior, and courted her perseveringly, but without much encouragement. She spoke of him as "the lad," and evidently inclined toward his rival, a steady man, with a red beard, who weighed mentally about a ton. She told me that he was rich, but that he had no religion. "He is like a baste of the field," she said. Nothing but this lack of spirituality seemed to make her hesitate between him and the other. Another cook that we had held her head very high because she might have married, had she chosen, "a widow-man in the old country, with a jaunting-car."

The natural inclination of children toward fetichism, or the reading of a

soul into inanimate things, is matter of common note. The letters of the alphabet all have an expression for them like persons' faces. E is a belligerent, conceited, positive character; F is sly, sneaking, with a smirk on his thin face; and so on. David Copperfield identified a certain wash-stand with Mrs. Gummidge. Hans Andersen, who retained the child's habit of mind all through life, personifies in his story-books tops, balls, and other playthings, precisely as children do. It is the same with articles of furniture: to an imaginative child every room has an expression of its own, and the things in it are not dead, but have a kind of life and humanity. There will be little unnoticed nooks and corners of the house that have a peculiar significance to him,—some recess that he likes to sit in, some unused shelf or cubby. Oddities of architecture attract him,—such as a space left here and there, a corner cut off, a step up or down from room to room, a roof that slopes to the floor, a closet of irregular shape. Ledges are formed by projections or mouldings, on which he will range pennies or candies in a row and leave them there till he forgets them, and comes upon them another day with all the excitement of a fresh discovery.

One of the best touches in "School-Days at Rugby" is where East describes to Tom Brown the pleasures of the Rugby institution known as "singing." After supper, in the summer twilight, the big boys sit about the tables in the little five-court under the library, and sing and drink beer; while the little boys "cut about the quadrangle between the songs, and it looks like a lot of robbers in a cave." The man who wrote that knew the heart of a boy. Is there perchance in this part of the world any man who cannot recall the bliss that filled him at, say, the age of ten, when the evenings began to grow long and warm, so that he could play out-doors after tea? What an unfamiliar charm the deserted school-yard took on in the soft gloaming, where we lingered at "Every Man in his Own Den," until the boy who ventured out into the

centre of the field, crying the ancient formula,—

"Here's a lead
For Solomon's seed,"—

could hardly be seen for the dusk! And then to be let sit out on the front steps till ten o'clock with the "grown-ups," and listen to their talk,—perhaps even participate in their lemonade,—

while the fire-flies twinkled in the high grass by the currant-bushes! And to wake afterward in the night and hear the fountain splashing monotonously in the asylum-grounds, and the hurdy-gurdy of the lunatic negro who came every night at moonrise to play by those waters of Babylon! Oh, summer nights!

HENRY A. BEERS.

MRS. LARRABEE'S MORNING CALL.

"STOP, driver, stop! Oh, that lovely view! Ellen, do look at those mountains yonder, with the shadows of the clouds lying upon them! This is truly a heavenly spot. I could sit here all day long and look at that view. I wonder who lives here: it must be some very rich family, for just see those stables over there, and the queer houses, and then the lawns and drives! It must take an army of servants and a mint of money to run a place like this. That is a boat-house down there at the water's edge. Of course the man who lives here has a yacht,—probably a small fleet of them. Dear me! these Hudson River princes simply roll in wealth. Perhaps this is the country-seat of some celebrated New York merchant.—Driver, what is the name of the gentleman who owns this place?"

The colored man on the box of the carriage reflected a moment. "I ain't been long in these parts," he said at last apologetically.

He beckoned to a gardener who was clipping a hedge near, and the man left his work and came up to the carriage, touching his hat respectfully to the two ladies seated therein. The elder of them, a stout, pompous dame with large diamonds in her ears, said patronizingly, "Good-morning. Will you tell me the name of the gentleman who owns this country-seat?"

"Mr. Partridge, ma'am."

"Partridge?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Partridge? George Reed Partridge?" cried the stout lady in great excitement.

"Yes, ma'am," said the gardener, touching his hat again respectfully and then resuming his hedge-clipping.

The stout lady laid a fat, tightly-gloved hand upon her companion's arm: "My dear, it is the very Mr. Partridge whom we knew so well in Rome. You remember his wife and only son died of the fever there that winter, and he was almost heart-broken. His wife was a sweet woman. Coachman, drive up to the house."

"But, Aunt Etta—" the young girl began, in a tone of remonstrance.

"My dear, I know him well. He would consider it a slight, an insult, if I should drive through his grounds without stopping to say 'How do you do?' The idea of this being his place! I thought that he lived in New York; and I suppose he does in winter and comes here for the summer. He is a retired merchant, you know, and immensely wealthy,—immensely."

The coachman had meanwhile driven his horses up to the entrance of the house, and, as he stopped them, a manservant came down the broad stone steps and stood ready to open the carriage door. Mr. Partridge was at home, and the two ladies alighted and followed the servant into a square hall where a single sheet of plate-glass framed a picture of the river and the blue hills beyond.

The pavement was marble, a fine carved staircase wound up to the floor above, and on every side were silent witnesses to the truth of Mrs. Larrabee's assertion that Mr. Partridge was a rich man.

"Whom shall I say, madam?" said the servant, as he ushered the two guests into a small reception-room.

"Two old friends," quoth the stout lady superbly. Then she put her gold-rimmed eye-glasses on her nose and gazed about her critically, rising once to peep through the door-hangings into the adjoining room. Her companion, a tall, slim girl with soft brown hair and eyes, seated herself in a low chair by an opened window and crossed her hands in her lap wearily. She looked pale and tired, and contrasted in every way with her stout, rubicund aunt. She wore no rustling silk, no sparkling diamonds, and a feminine observer would have instantly detected that her gloves were only three-buttoned while her aunt's were eight. Almost motionless, she sat looking down at the carpet until Mr. George Reed Partridge entered. He was a burly, white-haired old man, with a smooth-shaven, mahogany-colored face and a pair of twinkling little eyes.

"Well, Mrs. Larrabee," he said, in a big, out-door sort of voice, "this is a great surprise. I could not imagine who my two old friends were, and I should have concluded that you were a pair of dangerous book-agents if James had not said that you came in a carriage. But I don't know who the other old friend can be." He bestowed a shrewd glance upon the girl, who had risen and stood before him, a faint blush spreading slowly over her face. "And I should not call her so very old," he added, with a laugh.

"It is my niece, Ellen Hustead," said Mrs. Larrabee. "You remember, she was in Rome with us."

"Ah, yes, of course; I recollect now," Mr. Partridge exclaimed. He shook hands with the girl heartily. "It is no wonder that I didn't recognize you, Miss Ellen, for the last time I saw you you were a long-legged creature in short frocks."

Mrs. Larrabee looked rather shocked, but her niece smiled. "The frocks have been let down," she said gayly.

"So I see. I suppose it was necessary. Why, you are quite a woman,—eighteen years old, I dare say."

"Nearly nineteen," said she.

"You must stop shooting up and take to spreading out. With your height, you ought to weigh a hundred and forty pounds."

"She has been studying very hard all winter," said Mrs. Larrabee. "That is why she looks so pale and thin."

"Studying, eh?" Mr. Partridge repeated. "Studied the flesh off your bones? I wish you had said danced it off. I don't like learned young ladies very much. In fact, I am afraid of 'em."

A bright look flashed into the girl's face. "Ah, you need not be afraid of me," she said, in half-triumphant, half-mournful accents. "I am not learned in the least, and I can't be, although I have tried very hard."

Mr. Partridge twisted about in his chair and looked at her with new interest. His glance travelled deliberately from the crown of her head to the tip of the boot that showed itself beneath her simple gown.

"My niece refers to the trying ordeal that she has just passed through," said Mrs. Larrabee. "She came to Poughkeepsie to enter Vassar College, but she failed in her examinations. That is how we happen to be here: we are going back to Chicago to-morrow."

"I could enter the preparatory class," chimed in her niece, "but I feel too old for that. I thought I should surely enter Freshman: I studied hard all last winter for it, but I am dreadfully deficient in mathematics. I can't even manage fractions; and as for algebra—" She broke off eloquently and looked up into Mr. Partridge's face with a smile of comical despair.

He burst into a roar of laughter. "My dear child," said he, "what earthly good would it do you if you could manage fractions? Keep out of Vassar College, and gather your roses while you may: that is my advice."

"I shall have to do something to earn my own living," said she, in a simple, straightforward way, "and I hoped to become a teacher."

The laughing look on Mr. Partridge's face was replaced by a very grave one. He pursed up his lips. "Whew!" he whistled.

Mrs. Larrabee now came to the rescue, and guided the conversation in the direction of Europe. Ellen was rather left out of the desultory talk that followed, and sat by, silent and absorbed in her thoughts. Evidently they were not the vague, pleasant day-dreams of a young girl, for a little line showed itself between her brows, and she compressed her lips as though she were mentally making some great resolution. As he listened to Mrs. Larrabee's smoothly-flowing stream of words, Mr. Partridge every now and then glanced at Ellen in his quick, shrewd way. Sometimes she caught his glances and returned them with a smile, but oftener she was quite unconscious of them and worked away at the problems that seemed to trouble her. Outside, the carriage stood in the shade of a great chestnut-tree, and the colored coachman slumbered peacefully on his perch, while the horses stamped impatiently and whisked their tails in futile efforts to dislodge the flies. In the distance a man drove a mowing-machine round and round a lawn, and, nearer, a gardener moved a rake lazily to and fro over a gravelled path. The south wind stole in through the opened window, bringing with it the smell of roses. A vague drowsiness stole little by little over Ellen, and the muscles of her face relaxed. How sweet it would be to lean her head against the back of her well-cushioned chair and forget her troubles in sleep! She closed her eyes once, but opened them quickly lest her aunt should see her. That lady was talking in her customary fluent and impressive manner.

"It was such a lovely morning that I thought I would bring Ellen out for a drive. She has never seen anything of the Hudson River before, and the scenery here is so celebrated, and I am sure it

deserves its fame, for anything more beautiful I cannot even imagine. You see, we meet by chance, the usual way, Mr. Partridge. I had no idea that the charming home that I was going into ecstasies over belonged to an old friend; and when your gardener—one of your gardeners, I suppose I should say—told me who lived here, I was very much astonished, I assure you, and, on the spur of the moment, we decided to pay you a morning call, Ellen and I."

"I am very glad you did so," said the old gentleman politely, "and I hope you will pay me one every time you are in Poughkeepsie."

"We shall never be here again," spoke up Ellen. "I shall not try to pass Vassar examinations every year." And she shook her head resolutely.

"It is your turn now, Mr. Partridge," said Mrs. Larrabee. "You must pay us a morning call."

"But you live in Chicago!" the old gentleman exclaimed. "That is quite a distance to go to pay a morning call."

"Nothing at all for an old traveller like you," cried Mrs. Larrabee; "and I do hope that you will drop in and see us some day, just as we dropped in to see you."

"I certainly shall do so if I ever get as far as Chicago, which I very much doubt," said Mr. Partridge. "I am past seventy now: my travelling days are over. I have to go to New York every now and then to look after my estate and business-affairs generally, but I hate it. I would rather stay here and raise cattle and sheep."

Mrs. Larrabee rose and drew her shawl about her shoulders. "I think we must go," she said, with a glance out of the window toward her sleeping coachman.

"Oh, stay and lunch with me," said Mr. Partridge, springing to his feet as quickly as though he were a young fellow still. "Let me send your carriage back to the hotel, and I will drive you into town myself this afternoon."

Mrs. Larrabee let her shawl slip off her shoulders again and murmured a consent, and thereupon Mr. Partridge

went out himself to give the order to the coachman.

"He might have asked us before," said Mrs. Larrabee in an undertone to her niece. "Now I shall have to pay for all the time that the carriage has been waiting. But, dear me! a rich man never thinks of these trifles."

Having sent the carriage back to town, Mr. Partridge rejoined his guests, and, soon after, luncheon was announced. The meal was served in a small room with long French windows opening out upon a broad piazza. Beyond stretched an expanse of lawn down to the river, that to-day shone glassy in the sunshine, reflecting clearly the sloops and schooners that, with outspread sails, lay waiting for a breeze. Mr. Partridge was quite annoyed because Ellen looked out of the window too much and neglected her luncheon.

"You can't live on a view," he said. "Drink your wine, child, and eat your cutlet. Mind, if you don't do better by your meat, you will have to make it up on the strawberries-and-cream."

"Poor Ellen! She is quite unstrung," murmured Mrs. Larrabee sympathetically.

"Oh, no, I am not," said Ellen, looking a trifle vexed. She did not like to be called unstrung: it made her feel like an old fiddle hung up in a Jew-shop.

As soon as the luncheon was over, Mr. Partridge led his guests out upon the piazza. "I hope you don't object to tobacco?" he said, taking a cigar from his pocket.

"No, indeed," Mrs. Larrabee replied. "My husband is a great smoker."

"And I suppose, Miss Ellen, that if you had a husband he would be a great smoker too, as Dundreary would observe," said Mr. Partridge.

Ellen colored quickly and looked a little confused. She seemed ill at ease.

After a while, Mr. Partridge said to her, "Don't you want to go down the alley yonder and pick me a big bunch of roses?"

"Yes, indeed," she cried, and ran down the steps with delight. Mr. Partridge's remark about a possible husband's

habits had, like many a random arrow, flown at an unsuspected mark, and Ellen feared that her aunt might be inclined to make embarrassing disclosures upon the subject. Now, however, she was away from such an unpleasant possibility, and she wandered down the rose-alley, gathering the flowers and feeling quite like the lady of the manor. After a while she found that a little old spaniel was following her, and wagging his tail with as much energy as remained to him after many years of almost unremitting tail-wagging. He seemed very grateful to Ellen for the kind word and pat that she bestowed upon him, and trotted after her, panting, and with his tongue lolling out of the side of his mouth. Indeed, as the day was warm and he seemed unused to such exertions, Ellen stopped to give him a chance to rest. But rest he would not. When she stopped, he sat up on his haunches and offered her his paw, then rolled over, then played dead dog, and then began it all over again, by sitting up on his haunches and offering her his paw; and this he kept up until she strolled on again, when he trotted after her laboriously.

Meanwhile, Mr. Partridge sat in his arm-chair on the piazza, listening to his guest's monologue. Finally, with a quick jerk of his head in the direction of the rose-alley, he said, "So she hopes to be a teacher, does she?"

Mrs. Larrabee raised her hands in a sort of despair, as she answered, "Yes, that has always been her expectation; but I am afraid it will have to be given up. I am sure I don't know what to do with her. She is my poor sister's child, and quite alone in the world, and she has no money,—a paltry thousand or so. Mr. Larrabee and I intended to educate her so that she could be a teacher and make herself independent; but she is not an intellectual girl. She is good and sweet-tempered, but she certainly is not intellectual. She failed dreadfully in her examination. Of course Mr. Larrabee and I would treat her just as we do our own daughters, but we have five children of our own, and we cannot afford it."

"Why, I thought Larrabee was making a big fortune," said Mr. Partridge.

Mrs. Larrabee shook her head. "Reports are always dreadfully exaggerated. We are comfortable; but with a family like ours it takes a great deal of money to be merely comfortable. And then Ellen is very proud and high-spirited, and would not be willing to be a dependant upon her uncle's charity. But what can she do? what can she do, Mr. Partridge?"

"Get married," said that gentleman: "she would make some man a good wife, even if she is not particularly intellectual."

There was a touch of sarcasm in his voice; but Mrs. Larrabee did not notice it. She drew her chair a little nearer Mr. Partridge's, and said confidentially, "The fact is, there has been a young man very attentive to her for more than a year. It is a desperate affair, I assure you; but he is poor,—a lawyer without clients or influential friends, and his own way to make in the world. Of course Ellen and he fell in love; such people always do, and the poorer they are the worse the love. It would be folly for them to marry,—perfect folly; and I am happy to say that they have sense enough to know it. Still, I am afraid they may forget prudence and run away; she would go fast enough if he asked her; but I will give him the credit of being a high-minded sort of fellow. He would think twice before he dragged a young girl into poverty. Of course I never could consent to such a thing; I should consider myself a wicked woman if I did, although I like Mr. Grantley—"

"Eh! what is the name?" said Mr. Partridge suddenly.

"Grantley,—John Grantley. I believe his parents were rich once, but he is poor enough now, in all conscience. He is a perfect gentleman, although rather blunt and short-spoken, and his habits are all that one could wish; but he does not succeed as a lawyer."

"Too honest," said Mr. Partridge grimly,—*"too honest and too bluff. I*

know Jack well. In fact, he is my nephew, and he and my son were great friends when they were boys. He used to come here often then, and I liked him; but he grew up and went to college and studied law, although I did my best to persuade him to go into the tea-and-coffee trade with my old friends Sone and Johnson. I hate lawyers; there is one in New York that is making a fortune out of me, and whetting his knife to cut me up when I am dead; but I have to employ him. When Jack said he was going to be a lawyer, I spoke my mind pretty freely, and Jack spoke his quite as freely, instead of holding his tongue. The result was, he marched out of my library with his nose in the air, and I have never seen him since. His father went all to pieces, and died not long after. And so Jack is out in Chicago, trying to practise law? He will never succeed."

"He is your nephew?" cried Mrs. Larrabee.

"Certainly, my nephew. I have a dozen nephews and nieces in various parts of the world waiting for me to die. They are all civil, well-behaved young people, and show a deep interest in my health, which is very gratifying. Jack, however, has cut my acquaintance. I guess he wishes he had gone into the tea-and-coffee trade now."

"It was very stupid of him not to," said Mrs. Larrabee. "Young people should have sense enough to take the advice of their parents and relations."

"If I had taken the advice of mine, I should be a Presbyterian parson," said Mr. Partridge, with a laugh. "I am glad I didn't; but I should be willing to bet a good deal that Jack wishes he had taken mine. He could have married his Ellen to-morrow, and given her a coupé to go shopping in."

"He has proved himself a very foolish young man," said Mrs. Larrabee. "What you tell me about him proves that my husband's opinion is perfectly correct. He says that Jack is one of those men bound never to succeed. But Ellen is very fond of him. He lives two doors below us, and she is always at

the window to see him pass. He doesn't come to our house any more, for of course we had to put a stop to his visits; but I am afraid he and Ellen write to each other."

"I dare say they do," Mr. Partridge rejoined. "Perhaps this unhappy love-affair has had something to do with Miss Ellen's pale face."

"Oh, she has moped sadly, Mr. Partridge. I hoped that she would go to Vassar, and there, among new associations, forget all about him; but now that has failed, and I am at my wits' end. I positively dread going back to Chicago and meeting Mr. Larrabee. We were confident that Ellen could enter the Freshman class at college, and then she would have been settled for four years, and her diploma would have been of great assistance in getting her a place afterward as a teacher. We think a great deal of a Vassar diploma out West, Mr. Partridge."

He smoked his cigar again in silence, and watched the slim figure wandering down the rose-alley. "Poor girl!" said he at last.

"She is indeed to be pitied," said Mrs. Larrabee, with a sigh that set all the bugles on her gown to jingling. "She is one of those helpless women. Now, I think that if I were thrown upon my own resources I could do something or other to win my bread and butter."

"I don't believe you could pass the Vassar examinations," said Mr. Partridge bluntly.

"Ah, but I have not had Ellen's advantages," cried the lady in expostulation. "She has been studying a year, just to be ready; and yet she has failed utterly."

"Love-affairs are apt to interfere with studies," said Mr. Partridge, with a short laugh.

Ellen now came toward the piazza, a big bouquet of roses in her hand and the old spaniel pattering along at her side.

"Poor Beppo!" said Mr. Partridge. "So he has made friends with you, Miss Ellen? He is a faithful old dog, and misses the petting that his mistress used

to give him. Someway, he never cared for me particularly; but he has taken a liking to you, evidently. Don't let him annoy you."

"Oh, Ellen is fond of animals," said Mrs. Larrabee. "What! these roses for me? You really are too generous, Mr. Partridge, and I must give this one back." She fastened the yellow rose on the lapel of the old gentleman's coat with a sprightly, coquettish smile, while he submitted and looked a trifle foolish.

Then he led them back into the house, guiding them first into a large room, lined from floor to ceiling with books, save over the mantel-shelf, where there hung a portrait of an elderly, sweet-faced woman. "This is my library," he said, halting and glancing with a comical smile at Ellen. "A dreadful place for a young lady like you, who cannot be learned, isn't it? But don't be alarmed; I won't so much as show you an arithmetic. This," he continued, opening a door, "is the music-room. My boy was very fond of music. Of course you play and sing, Miss Ellen?"

"Yes; but not well," she replied. "I have no talent for anything in particular. I begin to think I am very mediocre."

"What! can't you execute any of those wonderful finger-gymnastics? Can't you warble an Italian aria? Upon my word, I didn't suppose there was such an ignorant young lady left in the world. Well, sit down and sing something or other for me. I assure you I am almost as unlearned as you are, if not quite: so I shall not be critical."

Ellen was not in the least afraid of him, for if she was deficient in mathematics she was not in mother-wit, and she understood his feigned horror at her ignorance. So she seated herself at the piano, calm and confident, and sang one of those ballads that old gentlemen like George Reed Partridge always love to hear. As he sat and listened and looked at her, she reminded him of his dead wife. She, too, had once just such soft brown hair and eyes; she, too, had often sung this very ballad. Memories stole over him of sweet by-gone days, and the

lines of his face softened, and the merry twinkle in his eyes was quenched. When the last notes of the ballad faded away, he came and laid his hand on Ellen's shoulder. "Thank you; you sang that very sweetly, my child," said he.

She glanced up in his face, and saw what was written there, and quick tears came to her eyes. She understood that she had touched some chord of his heart. She pitied the lonely old man.

"Ellen would have a very good voice if it were only cultivated," said Mrs. Larrabee.

"It suits me just as it is," said Mr. Partridge, almost roughly.

He did not ask her to sing again, and, after some desultory conversation, Mrs. Larrabee declared that it was time for them to return to the hotel. Mr. Partridge thereupon ordered the carriage, and it was soon driven up to the door. The three miles to Poughkeepsie were accomplished in a short time, and the two ladies found themselves once more alone in the hotel.

"He is a very nice old man, but self-made and quite unpolished. Rather coarse some of his speeches were," said Mrs. Larrabee, as she untied her bonnet-strings. "Still, I am glad we went there, and I will say that he treated us very well. It must be very lonely for him living there by himself in that great house. I suppose when he dies he will leave all his property to charity. Now, if Jack Grantley had ever had a particle of sense, he might have been the adopted son to-day of one of the richest men in the State; but of course he ran counter to his uncle's wishes—"

"His uncle?" cried Ellen.

"Yes, his uncle. Mr. Partridge is his uncle. He said so himself this very afternoon."

Ellen wheeled about with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks. "Aunt, you surely did not tell him about us?"

"Why not?" said Mrs. Larrabee crossly. "I am sure everybody in Chicago knows about you. It is no secret. How could it be, when you have both acted so foolishly? But Mr. Partridge does not like Jack, so there is no need

to suppose that he will help him. Jack offended him years ago, just as Jack offends everybody, by his blunt ways. I hope, Ellen, that you will give up moping over him and settle down to something,—only, goodness knows what you can settle down to."

"I shall not be a burden to you long, I trust," said Ellen proudly.

"Don't be foolish, child," her aunt rejoined. "Empty words won't help you any. Ring the bell for some iced water, and tell the waiter to bring the bill and have a carriage ready for us to-morrow morning at half-past eight. I wish the journey back to Chicago were over, though I don't know what your uncle will say when he sees us and hears of your examination."

Mr. Partridge, meanwhile, had driven back to his stately, lonely home. He passed through the music-room, where open on the piano lay the ballad that Ellen had sung. He put it away in the rack and closed the piano gently, then walked on into the library and seated himself by the empty fireplace. Mechanically he drew a cigar from his pocket and lighted it. The white smoke floated up over the portrait of his dead wife, and through the film her face seemed to look down at him with a new and tender entreaty. Beppo stole into the room and thrust his nose against his master's hand. This seemed to rouse Mr. Partridge, and he rose and went to the table whereon lay the visiting-card that Mrs. Larrabee had left. In the corner was written her address, "436 Worrall Avenue." He fingered the card irresolutely. "Two doors below: that would be number 438," he said to himself. And then he sat down and wrote a letter, which, although it was very short, caused him much reflection.

A week or ten days after Mrs. Larrabee had paid her morning call, Mr. Partridge was one afternoon strolling over the lawn toward the house, when his attention was attracted by a young man coming down the road. The day was hot and the dust thick, and the pedestrian walked slowly, carrying his straw hat in his hand. Arrived op-

posite the big iron entrance-gates, the stranger paused and looked about him, then wiped the perspiration from his brow, made a vain attempt to brush the dust off his coat, and put his hat upon his head with a resolute gesture that made Mr. Partridge smile. That gentleman seated himself upon a rustic seat in the shade of a clump of cedars, and waited for the young man. When the latter came up the gravelled path, Mr. Partridge, without stirring, called out, "Jack!"

The young man stopped, saw Mr. Partridge, and crossed over to where he sat. "Well, Uncle George, how are you?" he said, as he held out his hand. "You sent for me, and here I am."

"Yes, I see you are," said Mr. Partridge. "Did you walk all the way from Chicago?" he added.

"I could have done so, I suppose, if I had taken the time," Jack replied, "but I contented myself with doing the three miles from town on foot."

Mr. Partridge looked at his nephew's hot face and then at his dusty boots. "It isn't just the day that I should have chosen for a tramp," he observed. "Come up to the house: it is cooler there, and you need something to wash the dust out of your throat."

Half-way across the lawn Jack stopped. "You have cut down the big oak-tree!" he exclaimed.

"Had to," his uncle replied tersely. "It died. You and Ned used to be forever climbing it when you were boys, didn't you?"

Jack nodded, but made no reply. It saddened him to think of Ned, and he walked on in silence, noting the changes that time had wrought in the place that he had once known so well. Mr. Partridge, too, said nothing until they had entered the house, and then his voice sounded a little husky: "Let us go into the dining-room, Jack. A tumbler of iced claret is what you want. It is a hot, dusty day."

"The walk *was* tiresome," Jack admitted, as he sat down in an arm-chair by the window.

"Why the deuce didn't you take a

carriage from the station, or let me know when you were coming?" said his uncle petulantly.

To this Jack vouchsafed no reply: he merely smiled and sipped his claret with evident satisfaction.

"Jack, you are just as exasperating as ever!" cried Mr. Partridge in tones of mingled admiration and despair.

"The leopard cannot change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin," quoth Jack lightly.

The old gentleman burst into a great roar of laughter. "You're your father all over," he said; "but I liked your father in spite of his cranky ways." Then he poured himself out a little more claret, smiling as he did so. "Well, and how is your law-practice coming on?" he said.

"Very well," Jack replied.

"Getting rich, eh? Clients crowding into your office? Beginning to think of taking a partner?"

"No, not exactly; but still I am doing as well as most young lawyers."

"Then that is not doing at all," said Mr. Partridge. "Now, Jack," he continued, fixing his keen eyes on his nephew's face, "have you never regretted that you did not go into the tea-and-coffee trade?"

Jack stroked his moustache. "I have regretted that a lawyer could not make money so fast as your friends the tea-and-coffee merchants do," he answered.

"Now for another question. Answer me honestly. Are you succeeding?"

"Not so well as I could wish," was the reply; "but I did not expect to leap into fame and wealth by the time I was twenty-six."

"Why the deuce don't you speak out to me frankly, and say that you are having a hard struggle to get money enough to pay your board-bill?" cried Mr. Partridge excitedly, and rising to his feet as he spoke. "It is true; you can't deny it. Your coat is shabby, you could not afford a carriage out here this morning and so you came afoot, you have to deny yourself a thousand things to keep out of debt, your watch-chain has disappeared, you look thin—"

John Grantley had risen and taken his hat from the table. "Did you send for me to come from Chicago to tell me this?" he said.

"No! I sent for you because I want to help you. For the Lord's sake, sit down, Jack! Don't be afraid. I am not going to offer you a ten-dollar bill or a position in a tea-and-coffee store." And now the twinkle in Mr. Partridge's eyes showed itself again. Jack sat down, but he held his hat in his hand still. "I don't suppose your position in Chicago is so good but that you would take a better if it were offered to you?" said Mr. Partridge, putting his hands into his trousers-pockets and looking whimsically at his nephew.

"No man in any position ever disdains the opportunity of bettering it," said Jack.

"Very good. What I offer you is a position of trust. I believe you are an

honest lawyer,—the very rarest bird that flies,—and I need an honest lawyer. The work won't be easy, but you ought to make a good thing out of it. That scoundrelly Doolittle has, I am sure. Come to New York, and I will give you the business of my estate and will speak a good word for you among my friends. You will find that it will repay you, Jack."

For a minute Jack looked steadily at the lump of fast-melting ice in the empty tumbler. Then he held out his hand to his uncle. "Thank you. I will do my very best for you," said he.

"Fill up your glass," cried Mr. Partridge. "We will drink to your Ellen. Ah! you stare. I know more than you think, you rogue! Go out to Chicago and marry her and bring her here. I hope to see her children tumbling over the grass yonder some day."

CHARLES DUNNING.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

"WHAT dream unpillowed thy young head
At chill and cheerless break of day?
And where, with swift, impatient tread,
Pursuest thou thy lonely way?"

"See where the purple mountains lie,
Like clouds that catch the rising sun:
Behind yon peak that breasts the sky
I needs must be ere day is done."

"And lies thy home beyond that peak,
In some wild-wooded mountain-glen,
And, sick with absence, dost thou seek
The sweet, familiar scene again?"

"Untroubled as the morning wind
That drinks the dew from grass and tree,
I leave my father's house behind:
The broad bright world is home to me."

"Then Fancy hath thee by the hand,
And whispers tales of import sweet,—
How, sighing through a rainbow land,
Love listens for thy coming feet."

"'Twere sweet to find love waiting me,
If love were meek and came unsought;
Not mine a love-sick fantasy,—
I follow a sublimer thought."

"Dost dream of mines and treasures rare
In yon recesses buried down,
Or seek in faery fastness there
The bitter laurel of renown?"

"Ask me no more: I cannot tell
What thing I burn to find or do;
I only know a wild, wild spell
Compels me to those crests of blue."

"I warn thee, though they seem so near,
It is a weary way between,—
Through woods and wastes obscure and drear,
And adder-haunted fens unseen."

"A journey made, a danger met,
Are tales to tell when both are done:
There never was a pleasure yet
Worth tasting if too smoothly won."

"Oh, boy, why waste the golden hours
In searching after fancied sweet?
Thou'lt find naught sweeter than the flowers
That die beneath thy heedless feet."

"Oh, rank of scent and pale to sight
The weeds that haunt this homely place!
The flowers that spring beyond that height
Must bloom with a diviner grace."

"On some tall cliff's accessless crown
They mock the desperate climber's clutch,
Or haply, if he pull them down,
They turn to ashes at his touch."

"Beyond those hills in other years
I, too, sought wondrous things to find.
Ah me! I turn again, with tears,
To seek the sweets I left behind."

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

BAY BEAUTIES AND BAY BREEZES.

"TWO trunks and a baby-coach?"
 "Yes, that's all. Be sure to get them on this train."

We knew this extra caution to lame black Si was necessary, for the baggage came in heaps, and there was always some left behind. Fortunately, we got ours aboard, and had settled down serenely in our seats, and were letting baby play with our hats, while cooling our heads, and feeling that we were safely speeding toward the land of the clam and the oyster, when the conductor punched our tickets.

"Change at Jamaica!"

"Oh, dear!" was what my wife said.

But I felt worse than that, if I had only dared say it. All that worry to go over again at Jamaica! But no use talking. At the next station we waited for our train. They stopped only for passengers, and would not take baggage.

"Oh, dear!" again.

But I didn't say it: I couldn't.

"And we must have our trunks to-night: all Clara's things are in them; I haven't a thing; and if a shower should come up, the carriage will get wet."

"No use talking," again.

The conductor assured us that they would come up on the next train; but they didn't. They didn't come till the 9.15, and it was midnight before we got the benefit of them, for they had to be brought five miles in a wagon.

The ride we had in the stage in the afternoon was delightful. Road smooth, winding over hill, through dale, shady and dustless; so we just bowled along,—bowled is the word. We came across a piece of new road, and the "nigh" horse pulled more than his share, and broke his whiffle-tree, and stood,—amazed to find the load off his shoulders. A delay of twenty minutes, till our driver borrowed a tree and a "rope-end" from a farmer. Then a passenger got out and touched up the "off" horse with his ivory-handled umbrella, with the to him

surprising result that on the second blow the handle remained in his hand and the umbrella went in the mud under the wheels; during all of which performance the other passengers were much interested and kept in good humor.

While prospecting for a suitable place to board, we stopped at "the store," to make inquiries.

"Hev yeh bin to Hickmanses?"

"Yes."

"All full, eh?"

"All full there."

"Bin to John Tightem's, back o' the church?"

"Yes."

"They ain't full there, be they?"

"No; but they expect some up 1st of August."

"Who did you see? John himself?"

"No; his wife."

"I guess you better make your bargain with her; she's the best man of the two, they say. John'll go a great ways for a cent. One day I wanted a piece of brass to fix an oar, an' I went into his shop an' tuk an old hoop I saw hangin' overhead an' asked him what that was. He looked at it, an' said, 'Ha, I picked that up on the shore, mus' be nigh on twenty year ago, an' it's bin hangin' on that hook ever sence. Do you want it?'—Well, if it's iron, I don't; if it's brass, I kin use it. What do you want for it?'—Well, ef it was iron, I'd give it to yeh; but, sence it's brass, I guess it's wuth about six cents.' I paid him the six cents, an' tuk it."

"I can tell yeh suthin' worse'n 'at," said another. "I had 'im do some odd jobs for me, an', after a while, told 'im to make out 'is bill. When it come, it was for three days and a quarter of an hour. I asked 'im, 'Do you gen'ally charge that way,—for a quarter of an hour?'—Oh, certain; when I work by the day I always charge for the quarters."

"I'll tell you how he served me," said another, "or, rather, how I served him. He come to borrow my saw. I had it lyin' on the stoop, and said he cud have it and welcome. He looked at it, and says he, 'I see you don't understand saw-sharpnin'.'—'No,' said I, 'that ain't no part of my trade.' After a while he brung the saw back, and a bill with it for thirty-one cents. Well, I can git a saw sharpened and set for a quarter any day, and I didn't ask him to sharpen it: so I asked him, 'Ain't that a putty steep charge?'—'No,' said he: 'that's an inside price. It's really thirty-two cents; but I tuk off a cent.'—Well, I tuk the saw and laid it on the table, and said, 'If there's thirty-one cents of labor on that old saw, you kin hev it and keep it.'"

At six next morning we were at the "Oysterman's Dock, Limited." A new house, and a newly-dug cove. The sun began to gild the ripples. The tide was out, and the mud was up. Sitting in the doorway, on a camp-stool made of netting and broken oars, we talked with one of the limited oystermen about seed-oysters, and planting, and beds staked off, and a suit that was made a test case.

"Over thar 'gin thet p'int, thet's the free ground. All this part of the bay is planted. There's some here thet has made thirty thousand dollars oysterin'. Them stakes is all ranged by a tree or some p'int on shore; and ef any one shud pull 'em up, the owner cud set 'em back to within a fut of the same place. Some four year ago, a few of us that hain't got any beds tried to stake off some of the free ground and plant it; but when oysterin'-time come, them rich cusses jest pulled up our stakes and hauled in our oysters, and said we hadn't no bizness stakin' it off, as 'twas free ground. Well, the right of any of 'em on'y hangs by a hair, it's on'y an arrangement among theirselves, and so we sued 'em; but they beat us, 'cos we hadn't no money. But now last year, mind yeh, they staked off some of the free ground theirselves and planted it, and, to test it, some of us put up a young feller to take up some of the oysters, and

they 'rested him, and the jedge gave him sixty days and costs; and now some of us is a-carryin' it to higher courts to try it out, and we got as smart a lawyer as they hev, every time."

One morning, later, we went to listen to this trial. Counsel for defendant was examining witness for defendant. Counsel for plaintiff said he could not hear.

"Not hear?" said counsel for defendant. "Do you tell me that you can't hear? Why, sir, there are thousands of animals roaming these woods that would *envy* you your ears!"

As it is well known that there are now no animals "roaming these woods" but a few rabbits and such like, there seemed to be considerable "reference to allusions."

A never-failing source of interest is the shore, in its various phases of tide. The shore is active when the tide is out, and active when it is in; but the activities are different. At high water, if it occurs at the right hour, all the little rough-board closets on the shelving beach stand with padlocks agape on their staples and doors wide open, and the bathers are disporting themselves in an old calico or a brand-new blue flannel white braided. John Henry floats well out from the shore, his hands sticking out perpendicular to his breast, and causing a little girl on the pebbles to ask, "Mamma, is he saying his prayers?"

It is a warm day, perhaps, and the water is a trifle colder than the air, and Lou, who is bold and goes ahead in everything untried, wants to persuade her friends on shore to venture in, and declares, "It's just lo-o-u-ugh-o-ovely!" while she stands shuddering, hip-deep. Sail-boats, too, if there be a wind, are spinning in all directions. The waters cover all the meadows and rocks and oyster-stakes, and the bay certainly seems as large again to the eye untrained to the deceptive distances on water. The freight-sloops are able to get alongside the dock and unload, and wagons are waiting in a string for their turn under the crane to get the goods ordered for store or shop or household. Here comes a piano out of the hold;

next a roll of sole-leather, white-oak- and hemlock-tanned, for which customers have been leaving their shoes at the little white shop under the crooked silver-leaf maple; then a hoghead of crockery for the store; then bales of hay, casks of beer, a lot of wash-tubs, a barrel of oil; and so on. Indeed, it is one of the most developing of sights to watch all that comes out through that hatchway in the course of the season. The oystermen, too, take the chance of high water to get their craft in the positions they want them.

When the tide has ebbed to its lowest, the docks look as useless as can be, set back so far out of the water: it seems as if that element could never get to them again. The clam-boys, with the bottom of a demijohn-basket, are wading out after the family supply; for many of the poor live upon the product of this free soil of Uncle Sam's, between high and low water. The bottom is so shelving that it looks as though you might wade clear across to the island. The flat-bottomed boats and the "punkin-seeds" rest right side up on the mud; the round-bottomed ones keel gently over to port, the rudder being turned to starboard, so that it will not be injured by the settling of the sloop. The boatmen use the chance to calk up any little open seams with cotton and white lead and putty and paint, while they spread their sails and awnings on the sand to bleach. Not so many sailing-parties go out now, or, if they do, they can't step from the dock to the boat with dry shoes, but must walk on the soft ooze to the nearest row-boat, and from that step into another and be taken to the sloop in detachments. But when once you get afloat, and have a good breeze, what a delight to be sitting in front of the mast, watching the cut-water plough the little waves as they dash up in mimic fury right under your feet! and how refreshing to take off your shoes and let the greenish fluid, liquid and limpid, cascade and gurgle and splurge over your feet alongside! And in how many directions you can go,—and must go, with the varying of the wind and tide! When

the wind is boisterous and the sea runs high, West Harbor is the place, sheltered and just right. We can run up to Pine Island Neck and cross the narrow sand-bar to the Sound and pick up shells, or run into Mill Neck Creek to Bayville, or stop at the steam brick-yard on Hog Island and watch the red-dusted Germans turn out the last of their forty thousand a day. This quantum done, they can go to their sea-bath and their pipes and beer. The genial boss himself stays around "till sundown, looking after things." It is a novel sight to most of us, and we linger so long that when we return to our boat we find it occupied by scores of the *Doryphora decemlineata*, the great American traveller, the Colorado beetle, the potato-bug: they have stepped aboard from the brick-yard wharf, "to find passage for Bermuda in time for the early crop," our captain thinks.

Running out into the Sound, we may have to hug the Yellow Banks, or make short tacks between Point Mozes and Plum Point, to keep out of the channel current, or go scudding before the wind straight out with the tide, and before we are far out in the Sound the spray comes dashing over the bow or the water rushes by the partly-submerged gunwale, and the timid ones are glad when the course is again headed for Oyster Bay Harbor. If we do not venture out, we can run to Columbia Grove and land, or into Cold Spring Harbor and get a view of the Laurelton House. Woe be to us if we get becalmed! we may be there till nightfall, not able to get out of sight of Cooper's Bluff, get home late when a little puff brings us in, and go supperless to bed, not saying much about our sail, but simply, "Good-night: we must try it again."

Becalmed at a distance from home, if there be provisions, a merry party may still have a good time. Caught in such a "fix" on the Sound at mid-day once, after we had sung and joked awhile in apparent unconcern, somehow the idea was started to hold a moot court and have a mock trial of a breach-of-promise case. We had some young legal prac-

tioners in the company very willing to air themselves. We had the brick-yard aloop, and the deck gave us ample room. A jury, on which ladies were qualified to serve, was speedily impanelled, and they readily affirmed that they were ignorant *in toto* of any impending suit and entirely unprejudiced. A dashing young woman who usually had a hand in all picnics and festivals was selected as complainant, and the accused was one of the best and most modest fellows in the party, who smiled a tragic, sad smile when it was broached to him that he should represent the false lover: his veneration for womankind received a severe shock, but they all clamored so, "Oh, come on, Henry," that he assumed the rôle. Witnesses were produced who recalled scenes which were an utter blank to the tortured defendant; and, as counsel for plaintiff drew out with an exultant leer from the all-too-willing testifiers incidents that went to prove the dastardly conduct of the accused, his facial muscles were seen to twitch nervously, despite his attempt to laugh it off, while his gay accuser and her backers were snickering at the wit of the young lawyer. Just as counsel for defendant, in summing up, had reached the climax of his appeal to the most amused jury in the world, with his oft-repeated, beseeching, "Now, gentlemen and ladies of the jury," and was asking one and all to "gaze on the face of this youth, this gentle prisoner: do you see depicted there any indication——" and Henry was getting more and more uneasy under the amused scrutiny, a puff filled the sail, the skipper ordered us aft to trim the boat, and the case was adjourned *sine die*. And such singing as we had coming home! How we skipped bars of airs we didn't know, and mumbled words that escaped our memory in the hurry to supply them! and how the tenors did develop and ring out over the water, and linger and soar and die out after the rest had stopped! Joe said it was "immense," the whole "business." But then that was Joe's word for every quality of any object whatever. If our farina pudding was gummy, Joe said it was immense; when

we had ice-cream for dessert on a hot Sunday, it was immense, too; if the water had been fine for bathing, it was immense; when the hammock under the locusts fell through and partly let out an estimable elderly boarder in an uncomfortable position, to the amusement of the folks on the veranda, Joe characterized that as immense, too. The immensity of his immenseness was simply immense.

One afternoon we were rowing on the bay. The air was still, and we moved lazily along. Suddenly the sky grew dark, the waves began to dance, the lightning zigzagged from cloud to earth, and the squall was upon us. We made for Hog Island, and in the brick-yard we steamed before the kilns. It was hard to say which was the more uncomfortable, a wet pack or a drying one. We got into a talk with the foreman by remarking on the care with which he ordered his gang to board over the bricks that stood "hocked" nearly ready for the kiln, and the apparent unconcern with which they allowed the newly-made bricks on the floor to get thickly pock-marked by the heavy rain.

"Yes, they're gettin' a good washin', but they'll be badly ironed."

We tried to keep him talking "shop," but he always drifted to talking of himself or about the "boss."

"I've been in this bizness goin' on twenty-seven year: begun at it when I wasn't but seventeen. When I come here, three year ago, they didn't make no brick here that was fit to be seen. I was a-workin' up to Greenport when they sent for me. I didn't like the fish perfume, so I come here. I got over to the P'int and hired a man to row me across. The fellow says to me, 'Be you the new man what's goin' to run the brick-yard?' I said I was goin' to try it. He said, 'You and the boss won't agree.' I said I could agree weth any man, and I'd make out to agree weth the boss. 'Well,' says he, 'what yeh do when one of the gang don't do his work to suit yeh, and yeh discharge him, and he goes to the boss, and the boss sets him to work again because he's an

old hand?"—"Look here, friend," says I: "when I takes hold of that brick-yard I cal'late the boss and me'll have an understanding that he won't have nothin' to say about the gang, ef the brick suits him." And so, when I saw the boss, says I, 'An' now one thing more: ef yeh see anything wrong in the yard, I want yeh to come to me, and not talk to the men. An' ef a man don't do his work to suit me, and I discharge him, he's discharged, understand, no matter ef he's been here twenty-six year. You've either got to pay him off or pay me off: you keep the man thet's worth the most money.'—"All right," says the boss; "that's business." And I hain't had no 'casion to complain on thet score."

We admired his rugged manliness, and hoped it was not all "blow."

"They told me when I come thatt boss was a hard man to get cash from, —thet yeh alwez hed to ask him for yeh money, and thet he'd alwez say, 'Gosh dang it, what do *you* want money for?' —thet I'd hev to take a check and pay a dollar or a dollar an' half to get it cashed in the village. Well, I let my pay go on fur nigh two months, 'cos I hadn't no need for it, and the boss never offered me a cent. One day I went to him and said, 'Boss, I'd like to hev a hundred an' eighty dollars, an' I'd like to hev it in cash.'—"Goll dash it, what do *you* want money for?"—"Well, boss," says I, 'ef anybody shud *ask* you, tell 'em you don't know; but I want my money.'—"Well, I'll draw you a check for it."—"I can't use no checks; there hain't no bank here. I want the cash: ef you hain't got it handy, I'll wait tell Monday."—"You can get it cashed at Jerry's to-night."—"Goll dash it," says I, 'I don't go fur my money twicet, and I won't go into no rum-hole to get a check cashed, and I buy so little at the store that I hain't got the check to offer 'em a big check. But I'll take the check, and ef one of the men is goin' over I'll send fur the money by him, and whatever it costs to get it cashed you've got to pay it: thet's business.' So one of the men went over to Jerry's, and he looked at it, and says he, 'That's a big

check, but I'll give you the money ef you'll treat the crowd.' Well, there was twenty-four of 'em in the place, and at ten cents a drink thatt made two forty. He brought me the bill, 's I tole him to. When I met the boss again, I says, 'Boss, give me two dollars and forty cents.'—"Gosh dang it, what do *you* want two dollars and forty cents for?"—"Here it is, boss," and I guv him the ticket: 'you was to pay what it coost to get the check cashed, and thet's the sum total.' He said nothin', handed over the money on the spot, and I hain't seen no checks from him sence."

Our host had two "setting" hens, fifteen Spanish Leghorn eggs under each. It was during the campaign of 1880, so he dubbed one Garfield and the other Hancock, to see which would win. After twenty-one days, he announced the result: "Ten chicks out of thirty eggs, and Garfield ain't got a chick: they are all Hancocks." This somewhat shook his confidence in the success of the Republican candidate, and came near deciding him to vote the other way.

Our bar-keeper stuttered fearfully, and he was painfully aware of it, and sensitive withal. One day a stranger drove up to the door, and from his buggy asked the way to Glen Cove. Bar-keep tried to tell him as best he could, but found himself getting terribly behindhand, so he paused a moment, and yelled out, "Oh, go 'long, y-y-you'll g-g-get there 'f-f-fore I'll be a-a-able to t-t-tell you."

He was in a worse fix one Saturday evening. We were sitting on the veranda, when we heard a racket going on below, and several rushed to see. A stranger, who stuttered too, had come in and tried to ask for a drink. Bar-keep didn't know the man, and thought he was mocking him, and, in an impulse of sensitive self-vindication, he cuffed the stranger right and left: hence the squabble. Explanations were called for by the spectators, and each belligerent stut-terer tried to give his version, and soon began to apologize to the other in the most skipping enunciation that excited mortals could use, and, in the roars of

laughter that followed, peace was restored and a general treat set on foot.

One Sunday, when our minister was on his vacation, a brother divine officiated for him, and was quartered at the house of a "pillar." It is affirmed that said pillar enjoys a good story, and none better than a spicy one, with a "swear-word" in it, provided the spice be of the right kind, which makes the good and demure Mrs. Pillar tremble sometimes lest he should commit himself in the wrong place. The host was telling the minister of a good man at the Cove who was anxious to have his son's spiritual welfare assured and had said, "You'd better be confirmed, now that the bishop is here."

"No, father, I can't."

"But it will be a long while before the bishop comes again, and you'd better do it now."

"But, father, I don't feel like it yet."

"But, d—n it! I say you shall!"

After the laugh, the prudent mistress besought the visiting brother not to tell the minister that the elder had demeaned himself shamefully, when the brother still further shocked the sensitive lady by saying quietly, "You needn't be afraid: I shan't tell any of his d—n stories."

One characteristic of Oyster Bay people is that they all stand by one another, and would do anything to serve a neighbor, but about three times a week things are sure to get in a snarl, and somebody is sure to get offended, and pardon has to be asked and granted, or the code of etiquette is not carried out. Nearly every one you meet says "Beg pardon" on the least provocation,—can't help it, and doesn't know that he does it. The most discreet cannot avoid getting into difficulty or offending somebody, so sensitive is everybody.

We found "Commodore" a good fellow, and ready to vow that everybody else was a good fellow too, no matter in what different streaks this goodness might run, or how utterly unlike any other good fellow previously described. We found this to be a generous failing, and rather enjoyed it, less for its value

in giving a correct estimate than for the scope of its broad humanity.

"Pious" was the Commodore's word. It was his "best holt," and he used it for adjectives of all shades of the good kind, not from any paucity of verbiage,—bless you, no! no one could spin a yarn longer or while away a waiting hour more insensibly to the auditor,—but from principles of natural selection and the "eternal fitness" of things. If his cup of breakfast-cocoa was just right, he declared it a "pious" drink. The Commodore was also "boss" on the pipe-organ; and one evening when we went to the church, and one or two of the ladies sang solos, and he had danced on the pedals till the poor blower said he "never sweat so" in his life, the Commodore declared he had had a very pious time indeed. And once, when he heard the bootmaker declare that baby Clara looked like her papa when her father was by, and like her mamma when her mother was by, he declared it a "pious thing to do," always to find resemblance to the parent at hand. That word had a greater variety of meaning and was synonymous with more quality-words than any lexicographer ever dreamed of. As to its proper application, the Commodore was a law unto himself. I have heard him tuck it in as an equivalent for hot, rare, pleasant, well-fitting, refreshing, complimentary, and other equally diverse attributes. And the best of it was, his way of putting it never left you in doubt as to what word he had in mind. Once, when the minister returned with his just-prattling boy from Philadelphia, the youngster quietly stated at tea-table, in recounting the sights, that he had fed the bears at the *Theological Gardens*. And the Commodore remarked, "A very pious boy that," hitting both his literal and his figurative nails on the head with one word, and causing Harry to say, after he recovered, "Please excuse that larf."

There are several historical homesteads in and about the village. One that commands a good deal of attention stands on Main Street, near South.

Turreted, arched, gabled, dormered, piazza-ed, porticoed, built around on all sides,—to preserve the old homestead, so they say, which is very precious in its age to its owners,—it has many a curious bit of history or romance associated with its old-fashioned interior. Major André's diamond-scratched name appears on one of the panes. He was a guest here a few weeks before his capture,—September 23, 1780. One evening they had hot light muffins for tea. These had been put on the table steaming. André, who came into the dining-room before the rest, knowing that the lady of the house prided herself on her muffins and intended to give them a treat, whipped the plate into one of the triangular corner-cupboards, and slipped out, reappearing with the rest. When the consternation of the good house-keeper at the non-appearance of her main dependence was at its greatest, André managed to have the servant dis-

close them in the cupboard, to the still greater vexation of the lady, who also prided herself on the excellent discipline of her help.

One evening a young lady of the family returned from a ride, and was warming her feet before the chimney wood-fire and holding up her habit so as to disclose her neatly-turned ankle. André, passing the low window, was struck with the pretty picture. Wielding a facile pencil,* he made a hasty sketch on the spot, and laid it under the young lady's plate. When she came to tea and saw it, she was so chagrined that she rose and left the table, and Major André had to apologize afterward.

P. V. HUYSSOON.

* It is related as an additional instance of his readiness at sketching, that on the morning of the day of his execution—October 2—he drew a pen-and-ink sketch of himself, which he presented to Mr. J. L. Tomlinson, of Stratford, Connecticut, officer of the guard. The original is now in the Trumbull Gallery at Yale College.

MARCY HARDWICK.

"THEY'RE makin' a terrible to-do about this Kossuth, or Koshoot, or whatever they call him. Didn't hear much else in town to-day. He's as fur as Pittsburg, they say, makin' speeches all along, an' ev'rybody turnin' out."

"Koshoot! W'y, I knowed 'em 'fore I crossed the Alleghany." And Mrs. Hardwick lifted another handful of soft soap—excepting what dripped through her fingers—into the already foaming dish-pan.

"Knew 'em afore you crossed the Alleghany! You mus' be sick." A look of pity crossed the face of Mr. Hardwick as he said this. He thought, but was too generous to say it now, that it all came of a Yankee marrying a Pennsylvania woman. Her constant ignorance of what would be common information to a Massachusetts person was a thorn

in his pillow. "This man's a Rooshian," he went on. "That is, a kind of a Rooshian. They'd 'a' been free if Austy hadn't 'a' put in."

A momentary bewilderment filled the eyes of Mrs. Hardwick; then, with a becoming sense of her ignorance, she raised them apologetically to the shotgun hanging over the door. "Oh, yes. I mind now. 'Twas the K'shaws! 'Twas them I knowed back there a'ready."

Mr. Hardwick lifted a coal to his pipe, settled into his splint-bottomed chair, and looked thoughtfully at the back-log. Dusk was near, and the chores were done,—his chores. "Wife, you must hang your dried apples on the other two poles there. I want this one over the fireplace here for my seed-corn."

A tallow candle was brought out. For a moment, ere lighting it, the wife seated

herself at the hearthstone, with the double purpose of resting her tired back and emptying the snuffers.

"Where'n the world's that child?" suddenly exclaimed the husband and father, after a short study of the back-log. Neither of them knew.

"Marcy!" shouted Mrs. Hardwick from the back door. No answer.

They sat uneasily but silently a little longer. Then Mr. Hardwick, after walking from one door to the other and looking out in vain, placed the lighted candle within a tin cylinder punctured with innumerable holes, and went out. The lantern served only to make the darkness visible. After wandering and calling about the yard, he heard a faint "Here, pa!" from the direction of the spring, many yards from the house. Over the spring hung a willow-tree, which no care of Mr. Hardwick's could make grow as a willow ought. It was the only one on the place, brought from afar by him the year he was married, and nursed with more tenderness than he had ever bestowed on any other tree. It represented to his mind, he did not care to say exactly how, the founding of his home. He ridiculed the half-German superstitions of his Pennsylvania wife, but he fancied that his willow was somehow associated with his domestic weal or woe as no other tree would be. His one bit of sentimentalism was in regard to it. All he said was to the effect that every spring ought to have a willow over it, anyway.

Down from the gloom of its meagre branches, on the approach of the shifting flakes of light that shot fantastically from the swinging lantern, there slipped, with the lightness of a squirrel, a creature who might have been taken for a sprite.

"Marcella! How *could* you scare us so? How could you stay out here in the tree so late? Come!" She nestled on his arm without a word. She laid her white cheek against his rough neck and silently went home.

Her father deposited her carefully by the fire. Then one might have seen the magnificence of her eyes, and the beautiful masses of golden hair that fell to her waist. To all their questions why

she behaved so strangely she made no reply for a long time. At last, by taking her in his arms and speaking very fondly, her father wrung from her the answer, "I don't know."

Away from the space about the autumn fire, the log cabin was mantled in fitful shadows. The clock ticked from out the darkness at the farther end of the room. A mouse—seen by Marcy alone—stole from the warm stones of the jamb and disappeared within the bark that clung to the logs of the wall. She was an only child. They loved her. But they could not fathom her.

"Let's whip her," suggested the mother, in an undertone.

Mr. Hardwick shook his head and muttered "No."

His wife had said this more because it was the only remedy she could think of than because it seemed the right thing. Marcy's face began to quiver, and her pathetic eyes grew moist. So would theirs had they known how she was struggling to prevent the contortions of her facial muscles, and how she yearned to make clear to them a mental condition she could not find any words to express.

St. Vitus's dance was not an alarming malady. She would outgrow it as other children did. It subjected her to remarks and rude staring from the really kind people who came to the house. One or two wrinkled old women studied her mysteriously, and conferred confidentially concerning her in a way that aroused her apprehensions. Her mother discussed with these disfavored women some secret relating to her. She was too sensitive to bear all this. She was glad to flee at the approach of a neighbor. A natural shyness was so stimulated by the torture she underwent when the movements of her face excited comment that she preferred to hide from even her parents, and was learning to love darkness better than light. How could she explain it all to them?

As she was going to bed she stopped, as if suddenly inspired: "I'm better out there. My face is still when I'm out there alone."

They had consulted the country doctor, and done what they could in their homely way. But the winter passed, and in the spring the affection continued. As the warm days came on, Mr. Hardwick was busy in his clearing, and was seldom about home between breakfast- and supper-time. Here was Mrs. Hardwick's opportunity. Her husband's incredulity should no longer stand in the way of her child's good. She dared not let him know, for once or twice when she had hinted at the infallible remedy she had met with a refusal which partook of anger. Sundry consultations were furtively held with sundry people she had known beyond the Alleghany. Marcy was assured that, if she would never let her father know how it was done, she should be cured.

A crooked old neighbor—Mr. Helburger—and his toothless wife appeared one day, bearing a small auger and a cork. The awe-stricken child was led to the willow. Her back was placed against it. A hole was bored in the trunk, exactly as high up as the top of her head. A golden tress of her hair was shorn, wrapped carefully, and inserted as far as the heart of the tree. The cork was driven after it, and the bark so nicely patched with grafting-wax that even Mr. Hardwick's eye never discovered the abrasion. From this time his favorite tree grew faster. Soon the closest inspection could not have led to a suspicion that it was holding, close to its heart, the glossy tress of a little maiden's hair.

It was the conviction of the mother, and of those in the secret, that as Marcy grew in height above the point which marked the concealment of the hair, the nervous trouble would leave her. The weeks went by, however, and she grew neither in stature nor in health.

Another spring came, and she no longer followed her father to the fields. She would sit listlessly in his lap till bedtime, with her yellow head against his shoulder, occasionally lifting her pathetic eyes to his, as if about to speak, but still remaining silent. His talk of the birds, the clover, and the friendly

oxen did not rouse her interest as of old. Her parents became silent too, waiting in dumb distress, hoping against hope, and doing the little that lay in their power to entertain and strengthen her. From the day when her hair was placed in the willow she never visited the tree. When her father, ignorant of what had taken place there, reminded her of her sudden abandonment of the favorite resort, he drew from her only a troubled look. A white owl, that had never ventured so near the house before, haunted the tree from the evening Marcy ceased going thither.

The day came in June. The woods were resonant with music. The meadow was sweet with clover and bright with buttercups. The blue heavens were flecked with soft clouds. The sprays of the willow, as bright and graceful as if they had been woven of the gleaming tress imprisoned in its heart, swung daintily in the breeze. The oxen waited patiently at the bars, but no master came to yoke them. She who loved them most was leaving all these forever. One strange, sickly child dying in the country,—a child of the obscure and poor,—a little, shattered, drifting flower passing out of sight on the great river of life. She was entering alone, with her tender feet, the dark valley that appalls the world. In her short life she had loved every beautiful thing,—had played with the flowers, made friends of the birds, and confided in the trees. What sympathy had they with her now?

A cluster of white clover blossoms was laid on her breast. Her rich hair enveloped her to the waist. Her face was still at last. The curious, coarse, kind women might talk about it now. She would not hear.

The cheap coffin was placed on two chairs. The women found improvised benches inside the house. Most of the men stood outside the door. All within hearing waited with uncovered heads. An itinerant preacher, faithfully following the light he possessed, added what he could to the general discomfort, and did what he could to put out such poor hopes of happiness as the sad parents

had. Four sunburnt youths, laying their straw hats reverently on the coffin, bore it out. Several farm-wagons were slowly filled with stolid but sorrowful friends, and Marcy went down the damp road among the yellow butterflies for the last time.

In the evening the Hardwicks found their chores attended to by kind neighbors. They made no reply when these tried the standing consolation that their daughter was better off. After setting the rude table, the friends withdrew to their own homes. There was no plate at Marcy's place. The two sat down mechanically at the board. Mrs. Hardwick, after pouring the tea, arose, buried her face in her apron, and took her place by the hearth. Mr. Hardwick bowed his head on the table, and wept as a strong man may do, in hovel or mansion, when the first night comes on after he has buried his only child.

He could not sit by his hearthstone. He could not stay in the hushed cabin: there stood her chair, her cap, her shoes. He went out in the darkness, on some trifling pretext, and wandered up and down from the house to the spring. He slowly found the willow, not hearing the owl that brushed out from its branches as he approached. He laid his throbbing forehead against it. The whispering of the sprays above him but added to his unrest. He had done the best he could for his suffering, sensitive Marcy, yet he thought now that he might have made her short life a little happier. He wondered if she could be looking down on him so soon from the stars. A hundred trivial things relating to her filled his memory. Among them came suddenly the recollection that in their grief they had not thought to save so much as a thread of her beautiful hair. It seemed to him now an unpardonable and wicked negligence.

The golden tress, as he leaned against the tree, was almost touching his heart at that moment.

Mr. Helburger and his toothless dame yielded no jot of their faith. The folklore of the country beyond the mountains was discussed by them and Mrs. Hardwick, but there was no instance in which the cure had failed when the conditions had been properly complied with.

"I allow," persisted Mr. Helburger, "an' I seen it yet a'ready when 'twas too late, that the tree mus' be an oak,—not an ellow nor a willer."

There was one other vital condition: the trial must be a profound secret. If but one person other than those participating obtains any knowledge of the transaction, the charm fails. This they all knew. The unfavorable result in this case was sufficiently accounted for. If they had put her hair into an oak, Marcy would have recovered. And possibly she had told her father. Her mother thought not; but no one knew.

Thirty years ago the mysterious raps of Rochester, echoed westward, added much to whatever feeling for the supernatural there was, and tended to keep alive the love of the marvellous in lonely neighborhoods. Mr. Hardwick dismissed the stories with the opinion that the whole thing was "nothin' but a speckulation." But he lived in a superstitious region. The Helburgers and others about him believed more than ever in "overlooking" and spooks and hocus-pocus, as the strange tales from Rochester found their way through the country. Some who never believed before now hesitated no longer, and were quite prepared for manifestations and ghosts.

One of the Helburger boys was the first to whisper that Jake Kendyke had seen a ghost in the willow over Hardwick's spring. The rumor found congenial soil: it grew, it gathered strength. It became a settled conviction that the tree was haunted. The spring was not many yards from the highway, and this one and that one passing down the road at night had seen the slight apparition until it was idle to doubt. In the very spot among the branches where Marcy had been seen to sit so often, there it crouched. On more than one occasion, when two were passing together, they had summoned courage enough to approach it. Each time, as they climbed the fence, it silently vanished, floating softly away in the darkness toward the woods. The grave-yard lay that way.

Mr. Hardwick, in his bereavement, was more than ever interested in his

favorite tree, which grew for several years after Marcy's death with great rapidity. The golden head of his lost darling no longer lighted up its shade, but in his fancy he saw her there more vividly than elsewhere. Many an evening he lingered under the sighing branches, thinking of her, feeling that he could give his life to clasp her once again. It was there she seemed nearest to him. It gave him a sad pleasure to think that the willow he cherished so tenderly had been her favorite too. If it were possible for her to visit the earth in ghostly shape, there was where he might wish and expect to meet her.

Mrs. Hardwick's self-reproach that she had forgotten to preserve a lock of Marcy's hair was deep, and increased as time went on. When her husband expressed his sorrow and wonder that they had not done so, she was ill at ease. She had never before kept anything from him that he would wish to know. At the time she pictured to herself the triumphant pleasure with which she would tell him all when Marcy should be well. But now, when all had ended so sadly, she dared not confess it. She could not rid herself of the feeling that she was in a measure responsible for her darling's death. In spite of what judgment she had, the early superstition imbibed in her childhood had such power that she at times believed the child would have recovered if an oak-tree had been selected. She longed to please her husband by placing in his hand the hidden tress, but it could not now be obtained without destroying the tree he so much prized. The secret gnawed at her heart. The rumors that the tree was haunted reached her ears, and had full effect on her mind and nerves. She visited the spring no more than was necessary after dark; for, with her conscience constantly magnifying her guilt, how could she face the ghost of her child? Leading a lonely life at best, brooding unduly over the past, she became more and more wretched as the months went by, and the burden, instead of lessening, became more and more unendurable.

"Don't lay it to heart so; you know we done all we could for her," was Mr. Hardwick's injunction one Sunday morning. "I'm goin' to-day to take a slip from the willer an' plant it on her grave. I don't s'pose it'll grow: 'tisn't moist enough there. I could a'most make it so with my tears if 'twasn't so fur off." The grave-yard was beyond the great woods, several miles away.

Mrs. Hardwick, as she saw him depart, enjoined him to be back before dark. That lonely day was one of restlessness and misery to her. She sobbed in the doorway long and bitterly, asking herself vainly, in doubt and fear, what she should do. As the day wore away, she felt that the crisis was approaching. She must unburden her heart and tell her husband all, and bear whatever censure came of it. He would not be harsh, she hoped, if she could at the same time give him the coveted tress of hair. That certainly would move him to tenderness.

He planted the willow sprout, and worked for several hours in dressing and smoothing the spot about the little grave. He sat long on an adjoining hillock, thinking in his way of the mysteries of life and death, longing for but one more glimpse of the little golden-head that was slumbering below, and trying to picture the difference, through all the coming years, which her presence would have made in his desolated home.

The sun sank lower and lower. Still he could not tear himself from the place. It was not till the last notes of the birds had ended, and a sudden chill crept over him, that he rose to go. He descended the hill-side and entered the great woods, unmindful of a black cloud that was creeping up from the horizon.

The stillness of death was about him in the deepening gloom. For the first time in his life he missed the path. Soon the tallest trees grew uneasy, and the far rumble of thunder smote his ear. He quickened his step and struggled on. The night-air grew chillier. The storm was coming. The increasing flashes lighted up the black giants whose knotted arms were clutching each other

above his head. He strained every nerve to reach home before the fury of the rain should overtake him. He gained the cleared ground, then the meadow, and at last saw the faint light in his window, still far away. The tumultuous clouds seemed to hesitate, to wait for reinforcements, and then to march after him with redoubled wrath. But home was near.

Mrs. Hardwick did his chores carefully, set out the best supper the cabin afforded, and watched anxiously in the fading light for his coming. Her wretchedness and dread increased as night came on and she saw the rising clouds. It had been the hardest day to bear since Marcy died. The doubts and fears that oppressed her had tenfold power when daylight was gone. If she had only the most lugubrious and superstitious of her neighbors with her now, what a relief it would be!

Still no footsteps. She threw herself into a chair, but could not rest. Suddenly, under an impulse she could not resist, she seized the sharpest axe and rushed out in the wind and lightning. She would have the hair! She would press it to her heart and then lay it in her husband's hand, confessing her folly, and imploring his pardon for the deceit she had practised and for the destruction of his tree.

The blinding lightning dazzled her. The thunder shook the earth. She did not quail before them till she reached the writhing willow. Then for a moment she shrank. She dared not lift her eyes toward the well-known seat of her dead child in the lower branches. She hesitated but a moment. The lightning showed her where to strike. The tossing branches seemed to clutch at her and shriek as in agony, as her blows fell fast and well, and the steel neared the tree's heart and the uncorrupted treasure.

Breathless, exhausted, Mr. Hardwick reached his threshold. There stood the untouched supper; the candle still burned; the door stood open to the storm; his wife was gone. In a moment he was again facing the turbulent night. He cried out her name. The blast howled in response, and his voice died

almost on his lips. But the same wind that bore his voice from her bore the sound of her axe to him. As he reached the spring the lightning revealed a sight that struck him dumb,—his wife, with white face and streaming hair, destroying with all her strength his cherished tree!

Springing within reach of her, he raised his arm in his excitement to strike her down; but heaven spared him the necessity. That instant a blinding, stunning bolt of fire descended upon the spot. The tree was shivered and scattered in fragments, but was blown from them as it fell. It was riven to the very roots, and the air filled with splinters and bark and flying leaves. Mr. Hardwick fell senseless by the side of his wife. The wind wailed over them; the rain beat on their upturned faces; the candle burned low and went out in the cabin.

The husband awoke in bewilderment at last, as from a fearful dream, with the name of Marcy on his lips. Morning was near. The storm had passed. A calm sunrise came, and with it signs of life in the stricken woman.

A fragment of the tree had sought Mr. Hardwick's breast and clung within his jacket. Clinging to that, once more on his bosom where it had rested so often before, was the golden treasure of hair, unscorched, as bright and sweet as when the sun had kissed it last.

"Can you fergive me?" the weak woman said, as she pressed the hair to her faded lips. "I know I done wrong. Can you fergive me fur choppin' down your tree? 'Twas to give you this hair I done it. I never had no peace sence I hid it. Helburger put me up to do it."

"Fergive you? Yes." And he almost kissed her as he said it, but seemed to think better of so unusual a proceeding, and contented himself with putting his hand very gently on her shoulder. "You didn't kill the willer: 'twas the lightnin'." 'Twould 'a' struck it all the same. 'Twas God done it. I'll never say no more agin your superstitious foolishness. It saved suthin' that all the world couldn't buy,—a lock o' Marcy's hair. There's more in it than I thought for."

CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

CLOSING IN.

ABOUT my life the twilight shades are deep,—
 And soon, ah, soon! I must lie down and sleep;
 How long, I know not. . . . Through the darkening air
 Of my worn soul strange Thoughts and Fancies fare.
 Some steal like solemn phantoms silent by,
 Lifting cold eyes that glitter warningly;
 Some, with aerial swiftness, flit and pass,
 Like birds of night o'er dead autumnal grass;
 And some, scarce glimpsed athwart the twilight glow,
 Glance bat-like, with black pinions, to and fro;
 While from afar a dreary wind, whose breath
 Seems sick with odors of some place of death,
 Moans round me, with the low, half-muffled fall
 Of music wailing a funereal call.
 Oh, wind of woe, through skies of ghostly gray!
 Oh, mournful closing of a mournful day!

Would Heaven that even now, at this last hour,
 Fate could uplift me on a storm of power,
 Nerve the frail limbs, roll back the ebbing life,
 And whirl me to the inmost heart of strife,
 Where, from some hallowed field by heroes trod,
 My soul might pass on cloud and fire to . . . God!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

SHIRES AND SHIRE TOWNS IN THE SOUTH.

THERE linger yet in our Southern States many traces of the colonial civilization, which the early settlers had imported with them from the mother-country, or which had grown out of the conditions of their society. The long preservation of these usages may be attributed in part to the natural conservatism of communities in which a privileged class has control, and partly to the incidental support which they rendered to "the peculiar institution."

The American colonies had, no doubt, in their origin a general resemblance which a common European ancestry and a similar situation naturally produced.

The first emigrants belonged, too, with rare exceptions, to the middle class of society, and, although they had sought a home in the New World for different reasons, they substantially agreed in their ideas of government as applicable to the new States they were engaged in founding. They manifested very early a similar love of local self-government, which the absence of superiors and the habit of self-reliance induced, greatly to the annoyance of the English monarchs. Even in Virginia, universal suffrage, though subsequently withdrawn under instructions from England, had been adopted one year before the Pil-

grims landed at Plymouth, and democratic tendencies were, for a time, quite as marked in several of the Southern colonies as in the Northern.

This general unity of political sentiment was, however, much affected by later immigrations and the violent conflicts with the crown growing out of its endeavors to retract its original concessions. The Southern colonies were early subjected to frequent revisions of their charters in the interest of the royal prerogatives. The large landed estates encouraged the growth of aristocratic ideas, and these were probably much strengthened by the accessions from England during the Commonwealth and the loyal attachment of the population to the church and the king. Certainly at the time of the American Revolution they had consented to receive and seemed to prefer institutions much less democratic than those which generally existed in the Northern colonies. They had retained the old English ideas of territorial division and civil jurisdiction especially in greater purity than other parts of America.

In the English system of government, whatever had been its earlier history, the shire or county had long been "the political unit,"—the smallest self-governing division of a country. There were, perhaps, a few incorporated cities and some towns in each shire which enjoyed special prescriptive powers, but the counties were not all divided into townships, and the "tithings," "hundreds," and even "trithings" were fractional parts only, no longer possessing that control over local affairs which entitled them to be considered in any sense as integers of the political system. The shire or county possessed the chief civil and criminal jurisdiction, and the sheriff and the king's justices of the peace were the county officials.

In the sparsely-settled communities of the Southern States, with the large territorial surface distributed among a few landed proprietors, this was the most convenient form of civil division, and was probably as small as, in the early period of their history, could conve-

niently be made. Originally each county constituted a *borough*, which sent one or two members to the colonial legislature. Some of the shire towns, at which the county seat was located, were incorporated, and some were not. Many of the counties had no towns at all,—the county seat being located at some point in the open country and distinguished simply by the county buildings. Instead of townships, the shire or county was divided into military districts or parishes, which were divisions of an ecclesiastical character. •

The Revolution did not materially change the internal structure of these States. The county system has survived under the Republic and still exists under Reconstruction. No doubt the system is far less perfect than that of townships, which, originating in New England, has been so generally adopted in our Northern States. The latter is really a novelty in the English system. It probably had its germ in the English tithing and hundred, but, in its full development, has a tinge of Continental influence very natural in the work of men who had passed years in exile at Geneva or Rotterdam. Like our national government, it was the result of many experiments in different countries and of the accumulated wisdom of several generations. It was the happy achievement of advanced thinkers, and is, without question, one of the most useful and important discoveries in political science. Under this system every township is a separate and almost independent republic, and can live on though the State should perish.

The shire was originally governed by a representative system, and only a small part of the population necessarily participated in political action. The Southern people have found this convenient, and, with a thoroughly English conservatism, have preferred to retain it thus far rather than risk the later inventions. We should not reproach them for this natural attachment to ancestral usages, though we believe that it has tended to isolate them from the influence of progressive ideas, which, during the last

fifty years, have conferred great benefits on the Northern States.

The difference in the ideas of territorial divisions which prevailed between the English colonists of New England and those of the South has left its stamp on the external aspect of the States which as colonies they had formed. In those occupied by the Puritans, small farms, frequent villages, diversified industries, well-worked highways, have given the country they settled an attractive look of thrift, of easy social intercourse, and of mental and religious culture. The church, the school-house, the press, and the mill or manufactory have been the prominent features, and have represented the elements of their growth and progress. In the States formed by the Cavaliers and the promiscuous emigration from England, large estates with grand mansion-houses after the English manner and widely separated from each other, cities modelled after some old shire towns in England, villages disfigured by squalid negro quarters, numerous log farm-houses buttressed by huge, towering outside chimneys, great numbers of dingy cabins scattered through the woods or along the edge of the clearing, abodes of crackers and squatters, and ill-defined and neglected highways, impress us still with their ideas of social inequality, their indifference to the comfort and convenience of the lower classes, and the contrasted opulence and poverty of their social life. The court-house, the jail, the country tavern, here represent the inherited English spirit of their civilization.

At old Hadley in Massachusetts you might still see, within the memory of living men, the Puritan idea written on the soil, in the long village with its farms stretching backward from each dwelling over the rich valley-lands,—the broad, spacious street with its strips of grass rolling on beneath the overhanging elms,—the central green, on which stood the church and the school-house, proclaiming the honor in which religion and education, social life and natural beauty were held by these grave

but thoughtful and cultivated men. The individual life there was subordinated to that of the community. The interests of society predominated. All were equal, and each man's interest was made to subserve the public good.

In the remote counties of Virginia and the Carolinas there might have been seen before the war, and perhaps may still be seen, many old county seats, consisting of a brick court-house and jail, the country tavern, and a few straggling, unpainted, and generally dilapidated dwellings. Threading your way through highways little wider than bridle-paths, now under drooping branches of old shade-trees which brushed the riders as they passed with their rich foliage, now passing the grand plantation with its stately mansion, and now along the edge of the squalid negro settlement, or emerging from long reaches of unfenced woodland, you approached the sunny open space in which the county buildings were situated. The court-house stood glaring in the sunlight, set round with a few trees and tall tying-posts, at which some saddled horses were always standing in patient expectation of their riders loitering idly within. Near by, through the dark grating of the jail, some vicious-looking negroes and whites looked down upon you as you rode by. Over the way stood the country tavern, with its long, rickety double piazza and rambling file of miserable cabins in the rear. The landlord greeted you drowsily from his bench or high-backed splint-bottomed chair, and sent forward the gray-haired "boy" "to tote the stranger's horse and plunder," while a group of gaping negro women and children stared at you from the cabin doors.

It was the country of an aristocracy in decay,—an order whose occupation had gone, which had outlived its uses and had fallen into a lethargy from which the war alone could have roused them. There you could then still observe the traces of the old English love of order, law, and public convenience strong yet in the hearts of our Southern countrymen, of the old English love

of manly sports, of horse-racing and hunting, of quoit-pitching, jumping, wrestling, and ball-playing, all popular "at home" when their ancestors came away,—traces, too, of the old irregularities preserved after two centuries in the relations of the planters and "the crackers." It was the Merry England of their fathers before it had been sobered by Puritan austerity,—as they would have expressed it,—transplanted and left to develop in a warm climate amid the listless indolence of an opulent, slave-holding, and labor-scorning population voluntarily secluded from the world's advance in art and science,—in many things more like *old* England than anything you find there now.

The influence of this shire and borough system to which they have clung so tenaciously has been to give prominence and importance to the individual. The planter, living miles away from neighbors of equal social condition, surrounded by laborers accustomed to obey his every bidding, obliged to rely on himself principally for protection, acquired a habit of self-reliance and independence which became excessive. The deference which was paid him when he visited the county seat as elector or juryman by the poorer whites and the office-holders only confirmed his impressions of his own consequence. From being lord on his own estate, he grew into an exaggerated estimate of the rights of the county and State which he and his friends helped to rule,—resented every restraint which he or they had not consented to,—and ended in the honest though erroneous conviction that his section was of more importance than the great country of which it was only a part.

It was, however, near the incorporated county seats—the shire towns, the boroughs proper—that Southern civil and political life could be seen in its most interesting aspects, and that the influence of this system could be studied with best advantage. That we may understand this, the character of the county government should be more fully explained. It has been stated that the shire or county was divided into parishes

or military districts. These last were parts of larger military divisions into which the State was divided, and were numbered accordingly. In every county there are now—and we will describe them as they still generally exist—several military districts, which are known and distinguished by their numbers, and in each of which are justices of the peace and bailiffs, or constables, elected by the inhabitants of the district, and constituting its only local civil officers. Several of these districts are formed into an election "precinct," the polls being placed at some central place in this, and, for certain purposes, the districts serve as convenient subdivisions of the county, somewhat like *townships*,—wanting always, however, the self-governing principle which characterizes the latter.

The county business is transacted at the county seat, the ordinary or county judge having, in addition to his probate business, the charge of the poor, the bridges, and the highways. He appoints the commissioners of the highways, contracts for the bridges, provides for the poor, himself being accountable only to the grand jury, which in the South still exercises an extensive supervisory power. The circuit judge, who is appointed by the governor, appoints the commissioners, and they, in conjunction with the ordinary and the clerk of the court, make up the jury. Thus, on three important interests, those of the poor, the highways, and the juries, the people exert only an indirect influence. The solicitor-general, who is the State's attorney for all the counties embraced in the circuit, is also appointed by the governor and confirmed by the senate. I follow in this description the code of Georgia, which probably represents the arrangements generally existing in the South.

This conduct of the public business, through *appointed* and not elective officers, and by the action of the county and not of the smaller divisions, except in a small class of cases, tends to perpetuate office in the hands of a few men, and concentrates the public interest at the county seats. The shire town therefore becomes a little capital, which in

the course of the year the planters of the county for various reasons are obliged to visit once or more, and to which the families resort as the local centre of their society. They are generally built around a central square or park, on which are placed the court-house, the jail, and often the lawyers' offices. The hotels, principal stores, and markets are near this, and on the streets radiating from it are ranged the residences of the citizens, the principal churches, and an occasional shop or manufactory. In winter, during the business period and court-week, or on sale-day, when the whole population of the county appear concentrated here, they are places of great activity often and scenes of unusual gayety, but at other seasons they appear very quiet and dull. Should you visit them at mid-summer, and especially those in the more remote districts, in which the ancient manner remains least changed, you will observe that air of languor which travellers often describe, and which results from the continued heats and the sluggish condition which little intercourse with others and the routine of similar duties will induce. The atmosphere seems hazy and charged with drowsiness. There is rarely a movement in the street. The trees stand motionless, glittering in the sunlight, each leaf quiet as in a picture or as if under some enchanter's spell. From a bench or sand-bank in the shade you may note the various forms of lassitude which prevail. The stores are open, and, except on Saturday, when all come to town "for rations," without business. The merchants and clerks are seated in the shade outside or stretched at length on the counters or boxes. Countrywomen, who have come in with eggs, chickens, or fruit, sit fanning languidly in little one-ox wagons, beneath umbrellas or in the shadows of the trees. Groups of negro children lie sprawling in the sand, the chickens stand panting in the coops before the stores, and the dogs lie near in a listless stupor, too lazy to snap or brush away the flies. You enter the court-house. Bench and bar have left for

their summer rest and the shade of their favorite plantations. Some invalid bailiff watches the jail and upholds the county authority. In the evening you may sit on the sidewalks until "the clock sounds the still small hours," discussing politics or theology with the groups gathered there. You may saunter along rows of small whitewashed cottages, listening to the pleasant chat of a social, kindly people, as they sit in the moonlight among the shrubbery and vines, or by the few stately mansions of the more distinguished citizens, built in the old style, with Grecian colonnades and ornaments, approached by formal, carefully-gravelled avenues and set with cedar, box, and statuary,—grand old places, retaining yet impressions of the generous hospitality and wealth and culture of the old *régime*.

Were you privileged to enter, you would often find here groups of polished gentlemen and ladies, with a courtly grace, slightly tintured with the old ceremonious manner, exchanging the commonplaces of ordinary conversation with a social ease and vivacity unsurpassed by any English-speaking people. The gentlemen have made the European tour in their early years; have seen Washington at its best; have heard Clay and Webster, Calhoun, Marshall, and Prentiss; have ridden the circuit themselves perhaps, and crossed swords with Berrien, or Stephens, or Toombs, in their prime, or with the Heywards, Pettigrew, or Legaré. The ladies have been educated at Macon, or at Columbia, or at Northern schools; have passed summers without number at Saratoga or Cape May; have flirted at Washington with many of the magnates of their generation. Without any pretensions to learning or the slightest tinge of *blueness*, they are always delicate, refined, often elegant, and have a grace and piquancy of their own which, joined to their acknowledged domestic virtues, have justly won for them an exalted place among American women.

The railroads and reconstruction have made these old shire towns, with their ancient manners, very rare, and soon that phase of our society will have passed

away entirely. But, despite its slowness and extreme conservatism, there was a charm about the old civilization to which they belonged which once seen and enjoyed must always be recalled with delight,—a charm in its repose, its perfect contentment, its self-sufficiency and quiet dignity, its absence of haste and rush and push in this restless, throbbing age. It had great defects, no doubt, and the world is better that it is gone; yet we cannot wonder that those who were educated under its influence should regret its loss and fail to appreciate the real advantages of the great revolution which has been made.

The civil organization of the Southern States, in the particulars we have referred to, has very probably been unfavorable to their most successful development; but we are convinced that it is not correct, because of this, to attribute to the Southern people less love of liberty or of local self-government. Burke rightly apprehended this in the last century, when he asserted that in one sense the love of liberty was stronger in the Southern than in the Northern States. It then constituted a "rank and privilege." It was the prerogative of their order,—the distinguishing possession of the white race.

The real evil of the county system has been, no doubt, the greater facility with which, by its means, one class of society has been enabled to hold political power, and the easier and more effective combination of the few large landholders. Under the township system

their influence could have been divided and held in check by the smaller planters and the poorer whites. Under the county system their extensive possessions and social position have made them supreme at the county seat.

Although it was a Southern statesman who most ably urged the lodgment of political power with the people, Southern statesmen as a class have held themselves accountable only to their social peers. With their support, their own positions have been readily assured. It is one of the anomalies of our American politics that the stalwart champions of democratic theories in the South have been the class least friendly to a thoroughly democratic suffrage. But the Southern system is yielding slowly to the new influences. Time, education, the division of the vote, the division of lands, free discussion and a free press, will entirely transform it. A larger middle class, more intelligent and independent, is forming, which will break with traditional usages with less reluctance, and a sense of inconvenience which they already feel will finally secure the assimilation of the Southern States to the more popular forms of republican organization. "*Après nous le déluge*" was the private sentiment, if not the public expression, of the "old régime." The deluge has come,—has passed by,—the dry land appears, and already we may observe, amid the wreck and devastation of the old, the germs of a new and happier civilization.

ANTHONY VAN WYCK.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

The Political Situation in Pennsylvania.

IN a contest in which three are to take part, the relative position of the combatants is a matter of the first impor-

tance. In the well-known "triangular duel" reported by Captain Marryat, each man received the fire of one of his opponents while directing his own fire at the other. This seems to be the fairest arrangement possible, provided the

quarrel is really threefold and the mutual enmity so equal that it is a matter of indifference to each of the parties which of the others he is to shoot at. It is not often, however, that this condition exists: generally two of the three, however hostile to each other, have a still stronger enmity against the third. In a recorded case of this kind the three were placed in a line, the one in the middle receiving fire both in front and in rear, while able, of course, to return only the former. The arrangements for the coming political contest in Pennsylvania are in accordance with this precedent. The Democrats are at one end of the line, the Independents at the other, and the Cameronians between them. If the situation remains unchanged, the result can hardly be doubtful. The Democrats, profiting by their opportunity, have put up a candidate whom it would require a complete combination of the divided Republican forces to defeat. But there is not the faintest chance that such a combination will be effected. It could be brought about only by the abandonment of one of the two tickets now in the field and the union of its supporters with those of the other; or by the withdrawal of both and the substitution of a new ticket formed by agreement and sure of general support. The first method need not be discussed: no one imagines that a coalition can take place without a compromise and mutual concessions. But the difficulties in the way of a compromise will be found, when closely looked at, insuperable. All compromises either presuppose a community of sentiment strong enough to allow of minor differences being merged, or they are bargains by which something is given and an equivalent received. In the present case bargaining is out of the question, and there is no real community of sentiment, for, though both parties call themselves Republicans, the Republicanism of the machine and the Republicanism of reform are diametrically opposite principles, neither of which can live without the extinction of the other. How these elements can be reconciled and made to

act in concert we are unable to conceive. They cannot be harmonized by any mere agreement, and they cannot be neutralized for lack of some controlling element. Overtures and propositions will no doubt be made, discussions may possibly be held, but the simple fact will remain that the two parties have no common object or desire and cannot therefore be brought to co-operate.

There is one feature of the situation which calls for particular attention, and which cannot fail to strike reflecting minds as full of significance and promise. The nomination of Mr. Pattison is a direct result of the Independent movement and a homage to the growing strength of a public sentiment in favor of political honesty and efficiency. Nothing has so much emboldened politicians to treat this sentiment as a mere abstraction, an absolute nullity in practical matters, as the fact that it had apparently no influence on votes,—that it seemed to be confined to a class which took no active part in politics,—that the moral standard of one party was no higher than that of the other. Mutual denunciations and high-sounding professions were in accordance with traditional usage, but the general tendency until quite recently has been toward a frank cynicism, the open proclamation of views and motives which it was once thought necessary to disown or disguise, and an open contempt for the commonest ethical principles as rules of action. Of late, however, there has been a perception that this sort of thing might be carried too far. The moral sentiment has begun to loom up in a distinct and tangible form. The demand for reform is threatening to become an element in practical politics. It has shown that it can neither be silenced by sneers nor pacified by compliments. Now at last it has produced an effect which is not the less important that it was unexpected. If the Reformers had been invited to attend the Democratic convention and nominate the candidate for Governor, they could not have had better reason to regard the selection as made by themselves. They are no longer in danger

of being taunted with having simply brought about a change without any improvement, contributed to a victory which would do nothing for the advancement of their own cause. The election of Mr. Pattison will be far less a triumph for the Democracy than a triumph for reform. It will afford a decisive proof that we are entering on a new phase of political life; that the machine has broken down and other agencies must be called into play; that the struggle of parties will have to be conducted on somewhat different principles from those which regulate the games played by sharpers.

We need hardly add that their satisfaction with the course taken by the Democrats involves no change in the attitude of the Independents. It is above all things incumbent on them to maintain their own organization intact. To it they owe the results already achieved,—results which would be fleeting and barren if the original impulse should lose its force. They will not drop the substance and snap at the shadow. While only too happy to see their principles adopted by another organization, they must leave this to work out its salvation for itself. Their strength, the source of their influence, lies in their union and in the position it enables them to hold. If they recede or allow their ranks to be broken, their cause is lost.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

A Study of Children.

PETER and Jennie have recently been imported from the Green Isle. They are native Americans, but have been with their mother making an extended visit at "Grandpa Mairten's."

The broadness of the Irish *a* is phenomenal. No skilled imitator, born out of the brogue, can give its full richness. Peter is not yet out of kilts. Jennie is not his twin, but seems so like it that you might call her his immediate afterthought. Both are fine, robust creatures, the skins of their faces stretched with plumpness and showing golden reds and

clear whites, and curls massing out from their big heads in prodigal quantities. When Jennie cries, her voice sounds like the roar of a gorilla. Peter is her lord and captain. They hang over the dangerous balustrades or sit on the carpeted stairs of the apartment-house, strewing cake-crumbs and nut-shells. If Peter wants to visit any suite of rooms, he sends Jennie to knock. After she has been admitted, he comes in a manly fashion to look after her and take her away, and, incidentally, to inspect everything in the rooms. He has brown, mellow eyes, and is quick with his tongue, and altogether taking in his manner. I can imagine him an irresistible young Irishman at twenty-five. At four, however, he is somewhat oppressive when his visits are timed a few minutes apart.

"You must run away now, my dear," I say. "I am very busy."

"You going to write?"

"Yes." I industriously draw near the desk. "You can come back some other time."

Peter, unoffended, gathers up his forage of boxes, nuts, shells, etc., loads Jennie with her forage, and puts her out of the door. He pauses himself to take another survey.

"That's the Music Hall chair!"

"Yes, that's the Music Hall chair."

"Can we crack our nuts with our teeth?"

"I think you had better have a nut-cracker. And don't eat the big acorns: play with them. They came from the Southern Illinois woods. I don't suppose they are good to eat."

"No," says Peter. Yet afterward I find all the hulls, those of large acorns being conspicuous, scattered before my door. But Peter has hardly gone out before he returns, under the impression that it is another time. Having it made plain to him that the time has not come, he retires for three minutes more, and comes back full of confidence.

He is jealously fond of Ireland. Jennie is his solid echo, and shares no strong-minded tendencies. If he leaves her an instant, her lonesome cry of "Peetie!" may be heard all over the great block.

She repeats his words after him, and his wheedling voice is constantly advising her:

"Now, Jennie, don't cry. Let's go this way, Jennie. Awh, Jennie!" But no orthography can express the rich rolling of the *n's*.

There was a great political demonstration, such as the city had not seen in years. Peter and Jennie viewed it with others, one of whom said, "You never saw anything half so fine as this in Ireland, did you, Peter?"

"Oh, yes," he responded quickly and with a high scorn: "much finer,—much finer!"

Jennie has cherubic moods in which she is very tempting.

"What would you do," inquired a lady whose two daughters were beside her, "if I should eat Jennie?"

"Faith," said Peter, "I'd ate the thray of ye."

You can see the cherubs sitting on their usual cloud, the stairs, above which is their celestial residence; and stop to mount a step and feel a handful of their sun-tinted fluff.

"Give me some of these curls: you don't want so many."

"Take them," says Peter, with open generosity; "take all you want."

"You have good times together, don't you!"

"Where's *your* br-rother?" rolls Peter, under conviction, evidently, that no woman, great or small, can roam the earth unmated by a brother.

"My brother isn't here. I have a husband to look after me. Jennie hasn't any husband."

"Oh, yes," exclaims Peter, with the true Irish unwillingness to be outdone, "we have a husband. Our husband is my papa. We always have a husband at our house."

When you awake in the morning you hear their stout voices in the hall. Occasionally they venture out on the street and get lost. But Peter is sure to be found with his protecting hand fast to Jennie's, and they go rolling along sidewalks, as I hope they may go rolling through the world, with that inexpressible Emerald look on their faces.

M. H. C.

ART MATTERS.

Means of Fostering American Art.

A BROCHURE entitled "Art Education and Art Patronage in the United States," by S. R. Koehler,* has lately appeared, which merits the widest circulation wherever the interests of American art are felt and appreciated. The author, sincerely impressed by the seriousness of his subject, writes of it learnedly and logically, and sustains all his conclusions by abundant statistical evidence. His essay will be a surprise, if not a shock, to many readers, for it pricks, however tenderly and benevolently, the bubble of our self-esteem, and shows the insincerity both of our art talk and our artistic achievement, which latter is briefly summed up thus: "An increase of schools, of artistic societies of all sorts, and of exhibitions; and an enrichment of technical methods, due mainly to influences beyond the sea. 'Only this and nothing more.'"

We are informed that "there are at least thirty special schools in the United States in which 'art' is taught. One-half of these schools are devoted to the training of artists proper and teachers of art, and the number of pupils attending them amounts to over two thousand four hundred!" Were it permitted us to infer that these young men and women—the latter form the great majority—were being called to a legitimate occupation, and that the demand for their works could ever be in proportion to the possible supply, it would be a most cheerful indication of the existence of a love of art and a condition of prosperity unexampled in the history of the world. But, so far from this being the case, we are told, on the authority of William M. Hunt, that "art is an occupation where not one in a thousand can make a living, unless he resort to talking, toadying, or speculation;" and the author is led, after a curious and interesting calculation, to the conclusion that "we are producing altogether too many artists;" and he even goes so far, in a spirit of Malthusian benevolence, as to assert that "what

* Press of Edward Stern & Co., Philadelphia.

we need at the present moment is the *discouragement* rather than the *encouragement* of art study."

Discouragement, however, only for those "who, having no calling, can have no hope; but for those" willing to work faithfully and resolutely, and who come clothed in the garb of "love, fear, obedience, and perseverance," he would extend "the best encouragement," as means of which he advocates "the endowment of one, or at best a few, of the schools of the country in a manner which would enable them to develop into normal institutions of their kind, instead of frittering away our means in the erection of numberless buildings and the purchase of numberless sets of casts and other appurtenances; the promotion to these higher schools of only the talented pupils of the lower schools, coupled with scholarships for those who need them; and the establishment of travelling-purses, with the obligation attached to them to send home each year a certain number of works executed during the year." And, finally, referring to the history of art in Florence, Siena, Pisa, and Venice, he is encouraged to hope for some future "national, State, and municipal patronage," culminating in a national and monumental art "more glorious than anything that has gone before."

Entirely in accord with the ideas and aspirations of the author, and paying homage to his generous enthusiasm, I have to confess to a fear that his suggestions are slightly Utopian. In the first place, where will the higher instruction come from? Endowments can create chairs, but cannot fill them. And granted even that the one or more admirable institutions existed, they would not necessarily diminish the number of "low-grade" schools, "decorative-" and "social-art" societies, and other associations for the encouragement of dilettantism, or prevent the artist who has failed from teaching others how to do the same thing, or induce those who take up art as "an easy and genteel calling" to resign their pencils for a shoe-brush or a besom.

A radical remedy is wanted. The aims and objects of the profession itself must be elevated, and the intercourse of artists with the public freed from its sordid commercial environments. "Modern artists are manufacturers of pictures," exclaims Mr. Koehler, with an apology for the expression. A young painter, being asked about a recent exhibition, replied, "Oh, I sold out!" That was the most important fact he had to tell. Academy exhibitions are lauded as successful exactly in proportion to the number of works disposed of; and this success is admitted to depend more upon the quality of the salesman in charge than of the pictures themselves. In a word, the buyer does not select, and frequently does not even know the difference between a good work or a poor one. He buys as the rustic coquette purchases of a peddler,—whatever is most eloquently praised. Nor is it left entirely to agents and auctioneers to do the puffing. Not a few artists show how much better fitted they would be for a shop or a counting-house than for their ostensible business. Studios are not ateliers,—not workshops,—but bazaars, more crowded with tapestries and bric-à-brac and set still-life arrangements, to impose on the aristocratic visitor, than with studies. All this splendid confusion of objects is not, as in some foreign studios, the gradual accumulation of years and opportunity, but theatrical properties, purchased in a lump of the dealers, with a settled tradesman's purpose.

What can be expected of art practised under such an inspiration? One of the most earnest of the young painters in New York replied to a compliment on a charming (unsold) idyl, "Yes; but they will not buy a subject that is closed in. The public demands distance in a landscape."

What is most needed to place our art upon a higher and surer basis is, not more, or even better, academies for students, but a more general art education of the people, only to be brought about by frequent exhibitions, with more critical selection and a higher standard of

the work exhibited. To effect this, in the absence of a national pinacothek, private patriotism and liberality must supply the means; and no better could be invented than the loan collections which have been of late years arranged at the Metropolitan Museum and elsewhere. The plan pursued at the museum, of placing the works of American artists side by side with choice examples of the best foreign masters, is capable of but one improvement, and that is, of replacing these at short intervals with fresh pictures by different painters, thus giving the advantage of comparison and study to as many as possible. One such picture as Munkácsy's "Milton," one portrait like Bonnat's "John Taylor Johnson," is worth more than an entire academy in imparting knowledge and forming correct taste.

The good results ultimately to be looked for in "national, State, and municipal patronage" would be prematurely sought at present. They are barred by the æsthetic limitations of average committees. The first effect of such interference would be to add lobbying to the more discreet if not less discreditable *krümerei* that already exists. See what has come of it so far,—in the walls and in the porticos of Washington, in the parks and places of New York and Boston. True, Mr. Koehler hints the possibility that these works of alleged "art" can be painted over and chiselled out; but the panels of the Rotunda would be palimpsests indeed, before they emulated those of the Loggia, if the coming Raphael depended on the votes of the Hon. Bardwell Slote, and future Michael Angelos had to contend with Vinnie Reams for senatorial smiles.

In one way, indeed,—and the present is an opportune moment for the suggestion,—Congress may come to the assistance of American art, by revising, namely, the tariff on foreign works. Not many years ago* a murmur of disgust and rebuke went up from foreign studios on the occasion of a petition signed

* Just after the Düsseldorf artists had made, through the present writer, a contribution to the New York Sanitary Fair, which realized over thirteen thousand dollars.

by a number of New York artists being presented to Congress, praying for higher duties on imported pictures. It was opposed, of course, by all true artists in America, and no results came of it except a passing stigma on American art and a temporary embarrassment to American students abroad. But, however unwise and unjust, it was not without excuse. Struggling artists in this country have to contend not only with foreign masters of great reputation and ability, but with hordes of imitators, copyists, and third-rate pot-boiling students, and even with organized manufacturers and importers of pseudo masters. The attention of the Prussian Cabinet was called at that very time to the fact that such corsair establishments existed in Belgium and elsewhere, and proofs were furnished that unlimited copies of the works of reputable artists were being openly made and exported principally to the United States.

With all due diffidence, I venture to suggest that were the present *ad valorem* duty of ten per cent. changed to a specific one of, say, fifty dollars on each picture imported, one difficulty might reach a solution equally acceptable to art producers and art lovers in both hemispheres. It is well known that specific duties encourage the importation of the best in any given article: it is so in wines, and it would be eminently the case with works of art. The present rate is a bagatelle on works bought by the cart-load in the slums of Paris and Antwerp, but it is prohibitory (except to millionnaires) when a Munkácsy or a Meissonnier is considered. The impost of fifty or one hundred dollars per canvas, on the other hand, while a trifle only, added to the price of really valuable works, would exclude entirely the false and vicious daubs which debase public taste at the same time that they crowd the "prentice work" of our sincere young students out of the market.

German art was once in a condition similar to that of our own, and that, too, at a time when the first requisite advocated by Mr. Koehler—that of endowed schools of the first class—had been al-

ready supplied, and when King Ludwig of Bavaria was realizing his dream of "governmental patronage" and "monumental art." Prof. Wiegman, in his "History of the Düsseldorf Academy," tells us that when Dr. Von Schadow assumed its direction the emotion of joy and pride over the achievements of the young enthusiasts who flocked to his classes was nearly outweighed by that of solicitude, as their number grew, at the problem of their support. Were they to be educated only to become martyrs, and instructed that they might starve? The question was serious, but Von Schadow was equal to it, and the "Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westphalen"—the model and predecessor of countless other "art unions" in nearly every part of the Fatherland—was established, which obtained immediate success, not only in the provinces whose names it bore, but in the remotest parts of the monarchy, and resulted in not only finding a market for the works produced, but in extending a healthy knowledge and love of art among the folk-masses of the entire country. In the first twenty years of its existence it disbursed over three hundred thousand thalers for works of art. Nine hundred large and small oil-paintings were distributed by lot among the members, twenty-seven large—mostly costly—altar-pieces divided among Catholic and Evangelical churches, and eleven monumental works presented to museums and public buildings. It awakened generous rivalries, and led citizens and City Councils to give additional commissions. It was the means of selling many works to private purchasers, and has since then, by its influence and example, greatly assisted in bringing about the system of Cyclical Exhibitions, which includes in the scope of its beneficence every town of note in Germany. Were similar *foci* of art established in our American cities, on the basis of a moderate subscription, say of five dollars, a sufficient capital could be obtained to guarantee annual exhibitions in each place and leave a sum over for investment in the works sent to them.

To complete the system, a central organization, similar to the "Allgemeine Kunstverein" of Germany, should be formed in New York, but composed of artists from all parts of the country, the executive committee of which would exercise a general direction, correspond with the local committees, arrange the sequence of the exhibitions and notify the members of their dates and conditions, make terms for transportation and insurance, and, above all, provide a competent jury to decide whether the works offered for exhibition were worthy of it.

One difficulty in the way of complete realization of the foreign model is the law forbidding lotteries in most of our States; but, so far from being a disadvantage, this might be the cause of an improvement on the German system. The pictures purchased by each local art union of the "cycclus," with the fund derived from subscriptions and sales of tickets, might be offered, during the final week of their exhibition (to the members only), at auction by ballot, each member being entitled to make a written offer, however small, for any picture already selected and purchased by the committee. The bids being opened, the highest would be entitled to the picture, and the sums thus realized might either form part of the capital for the next year's purchases, or accumulate for the ultimate acquisition of any specially fine work, to form part of a permanent collection of the society. J. R. T.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Theatrical Clubs of London.

Of the three London clubs, the Green Room, the Junior Garrick, and the Savage, the first named is the most directly representative of the drama and the stage. The Savage and the Junior Garrick each in its time has held the pride of place, but the Green Room holds it now, by virtue of its closer adherence to the "qualification" test. Some years ago the Savage was the club to visit if you wished to witness a notable gather-

ing of actors and journalists. Tyros and veterans, and many strangers, have carried away with them pleasant memories of men with whose names they were familiar, but whom they had hitherto had no opportunity of meeting. Then came the Junior Garrick, which, in the intention of its founders, was to be, truly and purely, the actors' club; and so it was for a few years: nearly every person you met there was connected with the stage,—dramatic author, dramatic critic, or mimic: it was John Oxenford's favorite club, and William Brough and Andrew Halliday were regular in their attendance. These three men, the memory of whom is cherished by all who knew them, have joined another club, the qualification for which is death. While they lived, the Junior Garrick flourished; but gradually, as with most other similar institutions, the foundation was sapped by a continually swelling stream of members having no connection whatever with the stage. Discontent ensued, and the club did not prosper; there was mismanagement somewhere; the members took sides, with a stronger antagonism than was either wise or necessary, on every question brought before them; distrust was engendered; and the Junior Garrick would very likely have become a thing of the past had it not been for Mr. Thomas Mowbray, who offered to pay off the liabilities and carry on the club as usual, on condition of its being transferred to him. The members were in a quandary; they clamored within, while the creditors clamored without; a stormy general meeting was held, and Mr. Mowbray's offer was accepted by a somewhat narrow majority, if I recollect aright, and thenceforward the Junior Garrick was a proprietary club. It is now prospering, and has upon its books nearly five hundred members,—a larger number than either the Savage or the Green Room possesses; but they are a mixed lot, and the actors are few and far between. Before it became proprietary, the Junior Garrick was, in addition to the names of those I have already mentioned, a favorite resort of J. L. Toole, David

James, Thomas Thorne, James Fernandez, and other notable actors and managers, who were to be seen pretty regularly at the supper-tables; but upon the establishment of the Green Room, these gentlemen, especially Messrs. Toole, James, and Thorne, transferred their allegiance, and worked hard to make the new club a success. The Saturday dinners at the Junior Garrick are largely attended, the room at times being inconveniently crowded, and, in consequence of the lay members being so numerous, the drawing-, card-, and billiard-rooms present, on Saturday nights, a scene of continual bustle and animation. At the yearly dinner of the Junior Garrick, Lord Alfred Paget generally occupies the chair: he is not the president of the club, as the Duke of Beaufort is of the Green Room, but he is a friend of Mr. Mowbray, and takes great interest in the club and in theatrical matters generally. Whether this kind of patronage on the part of distinguished aristocratic personages is of advantage to art clubs is an open question. Some fastidious persons, I know, resent it, but they are in a minority. The subject is apropos of the forthcoming visit of the Prince of Wales to the Savage Club, concerning which a great variety of opinion has been, and will continue to be, expressed. It is understood that the prince, having heard that at the regular Saturday dinner of the Savages an entertainment, to which the term unique might be applied, was generally given by the members,—a species of olla-podrida not to be met with in any other club-room in London,—had a curiosity just to "drop in," as Paul Pry expresses it, in a friendly way, to see what sort of an affair it is. It is a thousand pities that the Savages have resolved to entertain the prince at Willis's rooms instead of at their own club, for this is certainly not what their royal visitor desired. The excuse is that the club premises were not large enough to accommodate all the members who were anxious to attend, and that there would have been a rush, a scramble, and a squeeze. The prince would have enjoyed it all the more; he would have seen

what he wished to see,—the Savages at home, not many of them in evening dress (which at the swell dinner is indispensable), entertaining themselves after their own free-and-easy fashion. And they should have given him a plain dinner, with beer in the pewter if he asked for it; indeed, the draught should have been served out to him,—it would have been something to remember, and he would have had many a good laugh over it; whereas now he will sit down to a regulation dinner of the second class—the tickets are a guinea each, wine included—and see around him a number of gentlemen in white ties and swallow-tails, without any distinctive mark about them to proclaim them anything but very common and ordinary mortals. I am myself a Savage, and I have no doubt I shall go to the dinner; but it will not alter my opinion that a mistake has been committed. It appears to me that it is the convenience of the members, not the wish of the Prince of Wales, that has been consulted. Under no circumstances can it be matter for congratulation that during the last three or four years the governing body of the Savage Club has practically shown an inclination to become fashionable. Financially, the club is now in a better position than it has been since its formation: it has a balance at the bank, which is likely to grow larger. There is a positive danger in this deplorable fact,—for the Savage is, or should be, essentially a Bohemian club. In this aspect, and because its modest rooms were frequented by men lean in purse and full in brain-power,—Bohemian free-lances, whose wit was keen and bright and sharp, not disdain- ing fortune, but making light of empty pockets, better contented with pipe and pewter than they are now with cigars and champagne,—in this aspect lay the great charm of the club in its palmy days. It was this which made it so fascinating to Artemus Ward: there, night after night, did he meet with kindred souls between whom and himself was

forged a stronger link than can be fashioned out of twenty-two-carat gold. He was idolized there, and old members speak of him invariably with affectionate admiration and regret. The Savage Club was a republic of intellect, and to be one of the band was a higher distinction than could be conferred by an Order of the Bath. There was safety in poverty and bohemianism; there is peril in swallow-tails and a large balance at the bank. Unless the Savage Club is careful, it will follow in the wake of the Junior Garrick, and its representative character and individuality will be lost. A fatal mediocrity will pervade it; it will become prosperous and respectable.

Each of the three clubs I have spoken of has its Saturday dinners, the charge for which is under a dollar. After dinner, the time is spent variously. The Savage Club recites, sings, patters, plays music. The Junior Garrick lounges in the drawing-room (the easy-chairs there are delightful), drinks coffee, chats, and plays billiards. The Green Room goes to the theatre, from which, at a little after eleven o'clock, the members stroll back to their pleasant club-room for conversation, quip, and jest. Actors, authors, managers, journalists, and those who take delight in their society, hurry down the narrow streets on the south side of the Strand to spend an hour at one of the clubs. The Junior Garrick is situated at one end of Adelphi Terrace, the Green Room at the other. From the upper windows of the houses on this spacious avenue a wonderful scene presents itself. The river lies before you, and the bridges, eastward and westward, twinkling with tiny lights or wrapped in shadow,—a solemn and beautiful scene, rendered still more solemn and suggestive by the chiming of the hour from the tower of Westminster Abbey. For many years did David Garrick listen to that record of passing time from his house with the pictured ceilings on Adelphi Terrace.

B. L. FARJEON.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Dickens." By Adolphus William Ward. (English Men of Letters Series.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

It seems a little curious that the two subjects in this series which stand most remote from each other in the order of time should have been assigned to the same writer. Chaucer's name is the earliest, Dickens's the latest, included in the list, and the distance between the periods to which they respectively belong could hardly be more effectively realized than by a comparison of the works of the poet of the fourteenth century and the novelist of the nineteenth. Each was emphatically a man of his own time, imbued with its spirit, carried along by its life, and fascinated by its external aspects, humorous, pathetic, and picturesque. Each, too, had a strong feeling for local characteristics, so that the names of places, and especially of inns, are vividly associated with their writings. The England of Chaucer's time is best, and in some aspects exclusively, known to us through his descriptions; and though Dickens, as a delineator of modern English life, is but one of many and excelled by some, it is in his pages that its multifarious activity, its roar and bustle, its popular out-door features, are most fully and powerfully represented. Whether the resemblance extended to points of character and personal history we have no means of judging, for of Chaucer's life scarcely anything is known. In his former book, therefore, Mr. Ward had nothing to say that could interest common readers. It was perhaps by way of compensation that he was intrusted with a theme which is at once the most popular and the richest in materials for a consecutive narrative among the lives of English men of letters. Of course the disadvantage is included that he had nothing to tell that was positively new. On the other hand, it was quite conceivable that the facts might be presented in a way which would materially modify the impression left by Forster's "Life." It cannot be said that this is the effect produced by the present volume. The egotism of the biographer no longer obtrudes itself, certain harsh lines are less strongly drawn, and, though the portrait here presented

is sufficiently distinct, it has not the startling sharpness of the original. But the identity is unmistakable, and the difference between the real Dickens and the Dickens of the popular imagination is as obvious as ever. In active benevolence, in cordiality of friendship, in detestation of abuses, of sycophancy, and of general wrong-doing, Dickens hardly fell short of the ideal suggested by his books. But the central principle of his nature was not sympathy or sweetness or the ardor of knight-errantry, but self-assertion,—a necessity to adhere inflexibly to every purpose of his own, to suffer no obstacle in his career, to regard his work as of supreme importance, and the ordering of his life on lines of his own drawing as a thing that must be subject to no disturbing influence. The immense popularity to which he attained at a single bound gave him the position of an elected potentate, and, conscious both of its powers and its responsibilities, he tasked all his energies to maintain it, and made everything subordinate to that end. This intensity of self-belief and self-concentration offers the key not only to the over-elaboration and straining after effects which grew to be his besetting sins as a writer, but to what is painful in the record of his life,—the bitterness with which, at the height of his fame and prosperity, he recalled his mortifications and impediments in childhood, his grudge against his poor mother on that account, and his separation from his wife, with an apparent indifference to the shock inflicted on innumerable readers with whom he had seemed to cultivate an intimate relation. For this step Mr. Ward offers, of course, no excuse, while stating in explanation of it that, if Dickens had ever loved his wife, there is no indication of it in any of his numerous letters addressed to her. The point seems to us unimportant in this connection: whether he had ceased to love or had never loved her would have had as little weight with him as the same question would have had with Henry the Eighth. She was a hinderance, not indeed to an unlawful attachment, but to the free and energetic exercise of his powers, and such a hinderance must necessarily be removed.

Mr. Ward seems to us less successful as a critic than as a narrator. One cannot wish that he should have been other than a warm lover and admirer of Dickens's genius, but his long analyses of the novels presuppose a kind of interest in them which is felt neither by those who read them with unquestioning enjoyment nor by a more discriminating class. It may be true, as Mr. Ward asserts, that their popularity is undiminished, but the time has passed when they could form attractive subjects for elaborate discussion.

Four American Novels.

"Anne." By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Yesterday." (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"Gypsie." (Knickerbocker Novels.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"A Mere Caprice." By Mary Healy. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

MISS WOOLSON'S novel is one which covers so much ground and offers so many incidents that the impression left upon the mind is rather fragmentary and confused, and, instead of being regarded as a whole, disjointed effects are singled out by the reader for praise or blame. His curiosity is thoroughly excited, but the interest is subject to frequent reactions. The accumulation of material surpasses the invention with which it is used. Laying down the book, one is inclined to feel that it has hardly fulfilled the promise of the opening chapters. What was at first rather strikingly suggested is either left in embryo or disappointingly fulfilled. The minuteness and particularity of the description of life and scenery at the Agency give an air of fidelity and truth to the earlier parts of the book, which loses its point when the scene widens and the plot thickens into the thrillingly sensational. One is bewildered at the catastrophe, for the reason that it is no outgrowth of the circumstantial parts: the nicety and pains have been lavished upon what vanishes into thin air, and the subordinate actions and lights which had been considered merely effective background are brought forward startlingly and irrelevantly.

Tita stealing down on the Christmas eve, in the first chapter, to make a reconnaissance of the Christmas-presents, is perhaps the most effective picture in the book. The little quarter-breed is very carefully and excellently drawn: her beauty, her apathy in inaction and her in-

tensity when aroused, her stealthiness and greed, make a very complete and vivid personality, and contrasted with Anne's faultlessness and serenity give piquancy and charm to the presentation. In the subtle difference of race, character, and purpose of the two sisters the story seems already sketched before the reader's mind, and the invention which first makes this idea recede, then submerges and loses it, is faulty. It is a difficult matter to draw a noble and at the same time an interesting heroine, but Anne is a fairly successful venture. There is no feeble passivity about her, but a capability and heroism which fulfil a high ideal. Her merely childish love for Rast and her gradual falling away from anything more than friendship for him, and her real love for Heathcote, form the main idea of the story. From any necessity for allegiance to a feeling which was limited at the beginning, and gradually died from its inherent elements of decay, she is saved by Tita's perfidious appropriation of her early love. With Tita married to Rast, Anne herself at last free and in love with Heathcote, and Heathcote in love with her, one might suppose the end of the story to be near; but the unlucky heroine has still a multitude of trials in store; for Mr. Heathcote's being forced into a marriage with Helen places everything concerning Anne's love in a new light; and in the remainder of the book, it seems to us, Miss Woolson falls into dangerous errors of taste, to say nothing of logic. All reality is lost in the way the murder and its attendant incidents are handled: the color and complexion of every scene of the trial are taken from the author's wish to force Anne to tell her love-story in the court-room; and the detective work is feeble and unnatural: no one could accept the discovery as the result of any real inspiration, to say nothing of actual observation. Miss Woolson deserves high praise, however, for much that the book contains. With more carefully preserved unities, and a chance for quieter and truer handling, she ought to write a novel which should preserve all her pre-eminence for local coloring and the general excellence of effect which we have learned to look for in her sketches.

In "Yesterday," an anonymous novel of the Leisure Hour Series, we find a cleverness and a sort of power which make us wish the writer had chosen a set of characters who jarred less on our sympathies and from whom we should be less willing to part. In his anxiety to paint his men

and women exactly as they are, he has made both coloring and form a little crude: the dignity and grace which carefully-disposed light and shadow and suitable background offer a chance for are sacrificed to a wish to have no encumbrances and no affectations. His men are to be men, and not phantoms with faults and meannesses left out, and their talk is to express the actual outcome of their thoughts, and not a careful striving after effects. But the method is successful only when dealing with deformity or mediocrity. Monteith Tyne is a man with a past which does not elevate him in his own esteem, and which deadens the chances of his future: he is, however, by far the most pleasing character of the book, and one is mystified by his death, which happens, just as deaths so often do in real life, unexpectedly and unnecessarily. The hero, Harry Sundon, an actor, lives longer and does worse. The showing up of the effect of the brilliant and dangerous sides of his mind upon his character seems to be the object of the book; and, however unpleasant and depressing his story is, there is a verisimilitude to the careers of actors in general, and certain ones in particular, which is probably intentional. With better art, more reliance on prescribed models, the book would have been not only more effective, but more readable.

Rhoda Broughton's heaven leavened the whole lump of a certain kind of novels for two or three years after "Nancy" and the rest of her books came out, but we had supposed the fashion had passed, and that girls nowadays played tennis instead of climbing trees only to fall out of them when their future husbands appeared. In "Gypsy," however, we have one of Miss Broughton's heroines; and the writer tells the story just as she has learned it, out of fifth-rate English novels, without the faintest regard for what has come under her own observation. Actual every-day life seems, indeed, to have had no existence for her.

With better literary talent and stronger handling, Miss Healy's "A Mere Caprice" is almost as unreal; but she has drawn her characters from the types which modern playwrights have made familiar, and she carries them through their *roles* with considerable spirit. Olga, the daughter of a Russian countess, has made a successful marriage with a rich Parisian banker, and, having no children, takes a fancy to adopt a nameless and motherless child, and brings her up with

the advantages of a rich girl. Olga is a powerful and unscrupulous woman, and is depicted with a certain degree of skill. Her first careless interest in Marica, deepening into the kindness of a protectress, finally changing into the furious jealousy of a passionate woman who sees herself despoiled of her lover, is clearly drawn. Some of the scenes are dramatically rendered, and the whole book suggests the stage and the paraphernalia of stage effects, foot-lights, gorgeous scenery, and posing heroes and heroines. The painful end deepens the meaning of the story, but makes it the more unnatural and forced.

Books Received.

William Penn (Lives of American Worthies), 1644-1718. By Robert J. Burdette. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: a Medley in Prose and Verse. By Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Geo. W. Harlan & Co.

Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849. By Thomas Carlyle. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Heart of the White Mountains: their Legend and Scenery. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Hints for the Summer Months. By C. C. Vanderbeck, M.D., Ph.D. Philadelphia: Baxter Publishing Co.

Pen-Pictures of Modern Authors. (Literary Life Series.) Edited by Wm. Shepard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Science of Ethics. By Leslie Stephen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Guide to the Mount Washington Range. By Wm. H. Pickering. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Health Aphorisms. By Frank H. Hamilton, A.M. New York: Bermingham.

An English "Daisy Miller." By Virginia W. Johnson. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

Brought to Bay. By E. P. Roe. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

In the Harbor. Ultima Thule, Part II. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

On the Borderland. A Novel. By Harriette A. Keyser. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Marjory Graham. A Novel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Our Merchant Marine. (Questions of the Day.) By David A. Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Hood's Own: Whims and Oddities. Pugsley Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

AN ANTWERP PRINTING-HOUSE.



MARCHÉ DU VENDREDI.

ANTWERP wakes early, and in doing so contrives to rouse even sleepy travellers betimes. There is a jangle of bells, a clatter of carts, a loud barking of dogs, and strange street-cries in an unknown tongue, which "murder sleep" as soon as the sun begins to rise. Across the Place de Meir, a *garçon* at the restaurant is sweeping the pavement after copious libations of water, and setting chairs and tables in rows outside

the door. An old woman in black skirt and green cotton bodice, a little three-cornered mauve shawl, and the usual blue apron and white cap, is pushing a small dust-cart to collect the *garçon's* sweepings. Under my window a milk-cart stops, drawn by a yellow dog in neat harness,—a green cart, full of brass milk-cans that shine like burnished gold. The milkmaid, with one of the golden jugs upon her arm, stops to gossip with

an old woman enveloped in a "mantelet," an ample cloak of black cloth, pleated closely round the neck and falling in magnificent folds nearly to the ground, with a hood of black silk or satin. The mantelet is an indispensable part of the Flamande's dress. It costs about one hundred francs, and lasts a lifetime. Every one wears them, and a most quaint character do they give to a Flemish crowd, especially when the vast hood is put over the head. The old lady below has her hood down, displaying the queer Flemish cap, with its high crown and stiff ear-flaps of white lace, which make one wonder whether there is any Darwinian connection between the women of Antwerp and lop-eared rabbits. We had been told repeatedly that we should see no distinctive costumes in Belgium; that there were none left; that, in fact, people dressed much as they did at home. But, though we should doubtless have seen more had we been able to go on to Holland and follow Monsieur Havard's footsteps to the dead cities of the Zuiderzee or the heart of Friesland, yet here, at all hours of the day, in Antwerp, we came across costumes quaint and characteristic. And we often wondered whether we were very easily satisfied, or whether our informants had been very blind.

But to return to the milkmaid, who is gossiping outside my window all this time. Her dog barks loudly, and away she goes with the little cart. A knot of men in blouses, with high silk caps perched upon their heads, collect in the middle of the road, waiting till the public auction-rooms opposite open their doors. One has an indigo-colored blouse, and a scarlet handkerchief round his neck; another a maroon cap, bright-blue blouse, yellow-brown trousers, and yellow *sabots*. Women trot by to market, with tin pails painted brilliant green or yellow, which take the place of baskets; children going to school carry their dinners in little tin pails; fat *bourgeoises*, waddling along the pavement, fill their tin pails—perhaps apple-green with a scarlet lining—with brown paper parcels; and the *bonne* comes

back from the Marché with a pail full of the day's dinner.

Then a little blue cart, full of baskets of dead chickens, stops at our hotel, led by a blue-bloused man with brown corduroy trousers,—a delicious brown, that sends one flying for one's color-box,—and a woman, dressed, as most of the women are, in blacks and blues mixed with red. The cart is drawn by three dogs. A big brown shaggy dog is in the shafts, who is evidently master of the situation and gives himself airs; and on each side of him, harnessed to swingle-trees, a round yellow dog and a tan-and-white. The tan-and-white licks the great master's face and lies down. The big brown follows suit. But the yellow dog, who looks like a stranger lately added to the team, stands aloof, and watches the unloading of the chickens with cocked ears and a harassed expression.

These little dog-carts add greatly to the picturesqueness of Belgian towns, and one feels happily certain that the dogs cannot be ill treated. Fatter, stronger, happier animals I never saw. They look after their master with eager faces if he happens to leave them for a moment's gossip or a glass of beer,—a not infrequent occurrence; and when he returns, be he butcher, baker, milkman, or dustman, the dogs tear off, barking loudly, and tugging with such vehemence against their collars that the master, nearly running to keep up with them, is often obliged to check their pace by the little rein fastened to their muzzles. But never did I see a dog struck, and I only saw one, belonging to a rag-man in Bruges, who looked overworked or ill used. In Antwerp their harness is of plain leather, with a breast-strap instead of a collar. In Ghent and Bruges they have regular little wooden horse-collars, with high points rising above the shoulder like the hames of an English cart-collar. But in Brussels, as befits the gay capital, the harness of the milk-cart dogs is resplendent with brass studs and ornaments matching the burnished milk-cans.

Antwerp is full of quaint corners for

the sketcher. At every turn we longed to make a note of some gable, tower, or street-shrine. But even while we opened our sketch-books, fresh delights farther ahead would tempt us on, and by evening the result of our day's work, or rather idleness, were lamentably weak. One sunny afternoon—it was a *fête* day, so every one was dawdling about in holiday clothes—we sauntered down through the old town, with its narrow, dirty streets, and in one of them, the Rue du

Faucon, an irresistible subject made us halt and take out book and pencil in real earnest.

Two huge black trunks outside a shop formed a comfortable table on the narrow pavement, and, standing beside them, we settled ourselves to work. The street before us, lying all in purple shadow, opened into the old square, the *Marché du Vendredi*. In nearly every Flemish town there is a market-place bearing this name, Friday being the usual market-



COURT OF THE MUSÉE PLANTIN.

day. None is more interesting than the *Marché du Vendredi*, at Ghent. There Jacob van Arteveldt, "the brewer of Ghent," was wont to address the turbulent mob of weavers, fullers, smiths, and tanners, who, surging into the great market-place, clamorously demanded fresh liberties for themselves, or the still more agreeable liberty of making cruel war upon some neighboring and probably inoffensive city. There, on "Evil Monday," fifteen hundred citizens lay slain, after a fierce broil between the weavers, who furnished eighteen thousand fighting-men from their guild, and the opposite faction of fullers, while the great bell Roland tolled from the belfry. And there, too, at a later date, thousands perished in the

fires of the Inquisition, while the Duke of Alva watched from his ancient house, which is standing to this day.

High on the wall at the street-corner, under a canopy with golden rays, which flashed in the sun, and blue-painted background, stood, on rolling clouds of stone, a charming statue of the Virgin, a golden sceptre in her hand, while beneath, a grand old black-and-gold lamp hung far out from the wall on an iron stanchion. The farther side of the sunny square was filled up by rows of tall windows in a massive brick and stone building. Little children at play in the pale dust, piles of pillows outside a shop, and red blankets heaped on the pillows, made a pleasant foreground. Blue-jerseyed sailors, and women in the usual combination

of blue, black, and green, were gossiping on a door-step, or grouped round a barrow of bright-red apples.

Our advent created a profound sensation. Curtains were instantly drawn aside in a window close to my hand, and two ugly, pock-marked children peered through the dusty panes. The gossips, one by one, left their door-steps and pressed around us, talking in their hideous, uncouth tongue. We could not understand a word at first, but frequent repetitions of the words "Sint Katterinje" and "poomje" led us to believe at last that a hot dispute hardly complimentary to our artistic skill was being carried on, amid roars of laughter, as to whether or not we were drawing a figure of St. Catherine on the top of a pump in the centre of the square. In self-defence, I may observe that we should have been curiously clever had we done so, as, from where we stood, pump and saint alike were concealed by a solid house! It takes some amount of *sang-froid* to sketch tranquilly when one is surrounded by a crowd chattering in an unknown tongue. One's pencil has a disagreeable habit of making sudden darts over the paper in unexpected directions, and one hurries, filled with a nervous desire to finish as quickly as possible and escape from the unsympathetic ring of jeering spectators. This attitude of mind in the sketcher has not usually a happy effect on the work. But this first specimen of a Flemish crowd was civil enough, though somewhat noisy and given to leaning against us as if we had been posts of wood, devoid of sense or feeling.

When at last we moved on, we were tempted to investigate the building across the square. Well-dressed citizens in holiday attire, fathers, mothers, and swarms of children, went in and out of its great swing-door; travellers, too,—a neat American with a blue gauze veil and plaid-pattern ulster, a little Frenchwoman, her elbows pinned down by a closely-fitting black mantle, her half-open sleeves showing their braceleted wrists, punctuating every sentence by an exclamatory shrug of her shoul-

ders, and a fresh-faced young Englishman glancing furtively at his "Murray" and then looking as if he had committed a crime in showing the least interest about what he had come specially to see. We followed the stream, and found ourselves in a perfect treasure-house. We had come, without knowing it, to the Musée Plantin-Moretus, the old printing-house which the municipal council bought in 1876 from the descendants of its founders, turning it with its printing-presses and its priceless works of art into a museum for the city of Antwerp. What a delightful old-world corner! We roamed through the beautiful rooms, with portraits by Rubens hanging on the walls, Italian cabinets heaped up with costly china, tables covered with precious manuscripts protected by glass, and deep-embossed windows through whose quarrelled panes we looked into a cloistered court,—a delicious court with stone carvings, red vine-leaves, soft-colored bricks, and deep-shadowed arches.

"*Dépêchez-vous, madame!*" said a voice beside us as we stood gazing out of a window, agreeing that, even if we had to wait another day in Antwerp, this must be sketched: "there are only ten minutes before the bell rings, and you have much to see before the museum closes."

Ten minutes! What an insult to our taste! What an insult to the place, to hurry through it! Why, the ghost of good old Christopher Plantin would rise and confront the impious mortal who dared attempt to see in ten minutes those many quiet rooms full of precious things, and full, besides, of the memory—one might almost fancy, of the unseen presence—of those who have "gone over to the majority."

"We shall come again to-morrow," we answered with some dignity.

"Ah," replied the *gardien* incredulously, "doubtless you are strangers, and to-morrow you will go away, and will have missed much."

He evidently put but little faith in our statement, and we could see he was saying to himself, "A mere subterfuge,

just like them all,—those perfidious English." But when at last we persuaded him that our intentions were *bona fide*, and that for love of his vine-covered, cloistered court we would return at any cost, he expanded into smiles, and inundated us with information till the clanging of the great bell drove us out.

Next day as early as possible we once more presented ourselves at the door, laden with our sketching-traps and prepared for a long morning's work ere leaving for Ghent. With slightly self-satisfied faces we asked for chairs to sit on in the court, as we were going to make a sketch.

"Had we a permit?"

"A permit! Good heavens! was it required?"

"Ah, yes! without a permit it was impossible that anybody could make drawings."

"Where was one to be procured?"

"From Monsieur le Bourgmestre, at the Hôtel de Ville. Would these ladies write?"

"Impossible! for we were leaving that afternoon."

"*Peste!* for who could tell if Monsieur le Bourgmestre was at that moment at the Hôtel de Ville?"

All traces of self-satisfaction had vanished during this short conversation. Our trunks were waiting, already packed, at the hotel; we must leave Antwerp in the evening, but we must also sketch this wholly-delightful court. Leaving our drawing-materials in charge of the good-natured, broad-faced old *concierge*, we set off with considerable haste through the evil-smelling little streets in search of the all-powerful bourgmestre.

The Hôtel de Ville, as we found when we reached it, was in process of reconstruction, and, rushing to the front, we tumbled over mortar-tubs, scaffolding, and heaps of stone and timber. M—plunged wildly into a guard-room, declaring it was the entrance. I dragged her out, and plunged into the next open door, where a courteous official sat writing. To him I told our business,

and he then directed us to the back of the building,—“third door on the first floor.” Round we bolted and up we went, among workmen, officials, gendarmes, plaster, stones, wood, and yawning chasms of floorless rooms. The first floor had nearly disappeared, the third door had vanished, so it seemed to our bewildered minds. At last, however, I saw some one who looked likely, I thought, to be able to help us. To him I told my tale.

"Ah, yes; the request of madame must be in writing. Would she give herself the trouble to follow him?"

Into a desk-lined room we did follow him, and presently a beautiful new sheet of paper was produced from some inner sanctum and a polite letter indited. Our amiable guide then begged us to follow him again, and we were taken through a glass partition into a somewhat dimly lighted vestibule, with multitudes of doors leading in all directions and a dingy window looking on a blank inner wall. Out of the gloom a gorgeous being came to meet us, who, we felt sure, must be all the past, present, and future bourgmestres of Antwerp in one, so imposing were his appearance and manner. But no! The gorgeous being seized upon my letter, begged us to give ourselves the trouble of sitting down and waiting a little moment, and then went humbly toward a double door, losing at each step something of his impressive manner, so that by the time he reached it we might almost have taken him for an ordinary citizen. But he did not open it: he only listened at it, and came back, still waving my now open letter,—having regained his lost grandeur of demeanor,—to talk to a group of black-coated persons who stood about, or to show some petitioners like ourselves where to wait. We sat mildly on our comfortable chairs in the dark, greatly amused at all that was passing. A bride and bridegroom appeared, and were shown by the gorgeous being which way to go to the Salle des Mariages,—a dismal couple, who looked as depressed as if they were on their way to execution. Then the double door burst open,

and out came an excited, round-headed, dark little person, gesticulating wildly, slapping every one on the back, and then holding his head with both hands, and with him a particularly quiet, gentlemanlike man with gold eye-glasses and a fair beard. They disappeared in the wake of the dismal couple. More waiting, more black coats in and out. Then a tramp outside, and a squad of gendarmes assembled in the hall, their gigantic colonel with blond moustache and blue-and-silver uniform swaggering in to greet our official friend, who still waved my letter like a flag of truce. We began to get rather weary of that letter. Then the round-headed, excited man returned, like a fat, black whirlwind, still clutching his head with one hand, as if to keep it on, and with the other distributing accolades to all on his way ere vanishing behind the mysterious double door. The fair-bearded man followed, and was button-holed by a petitioner just in front of us, and then we perceived for the first time that we were in the actual presence of the "bourgmestre d'Anvers." At last he shook off the pertinacious Fleming who had captured him. Our gorgeous friend followed close upon his heels with my waving letter. In another minute he reappeared with a hastily-written "Approuvé" across the corner, and we joyfully departed, having gained considerable insight into the conduct of business at the Hôtel de Ville.

The *concierge* at the Musée Plantin welcomed us back with effusion. All the officials—most good-tempered of their race—vied with each other who could show us most kindness, absolutely refusing any fee. And before we left we made acquaintance with the learned and courtly director, Monsieur Max Rooses, to whose admirable little book I am indebted for much of my information about the families of Plantin and Moretus. M—— settled herself on a table in the *coulouir* next to Lipsius's study, copying a grand capital letter out of Erasmus Quellin's alphabet, engraved by Jean Christopher Jegher, and I planted myself in a corner of the court.

It was in 1549 that Christopher Plantin, then thirty-six years old, came to Antwerp. His father was a native of Tours, and, losing his wife there in a pestilence, he fled from the dreadful malady with his young son and entered the service of Claude Porret, *audiencier* of the church of St. Juste at Lyons. To a nephew of this ecclesiastic, one Pierre Puppier, the elder Plantin attached himself, and followed his master to Orleans and Paris, returning with him at last to Lyons. But he does not seem to have been a devoted parent, as he left young Christopher behind him in Paris, promising to send for him soon. This he forgot to do, and the unfortunate lad, having used the meagre sum his father had left him, made his way to Caen and apprenticed himself to a printer. There in course of time he made the acquaintance of Jeanne Rivière, whom he married about 1546. He then established himself in Paris, and met there another nephew of the *audiencier*, Pierre Porret, who had been his boyish companion at Lyons. The two friends were in the habit of calling each other brother, and this custom gave rise to a quaint legend concerning their parentage and the origin of their names. They were both—so said the gossip of their own day—sons of a certain illustrious knight, Charles de Tiercelin, who, notwithstanding his honors and renown, died penniless. His sons were forced to work for their bread, but, fearing to dishonor their dead father by vulgar labor, they refused to bear his famous name, and called themselves Porret and Plantin, after the unsavory leek and the humble plantain. They both made their way in life, one becoming a chemist and the other a publisher. The story is an apt illustration of the social feeling of that time, but—alas for romance!—contains no vestige of truth save the last facts.

Plantin remained some three or four years in Paris, perfecting himself in the art of bookbinding and leather-dressing (*maroquinerie*), and in 1549, as I have said, he established himself at Antwerp as a binder and maker of leather boxes

(*coffrets*). Here he soon gained the reputation of great skill. His bindings, boxes and cases, gilding and *marqueterie* in leather surpassed in beauty any that had yet been seen in the Low Countries. But his skill nearly cost him his life. He was highly thought of by the learned men of Antwerp and by the merchants who frequented the Bourse. His first protector was Alexander de Graphæus, secretary of the city of Antwerp, and he even gained the good graces of Gabriel de Cayas, secretary to Philip II. That great man, being at Antwerp in 1555, and wishing to present to his master a precious stone of great value, charged Plantin to make a case in which to send it. The work was finished, and on a dark night Plantin carried the case himself to Cayas, a servant going before him with a lantern. When they reached the Pont de Meir, a bridge across the canal which then ran down the centre of the splendid Place de Meir,—the canal is now paved over, and the bridge only exists as a short street along which tram-cars scrape and rattle,—a set of drunken masked men, searching for a guitar-player who had offended them, thought they saw their enemy in the inoffensive workman with his leathern *coffret* under his arm. They fell upon him straightway, and one, drawing his sword, plunged it so deeply into his victim's body that he had some difficulty in withdrawing the weapon. The unfortunate Plantin explained that they had mistaken their man. The would-be assassins made off, and the wounded man dragged himself home half dead. The surgeon Jean Farinalius and the doctor Goropius Becanus—every one with any pretension to learning Latinized his name in those days—were called in, and at first despaired of their patient's life. But, thanks to their skill, he eventually recovered, though he was obliged to give up his binding, as the injuries he had received prevented his doing any manual labor which entailed stooping or required much exertion. He therefore returned to his old profession of printing, in which he was destined to become so famous. Not that he had ever

entirely given it up, as when he was received into the Guild of St. Luke in 1550 it was with the title of printer, showing that, though devoting himself for the time being to leather-working, he looked upon the former as his chief business.

His first book was printed in 1555, and for the next few years his progress was slow. Seven years later he was accused of publishing an heretical pamphlet, and three of his workmen were arrested and sent to the galleys by order of the regent, Margaret of Parma, whose portrait by Veronese is one of the greatest treasures of Warwick



TRADE-MARK OF THE PRINTING-HOUSE OF
C. PLANTIN.

Castle. Plantin barely escaped arrest himself, and his position was such a critical one that he took refuge for a year in Paris. Nay, further, in 1562 he sold his possessions in the city of Antwerp, including his printing-house and all its contents, to friends who conveniently called themselves creditors for the occasion. The next year he went into partnership with one of these pretended creditors, Corneille van Bomberghe. The brother of the latter, Charles van Bomberghe, Jacques Schotti, and the doctor Goropius Becanus who had saved Plantin's life, became members of the firm, while Plantin was acting manager. This association lasted several years, and enabled our printer to enlarge his business immensely. Plantin often declared that he eventually broke up the partnership because his associates were not perfectly orthodox. But the acting manager

seems to have held slightly heterodox opinions himself, for it is certain that in early days at Antwerp he belonged to one of the mystic sects which then swarmed in Flanders, and that he was a fervent disciple of Henri Nicolaes, founder of the "Maison de Charité," a branch of the Anabaptists. He, however, deserted Nicolaes, much to the fury of the latter, for Henri Jansen of Barrefelt, whose fast friend and follower he remained all his life. Jansen's strange mystic doctrine must have been a convenient one to the persecuted of those days, as he considered outward forms of worship a matter of indifference, and Plantin saw no difficulty in reconciling his adhesion to Jansen's sect with ardent devotion to the Catholic Church and to its great defender the King of Spain.

From 1567 Plantin secured the favor of King Philip, and among his warmest protectors counted the famous Cardinal Granvelle and Gabriel de C  ayas. It was by their intervention that he obtained the right of publishing the Royal Bible in five languages,—the most important work produced by any printer in the Low Countries. In 1568 he made a contract with the Pope's printer, Paul Aldus Manutius, one of the celebrated publishers of the Aldine editions, by which he secured the privilege of publishing the breviaries and missals authorized by the Council of Trent, and in this way laid the foundation of the future greatness of his house. Philip II. also gave him the printing of all books for the church service to be used in the kingdom of Spain and its dependencies, and from 1572 missals, breviaries, psalters, etc., were produced by thousands in the Antwerp printing-house.

The royal favor, however, to use a vulgarism, brought the printer more "empty praise than solid pudding;" for, just as he was undertaking his most important works, the Low Countries were passing through that crisis which ended after twenty years in the ruin of Antwerp and of the Spanish Netherlands. The King of Spain gave Plantin enormous commissions, promising ample sub-

sidies to defray their cost. But his exchequer was at as low an ebb as that of the unfortunate printer. The large sum due to Plantin at Philip's death was never paid. Books accumulated in his warehouses which people could not or would not buy. He was forced to sell at a loss part of his stock, materials, and goods, and, in spite of these sacrifices, found himself still so deeply in debt that he deemed it prudent to spend a year at Leyden, only returning to Antwerp after the taking of the city by the Duke of Parma in 1584.

It was in 1576 that Plantin moved from the "Compas d'Or," his old shop in the Kammerstraat, to the house of Martin Lopez in the Rue Haute,—the Mus  e Plantin-Moretus of to-day. He had already (in 1567) established a publishing-house in Paris, at the head of which he placed his old friend Pierre Porret. In his year of exile at Leyden he founded another publishing-house, which he made over in 1585 to Raphelengien, who had married his eldest daughter Margaret. His favorite clerk and son-in-law, Jean Moerentorf (Moretus), seems to have superintended a shop at Frankfort during the autumn and Lent fairs. And it was to this son-in-law that Plantin, who had no son, left the greater part of his possessions at his death in 1589.

Such, briefly, is the story of the enterprising printer who, taking for his motto "*Labore et Constantia*," ("By Work and Perseverance"), succeeded in founding one of the most famous of the many famous publishing-houses of his day.

Jean Moretus, his successor, religiously carried out his father-in-law's wishes and traditions. His editions, though fewer in number and less important than those of the founder of the establishment, are printed with as great care. It was, however, his son, Baltazar Moretus, who was destined to reign over the printing-house of the Rue Haute in its most brilliant days. Jean Moretus was as anxious as Plantin had been to have a worthy successor. He therefore stipulated in his will that the printing-house should

go in its entirety to that one of his children or his relations who should be deemed most worthy of sustaining the honor of the family; and if a capable successor were not found among his kinsfolk, that such a man should be chosen outside the family circle. This clause, repeated in the wills of all his successors, became a family law. During three hundred years the printing-house has been a kind of heirloom; and thus it has happened that all its treasures collected by successive generations have been preserved intact.

Baltazar Moretus, who succeeded his father in 1610, was a man of no common power. Though entirely paralyzed on one side, he nevertheless displayed the most ceaseless energy, and gave a new impulse to the business, which, under his direction, became as active as it had been in the life of Plantin. He enlarged and repaired the old house. He published many and important works, distinguished by the beauty of their type and the richness of their illustrations. He was the intimate friend of the most eminent men and the most celebrated artists of his time. In the second *salon* of the *rez-de-chaussée* one sees the portraits which Rubens painted for him of his family and the *savants* who frequented his house. There is Jeanne Rivière in her white cap; and Christopher Plantin, with his compass,—the mark of his house. There is Martine Plantin, the wife of Jean Moretus; and Adrienne Gras, his mother. There, too, are Arias Montanus, the learned Orientalist, who came, by order of Philip II., to direct the printing and correcting of the famous Polyglot Bible; Abraham Ortelius, the geographer, with one hand on the terrestrial globe; Pierre Pantinus, holding the "*Vita B. Theclæ*;" and Justus Lipsius, the friend of the house, the renowned professor of Louvain,—a picture which Rubens painted in 1616, ten years after the death of Lipsius, and for which he received the sum of fourteen florins eight sous.

It is unnecessary to trace the history of the now silent printing-house through the long line of Baltazars, Jeans, and

Hyacinthes who succeeded one another in the next two hundred and fifty years. The building underwent many changes. The family of its owners was ennobled. The descendants of Christopher Plantin and Jean Moretus are even yet among the honored citizens of Antwerp; and up to 1876 the presses were still at work. In that year the building, with all it contained, was sold by Edouard Jean-Hyacinthe Moretus to the city of Antwerp, and it was opened as a public museum in 1877.

We wandered through the old rooms, and saw treasures which it would take hours to enumerate. One kindly official



RUBENS'S CHAIR.

carried us off to show us the shop, where the counter still stands, with its little weights and scales for weighing the payments, the four steps down into the Rue Haute, and, hanging against the wall, the printed list of books prohibited by order of the Duke of Alva in 1569, among them the *Psalms* of Clement Marot and the *Colloquies* of Erasmus, both of which books were published by Plantin two years before.

Then we went through the correctors' room into the bureau, or counting-house, where all the *savants* of Antwerp, must have met and consulted many a time, and where Jean Moretus the younger wrote that "*Monsieur Pietro Paulo Rubens doit avoir pour autant qu'il a retocqué les figures d'Aguilonii, Lipsii, Senecæ, et quatre du Missel luy sont advouez*

c(omme) p(our) Boissardus, montants.
... fl. 36."*

The bureau is all hung with stamped Cordovan leather, colored and gilded in patterns which would send the modern æsthetic world into convulsions of delight. But even more beautiful are the hangings of Justus Lipsius's little study, which opens out of the bureau. They are also of *cuir de Cordoue*,—magnificent arabesques in gold on a black ground, and as fresh as when the great scholar inhabited the little room during his visit to his friend Plantin. It has been said that Lipsius was one of the correctors of the press for the printing-house. This, however, is now distinctly disproved. He was only an intimate friend of the founder of the house, and this friendship was extended to the first Moretus and his son Baltazar, who became a devoted pupil of Lipsius. The archives of the house contain one hundred and twenty of his letters, in Flemish, French, and Latin. And in the thirty years from 1594 to 1623 not one passed in which the firm did not publish one or more books by the learned professor of Louvain, whose works then enjoyed an extraordinary popularity.

Next to the study is a passage hung with cases of wood-cuts, alphabets for church music-books, or for psalters, or for the Polyglot Bible, with designs on each by Erasmus Quellin, Pierre van der Borch, etc. Then come the compositors' desks; and, lastly, the printing-room, with its great presses,—their red or black leather pads, for daubing the type with ink, hanging beside them.

Up-stairs, a whole room is devoted to engravings after the designs of Rubens, Jordaens, and Van Dyck, by the engravers of the Guild of St. Luke, whose works are scarcely less famous than some of the pictures they are taken from. We saw engravings by the two brothers Galle, Cornelius and Theodore,—the latter was brother-in-law to Baltazar Moretus; by Lucas Vosterman, whose close attention to his famous rendering of the "Descent from the Cross" so affected his

brain for a while that he even threatened Rubens's life in his insanity; by Paul Pontius, Vosterman's celebrated pupil, who, at the age of twenty-one, succeeded to his master's position as Rubens's private engraver; and, lastly, by the two brothers Boëce and Schelte, who have made the name of their native place, the far-off Friesland village of Bolswert, forever famous by adopting it as their surname. Of Boëce, or Boëtius, the elder brother's engravings, there are but few examples in the Musée Plantin. But Schelte à Bolswert is grandly represented; for he was an artist after Rubens's own heart, with his vigorous but delicate manipulation of the burin, surpassing even Vosterman in perfection of work,—the most brilliant engraver of the Flemish school.

Another room is filled with copper-plates for illustrations and frontispieces of books published in the house, by all the best-known artists and engravers of the day; another, with wood blocks. Then come bedrooms with gilded leather hangings, carved oak bedsteads, embroidered silk counterpanes, curious pictures, beautiful and valuable old furniture, handed down from father to son as a part of the heritage of him who was deemed worthy to represent the family. The foundry, too, we saw, with the old tools used in casting the type and engraving the wood and copper plates. And in the maze of quaint little up-and-down wooden staircases which connect the rooms we completely lost ourselves, and had to ask a good-natured artist who was making an elaborate study near the foundry to show us how to escape from the labyrinth.

But perhaps the most interesting of all those charming rooms was the *Chambre des Privilèges*. Here we were indeed face to face with the past. We saw the actual documents, with their creases and folds,—creased and folded by the hands of men and women whose names will be famous as long as there is any history of Europe. There is a document signed by Maximilian II., Emperor of Germany, dated 28th February, 1576, granting to Plantin and

* In the *Compte de Rubens* du 17 Mars, 1613, au 2 Mai, 1616.

his successors the right to trade freely in all states of the Empire; a license granted for the Polyglot Bible, guaranteeing a monopoly of the work for twenty years in France, signed by Charles IX., in 1572; a later document, signed by the all-powerful Cardinal Granvelle, allowing the same privileges to the book in the viceroyalty of Naples. There are signatures of Margaret of Parma, of Cosmo de' Medici, of kings of Spain, emperors, popes, bishops, presidents, all preserved with scrupulous care by the descendants of those to whom these documents brought wealth and fame. And, most curious of all, there are letters from Philip II., signed in one case *Yo el Rey*, in others with his name, one of which, dated Madrid, March 25, 1568, and bearing the king's signature and that of his secretary, Gabriel de Cayas, announces to Plantin that the king takes the Polyglot Bible under his protection and sends Arias Montanus to superintend the work.

Monsieur Emile Montégut, in his charming "*Impressions de Voyage*,"—a book I would counsel every lover of art to read before he goes to the Low Countries,—says that "one of the greatest pleasures of travel is to see the past rise suddenly before you, to feel yourself in a moment taken back several centuries, as if you had been carried on a wishing-carpet even more magic than the Prince Nouredin's, which should have the power of overcoming time as well as space." This, to us, was the charm of the Musée Plantin-Moretus. We were living for the time being in the past. We seemed severed from the modern world. Railways, tram-cars, screw-steamers, did not exist for us during those few tranquil hours in the quiet printing-house. We half expected to see Lipsius, in his black fur-trimmed mantle with pleated white collar, look out of the mullioned window of his study, or

Baltazar Moretus limp into the counting-house. Indeed, I do not think we should have been much surprised if the great master himself, with his pointed beard and curling hair beneath the wide-brimmed tasselled hat, had suddenly walked across the sunny court to settle with his friends where and when their portraits should be painted.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten morning in that peaceful old building. The huge vine that Christopher Plantin had planted in 1576, covered with clusters of purple grapes and gold and crimson leaves, flung its brown twisted limbs across the cloister-arches and nestled against the stone mullions of the windows. The sun flashed and danced on the blazing vine-leaves, and cast their flickering shadows on the pavement below. A little black cat was darting about,—now playing with one of the soldiers who stood on guard in each room over the precious treasures, now rushing wildly up the old vine or sharpening her irreverent claws on its stem. Two of the officials came out, and, chatting leisurely over their work, began to pull up the geraniums in the little flower-bed, to stow them for the winter safe from the coming frost which a biting north wind betokened. The blare of a distant bugle broke the stillness: there came the clang of a band and the heavy tramp of soldiers down some street near by. I could hear the murmur of the city outside, like the rise and fall of a stormy sea. And ever and anon from the cathedral tower aloft in the blue sky the carillon jangled and chimed snatches of weird music, and the great bell Carolus—godson of Charles V.—rang out the hours that passed all too quickly.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

FAIRY GOLD.



"NO ONE WOULD HOLD YOUR SUCCESS CHEAP."—Page 235.

CHAPTER X.

FANNY had remarked at first, in a glow of satisfaction, that with a dining-room twelve feet square, nobody could expect us to give dinners to our relations. But our inhospitality was soon made a grievance.

"We cannot escape from our relations," Fanny finally conceded. "For some inscrutable reasons we are set in the midst of families. We will invite them all once. The crush will be frightful, but the virtue is ours, and the consequences are theirs."

Accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mrs. De Forrest, with Claude and Hildegarde, Snow Morris, and our three selves, made a party of nine assembled one evening in our little library waiting for dinner. Claude looked about him, and was good enough to say that the frieze showed a very nice sense, and that the screens

were quite too perfect. But to Mr. Fox there was something humorous in the idea that people comparatively well-to-do could live in such narrow quarters. He stood on a chair and touched the ceiling; he took his stand in the centre of the room and waved a sofa-pillow, to show the impossibility of swinging the traditional cat. Nevertheless, he was enormously gratified by the pettiness of our establishment, to which his own stood in splendid contrast. He had a horror of being outshone. He loved to feel that the world looked with grudging, wistful eyes at his prosperity. He rarely accepted invitations, because once or twice in his experience he had been forced to turn pale at the sight of something costlier and choicer than his own possessions. But he could patronize us to his heart's content, and he was, accordingly, in a capital humor. He was

asked to take the foot of the table, while I sat at his left, with Claude De Forrest on the other side of me.

"I like to sit at the end of a table," Mr. Fox began at once: "I confess I do. It cramps me to be a mere unimportant person, flanked right and left by people who stab me with their elbows."

"A man of more vanity than you, brother Thomas," said Fanny, "declared that wherever he sat, there was the head of the table."

"That was Snow Morris,—I am sure it was Snow," Mr. Fox exclaimed rather testily, then grew uneasy when we all laughed as if he had made a *mot*. Some MacGregor, I believe, made the assertion which Fanny quoted, but Mr. Fox's application hit Snow, who carried at times rather an Olympic manner in society.

"Of course a man has his own private consciousness as to whether he is or is not the most important person present," pursued Mr. Fox, "but it is pleasant to have the thing freely conceded. Now, when we were travelling in Europe it did seem absurd that nobody should know who I was or who my wife was. By George! I don't understand why Americans like to give up their own nationality and their own credit to become mere tourists."

"Did you never long to drop your own personality for a time and become irresponsible, with no ties to bind, no duties to perform, no debts to pay except to your hotel-keeper?" asked Snow.

"I am always ready to perform my duties and pay my debts. Bank-cashiers and life-insurance presidents may find it convenient not to be too intimately known nowadays; but I like to feel that as I walk along the street men point me out and say, 'There goes Thomas Fox, who came to New York with fifteen cents in his pocket, and now has an income equal to anybody's except half a dozen railway magnates.'"

Cousin Henrietta remarked, with her eyes fixed on the wreaths of smilax hanging from the chandelier, that it was delightful to see how well known Mr. Fox was, and how much respected.

Mrs. De Forrest said that men differed

singularly. Now, her husband shrank from notoriety,—in fact, longed to escape it,—but everybody ran after him; indeed, the year before, when they had taken Hildegard abroad, there had been a complete ovation in every city from Liverpool to Rome.

"I wonder you ever brought dear Hildegard back with you," said Cousin Henrietta blandly. "She must have had attentions."

This was a poisoned arrow for Cousin Alice, who had rather ostentatiously written home concerning Lord Rattlebury's attentions before she knew they were to be followed by no solid advantages. Mr. Fox was still staring at his sister-in-law, wondering if she could have meant—if it were credible the woman's impertinence could go so far as to intimate—that her husband's experience abroad had been more flattering than his own. But Fanny made a diversion.

"I agree with you, brother Thomas," she remarked, as she sliced the fish. "I love to have people look at me. I don't care so much about their knowing who I am, and the less said about my income the better."

"So long as they recognize the fact that you are a devilish pretty woman; but so you are, Fanny! Hang it, why didn't you let me cut up that fish? If you've anything coming on to be carved, I'll do it for you; I used to carve, and I flatter myself I did it better than most people. Now, with two men waiting on the table, I sometimes feel a little at a loss. I've got two of the best trained fellows in the country, Miss Amber," Mr. Fox continued to me, as Selina jogged his arm with the fish-sauce. "They ought to be worth having: I pay one sixty and the other forty dollars a month; but all the same I like to cut up a piece of beef myself."

"I wish I had a butler and a waiter, and I would never even slice a fish," said Fanny, who was fond of drawing out her rich brother-in-law.

"My dear Fanny," Mr. Fox said solemnly, "there are some things that cost seventy thousand a year; and men like mine belong to that category."

"Awfully expensive servants," said Cousin Henrietta, "and neither of them would condescend to wash a window."

"Do they really cost seventy thousand a year?" demanded Fanny, full of laudable curiosity.

The opportunity was dear to Mr. Fox. The moment he touched the subject of private expenses he displayed such a talent for the domestic it seemed almost a pity he had to give time and pains to larger interests. He unfolded with exquisite naïveté the smallest details of the workings of his establishment; told us not only the amount of his butcher-bills, but the price per pound of the joints for his servants' table. He dwelt on the extortions of his grocer and dairy-man, furnished the items of coals and gas, enlarging and dilating on the subject of his current expenses, and finding a tribute dear to his vanity in everybody's air of blank astonishment.

"Dear me!" sighed Fanny, whose eyes were dancing, "how I wish, Thomas, I had some of your method,—your easy mastery of facts! If I knew the price of a pound of butter, if I could tell whether it cost more or less than a quart of milk, I should be an absolutely happy woman!"

"Heavens and earth, Fanny!" shrieked Mr. Fox, "do you mean to say you positively have no accurate idea as to whether a quart of milk or a pound of butter is dearest?"

"Not the faintest in the world."

"Don't you look at your bills?"

"Look at them? I look at nothing else. They are the only things I have time to read. But then butter and milk never come on the same bill. Besides, it is all so confusing. Once I had an ambition to find out how much sugar cost, and how far a pound would go, and, again, whether chops or birds were dearer, but I never, never could find out. So I think the simplest and most inexpensive plan is to go on getting what one wants just as long as one can; then, if one has to stop, the whole question vanishes at once: butter and milk and sugar and chops and birds are all alike

when you no longer have money to pay for anything."

"On my soul, I never heard of such reprehensible ignorance! The most essential facts in life! It is inconceivable!" groaned Mr. Fox, and he began at once to enlighten her.

This was too bad of Fanny, who was not only willing to dance on her own head to amuse people, but liked, if possible, to set them to cantering after her on all-fours. She was the cleverest of housekeepers, and everybody knew it except her brother-in-law, who accepted her confessions with the utmost seriousness.

Cousin Henrietta looked angry and uncomfortable, while she talked to her brother Snow, not venturing to deceive her husband, who would have resented not only Fanny's drollery but his wife's interference. Fanny was by this time telling off the prices she had learned on her pretty taper fingers with a pains-taking air beautiful to witness.

But all this was very dull entertainment for the De Forrests, who were used to no conversation devoid of object, and they took small pains to conceal their ennui. Hildegard, looking like some mediæval maiden in velvet and Venice point lace, sat utterly mute. Claude stared into a stand of fruit, while his mamma examined Edith in German. Snow Morris tried to keep up a talk with Hildegard and his sister Henrietta, asking the latter about her winter plans, to which she replied directly, since her lord had good ears and felt it to be a part of a husband's duty to know what his wife said, and enjoyed nothing better than darting down upon her at any statement he did not wish to confirm, like a bird of prey upon a morsel of booty. In fact, this round-eyed, loudly-crowning old gentleman had it all his own way. Claude, tiring of his enforced silence, began to talk to me about Berlioz's "*Faust*," just then testing its attractions for the public. Mr. Fox was at once alert, and laid down his views vigorously. He knew his own powers: they were equal to any demand; and when a thing was unintelligible to his

intellect, the absurdity of its being clear to another's was manifest. He could see and feel anything reasonable, but fallacies, illusions, and insanities were out of his line.

"You'll have to dismiss those outworn prejudices, Uncle Thomas," said Claude. "The capacity of receiving impressions of beauty in art and gaining definite ideas of the real meanings in nature is a thing of slow development, requiring an absolutely faithful study of the symbols of interpretation."

"What the ——!" murmured Mr. Fox, almost cowed for the moment, "do you mean to say—does anybody mean to say—that I don't know what art is? I've listened to the finest music in the world. I have heard *Materna* in Vienna, and *Patti* in London and Paris. I always have a box at the opera-house."

"I was not talking about the opera, sir: I was talking about music."

"You might as well say you were not talking about paintings, you were talking about art."

"Precisely. I often make that remark."

"I suppose, Claude," chuckled the old gentleman, too sure of his own knowledge and too easily contemptuous of his nephew's not to keep good-natured, "when we speak of genuine art we allude to your pictures, for instance."

"I try to follow the rules of art; but what I aim at is to reproduce my impressions of nature."

"Then, sir, you must have a devilish odd vision,—devilish odd. Your aunt took me to see your 'Summer Noon.' She wanted me to buy it, and I should have done so if it had not already been sold. I don't mind a little matter of five hundred dollars or so. I confess I should not have hung it where I had to see it often. A man who buys works of art to decorate his house learns what kind of pictures make pleasant company. —Now, Miss Amber, it may do this young man good to hear what a man with straight eyes made of his 'impressions of nature.' When I first looked at his picture I thought it was framed upside down. There was a patch of

gray and a smear of purple, slashes of whites, and orange, olive, pink, and blue,—no clear color anywhere, but little dabs stuck on, as if the artist had ten hands, and a brush in each, with different tints, with which he played the devil's tattoo. I tried it from every point of view,—across the room, aslant, on my knees,—without making anything out of it. Finally, by squeezing myself against the wall and squinting severely across it, I began to see that the pink and blue was a woman's gown, the brown her face, and that the neutral tints represented a landscape."

"She sits on a bank of flowers," put in Claude, his lowly composure undisturbed. "She has a complexion of that rich carnation to which the noontide sun gives only a warmer glow. Heat pulsates in the thick atmosphere, which is radiant light in the foreground and opal haze in the distance."

Mr. Fox gave me a little nod, and forbore to annihilate illusions so flattering to the painter's fancy. "I have got about one hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars' worth of pictures in my house, Miss Amber," said he, "and I don't call it money thrown away, although it is a good deal for a man to pay out for such luxuries who came to New York with fifteen cents in his pocket. You have seen my 'Bearer of Despatches,' I suppose?"

I had seen it; but he went on to describe it,—as he had a right to do, after paying fifteen thousand dollars for it.

"You know what it means," said he, with a little chuckle. "You don't have to study the 'symbols of interpretation' long, for the thing lives before your eyes. There are the troops mustering for action on what is to be the battle-field; in the foreground is the general, who wants to hear whether he is to have reinforcements or must fight it out to the bitter end alone. It is a matter of sheer life and death to the officers who are waiting, and the courier is dropping out of the saddle as he gives the letter, dead with fatigue. His horse is foundered; you see the poor beast's sides heave, his head droops, foam drops from the bleeding

mouth, which has given out his panting breaths so long. Compare that horse with the fresh, well-groomed chargers of the general and his staff. There's a study for you."

"It is a piece of clever realism," observed Claude. "Those pictures are painted for rich men. The motive is purely mercenary: the whole thing is absolutely simple to a trained artist."

"But we don't see the thing done every day, and when it is done the painter gets his price. X. told me how he worked over that courier. He looked for the model a long time. He wanted a man with a face like a bulldog, who showed that he would hold on like grim death. Then, when he found the man, he suited him with a costume—had the thing made—of leather. His model put it on,—but 'twas too fresh; hadn't a crease. 'Go out and get on a horse and ride an hour, then come back,' said he. The man did so. That was not enough. 'Go out early to-morrow and ride till night,' he ordered. But it took a week's hard service to get the suit to look as he wanted to paint it. That is 'clever realism;' but I like it better than feeble unrealism. — Don't you, Miss Amber?"

It was impossible to believe that these little amenities of Mr. Fox's were as satisfactory to others as to himself; but, as he had bought two of Mr. De Forrest's largest canvases, and now finished his art criticisms by ordering a little composition from Claude, he perhaps had a perfect right to make his views clear. I thought that the dinner was going off very badly, and that everybody would carry away a sense of embitterment. But, after seeing Mrs. De Forrest's congratulatory smile to Claude when he received his five-hundred-dollar commission, I began to understand that a rich man may indulge a certain latitude denied to poor people.

"I don't see why Uncle Thomas should be allowed to brag and bluster and bully like that," Edith declared, the moment the guests were gone, and was at once sent to bed for so unsuitable a remark.

"Don't send me away, Fanny," said

Snow, who had stayed, "but I agree with Edith. He spoils my dinner."

"Ignorant, vulgar creature!" said Fanny. "He never mars my peace. I'm not afraid of him, because I've nothing to get out of him. If he would give Edith a hundred thousand, I suppose I should be as willing to pocket his insults as other people."

"That is why every word he utters plants a sting in me," said Snow. "He comes into my office, and says, 'Well, Snow, I suppose you haven't much to do, so you may as well run your eye over these papers.' I always feel that if I had the soul of a man, I should tell him to go and be hanged with his beggarly affairs. I only get the crumbs of his law-business. But still I make twenty-five hundred a year out of him sometimes, which I can't afford to lose. And he understands that, just as he understands everything. He is as ignorant as a bricklayer of every thought which has inspired humanity; but he has nevertheless a consummate knowledge of the things he wants and which will be useful to him. And what he doesn't want and doesn't know, he despises. He has learned to buy pictures and statues just as he learned to buy coffee and spices. He looks and tries and tastes. He finds out the secret of a good thing, and can detect a flaw or cheat instantly. Now, I can't; and, in spite of all his talk, Claude can't tell a good thing from a bad. A man has to spend a hatful of money in order to gain an experience worth having. When Thomas Fox brags to me about his pictures, I acquiesce cordially: if I ventured to assert my own opinion, I feel that he has a right to turn on me and say, 'You miserable beggar, what can a man like you, who never spent a thousand dollars on pictures in all your life, tell me, who have made the fortunes of painters for twenty years?'"

"You ought to be a rich man, Snow," remarked Fanny. "It makes you feel tame and shabby to be poor. Why don't you get rich?"

"I wish I might," said Snow. "I should be a better man if I were rich."

He jumped up as if to go, but, instead of making his adieux, began to pace the room, as if excited.

"Go at the golden apples. Don't mind the dragons," continued Fanny.

"I wish I believed in myself," said Snow.

"Well, why should you not?"

"I distrust myself. I can wish and long, but I am doubtful when the time comes to will and do. The thought of scaling heights suggests the possibility of falling into a bottomless abyss."

Fanny laughed. "There are no heights to scale," she declared. "Try a little *laissez-aller*. Nobody ever gained the golden apples who was afraid of trouble."

"I am not afraid of trouble," said Snow, "but I am disenchanted with myself."

The clock struck twelve with the rather spectral effect which heralds midnight, and he took his leave.

CHAPTER XI.

ALTHOUGH I had been fond of Marion Hubbard at Madame Ramée's, I had not loved her so much then as I loved her now because she had been at Madame Ramée's with me. One reason was that she stood on the level of my old ideas. In spite of my new enjoyments, which dazzled while they diverted me, in practical beliefs, ideas, and private habits I was much the same as I had always been. I had stirrings toward duty, even if I left them unsatisfied. I felt the necessity of enlarged ideas, and constantly expected in the incidents and circumstances of my new life to gain impressions and experiences which would widen my horizons. I had heard so much about the advantages of society, of the gain in knowledge of the world, that every now and then I examined myself to discover what my advance amounted to. The difference seemed simply this: at first I had been stimulated by my new experience, and expected that this particular phase of society was to realize my vivid pictur-

ing; then, being disappointed, I turned toward some new anticipation, where the haze of illusion was still undispeled. After New-Year's, when I really entered society, both mystery and fascination vanished. It was pleasant and seductive enough. Although all might seem wearisome when I woke in the morning,—for nothing is more effectively vengeful in the still hours than a life devoted to pleasure-seeking,—once alive and in the circle which required my full energies, I was excited and carried along irresistibly. Fanny Burt used to complain that there was something dreadfully monotonous in meeting the same people four times a day,—that society reminded her of her first trip to Europe with a party of Cook's tourists, when, if she turned from a picture, or a fine view, or a vista down an historic street, there was the same cackle and laugh and imbecile chatter to answer her, until she was almost driven mad. But Fanny liked the world, although she had been so often to the masquerade. We knew, in fact, several quite different kinds of people. We were, to a degree, in Mrs. Fox's set, where the matrons were earnest, determined, and religious women, who carried out the best charitable and philanthropic schemes in the city and looked down upon the ultra-fashionables who spent their giddy lives in going about to teas, dinners, and balls. Then Mrs. De Forrest introduced us to literary and artistic lions, both foreign and domestic, and we frequently mustered all the ideas within our reach and met them. Fanny's particular coterie was a gay one, and the truth was that no other clique existed for her. Many of these women had a great deal of wit, and their talk was necessarily diverting. And when one has quick perceptions and this sort of brightness, and enjoys, besides, the ease and *abandon* which perpetual habit of society gives, we may be a little carried away by the desire to say striking things which elicit a laugh. There was plenty of graceful laughter in Fanny's intimate circle, which contained, besides maturer women, many clever girls in their fifth

or sixth season. Everything was discussed, and I could not discover that, beyond religion, many ideas were held as sacred. Their aphorisms concerning love, marriage, and the real objects of a woman's career were both clever and audacious, and, without doubt, tolerably accurate and truthful when the life they were most familiar with was concerned. From this intercourse I often carried away a desire to get my nature into tune again, and Marion answered this want for me. It was pleasant to have her revive old recollections, and to find that something had survived the deluge. She often recalled the day when we were sitting on the garden-bench and my uncle came to see me, and the night when I fainted at the news of my uncle's death. Although she had left school, she was still reading Greek, Latin, and German, and studying music, and naturally the *spirit* of her life was startlingly at variance with the life I led.

Marion was motherless, and lived alone with her father, whose only child she was. Mr. Hubbard was a man of fifty, with the most enormous capacity for social life. He had lived *en garçon* both at home and abroad while Marion was at school. Everything which took place among his acquaintance, which included some thousands of well-to-do people, possessed the liveliest interest for him, and he rushed about imparting news of a birth or death, engagement or marriage, failure in business or infidelity in marital relations, with a naïve delight. He lost no part of the story: either he had incredible powers of obtaining information, or the liveliest imagination. He filled every logical gap in the tale, knew what everybody had said or done. He came to see us every day, bursting with information, and when I saw him bobbing his head close to Fanny's for a confidential whisper I was not too dull to understand that my presence interfered with some of the details of the gossip. He liked no meagre sketch, no skeleton of a story, destitute of flesh and blood; and naturally Fanny found him entertaining.

Marion regarded her father with a

sort of surprise which increased day by day. She had looked forward to living with him at home. She humored his whims, tried in every way to please him. She was impressed by the sacrifice he had made in giving up his bachelor life, and mourned the fact that the dinners and suppers he was fond of offering to his friends did not satisfy his fastidiousness. Mr. Hubbard naïvely declared that he could not keep house without a wife,—that Marion was a dear girl, but as unfitted to be a man's daily companion as a serious-eyed fawn.

To the lack of a proper sympathy between these two I attributed a certain blankness of personal hope and expectation in Marion. She was completely bound up in her studies. I have not yet said that Mr. Felix Harrold was her teacher. He went to her four days in the week at one o'clock and stayed till three. When I first knew this, I used to watch for his coming. I should have liked to speak to him. No one had been just what he had been to me in my old life. But any pleasure I could have in a hasty glimpse of his slender figure soon became a rankling disappointment, for he never looked to the right or left. I finally began to wonder if he knew that our windows commanded a view of his comings and goings.

"I suppose Mr. Harrold knows nothing about my living here," I said to Marion.

She gave no consolation to my pride, for she told me she had pointed out my window and bidden him look up and see me.

"I understand. He feels no interest in me now,—now that he cannot give me hard lessons—lessons I had neither time nor strength to learn—and then scold me until he half breaks my heart and wholly makes me cry."

"He was dreadfully imperious and dictatorial to you. But then it was because he believed in your powers. He is gentle and helpful with me, since he realizes that I am a mere plodder. He says you run after brilliancy too much. He never accuses me of that."

"When did he say that, Marion?"

"Only two days ago."

"So you talk of me?"

"Of course I talk of you."

"And he listens?"

"In a way. He declares you are wholly out of his sphere,—that he has nothing to do with your beauty, your magnificence, your success."

"What does he know about me?"

"I tell him a great deal."

"But why do that, when he disproves?"

"You see, when he comes in I give him a cup of coffee, and while he drinks it I try to entertain him. And I fancy he likes best to hear about you."

"But he says nothing in return?"

"Oh, yes. I told him yesterday about your coming to dinner the night before. I described your dress, and the effect of your uncle's diamonds in your dark hair. I pointed out the yellow sofa where you sat; just to make the picture complete, I added that there were eight men here besides papa, and that each of the eight men devoted himself to you as if no other woman were present."

"And Mr. Harrold noticed such nonsense?"

"He laughed a little, and said, 'A lass wi' a tocher.'"

"Now, that," I exclaimed swiftly, "was surely unkind."

"Wait until you hear it all. Then he added, 'As a woman, it is her misfortune to be rich. Wealth for a fine nature like hers is like a gorgeous screen before a living fire.'"

Marion uttered this with the sure accent of one who flatters irresistibly, but I was piqued instead. "Now, I thought that a great compliment from a reticent man like Mr. Harrold," she said. "If it has vexed you, it shows me I ought not to have told you."

"It has not vexed me, exactly."

"You are used to finer speeches."

Yes, I was used to finer speeches, but my head was not yet turned by flattery. I had learned, instead, that successful flattery is a delicate art, that praise is generally the most vulgar of tributes, bestowed when indifferent and withheld when it might be precious.

"Mr. Harrold always makes me dissatisfied with myself," I exclaimed, singularly stirred. "I know very well what he thinks of me and my commonplace life and my commonplace aims. I am living for no object save my own pleasure. I am doing no good with my money. I meet few people at whom I do not laugh a little in my heart or reject as tiresome. And he probably fancies that it absolutely contents me. Yet it does not content me; and I cannot bear to have him think that I like the cheap success of a mere heiress who attracts men who want her money."

Marion gazed at me conscience-stricken: she had roused a feeling in me which surprised and dismayed her.

"No one would hold your success cheap," she faltered.

"Oh, but it is cheap. How am I better than I was a year ago at Madame Ramée's? yet who of all those who run after me now would have cared for me then? And, indeed, why should they? What do I do better than they? Do I seek out sweet, lowly, worthy people, find them in the shadow and bring them into what sunshine I can give them? Instead, I take up all my time and all my strength with those whose circumstances attract me,—who have wealth to put up beautiful houses and give grand entertainments. I need not blame anybody for worldliness,—I am horribly worldly myself."

"No, you are not worldly: you are a little dazzled. You don't find much in this new life which fits your actual needs. You ought to take up some engrossing occupation."

"So many tell me that. I have everything offered to me for an object in life, from philanthropy to painting under glaze; but, candidly, I don't think they would make me happier."

"Why don't you keep up your studies?"

A little quiver ran through me.

"Do you suppose Mr. Harrold would give me German lessons?" I asked eagerly.

"Why not? I am sure he would enjoy nothing so much."

The idea was pleasant to me, and

Marion and I formed a little conspiracy. I was to come in next day, just as Mr. Harrold was taking his leave, and put the question to him myself. There seemed no flaw in this scheme. I could make my request without undue emphasis, and I rather enjoyed the fancy of thus challenging his notice. He had avoided me,—had put me out of sight and mind, and held my claims to consideration cheap. All that evening my mind ran upon what I was going to say to him. I was, in imagination, bright, witty, rather irresistible. I was half to plead and half command, with a mixture of naïveté and woman-of-the-world ease, in carrying out my little caprice. But I confess that when, just before three o'clock next day, I rang Marion's door-bell, and was ushered into the hall, a certain feeling of royal prerogative had vanished: I was, in fact, extremely nervous.

I saw Mr. Harrold the moment I entered. He was standing under the archway of the open library door, buttoning his great-coat. I went straight toward him, although my heart gave a leap and I grew indescribably timid. I forgot Marion entirely. I looked only at him, and, as I met his eyes, said, "How do you do, Mr. Harrold?"

He bowed, and perhaps murmured some salutation in return, but it was so low-voiced I could not hear it. He did not offer to shake hands, and moved on past me with the evident intention of leaving the house.

The scorn expressed by this indifference made itself clearly felt. Whatever I had done, I need not be treated like this.

"I came here to speak to you, Mr. Harrold," I said, "but, since you are in such haste—"

He had reached the door before I had made up my mind to address him, but my first word arrested him. He paused, turned, then slowly came up the hall toward me.

"You say you came here to speak to me, Miss Amber?" he asked, in a cool, courteous tone.

"Yes: I wished to put a question to you."

"You knew I was here?"

"Yes."

"Miss Hubbard will perhaps allow me to lead you into the library—"

I had forgotten Marion altogether. I now turned toward her helplessly, but she was vanishing. It was impossible for me to understand how, with intentions so definite, so clear, and a path so easy, I had become the victim of this most foolish and awkward arrangement. I already found myself inside the library alone with Mr. Harrold, the great doors shut upon us. It seemed to me that he had instinctively divined my easy assumptions of advantage in the interview I had planned, and had now turned the tables upon me to make me feel my presumption and my mistake. Never in all my life had I had so few powers to rally. My request about the German lessons had grown too trivial and unimportant to make. I had a strange want of ideas, and an equally strange deficiency of words to frame the least of them in.

"You wished to speak to me, Miss Amber?" he said, in a tone which still further paralyzed me.

I fell instinctively into the old school phraseology:

"Yes, sir: I wanted to inquire if you could give me lessons in German."

He gazed at me for a moment in silence. He looked me over from head to foot, then took from his pocket a small book in red leather, and turned its pages as if to find an answer there. I doubt, however, if he read a word. He was evidently a little at a loss to know how to reply.

"Why do you wish it?" he asked presently.

"You remember very well, Mr. Harrold, that two years ago you yourself pressed me to take up German. Nobody could have been more urgent or more kind. You lost an hour twice a week for me. I had little time then to devote myself to it, but now—"

"I should say that you must have very much less time at present. I have often had proposals from society women for lessons, but I long since discovered

that such flame was not worth the candle. To begin with, they were always wanting to twist my convenience to suit the exigencies of their own."

"I will not do that. Indeed I will not."

"But more important was the objection that they had no attention to give to their work. It needs a mind free from worldly agitations to make study of any sort possible."

"I care less about society than you think," I said, feeling how tyrannous, how almost cruel, he was in holding me at this disadvantage that he might crush me with his own indifference. "I often find myself wishing for some occupation which would refresh me by giving me another set of ideas."

He waved his hand.

"It is useless discussing the subject," he said curtly. "I cannot give you German lessons."

"Why not, Mr. Harrold?"

"I have no hours which are not taken up."

"Marion says I may recite with her."

He had evidently played with the idea a moment, less to see if it were feasible than to find some objection. What reasons now served him for rejecting it were clear only to himself. I knew very well that he was made of stiff clay and could not easily be moulded into the fashion to suit another. I could hardly understand the bitterly-disappointed feeling his words roused in me. But I continued to stand before him in rigid silence.

"There are plenty of other teachers," he now said, with a smile. "I will recommend one if you wish."

"No, you need recommend no one. I wanted to take lessons of you,—my old master,—my kind, generous friend. I want no one else."

Tears gushed to my eyes as I spoke, for I spoke with poignant feeling.

"I ought to be very grateful for so amiable a tribute."

"But you are not grateful."

"Have it your own way. No, I am not grateful."

"It is evident that you look down upon me,—my life and my aims."

"You are accustomed to men better used to the great world. Instead of looking down upon you, I am conscious, as I stand here, of an almost overpowering sense of your wealth and your advantages. There is something exquisitely patrician in the atmosphere which surrounds you."

"Do not deride me!"

"Deride you?"

"I well know what you think of my wealth."

"I can have no foolish quibbles about such gracefully used wealth. It has done you good. You have improved in every way, basking in the sunshine."

"Oh, you humiliate me!—you are cruel! I cannot comprehend why you treat me so. I came here to-day happy and hopeful, but at the door I felt a sudden rush of doubt and timidity. Now I know why it was."

This dialogue had been rapid and far from spiritless. He held my eyes as if fascinated, and in his I felt a fire ready to blaze out. He now refrained from answering for a moment, then said, very slowly, "It had occurred to you that it would not be an ill diversion to see your old lover—"

I started as if stung by a red-hot iron. I tottered away from him to a chair and sat down.

"You have plenty of new ones," he proceeded, "but you had found out that, in the kind of life you lead, men do not grow to love women just as I loved you."

I made no reply. The wildly unfitting thought that Mr. Harrold still cared for me had, so far as I knew myself, made no part of my consciousness. But his words showed me my absurd freak in a light which degraded me in my own eyes. My hands, which had been clinched while he was denying my request, were now relaxed and trembling. I was quivering all over, and, instead of thoughts, pictures swept across my eyes and mind. I seemed to hear Mr. Harrold telling me again in Madame Ramée's garden that he loved me.

"You thought I must go on loving you if I saw you constantly," he proceeded. "It would be a likely thing

that a poor tutor like me could stand the fascinations of the matured woman whom, as a pale little girl with an aspect of severe purity, he had grown to hold dear,—dear as the apple of his eye. I am afraid,”—he paused a moment, then dropped these words slowly and in the suppressed voice of one who discloses the deepest of his thoughts,—“I am afraid, Miss Amber, you belong to that class of women whose coquetry drives them far and makes them push to extremes their craving for what costs a man most.”

He again stopped short; then, after a few moments of a silence which tried me painfully, he took out his watch and asked very gently, “Had you anything else to say to me?”

“No,” I answered, “nothing.”

He bowed and went out, leaving the door ajar. Marion came in presently, and found me in a curious mood. It was enigmatical to her that Mr. Harrold had refused to give me lessons, and I saw no necessity for enlightening her as to his actual reasons. There was a subtle lingering poison in my consciousness that it was I who had forced this interview upon an unwilling man.

CHAPTER XII.

A DAY or two later, nothing could have seemed more absurd than this fantastic notion of Mr. Harrold. I felt fiercely angry with him, not for what he had said, but for what he had thought. He had done me injustice as a woman, and for this I could not forgive him. I knew that he had said out his say, and would repent: I was used to his impatience and his sarcasms, and had always found him, on sober second thoughts, just and generous. All I could do now was to forget him if I could. I no longer owed him common gratitude. A woman may be treated with a harshness which does not displease her,—with a bitterness which is almost sweet; but Mr. Harrold's manner had not been after this kind.

One result of his words was that for

almost the first time in my life I found myself thinking about love. It had never occurred to me as a school-girl, nor afterward as a teacher, that I was likely to be married. When Mr. Harrold had spoken to me, I was impressed by his vehemence, but his actual meaning had been so instantly nullified by the substantial obstacle my new plans interposed, I had never afterward thought of his wishes in regard to me as going on in the present and likely to continue into the future. The experience had been, to my mind, a part of my old life. But now I had discovered that in some shape or other his feeling still survived, so far, at least, as to govern his motives and influence his actions. That troublesome love, once a kindly instinct, was now distinctly the reverse. He had enjoyed humiliating me,—hurting me. I wondered if in all men a thwarted feeling became a revolutionary force, turning the worse half of their nature against the better. It perplexed me to reflect that other similar questions might arise: then where would be my pleasure in life if all those I liked best were altered and estranged? The pleasure of being made, in a way, an idol of, followed, admired, and, so to speak, worshipped, was something more and something less than one can easily put into words. The piquancy of undefined but delicately suggested possibilities of future happiness was enhanced by my independence of any man's love as a distinct source of joy. But all these little girlish triumphs might be too dearly bought if I were all at once to be brought to account and forced to discover over again that what on my side was the merest outlay of youthful good feeling, of no fixed value at all, figured in another's schedule so largely as to create an impoverishing deficit if I denied the debt.

I took my ten fingers and counted my “lovers” upon them, as Fanny called the men who sent me bouquets, crowded about me whenever I went into society, and made it the chief burden of their lives, apparently, to keep themselves in my remembrance. Two belonged to that convenient class to whose atten-

tions one need by no stretch of vanity impute more meaning than a vague and general desire to be on familiar terms with what carries some *éclat* along with it. I dismissed them from my list, also a tiresome and dreary person, and a noisy vulgar man of enormous wealth; then, after further narrowing down, I found myself presently with four, each of whom I might easily suppose to be a little in love with me personally. First there was Charles Newmarch, the son of Mrs. Newmarch whom I have once alluded to,—a handsome, clever fellow, whose youth was not only gilded by wealth, but by high spirits and a genius for enjoyment. There was neither monotony nor narrowness about Mr. Newmarch. He loved all the world, and believed it created for the purpose of delighting his heart and mind and senses. He was never dull himself, and found every one overflowing with good-humor and entertainment. He was always projecting amusements and carrying them through with admirable success. He was my chief partner in the german, which he generally led, and I habitually experienced a sort of involuntary satisfaction when he came toward me. Second was Claude De Forrest. Many accused him of mere love of singularity,—a desire to be something odd and out of the way in his manner and dress and talk. Nevertheless, he enjoyed the exercise of his faculties, and was in intimate sympathy with the best that was being done and thought in the world. He was a lover of ideas and a hater of cheap and obvious commonplace. He was a critic and a connoisseur, and if his conclusions were not clear or convincing they at least stirred my imagination. I talked more perhaps with Claude than with any one else. Third was Marion's father, Mr. Hubbard, who came to see us regularly every day, compared his engagements with Fanny's and mine, and adjusted his plans to ours, that he might meet us. His manner was that of a veteran of the world: still, he seemed capable, where a woman was concerned, of going to almost any lengths of romantic enthusiasm. Fourth and last was Snow

Morris, and Snow I had never classed with others. Mr. Charles Newmarch and Claude De Forrest were young; youth piped to them, and they danced to almost every variety of tune, of which love was but one. I would open no new path in life to either of them. As for Mr. Hubbard, I realized that no woman need encumber herself with the burden of watchfulness or alarm on his account. Nothing could seriously injure that very well trained man of the world.

But Snow I really liked. At the outset I had admired him. Then, when each of the Morrisses had with rather obtrusive candor warned me to mistrust the disinterestedness of the others, and set clearly before me the idea that Snow in particular was certain to regard me simply as a means to further his ambition, I had begun to study him a little. He had apparently wanted me to study him a good deal. He had presented me, as it were, with the clue which might lead me to disentangle any confused impressions and make labyrinths and mysteries clear. He was severe upon himself; he said his life had been so little faithful and true that at times he felt as if his whole mental and moral being were hollowed out and something counterfeit put in its place. Only one thing he claimed for himself,—that his heart was not cold. He had never been happy, and at one time had been in danger of getting restless and feverish, and had felt such a horror of that, knowing to what confusion his impulses would bring him, that he had studied the methods and processes of governing himself. The fault was that he had governed himself too much. He had gained an insurmountable objection to strong feeling. After having for years thrown cold water on any instinct of ardor, and carefully analyzed and then turned into ridicule every emotion, he declared he had grown the most timid of men. To gain an ascendancy over a woman, he said, a man must not only have faith in her, but must believe that nothing exists for her of equal importance to his love. This was no grave defect to my eyes. I had, in fact,

forbidden him to speak, although with a half-amused sense that a really great love moved by its own weight and impulse would make itself heard. I was glad that he did not force me to study my own heart too curiously. I recognized in him much that I cared for and believed in, and which I was likely to regard more tenderly and admire more absolutely if the feeling were allowed to take its own time and develop in its own way. He was easily master of all the arts of social life, and gave away none of his powers of attraction to the younger men. He carried weight simply by his presence. Now and then he yielded to enthusiasm, and there was something vivid and striking in the way his looks and words gathered fire. My own intercourse with him, no matter how quiet, always seemed to rest upon strong feeling. I always expected *something to come*,—looking for it half with dread, as in a summer storm we watch for the lightning and the crash which is to follow.

We were breakfasting late one morning, when some flowers were brought up for me, and Fanny read out the cards with little running comments.

"Snow never sends flowers," she remarked.

"No; he never pays me little attentions."

"Snow is too clever," she declared. "Sometimes I think he is in danger of losing ground with you; then I watch, and find out his meaning. He is like a fox who brushes over his footprints with his tail; but I know his tracks, nevertheless. Why does he refrain from sending you flowers and dancing with you? Why does he allow you to sit out a whole evening with other men, except that he perfectly understands there is no comfort and no advantage to be gained by challenging observation in that way? Yesterday he had three violets in his hand when he came in, and presently I saw they were at your throat. Now, you do not honor other people's flowers in that way. You seem to despise those big bouquets. And yet these men were willing to spend ten dollars apiece for them, I dare say, while

Snow keeps his dollars in his pocket and buys a few violets for a half-dime."

This cynicism marred the point of Fanny's words, for Snow could be profuse, extravagant, when it was worth while, and had been so over and over.

"I fancy you will marry Snow. I have felt certain from the first that was what he confidently expected. He seems to me rather slow; but my imagination is too poor to measure the resources of a clever man like him. Don't spoil him. To my thinking, a man should be as sure of his claims as a woman may permit, and no more: to gain any substantial good, a little audacity should be necessary, and a fair amount of determination."

"You think an offer of marriage is no compliment unless it is tolerably courageous."

"Girls are so foolish," continued Fanny, "to accept the baits held out to them and marry too soon. One's being wooed but unwon is one's power, and the moment one is wooed and won one parts with one's power. And power is a very pleasant thing, as you will find when you have lost it, and not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can bring it back to you." There was a good deal in her words. "Just remember," she pursued, "that you have a right to as many lovers as you please, to keep them as long as you please and send them away when you please, and that, as for marriage, you can't possibly be better off than you are now, unless you marry an English peer."

I had firm faith in Fanny's knowledge of the world, but then I too was not without my experiences. I had so far only two declared lovers; but one need not taste every strawberry in the dish to know what the fruit is like. Of one man's fierce sincerity I had had rough, actual trial, and, standing face to face with him, had felt awed by the reality of the mystery I could not grasp. Of the spirited capabilities of the other I knew nothing as yet,—whether he, too, was likely to develop slightly barbarous inclinations if thwarted. Still, Fanny was speaking as deep as her own expe-

rience had been, and I knew that there were men who were rolling stones when in love, the same as in other affairs, and, gathering no roots and no moss, fastened to nothing. Her counsel might hold good regarding those.

Mr. Hubbard came in for his daily visit while we were talking. We were still sitting over the breakfast-table, but the little clock on the wall was just striking the half-hour before noon. We had fulfilled a dozen engagements the day before, and as many loomed up before us for the afternoon and evening. I never looked forward nowadays to any bewildering pleasures, but to have had these amusements stricken out of my day would have left a blank difficult to fill up. When Mr. Hubbard began to question us as to whether we were going here and there, it suddenly occurred to me that his persistency in following me about ought to be discouraged. It would pain me sensibly to have Marion discover his attentions to me and be annoyed by them. And then it clearly was an absurdity that a man of his age should be a pretender, and it was the kindest, besides being the wisest, thing I could do to crush the sentiment before it developed. He discovered the incipient coldness in my face, and asked me, in his jaunty, super-elegant way, why I looked sad.

"She is reflecting that there are only ten days before Lent comes in," declared Fanny. "Now, I am rather glad of it."

"You ladies must need a season of humiliation and penitence by this time," said Mr. Hubbard, his small eyes twinkling and his mouth pursed into a smile. "I hope you go in for confessions; for you must have a good deal to confess. Haven't you, now, Miss Amber? I wish I were your father-confessor."

"Oh, Millicent does not know her own sins yet. I sometimes tell her of them, but she does not take the accusation to heart," said Fanny.

"A sin is not a sin unless one knows it to be such," remarked Mr. Hubbard. "An American girl has no chance of enjoying the gusto of real wickedness.

The Frenchwoman understood that when she said she wished it were a sin to eat strawberry-ice: the label '*Fruits défendus*' makes the most insipid apples delicious. If I had another daughter to bring up, I would interpose barriers about her: she should not be allowed to look over the hedge without punishment; trespassing should be a crime. Life would gain enormously in excitement. My poor little Marion has been so sensibly educated that she knows that no real temptations can exist for a thoroughly enlightened mind. She has already treated every subject philosophically, and examined vice and virtue by the clear light of day, discarding rose-colored draperies and candles. No illusions count. She understands everything."

"And does she understand her papa?" asked Fanny, with a little peal of laughter.

"She thinks she does. She has analyzed me, and discovered my component parts to be a love of ease, good eating, and social amusement. She would humor me in each if she knew how; but she bungles sadly. Naturally, her own lofty occupations are more congenial. But I am the most delightful of papas. I pretend to be propitiated, and she turns constantly to her own little distractions."

"Ah! she has her own little distractions?"

"Don't doubt it, Mrs. Burt, at her age."

"A lover, do you mean?"

"The word seems too trivial. I should have said a high-priest."

"And you approve?"

"I do not venture to disapprove. I am too well disciplined a parent for that. If it amuses her to study Greek, Hebrew, and Sanscrit with a young and particularly good-looking man, I ought to feel thankful her taste runs that way."

"She seems uninterested in society. I fancied she concentrated herself somewhere."

"She concentrates herself with a vengeance. However, she has opened a

vista of domestic life before the enamored eyes of her poor old father, who never had a domestic life before. He has found out what he needs, and—"

Mr. Hubbard looked at me with a glance so friendly that I took alarm, and, for the remainder of his visit, the moment he addressed me I put on so freezing a manner, I collected my dignity so fully, and showed my disdain so determinedly, that I could not but think any of his self-flattering views concerning me must be put an end to by my coldness. It seemed to shorten his stay, indeed; and, the moment he was gone, Fanny darted toward me. "And why did you adopt that manner of haughty reserve with poor Mr. Hubbard?" she demanded.

"My dear Fanny," said I, "you have told me to flirt a little and to amuse myself. Now, some love-making may be amusing, but Mr. Hubbard's would bore me sadly."

"And, pray, did he ever make love to you?"

"Not yet; but he comes here constantly; he follows us about."

"And are you the only woman in the world? Count your own lovers on the summer trees, in every leaf which courts the breeze, count them in the sands on the sea-shore, but leave me my only, my precious one. You are like the rich man who wanted the poor man's one little ewe-lamb. Of all the vain, insatiable, hungry sirens, you surely are the worst."

She was laughing, and her face wore a look of irresistible drollery, but I could see she was in earnest. And, instantly thinking things over and summing them up, I realized that she was right. It certainly was not to me Mr. Hubbard found most to say. In fact, I remembered times when my presence seemed to eclipse the gayety of his mood.

"I am too utterly stupid," I gasped. "I know I am dull, but I never expected to be dull in precisely that way."

"No wonder you take the largest view of your opportunities. They are enormous. You are sixteen years

younger than I, and a thousand times more attractive. But then, you see, Milly dear, men sometimes find it comfortable to make love to women of my age. I'm not gray-haired—"

"No."

"Nor ugly?"

"Indeed not. You are charming."

"And you renounce him?"

"With rapture."

But there could be no doubt that my perspicacity had been at fault, and that Fanny had a right to laugh at me.

CHAPTER XIII.

I HAD GROWN to love Fanny and Edith. Their very faults endeared them to me. The world seemed made for them. To go about the shops looking at the pretty things, buy them if they had money in their purses, pine for them if money failed, to eat ices and confectionery, to go to theatre and opera, to have insatiable eyes and ears for everything which went on, to find food for mirth in things both comic and grim, to avoid anything which might make them sick or sorry,—these energies made up the sum total of two existences which were engaging if not supremely valuable. It seemed simple and natural enough that they should show me their empty purses and vividly picture what they found desirable but beyond their means. They plundered me so prettily, they had so many more wants than I had yet been educated into, that I never thought of blaming them. But Fanny's sheer worldliness in grasping at a loveless but rich marriage was something not only beyond my experience but beyond my imagination. It made me feel, too, that in the not distant future I was likely to be a little at a loss for somebody to live with, to talk to.

One day early in Lent we were asked to visit Claude De Forrest's studio and see the completed study he had made of me. His rooms were on Union Square, at the very top of a high building. The *atelier* was long and low, with the ceiling lifted at the end, where there were sky-

and cross-lights with an elaborate arrangement of curtains and shutters. There were, besides, windows toward the west which let in the warm low sun. The place was further brightened by a wood fire burning in a tiled fireplace. Claude was sitting in a great Spanish chair with a deep hollowed seat, the grinning Moorish mask at the back held up by carved recumbent female figures. He was himself as picturesque as his room, in his dashing suit of velveteen, buttoned to the throat, with a square collar falling over it, and he allowed us to admire not only his studio, but himself, and drew our attention as well to his little black page, plump and saucy as a Cupid, and dressed in Oriental fashion. The walls of the room were wainscoted to the height of five feet, and above that the plaster was painted a dull red and hung with tapestries. Two rows of paintings, sketches, and etchings ran around within easy eye-range, and above were Claude's trophies of every kind,—a jumble of weapons, pottery, strange idols, rosaries, and crucifixes, besides ornaments of all descriptions. On the dais where his easel stood there were heaps of shawls, rugs, scarfs, and fantastic dresses of the richest colors, in confusion almost confounding. Here and there were comfortable crimson sofas, and in front of one of these stood a round table holding a silver tea-kettle, already singing cheerily to itself as the blazing lamp warmed it. Two dozen cups and saucers of the prettiest china were grouped about this hospitable centre. Near the door a cabinet piano was curtained away in a niche. The whole atmosphere of the room was indescribably tempting and suggestive. Snow Morris had come in with Fanny and myself, and, looking about him, he declared it was altogether too suggestive.

"They are starving men who dream of feasts," said he, "and I should suppose the imagination of an artist would lose something by this over-stimulation."

"Artists require actuality," replied Claude, in his gentle way. "They have reason to dread their imagination more than anything in the world."

He had placed me in a low, deep-seated chair, and I watched the visitors come in. Mrs. De Forrest brought Hildegarde, who in her turn brought Mr. Charles Newmarch, who must have found something to admire in the beautiful girl in her plumed Gainsborough hat and gown of mouse-colored velvet. Mrs. Newmarch and her five daughters trooped in, elegant, patronizing, and at once initiated the proper enthusiasm over the knick-knacks and bric-à-brac, and each fresh arrival was instantly dragged toward something pretty or grotesque, with the artless exclamations, "Isn't that too perfectly heavenly?" "Did you ever see anything so utterly delicious?"

Claude took the tribute quietly. He knew his rooms were decorated to the extreme of redundant ornamentation, and ornamentation of every-day life was to him the highest good.

"Zenio," he called to his page, "the tea-caddy." Zenio brought the tea-caddy, and Claude made the tea, giving the operation all his sweet, serious attention, and then brought us each a cup with the most exquisite courtesy, Zenio offering us sugar and cream out of a little pot-bellied bowl and pitcher of the oldest silver.

The half-dozen men who had dropped in wanted to laugh at the artist, no doubt, but waited until they got to their club.

"I feel so big, so brutal, and yet so helpless," said Mr. Charles Newmarch, bringing a cushion and sitting down at my feet.

"I consider," said Fanny Burt, "that this sort of thing is absolutely immoral. For a man to do these things so well thrusts women outside the scheme of creation."

"I confess I consider women—that is, I consider myself a superfluous creature," said Hildegarde.

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Mr. Newmarch. "Now, you are practically useful; you're such a lovely model."

"We poor women have to be what men have painted us. They choose to make us Madonnas and angels, without the least regard for our actual characteristics."

"The moment a woman thinks independently," put in Snow Morris, "you will observe that she always repudiates these sentimental traditions imposed upon her."

"Of course she does," returned Hildegarde.

"Nevertheless, it is an enormous piece of good fortune for your sex that we obstinately continue to idealize you. Our imagination has invented everything for you except perhaps—"

"Our faults: they are our own," said I.

"I was going to add, your beauty; but no matter."

"If you were to marry, Claude," remarked Fanny, "I should be sorry for your wife."

Claude flushed slightly.

"Too many bibelots spoil the lover," said Snow. "Is that it?"

"What he loses in quantity he makes up in quality," observed Miss Eva Newmarch. "It would be an enormous compliment to a woman to have Mr. Claude De Forrest fall in love with her. He would not commit himself, as Charlie would, for instance, to a mere matter of indiscriminate feeling: his artistic sense would insist on being satisfied."

"I put it to any woman here," said Mr. Charles Newmarch plaintively, "whether she wouldn't rather have my indiscriminate feeling than De Forrest's artistic sense. Good Lord! don't you suppose a girl would rather be loved for what she is as a human being, than for her harmoniousness in a scheme of color, or her suitability to her background of tiles, stained glass, and tapestry?" He looked up at me, but I forbore to reply. It did occur to me that Mr. Newmarch filled the ideal rôle of love better than Claude, whose affectations and exaggerations of intense earnestness over trifles somewhat marred the effect of his good looks and elegant speeches. It had become evident to me long since that Mr. Newmarch was a little carried away by the ease with which he could play the part of Romeo, and that he poured his little confidences into the nearest ear, provided it was a pretty one. Hilde-

garde De Forrest, among others, had listened, and been a little beguiled by him. There had been a period of courtship the summer before at Newport, which might have been expected to culminate in an engagement, if any one had the unreasonableness to expect anything definite or indefinite from a young fellow who had flirted in his earliest knickerbockers. When it suited him nowadays, he could throw intense expression into his glances as he looked at her,—expression which might mean life-long devotion or nothing at all. When he looked at me with very much the same direct yet half-veiled gaze, I perfectly realized the degree of importance to be attached to it. In fact, Mr. Charles Newmarch's love-making resembled an infantile game of "button," in which the chief player goes round the circle solemnly adjuring each member in turn to "hold fast what I give you," flattering one after another by the promise which is only in one case fulfilled. When the call comes, "Button, button, who's got the button?" there is an occasion for clever guessing. Just at this time society was divided in opinion as to whether Hildegarde or myself was the possessor of Mr. Charles Newmarch's "button." I was a novelty, and he liked novelty, but Hildegarde was in love with him, and was supposed to be too clever a girl not to have secured the prize before she gave her heart in return. When she raised her superb dark eyes and looked at him, it was his way to show that he felt an admiring thrill and answering sensation.

This was a little circle in which everybody knew everybody else *au fond*. Everything was talked over. Mr. Hubbard dropped in, contributed some piquant items, and a vast deal of laughing, questioning, and exclaiming ensued. The afternoon waned rapidly while we sat about in the comfortable chairs, half a dozen people talking at once, everybody voluble, good-humored, except perhaps Snow Morris and myself. This rapid, irresponsible talk sometimes half depressed me, and the jargon was sometimes rather puzzling,—allusions I did

not understand, followed by shrieks of laughter, coterie-phrases with no meaning to the uninitiated, and when explained losing all discernible flavor in the process. Every now and then some one took up a wicked delightful story, to which every one listened with avidity,—an astonishing recital which gave one a clear idea of what the typical young man and woman of the day really were. When I first heard these current anecdotes I listened with distress, thinking a reputation was being handled to its extinction; but I soon learned that they must be taken *cum grano*, and that they had few actual believers.

It was almost sunset when Claude brought out his work. He set the easel where the glow from the southwest could light it, then put his picture of me on the shelf. He had made several studies of me, not pretending that they were for a portrait. He sketched very well, and with a few touches, in what seemed a careless fashion, could suggest what promised to be a striking picture. The gift of collecting, digesting, and consolidating his ideas was perhaps denied him, or would only be the reward of steady concentrated effort. In any elaborated work like this the impressions were so confused as to bewilder the observer.

It was early twilight when we set out to go home, and Snow Morris asked me to walk with him and enjoy the clear, crisp air. "I am glad I did not paint that picture of you," he remarked, the moment we were in the street.

"Did you not like it?"

"I don't think any man who saw you sitting, so quiet, so handsome, so thoroughbred, raising those beautiful gray eyes of yours, and listening to the talk that went on with your indefinable smile, half melancholy and half tender, could compare you to the girl in that feebly mixed-up, overcrowded picture. She seems to be crouching on a sofa, her chin on her breast and her finger to her lip, as if meditating suicide."

"Mr. De Forrest wanted to paint my side-face."

"I didn't need to be told that your side-face is beautiful," declared Snow.

"The side-face always shows the woman, I think: all the secrets of her sweetness, her possible tenderness, are written there."

"But these word-pictures are easy, and are, besides, rather vague. They all declared Claude's picture to be like me."

"Newmarch didn't. He chuckled over it. He felt he had scored a few points over Claude without lifting his finger. But no matter. It was quite a triumph for you. The ball is at your feet. But then you do not care for such triumphs."

"It was pleasant enough."

"There is not a girl in New York who could carry off such success as yours as well as you do. I look at you in wonder. They crowd about you offering you everything, but at the crowning moment there is a little look in your eyes as if you had escaped,—a wistful longing for solitude which none of them can share."

His words touched me a little. It had sometimes seemed to me that there would be a rare stimulus, almost happiness, in being completely understood by Snow Morris. He had wider knowledge and a more exquisite taste than others. Now, as he went on, I listened, half startled: "Just before we came away, when you went to the piano and played, there was something sad, beseeching, passionate, in the music, that I seemed to understand."

When I had played it, I had thought of Snow and of no one else.

"It was as if you were telling a story to some one."

"It was not my story. I have known it for years, and, when I play it, it has a way of uttering all my thoughts. An odd jumble of past, present, and future was in my mind to-night. You say I carry it off coolly; but I observe everything, I count all my little triumphs. I feel often as a princess might who had a chance to reign for a hundred days. The court festivals are delightful, the courtiers gay and gallant, and she seizes the full charm with vivid powers of appreciation while the phantasmagoria

lasts. But all the same she has moments when she almost longs for her hundred days to be over. Gay and delightful though they may be, they are mere pageants. She knows that some day she will wake up no longer queen, and, unless she has somebody to love the woman and not the princess, she runs the risk of being lonely and terribly unhappy."

"Why shouldn't you always be a queen? What nonsense are you talking, child?" asked Snow Morris sharply.

"While I was playing," I went on, "I was thinking, 'Ah, well, let it all go,' for the music taught me, as it deepened and sweetened and went over and over again that endlessly beautiful strain, that what I really cared about lay behind and far away from all that dazzled my mere fancy."

"How absurd for you to be conjecturing possible evil!" Snow said again.

"It is a mere presentiment."

"Don't have presentiments. They

come from those foolish fancies you had at first. It torments me to have you embittering yourself with such thoughts. You will make me unhappy if you go on."

I looked at him and smiled, wondering that he should be so singularly disturbed. I was ready to laugh at his blindness: if he had listened, instead of being vexed at my little foolish suggestions, he might have understood that I was beginning to—yes, let me write it down here,—beginning to love him. From the first moment I saw him, something in him different from other men had arrested my interest and held it in suspense. As for the little leaven of bitterness which worked all through my comfort in my riches, that was part of my inheritance. It concerned no one else in the world except Snow, for no one else knew so exactly what my story was, so accepted without speculation the course of events.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT WAR.

THROUGH the large, stormy splendors of the night,
 When clouds made war, and spears of moonlight strove
 To penetrate their serried ranks and prove
 That stronger than the darkness was the light,
 Yet failed before the storm-clouds' gathered might,
 I heard a voice cry, "Strong indeed is Love,
 But stronger Fate and Death, who hold above
 Their pitiless high court in Love's despite."
 Storm-cloud met storm-cloud, reeled, and shook, and fled,—
 The old earth trembled at their mighty rage,—
 Till, suddenly, a lark sang clear, o'erhead,
 As if to share his joy he did engage
 All earth and heaven; and Night's wild war was done,
 And Love and Morning triumphed with the sun.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THROUGH GREAT BRITAIN ON A DRAG.

MOST of us have our missionary impulses. At times we are stirred by aspirations, more or less ambitious, to convert the world to a better—that is, *our*—way of thinking. Personally, I confess a longing to lead my countrymen into new and pleasant paths of travel. My proselyting spirit yearns over them,—dupes of guide-books and unresisting victims of couriers, railway-guards, and cabmen: I fain would reveal to them a manner of journeying free from the common evils, and filled with sweetness and light. It is not altogether new. Mr. William Black has indicated it; but he had only an adventurous phaeton, which is a low vehicle,—I mean no disrespect, but simply that the seats are not high,—and, moreover, his journey was short. Before his phaeton began its adventures, a young Scotchman in America was dreaming of a coaching-trip through Great Britain. A coach-and-four his dreams showed him, with seats outside for fourteen. Coach, horses, and servants were to be his for the summer,—this lucky Scotchman has the purse of a fairy prince,—and for two enchanted months his friends and he were to roam over England and Scotland. Last summer the dream was realized. The Chief,—as they called our Scotchman,—his mother, and his friends, drove from Brighton to Inverness. As a missionary, I lay the true story of the long drive before the public, to make its own plea for imitation.

The party contained the Chief, his mother, who is seventy in years but thirty in health and spirits, his partners P—— and “Gardner,” a dignified railway manager and his clever and graceful wife, a naturalized Scotchman, the wit of the company, his charming wife, a typical American, a most lovable Englishwoman, who had the English repose of manner and the velvet English voice, two slender, fair-faced Scotch girls, the Chief’s nieces, Jean,

a fascinating young woman, who sings like an angel, and the present writer, who seeks obscurity.

During the first two weeks an English friend, G——, was our guide and leader; after that time, Gardner metaphorically took the reins: literally, the coachman held them, but Gardner directed the coachman. From the first, he made all the other arrangements; and he is now understood to be preparing a work entitled “The Sorrows and Consolations of an Amateur Courier.” Luckily for us, he had studied the methods of his own real courier during the previous winter, when travelling on the Continent, and if he had sorrows we had none. Our satisfaction was not even damped by a knowledge of his trials, for, being an uncomplaining man, he kept them to himself.

On the 17th of June we left Brighton. G—— had selected the coach, the horses, and the servants. The coach was “black but comely,” its gleaming darkness being relieved by red lines and red-velvet cushions. There were seats for four inside and for fourteen on top. The horses were fine powerful animals,—two brown wheelers and two bay leaders. The servants were two,—Perry, the coachman, and Joe, the footman. Perry was a good specimen of the English coachman, silent, respectful, sedately melancholy, and a perfect master of his craft. He wore a smart blue-and-silver livery, and was of a rosy complexion. Joe was a dark, short, nimble young fellow, very fluent in his speech, and a great favorite in the stable-yards and servants’ halls. He wore livery like Perry’s, with the exception of leggings for top-boots.

We left Brighton early in the morning, and it was night before we reached Guildford. Usually, we travelled from twenty to thirty miles a day; that day, Perry drove fifty-two miles: it was the longest drive we ever made.

Often, afterward, we tried to recall the sensations of that first day, its exhilaration, its enthusiasm, its entrancing novelty. Most of us had seen England before, but not in this manner. There is a vast difference between the lightning gulp of beauty which one makes in a railway-carriage going forty miles an hour and the leisurely feast of the eyes to be had from the top of a coach.

Lifted high above the dust and noise and jar, we could look over the brick walls. Below, lay lovely, close-cropped lawns, shadowy parks, and prim, sweet little gardens, with their triangles of coulisses and their yew-trees shaped into fantastic semblance of urns and cocks and horses. We could see the porches of houses, a tangle of ivy climbing over the mellow-tinted brick. Sometimes we caught glimpses of gray old towers which our fancy turned into baronial castles; sometimes the house stood out on a hill, and any one could see that it was modern Queen Anne. England is a garden in June. Flowers were everywhere,—hedges sweet with wild roses, corn-fields splendid with poppies, hill-sides starred with daisies, ragged-robins and forget-me-nots by the ditches' edges, and

Harebells like a sudden flush of sea.
Breaking across the woodland, with the foam
Of meadow-sweet and white anemone
To flock their blue waves.

In-doors and out there was the same affluence of plant-life: it was as though the flowers could not help growing. Rose-trees clung to the warped door-frames of the cottages, and scarlet geraniums peeped over the fringe of white curtain in the cottage windows.

And how orderly is this garden of England! We saw no litter anywhere, no unsavory hints of possible fever: the very highways might have been swept, so clean and smooth were they.

The coach rolled on,—past grassy fields, where lads in white flannel were playing cricket, through ancient village streets which may have known the Tudors,—one cannot place much later the queer, steep-roofed, plaster-and-timber houses, and those churches with

Norman towers,—past old-fashioned inns, —Greyhounds, Unicorns, Lions of all colors, Kings' Heads and Queens' Heads,—past lanes, and stiles, and footpaths. The road was in no wise lonely. A bicyclist would whirl by at short intervals. Farmers passed us in yellow dog-carts, and gentlemen on sleek thoroughbreds. We met clergymen in shovel-hats driving stout cobs, and pretty girls driving their own ponies. Sometimes the moving vehicle was a family landau,—coat-of-arms on the panels, cockades on the coachman's and footman's hats, and the British Matron gazing out of the window. Sometimes it was an old market-woman's cart just escaped from a Gainsborough,—cart, red-cheeked old woman, heaps of green wares, shaggy white horse, and all. Thus, through the pleasant weather and the pleasant scenes, we rode on to Guildford. There is a delicious little inn at Guildford, called the White Lion. Like many English inns, it is kept by a woman.

The English hotels have been touched by the hand of progress; they have "lifts," and a *table-d'hôte*, and printed placards warning you to keep your door locked; but, thanks to the women, the inns are the veritable inns that Washington Irving praised. Most of them are built in the shape of a quadrangle, having the stable court in the centre. The window-ledges are gay with flowering plants. Within are bewildering staircases and winding passages, and it is as easy to get lost among them as in a haunted castle. There is no office. The landlady sits in the snug "bar-parlor," amid a dazzling array of glass. She wears a black silk gown which rustles, and an imposing lace cap. Engraved portraits of the county nobility adorn the walls of the Commercial Room. Up-stairs, in the guests' private parlor, the late landlord is present—on canvas, and beside him smiles the landlady in her bloom, with side-curls and a blue spencer. The halls are hung with colored prints of coaching-parties and hunting-scenes, and at each landing stands a table covered with pewter can-

dlesticks containing half-consumed candles which will not be required in the bill. When night comes, the guest lights his candle and starts on an exploring expedition to find his chamber. Some Americans use pocket-compasses for this purpose, but a maid-servant is surer. The furniture of the house belongs to the last century, and is, like Lady Jane, "not pretty, but massive." Mahogany temples of sideboards and ponderous bedsteads give the eye most pleasure. The bedsteads have canopies of faded damask, and the linen sheets are sure to smell faintly of lavender.

The fare in these inns is excellent; but the wary American will never demand that remarkable beverage which the English name "coffee:" he will drink tea, or the good bitter beer and the honest old claret. One continual joy at English inns is the dainty table-equipage,—the pretty china dishes, the clear glass, the spotless napery, and the never-omitted nosegay or plant in the centre. Another joy is the service. The retainers have grown up in the house, and have caught its air of homely cordiality. Something of their respect and alacrity may be due to visions of future "tips," but the comfortable result is the same, whatever the cause. And their honesty certainly cannot be thus explained. The guest need not lock his door in an English inn: in truth, very often he cannot, the lock being out of order. But he will lose nothing. Though he leave his property behind him, he shall see it again. One honest landlord will forward it to another; he may run away from it, but it will follow him all over England,—yea, all over Europe. There have been Americans who have left tooth-brushes and been pursued by them across the ocean.

Did I not begin this long digression by saying that there is a delicious old inn in Guildford? Guildford is a delicious old town: it is built in a single long street which gables, latticed windows, and projecting upper stories render darkly picturesque; and the holly and the ivy that creep over the blunted carving add a poignant charm, so prodigal

are they of beauty and vigor, clasp the mouldering stone. Our next day's drive ended at Windsor. We spent Sunday in the royal town, holding high festival, that day being the birthday of the Chief's mother. In the morning most of us went to church; in the afternoon there was a visit to Eton.

One of the party, who shall be nameless, took the opportunity to secure a private drive. She plotted with Jean to persuade P—— to order a dog-cart and a "fast cob." P—— ordered the dog-cart, but, being a cautious man, he did not order a "fast cob:" he ordered "a horse safe for a lady to drive." Of course they sent a weak, weary, dejected-looking pony, the smallest of his race. Jean looked rather daunted when she first saw this wee beast, but she climbed into the cart, merely remarking that she didn't think he would run away. They set off. The pony limped and appeared feeble. At intervals he would give up the burden of active existence altogether, stop short, and fall into a kind of sad reverie. "Don't whip him!" Jean would plead: "I think he is going to die."

"Pull up!" the nameless would cry,—she scrupulously addressed the animal in English phrase,—"*pull up!* Did ever one see such a sign-post of a horse?"

"Slap him with the reins," suggested Jean, who has no proper pride about driving.

"I won't."

Then the nameless would touch him with the whip, whereupon he would give a convulsive kick and start off in a series of leaps, ending in a walk slower than ever. After a while he began to shake his head. Jean was sure that this was a sign of exhaustion. Then he had attacks of coughing,—single coughs of an indescribably hollow and reproachful sound. "I feel as if in humanity we ought to carry *him*," said the nameless. With such sentiments they could not use the whip. The pony slowly ambled up the street.

"Perhaps he'll live until we get to Eton," said Jean: "it's only two miles."

A longer two miles they have never

known; but they reached Eton at last, the pony still living.

"Not a hitching-post in sight," said the nameless, as they stopped before the ancient chapel. "I suppose something awful would happen to me if I tied him to a tree!"

"What's the use of hitching him?" answered Jean scornfully.

"Well, I can't leave him alone and unprotected—"

"I pity the man who would steal him," said Jean, still scornful. "There's a man, though: perhaps he will hold your fiery steed."

The man was a ragged vagabond with a puffy red face of most malign expression; but they recklessly consigned the pony to his care and entered the chapel. There they found their companions seated on the oaken benches of the vestibule. A severe verger in a voluminous silk gown was keeping them in order. The doors were closed, and there was not much to see, except four men who were pumping air into the organ and evidently found it very warm work. Service was nearly over. Very soon the perspiring organ-blowers straightened themselves up and wiped their faces with their shirt-sleeves. The strains of music became fainter, the verger opened the door, and the boys came out, followed by the masters. The lads had a demure, old-fashioned look, with their short tight jackets and tall silk hats, but they hustled each other and pushed and scrambled much as boys do the world over. The masters wore black silk gowns having gleams of crimson in scarf and hood. They were nothing like as grand personages as the verger. Yet that mighty man stood obsequiously to one side while they passed, and the instant the last master had departed he was transformed. From the stern custodian of decorum he became the affable guide. He showed the strangers the chapel and the college buildings with the utmost condescension.

But ominous forebodings haunted the nameless's mind. Listlessly she looked at the noble mediæval windows: the panel-work and tapestry, the exquisite

stone fireplace, and portraits of renowned collegers in the great hall could not delight her. She hurried Jean away, half expecting to find the corpse of the pony beneath the elms. Instead, she found him alive and safe, and the surprising beast went home on a brisk trot. This true story teaches that we should not let our humanity run away with our judgment.

That same Sunday afternoon we visited Windsor Castle. No one was near to tell us from which window James of Scotland looked into the "gardyn faire" and saw the fairer English maiden whom he loved; or where was lodged David I., another captive Scottish king, or the unhappy Surrey. But a civil guardsman pointed out "her Majesty's apartments," and told us a good deal about the present royal inmates.

Loyd sang in St. George's Chapel, and we went to hear him. He has a wonderful voice, but some of us could hardly listen, we were so busy with our eyes. Whatever the criticisms on the architecture, the effect is magnificent. The gorgeous blazonings of the knights' stalls lend the pomp of war to the beauty of holiness typified in flower-like columns and vaultings fretted with the cross and the glory that burns in the windows. If the magnificence of the union have a touch of the barbarous, it is but the fitter expression of the age of chivalry.

Gazing, one feels the memories of the past thicken about him. Through the arches he dimly sees the white marble of the tombs in the chantries. There lie Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour; there are Henry VI. and Edward IV.; and there one dark December day the body of Charles I. was borne through the falling snow.

But we had scant time to give to the chapel,—indeed, to Windsor. The next morning we were again on our way. We spent an hour in Stoke-Pogis churchyard.

Beneath that rugged elm, those yew-trees' shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The grass grows tall over their graves, the stones are freckled with mould, and moss and lichens blur the lean letters of their epitaphs. The little church is half hidden in front by a clambering mass of ivy, but a rickety flight of outside stairs in the rear has no such gracious screen. Peeping through the church windows, we saw the shadow of a stone crusader on the floor, but no figure of living man. The whole place has a pensive—almost sombre—air of neglect. Gray's own grave is beneath the stone which records his affection for his mother; but a cenotaph to his memory stands on the brow of the hill.

That was a most charming day. We saw Stoke-Pogis in the morning, and we lunched on the banks of the Thames. Luncheon was our favorite meal. We carried hampers with us which we filled each morning at our inn, and we lunched on what the Chief, who is of a poetic turn, called "the greensward." K——, the naturalized Scotchman, and the American, had an unlimited stock of humorous stories. The Chief was not far behind, to say nothing of the plays and poems which he knows by heart, while the railway manager made at once the best and the worst puns known. We had merry times and good cheer. P—— used to rise early in the morning and search the markets for fresh fruit and little delicacies not to be found in the inn larders. Gardner acted as butler. It was he who provided the pale ale and bitter beer and the innocent lemonade.

Luncheon over, the gentlemen used to pitch pennies, while the ladies gathered flowers. What can be more rural than to pitch pennies? what more pastoral than to gather flowers? The flowers were given to the Chief's mother, who had a book and pressed them, and, like a true lover, carried them everywhere. Those pleasing little excitements which diversify life occurred when that book was lost, as it was a few times. Often after luncheon some of us would walk ahead of the coach. Walking is one of the charms of driving through England. The roads are like a floor. The scent of wild roses and honeysuckle loads the air

with delight. The sunshine floods the meadows, and cloud-shadows dapple the hill-side. Then there are the legends. Here on this village green a martyr was burned. In that old manor-house behind the trees, a priest was hidden in Elizabeth's time and dragged out to a cruel death. Down in the hollow stands another Tudor mansion, where the unhappy Scottish queen spent a few weeks of captivity. Charles I. held his court in this ancient city, having fled from his rebellious capital. The streets of that old town saw Rupert's Cavaliers and Fairfax's Puritans fighting hand to hand; we look through plain glass windows into the church, because the original stained glass was smashed by Cromwell's pikes. And so the old tales cluster about the old stones, too thick for counting. Some aged man or woman, clean, cheerful, and garrulous, is ever at hand to tell the traditions of town or church or castle to any asker. The peasant leans on his spade and answers your questions readily; the old dame in her door-way would talk to you half the morning, and you have some ado to make her take sixpence for the white roses she plucks for you.

The memory of scores of walks between the English hedge-rows is with me as I write. How sweet, how bright, how peaceful every scene appears! How cheerful, rosy, and contented do the people look! Yet behind this idyllic front goes on the old grim struggle. The cottages and the wages are small, the people many. That rosy-cheeked peasant has a great family of children and eighteen shillings a week on which to keep them. His old mother is in the workhouse, though he is a dutiful son. That tidy old woman esteems herself lucky since she can spend the rest of her days in an almshouse founded centuries ago by a pious lord. Her back is bent with long toil on her knees; the hands which pluck you roses are distorted with rheumatism: nevertheless, she still does "a day's work now and then," for "five shillin' a week and find everything baint none too much, ma'am, an' it do comfort me ever so to 'ave a

pinch o' snuff!" Ask her story,—the sprightly landlady of the neighboring public house will relate it to you,—you hear of a drunken "master," of many dead babies, of a daughter who "went wrong," and of a son too poor to help his mother. It is vulgar enough tragedy, but very real for all that. These rose-embowered cottages hide sordid miseries as well as simple joys.

But why moralize? Moralizing in sunny weather is worse than folly: indeed, it "partakes of the nature of sin," as being a flat refusal to be cheerful when the cause for cheerfulness is manifest. Practically, we did not moralize. The shadow that humanity always throws over beauty is narrow, however dense. We did not pry into social nooks and corners; we walked along the broad, placid, sunshiny highway of English life, and found it full of charm. At the same time we turned the past into a kind of æsthetic background to our cheerful present,—a piece of mental tapestry properly dim and dusky, of flashing rapiers, blood-stains, and gold embroidery.

In such fashion we rode gayly on through the southern counties. We stopped over-night at Reading, and spent a day in Oxford. We turned aside to view the vast and wearisome splendors of Blenheim, and we tried to people Woodstock with Sir Walter's prankish tenants. One night we slept at Banbury Cross. We saw no musical old woman on a white horse, but we did something better: for the first time we tasted Banbury cakes. This is a missionary tract: therefore would, O poetry of pastry, that I could chant your praise! Banbury cakes are flaky and glorified mince pies. The taint of the earth and the carnivora, present in American mince pies, has disappeared; all is citron and raisins and foreign fruit and spice and what children, with untutored poetry, call "goodies." In shape Banbury cakes are small and square. English pastry, as a rule, is not enticing; it has, so to speak, something of the national solidity, admirable in character but less admired in pastry. But Banbury cakes are frail: touch them, they

crumble crisply. Like other frailty, they are irresistible, and their equal we have never, never seen.

From Banbury we drove to Stratford-on-Avon. The two venerable gentlewomen who guard the relics of Shakespeare showed us what all American visitors see. We went, as they all do, to the church and the grammar-school and the theatre. We stopped at the Red Horse Inn and saw Washington Irving's chair, and they gave us "American hot rolls" for breakfast. In fine, our experience was as like most Americans' experience as one Dromio to the other.

But a short distance from Stratford we visited an old manor-house which, I fancy, few of my countrymen see. It belongs to the Tudor epoch, and is called Wroxton Abbey. The house stands in a hollow densely shaded by old trees. Passing beneath the antique porch, one enters the banqueting-hall, the ordinary hall of Henry VIII.'s time, with a musicians' gallery at the upper end. Gallery, walls, and roof are of oak black with age and carved with the lavish fancy of Tudor architecture. The first secular owners of the abbey were the Popes; by marriage it passed to the Norths, the present owners. They have sedulously preserved the mansion's original character: nothing has been taken away, almost nothing altered. The Popes' armorial bearings are on the wall and gallery and fireplace. Their armor, tilting-spears, and swords hang among the portraits. They seem to have been loyal subjects, and a number of the portraits are of monarchs: King Henry VIII. is painted in the bosom of his family, looking very good-natured; King Edward, King James, Charles I., and not a few queens, are there.

The housekeeper, a dignified and fluent person in black, avers that these are by Holbein and Vandyke. It is amazing how many Holbeins and Vandykes there are in the houses of the English nobility and gentry not mentioned in the published lists of their works. There are also some Horneboldts, probably genuine. Mingled with these is a multitude of

Popes,—Popes who counselled Henry, in furred robes or slashed doublets, Popes who served Elizabeth and James, in starched ruffs, Popes in buff coats, who fought for Charles I., Popes in marvelous perukes and lace ties, who gamed and danced and drank at the court of Charles II., lovely Pope ladies with Lely's soft smile and melting eyes or Kneller's stateliness. Amid the pikes with which the south wall bristles hangs a safe-conduct granted Sir Thomas Pope by Charles I. That king spent a night at the abbey on his way to Reading. The housekeeper points out his bed.

I forget whether the same chamber was graced by the robust presence of King Henry. James I. slept in the abbey, and possibly his mother: it is certain that she and her ladies embroidered the tarnished green silk coverlet on one of the beds. The abbey furniture is worthy a queen's using. There is an indescribable and lawless luxuriance about the carving: acanthus leaves, roses, stout cupids, and fabulous monsters are huddled together with no vestige of design, yet the result has a superb harmony of its own. The strap-work and the pseudo-classicism mark most of the furniture as Elizabethan. There is other furniture, of later date, —Jacobean cabinets and most beautiful buhl-work,—and there are some wonderful tapestry hangings. But to us the most fascinating spot in the abbey was the chapel, a tiny place with oaken rafters and walls, and a quaint carved staircase leading to the lofty pulpit. Here, even more than elsewhere, is the carving of extraordinary richness, and three centuries have deepened and darkened the wood tones to a mellow gloom. The light as it steals through the great mullioned windows borrows the hues of the stained glass and paints them faintly on the polished pew-rails. No touch of the present mars this perfect picture of the past. It is easy to fancy the ghosts of dead Popes hearing a spectral chaplain by moonlight in this shadowy place. Truly, though in some intangible sort, these vanished worthies inhabit the entire house. I should

half shrink from opening a door suddenly, lest a knight in armor which cannot clank should be watching behind it.

More than any other hall or castle Wroxton drew us close to the sixteenth century, and we came out of its park feeling dazed, like a boy just awakened from his first revel in the pageants of "Kenilworth."

The next day we saw Kenilworth itself (which we found tame enough after the novel), and Warwick Castle, with its exquisite Norman towers, its feudal atmosphere, and its treasures of Renaissance art. We passed through Leamington Spa, making an abrupt transition from the age of chivalry to the age of half-pay officers; and the day's journey ended in Coventry. A friend of G——'s there, a former mayor of the town, courteously became our guide. Any visitor may stroll through the narrow old streets, where gables and jutting upper stories cast the gloom of the Middle Ages, or may view the Gothic churches, and the Cross in the marketplace, and the statues and pictures of Lady Godiva, and the hideous figures of Peeping Tom, which lean out of dormer windows, always with his hand shading his wicked eyes. But not every visitor can see the Guild-Hall and the civic treasures. Our friend displayed them all to us. There were portraits, and royal grants, and autograph letters from Mary, Elizabeth, the Charleses,—I know not how many kings and queens; there were furred robes of state, golden maces and chains, and a vast collection of musty splendor used on Lady Godiva's Day. We could have spent a day, instead of an hour, looking. Coventry has other than historic claims upon our imagination: the city is connected with George Eliot's youth. Our friend knew her in her girlhood, and often used to meet her riding to town on her pony. He described her as a shy, still, plain little creature, with "a great deal of sense." She took music-lessons in Coventry, of the organist at St. Michael's. The old man is living and working yet: we saw his white head in the church nave, amid a crowd

of young choristers, rehearsing a chant. "He always thought Miss Evans wasn't an ordinary girl," said our friend; "but most of us didn't think she was different from any other girl, except," with humorous dryness, "that she didn't talk much." Facing our hotel was a commonplace modern building, where George Eliot went to school,—or rather, to copy our friend's rigid truthfulness, where she *may* have gone to school, the exact location being doubtful. Nuneaton, the scene of "Middlemarch" and the clerical stories, is near Coventry. Some of us had it in mind to make a pilgrimage there, but we were expected in Wolverhampton, and must start by noon. We set out in a pouring rain. The sky cleared, however, before we reached Birmingham, and we had sunshine for the "Black Country." The "Black Country" is dreary, let the sun do his best. For miles on miles stretches a waste of blackened earth; no hills, only cinder-heaps; the ground burrowed by coal-mines and ironstone-pits; on every side forges, blast-furnaces, foundries, and rolling-mills; many of the furnace-chimneys emptied of smoke, the fires being out below; many of the mines and pits abandoned, and the derricks over them tumbling to pieces; here and there, rows of cottages, dingy, like the world about them, with sullen-faced men lounging against the door-frames, clay pipes in their mouths and snarling curs at their heels; the whole landscape having a deserted, unprosperous aspect, and the grimy ugliness only the more conspicuous because of the clearer air. G—— told us that the iron-trade was much depressed, and that there was growing suffering among the working-people.

Ten miles of the "Black Country" brought us to Wolverhampton. It were easy to linger over our pleasant days in Wolverhampton,—over garden-parties and picnics and amateur concerts. One day there was a picnic, to which we went in a procession of dog-carts, landaus, "brakes," tilburies, and phaetons, and had a "real old-English tea" at a farmhouse, among the roses. Another day

our kind hosts gave us a garden-party (it goes without saying that it rained), and we drank tea and played tennis between showers, and a band made music in a tent on the lawn, and when it grew too dark for tennis we feasted and danced. G—— arranged a private concert; they had a drama for our entertainment at Merivale; the mayor asked us to luncheon; the gentlemen dined with the Liberal Club; and one day we stole away by rail and spent the day at a Warwickshire country-house, among old pictures, tapestry, Elizabethan furniture, stately gardens, wide woodlands, and tragic legends of abbots, courtiers, secret passages, and a murdered nun.

Too soon the hour arrived when we must mount our lofty seats again. Something of the hospitable town we carried with us, in the persons of two handsome young Englishmen and three winsome English girls. At Lichfield the writer confesses a runaway visit to the most enchanting old place in the world. The estate and name date from Saxon times, and the front of the house has not been changed since the reign of Henry VIII. The rest of the house has been made luxuriously modern; yet I fancy that the ghosts (of course there are ghosts) are not bothered to find their old rooms. English country-life is as familiar to us as the English novel,—through the novel, for that matter. Nevertheless, the novelists, absorbed in their love-making, slur some traits of liveliest interest. For instance, who has ever encountered anything about the short-horns or short-horns sales? And, while the hero is always shooting, why are we never allowed a glimpse of the game-keeper making his rounds through the droll little bird-villages where they bring up the grouse by hand? My squire was kinder than the novelists: after his wife had shown me the pictures and the orchid-houses, he took me to see the short-horns and the preserves. Even my most ignorant eyes could see how superb the cattle were; but the bird-villages were amusing. They looked like settlements in Liliput. The hen foster-

mothers sat in the door-ways and clucked, the infant grouse hopped or strutted, according to their age, and I had some ado not to laugh while the squire and the game-keeper solemnly discussed their health. As soon as the birds can fly easily, they are turned into the woods (much as orphans are dismissed by asylums); and "Really," said the squire, "they are wilder than you would think."

Meanwhile, the coaching-party were at Dovedale, viewing Ilam Hall and rambling along the banks of the Dove, where gentle Izaak Walton practised the "pleasant curiosity of fishing." Monday, they resumed their journey, stopping for an hour at Haddon Hall, and picked up their errant companion at Rowsley. We went on to the Italian splendors of Chatsworth, then through the Dales of Derbyshire to Buxton. The scenery here was a complete contrast to the placid loveliness that we had been seeing: no more gentle swells of moist green meadow and red clover-fields, no more hedge-rows and spreading oaks; in their stead a wild region, with bare cliffs of bluish gray towering in ragged pinnacles above the wooded slopes, and noisy brooks flashing down the rocks. The road hugs the side of the cliffs. At one spot a huge crag looms up perpendicularly three hundred feet. For a little space ivy clings to its rude buttresses and its harsh outlines are wreathed with wild roses and clumps of thorn-bushes, but soon it shakes these graceful aliens off, and rises, untouched, so high above them that they seem only to embrace its feet. Yet, after all, the wildness of the scene is a very tamed and pastoral wildness, —for below lies the valley of the Wye, the factory-chimneys, the cottages, the low hills where sheep are grazing.

From Buxton we descended to the lowlands. Again, at Anderton Hall, we found a warm English welcome; and Gardner (who understands such matters) still talks of its wines. Our road led us through Manchester, Preston, and Lancaster, to the Lake country. That land of dream and song, beautiful as it is, lacks the tender magic of rural beauty

in the South. "The trail of the serpent"—that is, the tourist—"is over it all." The hotels "do protest too much" of "conveniences" and royal visits. There are too many snug, slate-roofed houses and fine new villas, too many stage-coaches and steamboat-landings, with screaming, panting little steamboats. But the lakes are there, and the heather-painted mountain-sides; and Wordsworth and De Quincey walked by the shores of Grasmere, and Southey is buried in Crowthwaite church-yard, and Arnold thought and prayed at Rydal; and nature and memory weave a spell potent enough to banish the tourist from mind. Through the unclouded July days we drove among the lakes, we climbed the hills, we rowed on the mere and listened to the boatman's tales.

After the Lake country came Carlisle and the parting with our English friends. Then, one sunny morning, a solitary coach might have been seen wending its way across the Scottish border. The first impression Scotland makes upon a stranger is of contrast. He exclaims, "How unlike England!" Coming from the warm coloring of English scenery, a Scotch landscape seems painted in half-tones,—cool browns and greens for the earth, dim blues and grays for the sky. We miss the masses of red clover glowing in the meadows, and the gay multitude of wayside flowers. The country is flat and sandy. There are few trees. And, after the soft brick tints of England and the tiled roofs, the whitewashed stone cottages look at once glaring and cold. Soon, however, we find that, taking into account its size, Scotland has more variety in its scenery than any other country. We pass from landscapes rich with English color and shade to rugged mountain-passes, broad lakes, and the desolate beauty of the moors.

Dumfries was our first stopping-place, —a compact, well-built town, the streets of which were considerably enlivened by the red coats of the volunteers, then in camp. Dumfries is a town of long descent. Here, in a church so utterly demolished that not one stone remains,

Bruce slew the Red Comyn. Here the young Chevalier held his court, A.D. 1745,—as it happened, in the very room of our hotel which they gave us for a dining-room,—dancing, and smiling, and making the gracious little speeches which lured men's heads off their shoulders: a most gallant, handsome young prince. And here Burns died. A civil Scotchman showed us the poet's house and took us to the church-yard to see his grave; but, the day being Sunday, we could get no farther than the iron railings of the mausoleum. "The Scotch dinna like pleasuring on the Sawbath," said the old woman who kept the key; and that was all the comfort we received. To our unsanctified American vision, visiting a grave seemed about as harmless and mirthless pleasuring as it could enter into the heart of man to conceive; but national notions of pleasure differ.

Friars' Carse, the estate of Burns' friend Hugh Riddle, is a few miles from Dumfries. Mr. Nelson, the present owner, is a friend of the Chief's; and we saw for ourselves some interesting relics and letters. The hermitage where Burns used to write and muse is on the estate. It was a mere ruin at one time, but now, repaired and covered with vines, it is a retreat which a poet might fitly covet. Dumfries has associations of romance as well as history. The country around is the scene of "Redgauntlet" and "Guy Mannering;" "Old Mortality" is buried in a neighboring village; and between Friars' Carse and the town a little heap of stones marks the site of the real "Jeanie Deans" cottage. Within a stone's throw of our hotel are "Maxwellton's braes," where "bonny Annie Laurie" gave her promise true. Some of the party who dined at Friars' Carse met the grand-daughter of "bonny Annie" herself. They reported that Annie's promise was nothing like so true as the bard fancied, for she married quite another man, a worthy laird with lands and gear. We did not accept all this store of information without making a humble return in kind. We told our friends about Rugby, Ten-

nessee. The American has been there, and he described the place with his usual graphic conciseness: "Rugby, Tennessee? Can't sprout a pea. So rocky they have to plant the seed with a shotgun,—shoot it into the cracks!" The American was an immense success in Great Britain. He was something like the American of the British imagination. To be sure, it was disappointing for him to be handsome and not in the least awkward, and to have a mellow voice with no strident notes; it was more disappointing that he would wear a dress-coat to dinner, and most disappointing that he should be very modest; but his conversation made amends for everything. It had the dry humor and the opulence of metaphor which are esteemed peculiarly American. Wherever we were entertained, when he talked there was a hush, people listened with rapt attention, and sighed in a satisfied way, and said, "Isn't that so American?"

We were at Dumfries over Sunday. Monday we journeyed through the beautiful valley of the Nith, and spent the night in Sanquhar. Now, for the first time, we began to realize the wonderful variety of Scotch scenery. From a country wilder and more romantic than the Dales of Derbyshire we descended to the placid loveliness of meadows and sheep-hills. Sanquhar is a good example of the old Scotch village,—grim, bare, and substantial. The stone cottages have steep roofs of slate or thatch. They stand squarely on the street, without a vestige of the trim English garden. There are no pansy-beds or rose-trees, and no ivy-shadows flicker on the walls. The absence of color and sameness of architecture give the long streets a monotonous, cheerless air: summer as it was, we felt chilled walking through them. Scotch inns are not picturesque like English inns, but they are equally comfortable, the cooking being especially good. Having so large a party, we had misgivings about rooms, but Gardner's efforts always procured us very fair quarters. Gardner himself took what was left. He had a varied experience, including one night in a bath-tub.

Of Sanquhar I only remember a walk in the twilight and a talk with some hedge-cutters. One of them seemed a gloomy fellow, and said that America was a "deal soight" better country than Scotland for a poor man.

"But this is a beautiful country," said the railway manager, who was our spokesman.

"Ay, it's a bonny country," said the man; "but whaur's the gude o' that, when a man canna win a leevin' out o't?"

"Times are hard, then?"

"Ay."

"Are the landlords severe?"

"Weel, I'd no say that," put in the other hedge-cutter: "there's farmers that will no hae paid rent thae three years."

"Why don't the landlords turn them out?" said the railway manager.

"Weel, I'm doubting it will come to that."

"Have the harvests been bad?"

"Na, they've no been sae bad, but the farmers here are a kin' o' gentry, ye ken, an' they try to match the gentry."

"Deal o' riotous leevin' about here," said the gloomy man,—"horse-racin', drinkin', an' a' that."

"They're no a' loike that," said the more cheerful man.

"Maist a'," said the gloomy man.

"Na," retorted the other, "there's some pays prompt. There's a farmer, sir, wi sax herds pays nineteen hundred pund rent, an' anither left twenty thousand pund in his will. Farmers are a kin' o' lairds, ye ken."

The next day we went on to Old Cumnock and the "land of Burns." But all Scotland is the land of Burns:

His hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

Towns jostle each other in our memories of the journey, just as people do on the street. After Ayr, the home of the peasant-poet, came Douglas, the ancient seat of the noblest Scotch family. A multitude of dead Douglasses, from

"good Sir James" down, lie in the dismantled and ivy-grown church of St. Bride. The whole architecture of the town is very quaint. Some of the houses have pointed gables and ornately sculptured fronts. One in particular attracted our attention. Its prominent ornament was a pair of shears carved above the lintel. Tradition has it that a tailor lived in the house who was a Covenantan, and the "cruel Claver'se" shot him dead before his own door. So they carved the stone shears to commemorate his fate. First at Douglas, but more forcibly and frequently at Edinburgh,—our next resting-place,—we were struck with the unique forms of Scotch architecture. The outside stairs, the flying towers, the pointed Romanesque roofs, have no kindred to any English style: they recall France and the Netherlands in the same breath.

Edinburgh's surpassing beauty of location would alone make it one of the most beautiful cities of the world; and that beauty is adorned with all the brilliant and pathetic memories of her long past. Socially, Edinburgh has long been famed for its charms. The culture of a university town mingles with the gayety of a capital. We are among the many Americans who have a grateful sense of Edinburgh hospitality. The N—s, the R—s, and the sculptor Mrs. Dio Hill crowded our days with pleasures. We saw the latter's statue of Livingstone in the park, mounted on a gigantic mass of pedestal which quite dwarfed the figure, and the new statue of Burns, and an unfinished clay bust of Shelley, in her own house. The bust, being unfinished, can hardly be judged; the statue is very realistic. Burns, in his peasant dress, leans against a tree-trunk, with the daisy in his hand. His features wear an expression of dreamy sadness: he might be saying,—

"Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date,
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom."

The climax of our journey came the day we left Edinburgh. We drove to Dunfermline, the Chief's native town.

He has a Scotchman's ardent and tenacious affection for his birthplace, and some years before he had given free baths to the town; very lately he gave a free library.

The town now welcomed him in a truly princely fashion. The provost and magistrates, heading a procession of the trades, pipes playing and banners flying, met the coach just outside the town, and escorted him first to the park, where the workmen presented an address of welcome, then to the library building, where his mother laid the memorial stone, and finally to St. Margaret's Hall, where the welcome ended in a banquet and a multitude of toasts.

The town was ablaze with flags and mottoes and streaming ribbons, the American stars and stripes waving everywhere, even over the noble old abbey where the Scottish kings lie in their stone coffins. Bells were ringing, drums beating, people shouting. The Chief, taken by surprise, his sunburnt cheeks pale, and, as he afterward confessed, a big lump in his throat, could only bow right and left, while the crowd swarmed about the coach windows and a hundred hands were outstretched to grasp his mother's.

As for the rest of us, we felt a little like members of a royal progress, and a great deal like a part of a circus. We were glad when we found ourselves safely in St. Margaret's Hall. To describe the further proceedings took up half the space of the county paper, and is naturally out of the question here. So how the Chief made eloquent speeches, in spite of the lump in his throat, how the crowd cheered when his mother tapped the stone with the trowel, how gracefully our hosts made us welcome, how scared P—— and the manager were at the prospect of responding to toasts, how easily and wittily they did respond,—all these things must be left to the reader's imagination.

This was Wednesday. Thursday we who were strangers were shown the town, the famous linen-factories, the town hall, the abbey, and the ruins of the palace. A—— M——, who had

been our companion on the coach for a few weeks, acted as guide. He had been a capital companion, and he was a capital guide, giving us all manner of out-of-the-way information about the abbey and palace. Robert Bruce is buried in the abbey, with unnumbered other early Scotch kings. Sweet St. Margaret rests there also, and one of the illustrious house of Elgin, whose newer memory is sweet and saint-like as hers, Lady Augusta Stanley. The afternoon ended in Baillie W——'s garden among the "real Scotch gooseberries." In the evening there was a swimming exhibition at the baths, and a supper at Mr. L——'s, the Chief's uncle. To Mr. L—— we were welcome not only as his nephew's friends, but as Americans, for he was a staunch friend of our country through that dark time of the civil war when our Scotch and English friends were few. What a supper that was, what songs,—and what toddy!

But we were under a vow to the Cunard Company to be in Liverpool by a certain date: therefore we could not tarry long in Dunfermline. Friday morning, laden with fruit and flowers, we left the "auld gray town" behind us. And all that day the Chief and Jean were singing,—

"Sweet the laverock's note and lang,

Lilting wildly down the glen :

Still to me he sings ae sang,—

'Will ye no come back again?'

Will ye no come back again? Will ye no come back again?

Better lo'ed ye canna be, will ye no come back again?"

We passed through the fertile fields of the "Carse o' Gowrie" to Perth.

"Well, what do you think of Scotland *now*?" the Chief asked.

And we answered that England could not be fairer.

About this time we were seized with a fervent desire to talk Scotch. One of the party, who shall be nameless, prevailed upon Eliza, the Chief's niece, to give her lessons. Eliza's patience must have been sorely tried by her scholar's unending recitations of Scotch poetry in the most atrocious accent. But Scotch friendship is of proof: she never fal-

tered until she actually taught the nameless to take some notice of the letter *r*. "Only," said the patient teacher, "I am sure you will go home and keep on saying Burns all wrong, and nobody will know better."

"Well, that's comforting," replied the scholar, who is not a person of heroic principle: "they will never find me out."

"No," groaned the teacher: "they will think it is Scotch."

We rode on through forests of firs and mountain-pass to Pitlochrie, then over the moors to the Pass of Killiecrankie. The wind was racing through the oats that waved over the battle-ground. Almost in the centre of the field stood a rude stone: it marked the spot where Claverhouse fell pierced by the silver bullet. The moors became lonely now; for miles their wind-swept stretches would be unbroken by cottage or even tree. Then we would sniff the peat-reek in the air and come upon a single thatch-roofed cabin in its little green oat-field. So we rode on and on, from Pitlochrie to Dalwhinnie, from Dal-

whinnie to Boat o' Garden, then down again to trees and fields and Inverness. There the long drive ended. For the last time Joe handed up the ladder, and we clambered down, the admiration of a mixed crowd of waiters and children gathered about the hotel door. Rather sorrowfully we climbed the stairs and passed into our parlor. No one found anything to say. Mrs. K—— went softly to the piano and sang "Farewell to Lochaber:"

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!

But still, to all of us, amid far different scenes, come visions of that bright time: we see the shady English lanes, the dark towers of Holyrood, the ivy-draped arches of Dunfermline Abbey; we see the hills and forests and purple highland moors; nor shall we ever cease to see them,

Though borne by rough seas to a far-distant
shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

OCTAVE THANET.

ANIMAL ELECTRICIANS.

HOW often, in wandering by the shore or through some quiet stretch of woodland, are we attracted by the ingenious efforts at defence or protection displayed by the lowly creatures that there find homes! Some erect elaborate structures, calculated to deceive by their resemblance to extraneous objects, while many more possess peculiarly aggressive features that furnish effective protection. Among the latter class are a number of fishes and insects that are remarkable electric batteries, presenting a strange resemblance to the electric appliances of human invention.

Nine different fishes, representing several genera, have been found charged

by nature in this remarkable manner. Along our eastern shore, the torpedo—one of the rays, and the best-known of the electric groups—is not uncommon; and fishermen frequently find their arms bound in invisible chains and rigid from the message sent up the line from this strange creature.

In the seventeenth century the attention of Redi, the Italian naturalist, was attracted by the tales told by the fishermen, who thought the torpedo was protected by some peculiar witchcraft that overcame them when they attempted its capture. One was brought to the distinguished *savant*, who subjected it to a number of tests. "I had scarcely touched and pressed it with my hand,"

he writes, "when I experienced a tingling sensation, which extended to my arms and shoulders, followed by a disagreeable trembling, with a painful and acute sensation in the elbow-joint that made me withdraw my arm immediately." He also found that these sensations resulting from contact with the fish diminished as the death of the torpedo approached, ceasing altogether as the animal died. Later, Réaumur examined the then problematical subject, and says concerning it, "The benumbing influence is very different from any similar sensation." All over the arm there is a commotion which it is impossible to describe, but which, so far as comparison can be made, resembles the sensation produced by striking the tender part of the elbow against a hard substance."

Neither of these scientists, however, discovered the true nature of the creature's defence,—an honor reserved for Dr. Walsh, a fellow of the Royal Society of London. During a visit to the Isle of Ré, he and a number of friends amused themselves with these fishes, finally discovering their electrical nature. The battery is constructed on the principle of the voltaic pile, and consists of two layers or series of cells of hexagonal shape, as many as two thousand five hundred being found in a single fish of small size. The space between the numerous delicate transverse plates in the cells is filled with a jelly-like mucous fluid, so that each cell represents to all intents and purposes a Leyden jar. Each cell is provided with nerves, while the dorsal side is positive and the ventral negative. It is supposed that the impression is conveyed by certain nerves to the brain, exciting there an act of the will, which is conveyed along the electric nerves to the batteries producing the shock.

One of the experiments of Dr. Walsh was to place a living torpedo upon a wet cloth or towel; he then suspended from a plate two pieces of brass wire by means of silken cord, which served to isolate them. Round the torpedo were eight persons, standing on isolating substances. One end of the brass wire was supported

by the wet towel, the other end being placed in a basin full of water. The first person had a finger of one hand in this basin and the finger of the other in a second basin, also full of water. The second person placed a finger of one hand in this second basin and a finger of the other hand in a third basin. The third person did the same; and so on, until a complete chain was established between the eight persons and nine basins. Into the ninth basin the end of the second brass wire was plunged, while Dr. Walsh applied the other end to the back of the torpedo, thus establishing a complete conducting circle. At the moment when the experimenter touched the torpedo, the eight actors in the experiment felt a sudden shock, similar in all respects to that communicated by the shock of a Leyden jar, only less intense. When the torpedo was placed on an isolated supporter, it communicated to many persons similarly placed from forty to fifty shocks in a minute and a half. Each effort made by the animal in order to give them was accompanied by the depression of its eyes, which seemed to be drawn within their orbits, while the other parts of the body remained immovable. If but one of the two organs of the torpedo were touched, only a slight sensation was experienced,—a numbness rather than a shock. When the animal was tried with a non-conducting rod, no shock followed; glass, or a rod covered with wax, produced no effect; touched with a metallic wire, a violent shock followed. Melloni, Matteucci, Becquerel, and Breschet have all made the same experiments, with the same results,—Matteucci having ascertained that the shock produced by the torpedo is comparable to that given by a voltaic pile of a hundred to two hundred and fifty pairs of plates.

Marey, in the present decade, experimented upon the torpedo with a telephone, and found that the slightest excitations provoked a short croaking sound. Each of the small discharges was composed of a dozen fluxes and pulsations, lasting about one-fifteenth of a second. The sound got from a prolonged dis-

charge, however, continued three or four seconds, and consisted of a sort of groan, with tonality of about *mi* (one hundred and sixty-five vibrations), agreeing pretty closely with the result of graphic experiments. He also studied the resemblance of the electrical apparatus of the electrical ray, or torpedo, and a muscle. Both are subject to will, provided with nerves of centrifugal action, have a very similar chemical composition, and resemble each other in some points of structure. A muscle in contraction and in tetanus executes a number of successive small movements or shocks, and a like complexity has been proved by M. Marey in the discharge of the torpedo.

Galvani was a close student of the torpedo, and to Chevalier Auguste Matteoli, a great-nephew of the famous electrician, we are indebted for some autographic notes made by the illustrious forerunner of Volta, relating to some experiments made by him in 1795 during a voyage to Sinigaglia and Rimini for the purpose of studying the torpedo. The note-book containing the observations has been preserved in the Musée Rétrospectif, and not published until the present year. The notes are as follows, and are interesting as showing that Galvani was undoubtedly the discoverer of electric polarization:

"May 14-16, 1795.

"After a prepared frog has undergone several contractions upon the torpedo, if it is held by the feet with one hand while a finger of the other hand is applied to its nerves, new contractions occur successively whenever the finger is separated from the nerves,—that is to say, whenever the arc is interrupted.

"As I had made quantities of experiments in the ordinary manner without witnessing anything of the kind, I thought that in this case electricity was communicated from the torpedo to the frog and had charged the little Leyden jars which I supposed were there."

"May 19, 1795.

"In operating upon two prepared frogs, whose nerves were detached from

the spinal marrow, it happened that after they had been applied to the torpedo's back and experienced several successive convulsions, particularly from shocks given directly by the torpedo, they contracted habitually when they were held by the feet with two fingers of one hand, or by a silken thread, while their nerves were touched by the fingers of the other hand, moistened by contact with the torpedo. The convulsions took place each time that the nerves ceased to be touched by the fingers,—that is, whenever I interrupted the arc formed by the two arms and the corresponding part of the thorax, which arc was applied at one end to the frog's feet and at the other to its nerves.

"This phenomenon lasted for some time, and appeared more pronounced in the frog which had become convulsed by being applied merely to the torpedo's back without receiving any shock whatever.

"Once exhausted, the phenomenon did not repeat itself, probably because the electricity from the torpedo, having entered the nerves, had weakened the muscular power of contraction.

"I have often used the same arc while experimenting upon numbers of frogs, but never before observed so many contractions produced so rapidly. It would not be unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that in this case the torpedo transmits a portion of its electricity to the frog and charges the little animal Leyden jars which exist in my imagination. It might perhaps be discharged again, produce a fresh charge, and give rise to other contractions. The first supposition, however, appears more probable. Whichever it may be, the entire modification occurs in the frog, and not in the fingers or the hand which touch the torpedo. For, having moistened the back of the hand which certainly did not come in contact with the torpedo, the result, on repeating the experiment, was precisely the same."

The experiments of Dr. Walsh produced an electric craze in England, and the demand for torpedoes was unprece-

dented. Their curative powers were extolled, and large sums were paid by invalids for opportunities to test their effects. On old Brighton Beach a large torpedo or cramp-fish was exhibited in a shallow-water aquarium by an enterprising showman, who proclaimed to the assembled multitudes that he had on exhibition "the heaviest fish in the world, —heavier than a whale, and brought in a single ship all the way from the Antarctic Ocean!" He furthermore stated that a ha'penny would be accepted as a consideration for the privilege of lifting the fish, and a shilling would be given to any one who should lift it out of the tank bare-handed. This enticing offer was taken by numbers of muscular sojourners on the beach, but always resulted disastrously to the lifter, who, however, was unable to explain why he had failed. Another would step boldly up with bared arms, insert one hand carefully under the fish, to see that it was not held down (just what the showman wished him to do), and place the other hand upon the torpedo's back. Its queer eyes would wink, a convulsive movement followed, and the experimenter would find himself either unable to move or almost lifted into the air by the "heft" of the creature, and would fall back bewildered, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd.

The effect of the shock upon birds is generally fatal. A reed-bird placed in the water over a torpedo showed symptoms of fear almost immediately, and in less than two minutes dropped dead. Although the torpedo does not heed its own shocks, and is used as an article of food on the Mediterranean coast, it is particularly sensible to shocks administered by a regular battery, and can thus be readily killed. Its power is hardly sufficient to kill a man, though I have been told by a reliable informant that he was almost completely paralyzed when spearing one, and on attempting to pull the iron from the fish he was knocked over as suddenly as if shot. Even after the death of the torpedo he could hardly hold the dissecting-knife, so intense were the shocks.

In 1671 the astronomer Richer visited Cayenne as a representative of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the geodesic survey. During a fishing-trip on one of the streams of the neighborhood, he made an involuntary experiment which few would care to repeat. Having hooked a large fish, he found that his arms were powerless, and the whole upper portion of his body became rigid, as if paralyzed. The natives detached the line from his hand, and for half an hour he remained overcome by the strange attack. Later, he was informed by the natives that he had been bewitched by an eel (the *Gymnotus*) which inhabited those waters and frequently killed animals by merely touching them. Richer's experience was detailed to the French Academy by Van Berkal, but the *savants* perhaps were incredulous, and the matter was forgotten until seventy years later, when Condamine, the naturalist, visited South America and revived it. Dr. Ingram also examined the fish, and stated that he found it surrounded by an electric atmosphere. Later, in 1755, an eminent Dutch surgeon, Gramund, found that "the effect produced by the fish corresponded exactly with that produced by the Leyden jar, with this difference, that we see no tinsel on its body, however strong the blow it gives; for, if the fish is large, those who touch it are struck down and feel the blow on their whole body."

Humboldt also examined the *Gymnotus*, and gradually the power of this remarkable living battery became generally known. One was recently captured near Calabozo, which not only killed a mule, but so prostrated the rider by its terrible powers that his life was despaired of. An English traveller reached the spot a few days after the occurrence, and, learning the size of the monster, determined to catch it. It was finally hooked and dragged upon the shore. The line, however, becoming wet, the fish communicated to the two natives who were holding it such a shock that they were utterly powerless to move. The Englishman rushed forward, cut the rope with a knife, and released the men, but received

a shock himself. The fish was finally secured, and a load of shot sent into its head. The men then took hold of its tail to drag it to the bank above, when they were knocked over as if by an axe, and nothing could induce them to touch it again. Not till three days after, when decomposition had probably set in, was it dragged from the shore and suspended from a tree, and skinned, with the intention of sending the dried skin to the British Museum, where it would have been placed, but for the ants, who succeeded, in less than a month, in reducing it to tissue.

These gigantic eel-like creatures are most forbidding in appearance, varying from six to twenty-two feet in length, having the same relative size throughout their entire length. The head is broad, the tail compressed, and along its under surface lie the four batteries, two on each side, the mass occupying nearly the whole lower half of the trunk. The curious plates are vertical, instead of horizontal, as in the torpedo, and the entire batteries or cells are horizontal, instead of vertical, as in the same fish, each being supplied with nerves by the ventral branches of nearly four hundred spinal nerves. With such an armament they are to be dreaded indeed. A touch of their long tails is death to fish larger than themselves.

In the streams about Caracas, South America, are famous spots for these much-dreaded fishes, while so common are they in the Cano de Bera, a small lake near Calabozo, that they are caught by thousands. This is done by a singular method, called *embarbascar con caballos*, or intoxicating by means of horses. Mules, horses, and other animals are used, and the scene, though frightfully cruel, is made the occasion of great festivities. The poor animals are driven by shouts and blows into the water, where they dash about as if aware of their danger. Great eel-like, yellow bodies appear, their backs flashing in the sun, darting about, hurling themselves against the terrified beasts, which with staring eyes and trembling frames are completely paralyzed by the electric

discharges. Many are killed as if by lightning, and fall among the writhing mass; others endeavor to break through the howling throng of natives upon the banks, but are beaten back to terrible death or torture. The eels seem to be aware of the most vulnerable points of attack, as they strike the poor brutes near the heart, discharging the whole length of their battery. The terrible struggles last from twenty to thirty minutes, and then those horses that have survived the ordeal seem to grow careless of the attacks. The fishes have exhausted their electric supply for the time; and now the natives step to the fore. The eels, finding their power on the wane, seek the bottom of the lake; the natives, mounting the horses, rush wildly about among the fleeing animals, striking them with their long spears and dragging them ashore, or anon rolling from their horses, paralyzed by unexpected shocks that dart up the wet lines. Great numbers of eels are captured, and it is always found that, though they soon exhaust their force, if an attack is intended the next day the same precautions are necessary, their recovery of vital force being extremely rapid.

In 1842 two of these creatures were carried to London, and kept alive until 1848, during which time they doubled their weight each year. They were examined and experimented upon by most of the scientific men of the day, and considered remarkable curiosities. "I was so fortunate," says Professor Owen, "as to witness the experiments performed by Professor Faraday on the large gymnotus which was so long preserved alive at the Adelaide Gallery in London. That the most powerful shocks were received when one hand grasped the head and the other hand the tail of the gymnotus I had painful experience, especially at the wrists, the elbow, and across the back. But our distinguished experimenter showed us that the nearer the hands were together, within certain limits, the less powerful was the shock. He demonstrated by the galvanometer that the direction of the electric current was always from the anterior parts of the

animal to the posterior parts, and that the person touching the fish with both hands received only the discharge of the parts of the organs included between the points of contact. Needles were converted into magnets, iodine was obtained by polar decomposition of iodide of potassium; and, availing himself of this test, Professor Faraday showed that any given part of the organ is negative to other parts before it, and positive to such as are behind it. Finally, heat was evolved and the electric spark obtained."

A few years ago a firm in Boston ordered a number of large gymnotes from their agent in Rio. The fish were duly shipped on a fruit-schooner, which was forced by rough weather to make the Bermuda Islands. During a stay there of several days, the crew were continually annoyed by numbers of colored visitors who insisted upon coming aboard, sampling the cargo with such pertinacity that its entire depletion was threatened. They seemed possessed with the demon of curiosity. One huge black was especially obtrusive; nothing was sacred. He went aloft, scoured the hold, examined the galley, and finally lifted the tin cover of the can containing the gymnotes.

"What's dis yer?" he asked the skipper.

The latter, who was sitting on the rail, meditatively rubbed his fiery nose, and, winking at the cook, replied, "Them's Fiji eels: we swapped off the first mate for 'em out in the Cannible Islands."

"Is dey big?" questioned the astonished darky, whirling the water about, and endeavoring to make out the fish.

"They're jest so big," said the skipper, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "that ef you'll lift one out on to the deck I'll give you the best bunch of bananas on the Ann Eliza."

"Dat settles it," rejoined the darky. "Why, captain, I'se de boss eeler on dis yer reef: catch murries all de time, twenty-three feet long."

"Wall, they haint *Fiji* eels," retorted the mariner. "Ye don't look to me as if ye had the necessary muscle."

The native was a brawny specimen, weighing at least two hundred pounds, and this last speech was too much for him. Motioning back some of his companions who had joined him, the "boss eeler" reached into the can, and, cautiously moving about, secured a hold with one hand, while he made a quick grasp with the other and straightened up. A howl that might have been heard a mile broke from him, as he rose up with an enormous eel writhing in his rigid arms. His eyes fairly stood out, while he roared and cried in what was evidently veritable anguish.

"What's de matter?" shouted a comrade: "de fish ain't a-bitin' yo'?"

"Take it off!" cried the champion.

Thus appealed to, the other seized the eel, and, being a weaker party, was knocked fairly over. Completely demoralized, the entire company, headed by the two victims, now made for the shore, averring that they had been "voudooed" and nearly killed by the Yankee captain's fish. What their sensations were can be appreciated when it is known that they were struck with a shock equal to fifteen Leyden jars of three thousand five hundred square inches of surface.

I have noticed peculiar sensations, perhaps electric, when handling living specimens of the jack—*Caranx dentifensor*—so common on the Southern coast. In the early summer months they appear on the Southern reefs in vast schools, chasing the small fry high up on the sands, often throwing themselves high and dry upon the shore in the excitement of their onslaught. The noise they make in this movement can be heard for over a mile, and always attracts a goodly attendance of gulls, pelicans, and fishermen, if the latter are near. It is only necessary to stand knee-deep in the school of sardines, and either spear the jacks as they rush in, or grasp them by the tail and throw them upon the sands. It was during the latter operation that I noticed the peculiarity above mentioned.

It would indeed be remarkable did we not find an electrician among the

siluroids, or catfishes, which abound in peculiar characteristics. The *Malapterus electricus* of the Nile is one. The electric cells form a layer directly beneath the skin, and envelop the entire body except the head and fins, the creature finding in the envelope perfect protection. The cells are, however, extremely small,—about one and a half millimetres in diameter,—and lozenge-shaped. Several specimens of these catfishes were exhibited in the New York Aquarium in 1876, and were found to impart a decided shock, though not comparable to that of the torpedo or gymnote. The Arabs in North Africa call them *raad*, or thunder,—certainly a suggestive title; while on the Niger the native name is *Ishenza*.

Among the sword-fishes, the *Trichiurus* of the Indian Ocean possesses electric organs of no mean power, which, combined with its formidable head-piece, would seem to render it impregnable.

An electric balloon-fish—*Tetraodon*—has been discovered in the waters about the Comoro Islands. These curious fishes were found in great numbers among the cavities of the rocks by the crew of an English ship, and when taken from the water they gave sharp and decided shocks, immediately assuming the strange oval shape from which they have derived their English appellation.

Other fishes—nine in all—are known to be electricians of more or less power, but as yet little is known of their natural method of using their curious defence. That it is such is hardly to be doubted; yet the torpedo is infested with a parasite that bores into its various parts, utterly insensible to the batteries of its victim. Professor Leydig, the eminent Swiss naturalist, marshals the forces of a small army of believers in the electric properties of the mother-of-pearl spots found in the *Maurolicus*,

Chauliodus, and other fish indigenous to the Mediterranean waters. The alleged electric organs are oval spots, generally scattered over the ventral surface, which, when critically examined, appear to bear a resemblance to the electric or pseudo-electric organs of other fishes.

Of all the electric animals, the insects are perhaps the most interesting, possibly from the fact that but little is yet known concerning them. The late General Davis, of the British Army, a devoted naturalist and collector, was the first to discover these insect batteries. His experiments were chiefly confined to the wheel-bug (*Reduvius serratus*) of the West India Islands. In picking one up from the ground he received a decided shock, as if from an electric jar, which affected his arm as high as the elbow. Shaking the insect off, he observed six marks where its feet had been, and from this he inferred that the legs were the electric organs. The naturalists Kirby and Spence also refer to the electrical properties of these insects. Other instances of insect electricians have been communicated to the London Entomological Society by Mr. Farrell. One is referred to in a letter from Lady de Gray, of Groby, in which the shock was caused by one of the beetles (*Elateridæ*),—so powerful that the arm of the experimenter was rendered useless for some moments. Captain Blakeney, R. N., had a most remarkable experience in South America. Observing a strange, large, hairy lepidopterous caterpillar, he attempted to pick it up, when he experienced so powerful an electric shock that his right arm and side were almost paralyzed: his life was, in fact, considered in danger, the force of the discharge being as powerful as that of the torpedo, and more subtle.

C. F. HOLDER.

GUY'S LEGACY.

I.

"MOTHER,"—Effie Palmer threw her hat and shawl into a corner as she turned almost fiercely upon the quiet middle-aged lady who was knitting by the window,—“mother, I'm a covetous, wicked sinner!”

“Effie, my darling! Well, I can't say exactly, but I'm half afraid I know where you got it from.”

“Is there any of it in you, mother? I'm glad of it, then. I didn't know till this very day that I'd ever had any ideas about Uncle Guy's property. It's been in my head all school-time, and I was cross to the children. All the way home I kept thinking of it. What do you suppose made him pass over you and all the rest, and leave everything he had to somebody he hardly ever saw in his life?”

“You don't know that, my dear. This young man is his grand-nephew. Ralph Stockbyrn was his own brother.”

“And your mother was his own sister, and I'm his grand-niece.”

“Well, Effie, and Ralph's son was his nephew, and his son is this Guy Stockbyrn that gets the property. He's the only man of the family name that's left, so far as I know.”

“I don't care if he is. I wish he wasn't left. I wasn't thinking of it for myself, mother. I thought of you, and how you deserved to be made comfortable, and how hard a time we had to get along, and— Well, I don't care. I didn't know it, but away back, inside of me, I'd been counting on what Uncle Guy might do for you. It's too bad!” The tears of disappointment were springing from Effie's dark-gray eyes, her hands were hard-shut, and there was very nearly a small stamp of her right foot. Whether from the effects of covetousness, or anger, or malice, or any other wickedness, her very pretty face was looking unusually pretty in the flush of her energetic vexation. She looked

also the perfect picture of feminine activity, both of mind and body, only that the picture was not a large one. It was framed, too, merely in such neat and orderly habiliments as might be within the reach of a New-England country-school-teacher whose widowed mother owned a very small farm. No amount of even masculine energy could have wrung silks and satins and new bonnets out of the soil of that farm. The lower edge of the pasture-lot bordered for a short distance the broad and fertile acres in the valley below, which had been, for nobody knew exactly how long, the “home-farm” of the Stockbyrns.

Old Guy Stockbyrn had been dead a whole week now. A perfect swarm of near and distant relatives had attended his funeral, full of what they called “sorrow for the departed.” They all went home after it, except about half a dozen who remained on a visit of condolence with Aunt Martha Peters, at the homestead. Those who went and those who remained continued equally warm in their praises of old Guy, until Lawyer Bentley found the “will” among the papers in his office. It was an awful will. Aunt Martha had property of her own, but everybody expected that she would be remembered; and so no one was astonished that her name was mentioned first, and that quite handsomely. What astounded people of all shades of kindred and connection, and even some who were of neither kith nor kin, was that no other name was mentioned after hers except that of “Guy Stockbyrn, only son of my deceased nephew, Ralph Stockbyrn, who was the only son of my brother Ralph.”

This person, indeed, who lived hundreds of miles away, and of whom nobody in the whole Quantic Valley or along the coast could speak for certain, was made sole executor and residuary legatee. To him went the farm, and the stock, and the Sanderton village

property, and everything else, known and unknown, except the legacy to Aunt Martha Peters; and she was only a half-niece at that.

In the strong language of one of the most bitterly disappointed relatives: "The irreligious old curmudgeon! He didn't leave a cent to the Church, or to the poor, or to the heathen, or to any of the societies, or—or—or to me."

"What shall you do about it?" said Mrs. Judge Pannering, anxiously, to Aunt Martha Peters.

"What'll I do? Why, there isn't anything at all to be done. Guess I can run the house till the young feller gets here. He won't be long a-coming; now you see if he is. It'll fetch him quick."

That was only the day before Effie Palmer's confession of covetousness. There were at least twenty houses, more and not less, up and down the Quiantic Valley which contained men and women, and old men and old women, and young men and maidens, who could honestly have stood in front of somebody and let out quite as much as Effie did.

"Effie, my dear," said her mother, "I think we had better say no more about it. Do you know when they expect him?"

"Him? Cousin Guy? He'll be cousin to half the valley, and they'll all be ready to trot him round and make a wonder of him. Nobody knows when he'll come,—unless it's Lawyer Bentley. They say he sent a telegraph despatch as soon as he opened the will and knew what was in it."

That small fact had travelled more miles in more directions in fewer hours than any other fact of its size had ever travelled before. Mr. Hiram Peters, Aunt Martha's favorite nephew, had actually ridden a mile out of his way to stop at the hill-side school-house and tell it to Effie. He interrupted the geography-class just as Leonora Hathaway was bounding Africa, and Effie was so flustered that she never noticed Leonora's curious remark about the Bay of Bengal and the Island of Magdisaster. Hiram told his news in a low, confi-

dential, whispering tone that was heard all over the school-room, for it had not been quite so silent since the school-house was built, except during vacations and at night, as it was at that minute. Every scholar had as much of Hiram's news to carry home as Effie herself, and they all told their mothers: "I heard him. He said all that, and he said, 'You ought to have had something, Effie. I allers allowed the old feller'd put you in for a slice. Hope he's good and warm where he is now.' And she kind o' colored, and she didn't say nothin'."

Hiram Peters had taken a deep interest in the will of old Guy Stockbyrn long before he knew anything definite concerning its contents. He had worked many a long day on the old farm, and he could tell precisely what the different fields were good for, and what was the genealogy of all the stock on the place. He knew, also, the genealogy of the Stockbyrn family, and that Mrs. Palmer was the nearest in blood-kinship of all the branches and offshoots in the Quiantic Valley. Other nieces and nephews, as he had often said to himself, were "only halves and quarters and sech; and the old man is great on blood. There's another lot, away off somewheres, but I guess we needn't bother our heads about them. They're too far away; and he's most likely lost track on 'em."

Something like that train of reasoning may have been in the minds of other people; and before the funeral, and after it, and until everybody knew what was in the will, there had been a great deal of politeness shown to Effie and her mother. Even Judge Pannering had offered them a seat in his own carriage; and both Mrs. Pannering and Dora had kissed them in the most cousinly way when they came into the house on their return from the ceremonies at the cemetery. There is nothing like sincere grief for bringing the rich and poor together on the same level. Still, it could not put away all the natural differences between a tall, handsome, elegantly-dressed blonde like Dora Pannering and a slight, gray-

eyed, curly-headed little school-teacher like Effie Palmer.

Even Hiram Peters could see the contrast between them, but he muttered to himself, "The jedge has got some good proppity, that's a fact; but he lives high, and they do say he owed the old man more money than he'd keer to pay right off. Most of his relatyves did, for that matter."

If so, that was not a bad testimony concerning old Guy Stockbyrn's kindness of heart, and it was likely to deepen the general interest in the new Guy Stockbyrn, and in the specific qualities of whatever heart he might prove to have, now that all the several sums of money were due to "the estate" and he was named sole executor.

Mrs. Palmer did not at once take up the knitting she had dropped when Effie's confession burst upon her. She slowly remarked, "A telegraph despatch. Then he will be here before the end of the week. I'm afraid our troubles have come upon us, Effie."

"Why so, mother?"

"The mortgage, Effie,—it's overdue, you know."

"The mortgage on the farm? I'd almost forgotten that. I'm sure we've paid the interest always."

"But the principal. It's not a large sum, to be sure, but if this Mr. Stockbyrn decides to call for it we can hardly help ourselves. The farm will have to go. I do not know where I could raise a thousand dollars in these hard times."

"The farm, mother? Lose the farm? What should we do then? Mother, I hate him!"

"Hate whom, Effie?"

"This cousin of ours,—this man we never saw. What right is there in such a thing, I'd like to know? I thought I loved Uncle Guy; but I don't. He ought never to have left us all at the mercy of such a man. I'll tell you now just what Hiram Peters said about him after he told me about the telegraph despatch."

She did, and her mother calmly answered her, "He is a wicked fellow, Effie darling."

II.

JUST three days after that, yet another piece of news went around the Quiantic Valley, and through Sanderton village, and up and down the coast, so fast that everybody knew it at the same time, and it was of no use whatever for any one to meet a neighbor and say, "I say! Did y' hear what Lawyer Bentley got in answer to his tel'graph?" For the reply was sure to be, "Ye-es. Th' young feller says to let things run right along as they are till he kin shut up what he's a-drivin' at and come on. He can't say just when that'll be."

Then the next remark, as a general thing, was some kind of a variation on, "Cur'ous doin's. 'Pears to me if anybody'd died and lef' me a big farm, and a house and barns, and cords of prime stock, and notes of hand on good men, and money in bank, and household proppity, and growin' crops, it wouldn't take me no gre't len'th of time to shet up shop and go and take a look at it."

Aunt Martha Peters was always at the Friday evening meeting of her church. She was there that week, and she had an uncommonly long list of questions to answer before she could get out, after the benediction. There had not been so full an evening meeting on any previous Friday since the revival broke up, the winter before last.

There were lots of people there from the other Sanderton churches, and they all looked around a little, as if they were examining each other. They did so especially while the minister tried to express his sense of the loss the church and the whole community had sustained in the recent departure of such a "pillar" as good old Deacon Stockbyrn, who had been "gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe." Half the seats in front of him were occupied by hearers who had not yet forgotten their failure to hear the sound of their own names when they had been told the contents of the good old deacon's will. It added very much to the solemnity of the meeting while it lasted. There was even a kind of solemnity left for folks to carry home with

them, after Aunt Martha had declared, seven times hand-running, "I don't know, and I don't care. If he takes after the Stockbyrns, the way he'd ought to, he knows his own business. He'll come when he gets ready, and he won't come before."

That sounded as if there might be a streak of self-will in the family; and Aunt Martha was one of them, and ought to know. If her hearers could have travelled a few hundred miles that very day, reaching their journey's end just after supper, they might have seen reasons for agreeing with her,—that is, if directed to the right room in a modest but respectable dwelling in a well-kept street of a small city in one of the Middle States. There, at the tea-table, sat the very Guy Stockbyrn that was shortly to come to the Quaintic Valley, and with him were his widowed mother and his two sisters. Tea was over, and the young man was parrying quite as much as answering a series of somewhat inquisitive remarks.

"Why, mother," he said, "you would not have me dash off and leave everything at sixes and sevens on a mere telegram from a stranger?"

"But now you've his letter, and it's all sure, and you should go at once."

She was looking very lovingly at the broad-shouldered, manly young fellow at the other end of the table, and he was looking hard at his plate just then. There was a half-perceptible quiver in his heavy chestnut moustaches as he said, "I'll be ready by Monday, mother. It's likely to take me some time after I get there. From the lawyer's account, there's a good deal of it. I'm glad of it. We haven't been exactly poor, but I've cost you a good deal. I can pay it back now. I shall not be a burden on you any more."

"My son! A burden? You!"

"Guy," exclaimed the young lady on his right, impetuously, "what do you mean? I'm sure you've worked hard enough; you've done—"

But the young lady on his left chimed in eagerly with, "You've not been any burden to me, Guy: besides, now you're

rich we'll all come and live with you, and I'll learn to milk and make the butter, and Agnes can do the churning."

"Mother," continued Guy, "it does come to all of us. Our property has been narrow for four, but it won't be so narrow for you three. It's just as Laura says: you can all come and live with me as soon as I'm settled. I'll go on and take possession next week. I'm going right out now to close up some of my affairs. You needn't all be in such a dreadful hurry to get rid of me. There's no telling when I shall get back."

Guy rose as he spoke, and there was no opportunity for much more talk before he was out of the house. He was hardly gone, however, when Agnes emerged from a long fit of silence with, "Mother, there's something the matter with Guy. I know there is. Do you suppose Addie Wilkinson can have anything to do with it?"

"I hope not, my dear: he should be wiser than that."

"She's rich, mother, and she's accomplished. Some people think she's beautiful."

"I hope Guy doesn't, then," exclaimed Laura. "Why, Aggie, she's as proud as Lucifer, and I don't believe her heart would fill my thimble."

"Laura!" said her mother.

"Now, mother, you think just as I do, and so does Aggie. I do hope Guy won't think of spoiling his new farm by putting her on it. To think of Addie Wilkinson making butter!"

"I don't see why, then. Her father began in life by selling milk," was the supplement freely supplied by Agnes; but Mrs. Stockbyrn was silent.

Guy went to his own room, on leaving the tea-table, and he spent a few careful minutes in making his outer man unexceptionable. It was not a work of much difficulty, but it was done with greater vigor than is common with handsome young fellows of twenty-five or thereabouts when they go out of an evening to close up some of their affairs, unless there is something peculiar in the nature of the affairs or of the expected closing-up.

Such there may have been in the present case, for Guy walked on up the street from the gate of his mother's dwelling, until he paused before a mansion whose imposing exterior seemed to have a depressing effect upon him.

"I know she returned this very morning," he muttered. "Yes, and I know what will be her decision. What puzzles me is, that I'm glad of it now. I should hardly have dreamed that. Still, it's a bitter kind of pill to swallow."

Then he drew a long breath, and walked up the broad stone steps and rang the door-bell with the air of a man whose mind was fully made up to something bitter or desperate.

A servant answered the bell, and conducted him into an elegantly-furnished drawing-room, where the first thing he did, after seating himself to wait, was to put his white, sinewy hand over his eyes for a moment. He may have been put in mind of some of his "affairs" by what he saw around him. A minute went by, and then Guy's hand fell quickly, as the rustle of a lady's dress was audible at the door. He rose and stood somewhat more erect than usual, as he held out his hand. "Addie,—or is it Miss Wilkinson?"

"I think it will have to be Miss Wilkinson hereafter, Guy,—Mr. Stockbyrn, I mean,—for I have fully decided while I was away. Sit down, please."

There was a deep flush upon her almost beautiful face, and a smile was on her lips, and there was more than a little soothing kindness in the firm, full tones of her voice. She started a little at the serene calmness of Guy's rejoinder:

"Thank you, indeed, for relieving me of all suspense."

"I thought it all over," she said,—
"your narrow means, the years of weary waiting, or, if we were so foolish, the longer years of bitter struggles and sacrifices. For your sake as well as for mine, I decided that we must go no further. I have brought down all your keepsakes: you will find them here, letters and all."

"It is a fair exchange, then," said Guy, as he took from the breast-pocket

of his coat a small packet that was nearly a counterpart of the one Miss Wilkinson's jewelled fingers held out to him. These latter trembled just a little as they let go, but there was no tremor in the hand of Guy Stockbyrn. He did but seem, for an instant, to be swallowing something, and then he calmly remarked, "This is the end. What a mistake we made when we dreamed that we were in love with each other!"

"I'm not so sure," she said, with a touch of sweet sadness in her tone and in her smile. "We cannot do as we would in this world. At all events, we are wise now. I shall always be your warm friend, Mr. Stockbyrn,—always!"

"And I yours, Miss Wilkinson. I go out of town in a day or so, to be gone some time. I shall try to get this out of my heart and mind while I am gone. You will have less difficulty, and I sincerely hope I shall soon hear that you have once more acted wisely."

There may have been a concealed arrow in his last sentence, for she blushed vigorously. She did but say, "An absence? I wish you a pleasant journey. I shall always be glad to hear of your success and happiness. I shall, indeed!"

"Shall you?" exclaimed Guy, as if something had suddenly come to his memory. "Then I think you may as well rejoice with me a little now. I have a small matter of success, if you can call it so."

"I shall be delighted to hear. It may help us both to bury this other matter."

Her conduct had been simply magnificent under trying circumstances, for the spoken words of such an interview as that can only be from ten to fifteen per cent. of the actual conversation. The rest of it is done in other and more subtle ways, and Guy had said less than Addie, until he now responded, "My grand-uncle, from whom I get my first name, recently departed this life, and before doing so he made me his heir, and my journey is for the purpose of taking charge of the estate."

"Is it large? I hope so." She said

it wonderfully well, and he replied, "I can't say. I have only a lawyer's letter. He makes what he calls a guess at it. Something like a hundred thousand, in all shapes and forms."

"Why, that will make a rich man of you. Guy Stockbyrn! Why did you not tell me this before?"

It was less a question than a sudden and fierce explosion, of a kind no human being would have dreamed of from Addie Wilkinson's haughty, self-controlled lips.

Guy Stockbyrn's face did but whiten a little as he met it with, "It was a piece of news I should have rejoiced to bring to a woman who loved me,—as you do not,—or to tell, as I tell it now, to a lady who assures me of her friendship. You had no right to it, except as one or the other of these women."

She stood before him with flushed face and quivering lips, but she was fast recovering herself.

"I am ashamed to let you see how deeply you have stung me. I did love you. It would be impossible now."

"You did not, for you told me so. Not well enough to refrain from casting in my face the insult and the bitterness of the assurance that my love was not sufficient for you without wealth. The sting came from you, and I have not retaliated. If you are my friend, you should be glad for me for a double reason: first, because of my new wealth, if such it is; and much more because a woman who never loved me, in any true sense of that word, has cured me of an insane delusion. Shake hands, Miss Wilkinson. I hope you may marry the richest man in the State."

"Good-evening, Mr. Stockbyrn. No, I will not shake hands. You should have told me at the first. I was entitled to that knowledge in coming to my decision."

"No, Addie; you made up your mind while you were gone, and my letters were ready for me when I entered the house. Believe me, it is really best for both of us. I want a woman who will love me, and you should try and marry more than a hundred thousand dollars."

Her hands were over her face as she stood under the chandelier, and they did not come down until his steady step sounded on the flags of the sidewalk under the window.

"Guy! Guy!" she gasped. "Come back, Guy! Oh, he is gone! He will never come back. I see it now. I have thrown him away; and for what? For the very things he was offering me. He should have told me! It was not fair!"

There must have been a keen sense of justice somewhere hidden in the heart of Addie Wilkinson, for in half a minute more, still standing there and staring at the door, with tears of vexation and disappointment streaming down her face, she muttered, "I'd have done just as he did if I had been in his place. The first thing I did when I came into the room was to call him Mr. Stockbyrn. I cannot blame him at all. And now what am I to do? How long will it be before I find such another man as he is?" And it seemed to her as if some mocker added, in the deep, manly tones of Guy, "And with a hundred thousand dollars."

It was too much, and the deeply stung and humiliated beauty sank into a corner of the sofa with her handkerchief before her eyes.

Guy Stockbyrn's "affairs" had been settled rapidly and completely, and so he told his mother and sisters on his return, but he retired soon to his own room on the plea of having "papers to look over."

So he had, and there was a neatly-cased miniature of himself among them, and a ring, and a few faded flowers. It was not a very business-like collection of papers, and there was one over which he lingered,—not in his own hand, but in Addie Wilkinson's, and of recent date.

"Upon my soul, she argues well. Considerate for both of us. I thank her, I do. What surprises me is that she showed any feeling afterward. Feel?" He jumped to his feet. "Don't I feel it? Every inch of me. The roots came out hard, the pull hurt: she did it. But they're all out now, and I'm a free man. Thank you, Addie."

III.

It had been very freely prophesied that young Guy Stockbyrn would be made a cousin of and "taken all around" on his arrival in the Quiantic Valley. It struck him forcibly that he must be in some way related to everybody in Sanderton village, unless it might be the Irish blacksmith, the colored barber, and the German baron who kept the lager-beer saloon at the railway-dépôt. An entire half of the taking for the first week was done by the Pannering, and it was from Dora Pannering herself that Effie Palmer obtained her first clear idea of the man she had decided to hate. She knew of his arrival soon enough, for Hiram Peters came over to tell her, and he stayed to tea, and did not set out for home until nearly nine o'clock. He was hardly out of the house before Effie was in the kitchen, scolding her mother: "What did you leave the sitting-room for, mother? He'd have gone an hour sooner if you'd only stood your ground."

"Young folks have their rights, my dear," smiled Mrs. Palmer.

"So they have; but Hiram Peters has no right to use up my time in this way. Now I've got to sit up till ever so late over my exercises. If they're all as bad as Leonora Hathaway's, I shan't get through at all."

It was just as well for Hiram that he did not hear the remainder of that conversation, and it may also have been an escape for Guy Stockbyrn that he also was beyond ear-shot. He might have been more interested if he had stood near Dora Pannering and Effie, without their seeing him, when they met each other at the edge of the meeting-house green in Sanderton, at the end of those first few days.

Effie asked plain questions, with her gray eyes looking right into Dora's light-blue ones, and among the answers was this: "Acquainted? Dear me, yes. He says I'm the perfect picture of a dear friend of his,—a Miss Addie Wilkinson. There isn't much chance for the Quiantic Valley girls, I guess. He's spoken for."

"Do you suppose she's really handsome?" asked Effie innocently.

"Oh, yes, to be sure she must be. He says she is. He says I reminded him of her the moment he saw me. Haven't you seen him yet?"

"No, indeed; but I suppose I shall before long. We don't owe the estate much, but mother says she has business with him."

Dora's cheeks flushed a little, for the Pannering's had been led gently to discover that their relatives and neighbors knew why their new cousin was so dear to them, and Effie's remark had a mild sting in it.

There were more questions and answers, but the talk flagged a little from that point; and Effie hurried away toward her home on the hill-side. She had so much on her mind that she could not think of any one thing in particular, and hardly knew where she was, until something made her look up, and there was the gate of the old Stockbyrn mansion close to her, wide open, and at it stood as fine-looking a young man as she had ever seen. He was within four feet of her, or not more than six at the farthest, and she was startled exceedingly,—so much so that, in the instant of recognizing Dora Pannering's vivid portrait of him, she exclaimed, "Cousin Guy!" and then wanted to bite her unruly tongue off.

Before she had time or resolution to do so, the tall young man lifted his hat gracefully, and replied, with the merriest of smiles, "I suppose so. And I beg you will tell me the name of the other of us two cousins."

Effie's face was crimson, but her tongue was a faithful servant, after all, for it said, on her account and without instruction, "Effie Palmer; and my mother was Uncle Guy's own niece."

"I know all about it, then. I've found out where you live, but I've had no time to call. Cousin Dora promised to come and introduce me; but now I shall not need her." He had stepped right out as he spoke, and, before Effie's mind was at all in a settled state, he was swinging along at her side as if he had

been brought up in the Quantic Valley and had known her all his life.

She hated him vigorously for the lordly ease and unconcern with which he did it; and she thought in her rebellious and covetous and wicked little heart, "He thinks he has a mortgage on us; but he hasn't any on me."

Little did Guy Stockbyrn yet know of the mysteries of his grand-uncle's money-lending, but he was saying to himself, "It's perfectly refreshing. She evidently wants to get rid of me. I'll go all the way home with her. It's a change; and I needed one."

She could but ask him in when they got there, and she introduced him to her mother, and he was polite and deferential to such a degree that Mrs. Palmer asked him to stay to supper. It was after supper that the good lady's heart broke over its barriers and forced her to speak of the mortgage. "I suppose we shall soon know what you wish done about it," she said, with all the firmness of her mental constitution recalled in the tones of her voice.

Guy was looking at Effie just then, and inquiring of himself what he had said or done to send so much sudden resentment into her eyes, and he answered her mother half-dreamily, "Mortgage? Is that so? No, I don't think you will. I'm a good deal more interested in the growing crops just now. That is,—I beg your pardon,—unless you want the money. Certainly, if you do, I'll see that it's paid you at once."

Effie laughed outright in spite of herself: "Why, we owe you the money, not you us."

"Ah! oh! That's it? I beg your pardon again. I almost wish my good grand-uncle had not loaned out so much money. I'd like to find somebody I can feel at home with. Mrs. Palmer, will you do me a great favor, you and Cousin Effie?"

"We should be very glad to, Cousin Guy," said Mrs. Palmer.

She noticed a queer cloud upon his face, and he spoke almost sharply in reply: "Don't speak of that matter again until I speak to you. I beg your pardon,

Mrs. Palmer, but I was thinking of my own mother. There's a kind of resemblance between you. She will come on after a while, to take care of me,—she and my sisters."

"Sisters? Oh, yes," said Effie: "you mentioned them at the table; but Dora Pannering—" She stopped just at the wrong word, and should have stopped sooner or said more, and yet her very tongue knew it had no business to mention the beautiful young-lady friend that so resembled Dora.

"She?" laughed Guy. "She is neither my sister nor my mother. She is not even so near a cousin as you are, and not half so near as your mother is.—Now, Mrs. Palmer, is it a bargain? May I come and go without feeling that I am looked upon as a Shylock? If I can't, I'll tell you what, I won't speak to you at all, nor to Effie either."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Palmer, with a smile of relief.

But Effie's eyes were looking very straight into Guy's when her unwise tongue took some words it found lying round loose in her mind, and told him, "I don't want you to speak to me, anyhow. I'm only a school-teacher."

Effie's remarks were often as much of a surprise to herself as to anybody else; but Guy responded, "Ashamed of it, are you? Then I'm ashamed of you. I wish I knew enough to teach school. I don't even know how to run a farm. All I know is what they teach at college and in a law-office."

"It's only a common district-school, and anybody can teach one."

"No, Effie, I think not. I'm quite sure I could not. Well, I won't speak to you if you wish me not to.—Mrs. Palmer, may I come and see you, and bring my mother over, and the girls, when they get here?"

"I shall be glad to see you or them at any time. Effie—"

"Then I'll go now; but I'll tell you what Aunt Martha Peters said to me yesterday. Said she, 'Cousin Guy, you've seen a lot of them, but you haven't seen Effie Palmer and her mother. They're jest wuth all them

Pannerings and Celestia Hummer and the Sanderton-village crowd put together.' Aunt Martha is a woman of remarkably sound mind."

He escaped from the house nicely, under cover of the crushing effects of that broadside, and in half an hour more he was in Lawyer Bentley's parlor, deep in the mysteries of a pile of papers.

"They're in perfect order," said the lawyer. "He was a man of method."

"I should say so," remarked Guy. "There's really little for me to do but to let things move right along. You will attend to the professional work."

"Of course. I had almost overlooked one thing. Here are the keys of your grand-uncle's private box at the house. I took charge of them, but I did not feel that I had a right to open it. You had better, when you can find time, go through such papers as are there, and see if there is anything you desire to turn over to me."

"I'll do it this very night. Then everything will be in tip-top running condition. I think I will have my mother and sisters on here by the middle of June."

"Do it; do it," exclaimed the old lawyer. "You're kind o' unprotected just now."

"I don't know about that. You forget Aunt Martha Peters."

"That's so; but she isn't enough. You won't be really safe till you're married. There are girls enough in the Quaintic Valley."

"I am almost beginning to think so. All of 'em cousins of mine, too. A man mustn't think of marrying into his own family."

IV.

GUY STOCKBYRN did not use the keys of his grand-uncle's box that night, but he wrote a long letter to his mother. It was days and days before he made any use of them whatever, and in the course of those days he twice took tea at Mrs. Palmer's, and on each occasion he managed to increase the distance between himself and Effie, and she did her best to make it clear to him that she

was in no wise included in the mortgage.

He looked in at the school one day after that, and he would have seen her at work, but it was so near three o'clock that all he heard was Leonora Hathaway's reading of a brief "prose selection." He seemed interested in the style of that elocution, as well he might have been; but it was impudence on his part to remain after school was dismissed. Three small boys, who would otherwise have been "kept in," were permitted to go home; and thus Effie had to walk all the way to her own gate with the man she hated, and she hated him more and more all the way, for from every foot of the road along the hill-side they had a splendid view of the great Stockbyrn farm, spreading out across the valley and into the very village of Sanderton. She knew that the man at her side had even inherited a mortgage upon the Eagle Hotel, in Sanderton, and that, except for his name, he had no more Stockbyrn in him than she had. He was rich now, and she and her mother were poor, and there was no kind of justice in it. He did not offer to go in when they reached the gate, and Effie did not ask him. He did not, because he had something on his mind, and it made him walk briskly homeward. He was hardly "shaken down" into actual farm-management as yet, and he had made an arrangement with Aunt Martha which left her as much of a queen-regent as ever. She had a capital supper ready for him earlier than he could have got one at Mrs. Palmer's, and then he went to his room.

"That box,—I've neglected it. I'll go through it now."

It was under the bed, and he pulled it out, and the key was turned quickly in the old-fashioned lock.

"No money in it, of course. He was too prudent a man for that. Heaps of papers, though." The lid went back as he said that. "I'll run these through hastily. Then I'll sort 'em."

He was a trained hand in the business of going over and through such a mass as that, and the papers shot from his

fingers upon the table at his side in rapid succession.

"Of value, some of them. Can't leave them here. Halloo! what's this? I declare! Here's a find with a vengeance!"

It was curious that so self-possessed a man as Guy Stockbyrn should find anything to excite him in a sheet of foolscap paper in a long envelope in an old box. He was excited, nevertheless, and at the end of the reading he laid the paper on the table, drew a long whistle, and remarked, "I can't say I'm sorry. She's by all odds the nicest person I've met since I came here. I'm not sorry on my own account,—not one bit,—and I'm glad for her. But what shall I do about it? It has taught me something, however,—something I did not know. I'll see Bentley in the morning, and make him swear to keep the secret, and I'll go over there about the time she gets home from school."

He put the papers into the box again, all but that particular one, and then he discovered that it was country bedtime. He went to bed; but it is a serious question if a man can be asleep, no matter how dark the room is, when he is all the while rolling over and talking to himself. Once or twice he mentioned the name of "Addie," whether he were waking or dreaming, and yet he did not know that Miss Wilkinson had called that day at his mother's house, and that just before she went away she had asked Agnes, "By the way, have you heard from your brother? Does he like his new possessions?"

"Yes, indeed; he writes the longest, best letters in the world. Only I'm alarmed about him."

"Alarmed about him?"

"Decidedly. He says the whole Quiantic Valley is full of young ladies. One of them, Dora her name is,—Dora Pannering,—I must tell you,—he says she could almost sit for a picture of you."

"Of me?" and Addie's face was all one crimson flush in an instant.

"He says so. Of course he thinks she is beautiful. He says all the young

ladies there are quite pretty, except some that are not. That's just like Guy. He's the best brother in the wide world."

Addie's call was a short one, of the strictly social kind, and there was nothing in such news to lead her to prolong it, but, for some reason, she made no more calls that day, and on her return home she went right into the parlor and stood for a moment under the chandelier.

"Letters? From Guy? I gave him back all he ever wrote me. He was standing on that very spot. It hurt him. I know it hurt him. He did not dream how it hurt me; neither did I. I wish I knew Agnes better. She is a sweet girl. She is much more like him than Laura is. I'm glad he is rich, anyhow."

Guy Stockbyrn got to sleep at last, and he was up betimes in the morning, and at the dingy little office of Lawyer Bentley, in Sanderton village, half an hour before its owner came to unlock it. In three minutes more the door of it was again locked on the inside, and Guy and his counsel were securely closeted from all intrusion. They evidently had business of importance which did not call for any outside help in the doing.

The whole forenoon seemed no more than enough for that business, although the door was unlocked after a while, that Mr. Bentley's other business might not be altogether neglected. Then Guy went home to dinner, and after that he and Aunt Martha Peters had a long private talk in the west parlor, with the door shut. There was no woman in the Quiantic Valley better qualified than Aunt Martha to give a young man sound advice. She knew everybody, too, and she knew nearly all they had ever done of good or evil, only she was never in any hurry to tell of it. She might tell Guy, though, for he was a stranger in the valley and had no other protector. She was just coming out of the room when she said to him, "I'd jest do it, if I was you; there ain't anybody in the way, and it'll keep the property together."

Guy laughed and walked out of the house, and nobody saw any more of him until between three and four o'clock,

and then Effie Palmer saw him striding up the road, just as she drew near her own gate. She quickened her pace and reached it before he did, and she did not even look round, but when she put her hand on the knob of the door and was turning it, his heavy step was on the porch behind her.

"Good-evening, Effie."

"Good-evening, Mr. Stockbyrn." She had been aching to call him by that name for some time, and it had hardly seemed civil, but she had been looking across the farm all the way home, and the growing crops were looking fine, and so were the herds of cattle and the flocks of sheep, and she had a picture of the old Stockbyrn mansion in her eye when she uttered the family name.

"You won't ask me in, eh? Then I'll come in without asking."

Effie's tongue said nothing, and he answered the remark in her eyes: "No, Effie, it isn't your house: it's your mother's. I've come to see her. Please tell her I've come to speak to her about that mortgage. I have some business with you, too."

She had from the first admitted that he was the finest-looking man she had ever seen, and he was now looking down into her face with so kindly, genial a smile that she would have melted a little if it had not been for the mention of the mortgage. Even as it was,—and the fact gave her a strange, half-tired, uneasy feeling,—she could not look straight back again, and all she could say was, "Business with me? I will call mother at once. Walk in and take a seat, Mr. Stockbyrn."

He did so, while Effie passed wearily on into the kitchen. She had never in all her life felt just as she did at that moment,—so vaguely hungry for all that was unattainable, and so sick at heart because it was so. As soon as her mother could set her cap to rights, she was shaking hands with Guy, and was fast recovering from the tremor with which she had received his message by Effie. Still, her voice sounded very earnest indeed when she said to him, "Now, Cousin Guy, what is it?"

"I think I may as well make a short story of it, and then Effie may drive me out of the house as soon as she sees fit."

"I don't want to drive you out of the house, I'm sure."

"Yes, you do, Effie; and now you will hate me worse than ever. The fact is, Mrs. Palmer, I have found a new will, made by my grand-uncle at a later date than the one in the hands of Mr. Bentley. It sets the old will aside. It provides for Aunt Martha precisely as did the first will, but it makes a few small changes after that. He leaves to you the mortgage on your farm and a few keepsakes. To Effie he leaves—"

"To me?" exclaimed Effie, suddenly springing from her chair and staring into the unmistakably pleased and happy face of her handsome cousin.

"Yes, my dear; to you he leaves enough of the village property, and of other matters, to make up, as well as Mr. Bentley and I can figure it, about a third of the entire estate, which is nearly twice as large as anybody supposed it to be. Now, Effie, hate me if you can. Mrs. Palmer, I congratulate you heartily."

"Thank the Lord!" burst from the lips of the good lady, as she took both the hands Guy held out to her; but Effie was pressing close to her side, as if she were striving for a better look at her cousin's face.

"Guy Stockbyrn, do you mean to say you are really delighted to find a third of all your property leaving you and coming to us?"

"That isn't the way to put it, Effie. It's not mine,—it's yours; and I am delighted to be the means of putting it in your possession. I am still the sole executor, you know, and you've got to have business conferences with me, and look at my accounts, and watch closely, so that you'll be sure I'm not cheating you."

"Guy,—Cousin Guy,—I'm ashamed of myself. I've treated you dreadfully. Will you please forgive me? I could not understand you, somehow; I was blinded: covetousness,—prejudice—"

At that moment a sudden uproar in the kitchen drew from Mrs. Palmer the

exclamation, "Dear me! that kettle's b'iled over!" and away she darted to save the kitchen fire, leaving Guy and Effie face to face. His was doing well enough, but for a shade of deep seriousness that was stealing over it, but there was a perilous amount of flush and glow upon her impulsive, eager, penitent visage, as it looked up so pleadingly to his.

"Effie, I'm glad the kettle did its duty. Don't say another word. Just let me say one, may I?"

"I suppose so. Of course you may. Only I feel so wicked and bad."

"Well, then, what I wish to say is this: I never saw any one in all my life to whom I could so gladly turn over a third of all I had, and then another third, and then another third, and then wish there were something else to give her."

"Cousin Guy! What do you mean, Guy Stockbyrn?"

Her hands were struggling vainly to get away from his, but her deep-gray eyes were not flinching, although all the color had left her face.

"I cannot tell you all my story now. I only say how glad I am. Do you not believe me?"

"I believe you. Yes, I do believe you; but I am not worthy of it. It would be stealing. I have had such dreadful thoughts and feelings, and I envied Dora and that other girl. Oh, Guy, I did not mean to say that. I did not know it myself."

Her own tongue had told her the secret, nevertheless; and, what was equally important, it had told it to Guy Stockbyrn, and he was the boldest of bold young men,—for, when Mrs. Palmer returned from the kitchen, there was Effie, sobbing as if her heart would break, with Guy's arm around her.

"Sakes alive! Cousin Guy!"

"She's not at all hurt, mother," said Guy soothingly. "I think it's only another change in the settlement. She has consented to take the whole property, with me as a mortgage. That's all."

"Oh, Effie!"

"Mother, don't. I can't say a word."

It really was not necessary; and when Guy went home that evening it was a little late, for he had remained to tea, and time was afterward consumed in saying all that could, would, or should be said.

Hiram Peters went by the house, and he would surely have called if he had not seen Guy's head at the parlor window. "Guess they've got to pony up on that there morgidge," he said to himself. "He's crowdin' down on 'em pretty soon, seems to me. The old man wouldn't 'a' done it."

Aunt Martha had retired before Guy returned home, and in the morning he was a little reserved about the nature of what she called the "new settlement;" but she firmly repeated the advice she had already given him. Then he went up-stairs to write a letter to his mother which insured her very speedy arrival, bringing the girls with her.

That was a welcome arrival for Guy, for he felt more and more unprotected as soon as the news of the new will had a chance to spread through the Quantic Valley. The moment his mother entered the house, he and Aunt Martha Peters took possession of her, but Agnes first drew Guy to the window and whispered to him, "Is it so, Guy? Where does she live?"

"In the little farm-house over there on the hill. She must be home by this time. She teaches school."

"Laura, come right along with me."

So, while Guy and Aunt Martha and his mother had their conference, quite a sudden surprise came to Effie Palmer and her mother. The gate opened to let in two well-dressed young ladies, and the front door had been left wide open by Effie, and there in the entry-way she met them, and her mother was just behind her.

"Is this Effie Palmer?"

Effie was trembling from head to foot; but she said "Yes" bravely.

"We are Guy Stockbyrn's sisters,—Aggie and Laura. He's the noblest man in the world. You don't know what a man he is."

"Yes, I do. Indeed I do." Poor

Effie could hardly say it, and indeed it was her tongue did it for her; but it brought the arms of Agnes around her neck on one side, and those of Laura around her waist on the other, and Mrs. Palmer was compelled to step forward and interfere. She kissed all three of them before anything more of any coherent consequence could be said by either of the four. They went right into the parlor; and that was where

Guy and his mother and Aunt Martha Peters found them about twenty minutes later.

Old grand-uncle Guy Stockbyrn had done a wonderfully wise thing when he made that second will, and, after all, he had kept the property together. That was what the entire population of the Quiantic Valley and all the people up and down the coast said about it.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

THE MILKY WAY.

EVENING has come, and across the skies,
 Out through the darkness that quivering dies,
 Beautiful, broad, and white,
 Fashioned of many a silver ray
 Stolen out of the ruins of day,
 Grows the pale bridge of the Milky Way,
 Built by the architect Night.

Dim with shadows and bright with stars
 Hung like gold lights on invisible bars,
 Stirred by the wind's low breath,
 Rising on cloud-shapen pillars of gray,
 Perfect it stands, like a tangible way
 Binding To-morrow with Yesterday,
 Reaching from Life to Death.

Dark show the heavens on either side,
 Soft flows the blue in a waveless tide
 Under the silver arch.
 Never a footstep is heard below,
 Echoing earthward, as, measured and slow,
 Over the bridge the still hours go,
 Bound on their trackless march.

Is it a pathway leading to heaven
 Over earth's sin-clouds, rent and riven
 With its supernal light,
 Crossed by the souls of those who have flown
 Stilly away from our arms, and alone
 Up to the beautiful great white throne
 Pass in the hush of night?

Is it the road that our wild dreams walk,
 Far beyond reach of our waking talk,
 Out to the vague and grand,

Far beyond Fancy's broadest range,
 Out to the world of marvel and change,
 Out to the mystic, unreal, and strange,
 Out to the Wonderland?

Is it the way that the angels take
 When they come down by night to wake
 Over the slumbering earth?
 Is it the way the faint stars go back
 When the young Day drives them off from his track
 Into the distant, mysterious black
 Where their bright souls had birth?

What may it be? Who may certainly say?
 Over the shadowy Milky Way
 No human foot hath trod.
 Ages have passed, but, unsullied and white,
 Still it stands, like a fair rainbow of night,
 Held as a promise above our dark sight,
 Guiding our thoughts to God.
 G. D. L.

INVADING THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

INCOMPARABLY the most interesting edifice for religious purposes in China—perhaps in all Asia—is the Temple of Heaven, in Peking. The first question which Europeans of all sorts in the Orient ask those who have just come from China is, "Did you go to Peking?" and the second is, "Did you see the Temple of Heaven?" Most Europeans in the Flowery Kingdom show much more anxiety to enter this Temple than heaven itself. Though it has always been next to impossible for a *Fanqui*—a foreign devil, as they call all white-faced strangers in China—to obtain a permit to visit this most sacred enclosure, yet until lately the keepers of the various gates and doors were open to the same sort of argument that is so universally effectual in Europe. But some time ago a German—so the French say—a Frenchman, so the Germans say—either broke something or carried off

something from the Temple, and the officials were immediately commanded, on pain of losing not their places only, but their heads as well, absolutely to refuse admittance to all the *Fanqui*. The imperial permission was, with great difficulty, secured for General Grant and his party; but since that time no Europeans, it is said, have been able to obtain this favor. Even our minister, President Angell, of Michigan University, of whom all Americans in China were justly proud, could not secure admission, though he was more anxious to see this temple than anything else in China.

When I first mentioned the subject to some of my friends, they said, "You might as well try to get into the Imperial Palace;" and that always made the boldest gasp for breath. But one can't expect to go often to China, especially to Peking, even in these migratory days,

and the thought of being harrowed all one's life by the question, "Did you see the Temple of Heaven?" and by the distressful consciousness of having missed the one object in China best worth seeing, was little less than maddening. I determined to get in. My friends, lay and missionary, laughed, and said, "It is impossible." Finally, the gentleman whose delightful hospitality I was so fortunate as to enjoy, an official in the Chinese customs-service, seeing that the disappointment was preying upon my mind and gradually undermining a naturally vigorous constitution, rose to the occasion, and said, "We will go to-morrow morning at five o'clock." I asked no questions as to the ways and means. I slept peacefully, pillowed on hope, and exactly at the hour we were in our saddles, riding through the clouds of black dust that rise perpetually out of the unpaved, unwatered streets of the Chinese capital. Keeping to the left of the Imperial and Tartar cities,—Peking is really three cities in one,—we rode almost unnoticed, except by the little boys, through the Chinese city. Now and then an almond-eyed, high-cheeked urchin, with long finger-nails, and a pig-tail hanging down his back, and high wooden shoes, kicking up the dust, would point his finger at us, and shout, "Red-haired devils,"—all the *Fanqui* are supposed to have red hair,—or would refer to our ancestors in terms more vigorous than complimentary, as I could infer from the expression on my friend's face.

Passing beyond the walls of the city, we saw immediately before us the sacred walled park, nearly a mile square, in whose centre we knew was the object of our desire. Riding some distance along the wall, we dismounted, and left our horses with the Chinese *syce*, or groom, with orders to wait for us two hours, and then walked, or rather strolled, toward the gate, which was standing nearly half open.

A year before, some friends of ours had found the guard asleep, and walked in; but he was wide awake enough now, and, as he saw us coming, he immediately

closed and locked his gate. We said "Good-morning" to him, in Chinese, in our pleasantest manner. As their expression always is, we asked him "if he had eaten his rice?" at which he growled, I thought possibly in disapproval of my pronunciation; but it was not wholly that, for when my friend, who spoke like a veritable mandarin, tried to begin a friendly chat with him, his growls only became deeper and more continuous; and when we brought forward our climacteric argument—a roll of Chinese paper money—he gave us to understand, as Balaam did the prophets of Balak, that not for a houseful would he yield. We were prepared even for this. We had been told that farther on the wall was broken, and the sand so heaped against it that we might easily step over, and, once inside and out of the sight of those outside, the guards would be only too glad to take our money, and possibly, if there happened to be a religious fanatic among them, our lives too. With this to encourage us, we walked on, and found the sand-heap just as we had been told. We stepped on it, jumped over, and were in the sacred park. We had, of course, been seen, and a guard came running after us, evidently in great excitement. He gesticulated frantically. He hurled short sentences at us, that, to my untrained ear, sounded more like the shrieks of the last unbroken string of a banjo or a guitar than articulate language. "He says," so my friend explained, "that if we go on he will certainly lose his place, and perhaps his head." I had no desire to make Chinese widows and orphans, and was just turning back with the sickening sense of failure, when my friend added, "And he says we ought to give him at least two tao [about sixteen cents] for running such a risk." This scarcely seemed unreasonable, so we handed over the amount of life-insurance he desired, and went on.

Another wall was before us, at least twenty feet high, and, as far as we could see in every direction, in tantalizingly good repair. There was no help for it.

We walked between the long rows of graceful cypress-trees to the gate, where half a dozen stout Chinamen were lounging, and watching us as a man might look at some curious animal which had just succeeded in getting caught. "*Chuliaofan?*" ("Have you eaten your rice?"), we said; to which they gave such a decided affirmative as seemed to imply that if we tried to get through their gate—locked as they saw us approaching—we would find out that they had not only eaten but digested it. We sat down on the low table from which they had made their breakfast, and my friend began to talk about every imaginable subject except the Temple of Heaven. Suddenly they all started up and said, "*The Laoyi! the Laoyi!*" and, looking down the cypress rows, we saw a man coming, who looked as if he might be a *Laoyi*, or official. He walked forward some distance, took a look at us from behind a tree, and then went away. We felt this had ruined our last chance, and when we broached the subject, carefully connecting it with pecuniary inducements, the guards unanimously assured us that we were right. *Fanqui* as we were, nothing would make them happier than to let us in, but they did not dare. My friend was hopeless. I tried, hypocritically, not to look discouraged, but it was of no use.

The fates had decided against us. We turned a corner of the wall to conceal our grief; we stood weeping under a tree, when, looking up through our tears, we saw that the branches overhung the wall, and in a moment I had reached the end of the largest branch and had dropped upon the top of the wall. Two or three of the guards heard the noise, and came out to look, and thought it rather a good joke; and I began to take the same view of it, as I saw that the ground beneath was hard and stony and that it would be a jump of at least eighteen feet. My friend, who was now in the tree, drew up a long pole that was leaning against it, and pushed it out to me; I dropped it on the other side, against the wall; it was three feet too short, and not even a monkey could

have got on it from where I stood, for the top of the wall was a projecting roof, under which the top of the pole could not even be seen.

My friend said he would go to another guard-house, some hundred yards away, and try to buy a rope: so I clambered along the wall in the same direction on my hands and knees, the tiles being so arranged that it was impossible to walk. After skinning my hands and perspiring immoderately, for it was now nearly nine o'clock, and the sun was very hot, and the guards were laughing, and I felt like a fool, I came to an angle where two walls met; here there was a depression, and the ground beneath looked softer. I called to my friend, and told him, in an excited way, of this eureka, but we had used up so much time that he was obliged to return to his office, and I must make my choice, either to give it up and accompany him, or to push on alone into mysteries that I knew not of. I decided for the latter, gave directions as to what the American minister was to do if I did not return, took a last look, I thought it might be, at the sun, wondered if possibly my friends in America might not read the next morning among the foreign telegrams something like this from Peking,—“An American traveller, in attempting yesterday to break into the Temple of Heaven, was badly injured in leaping from the wall, and, while thus disabled, was found and cut to pieces by the guards, whom he had attempted to outwit. The general opinion, here, of all Europeans who have themselves failed in similar attempts, is that it served him right,”—and jumped. I knew that I was flying at the regulation speed for falling bodies, but the earth seemed to be receding: I thought I should never get there; but I did, and all at once, and decidedly shaken up, but still in good condition, and able to shout back over the wall to my friend's twice-repeated inquiry “How are you?” a hasty “All right!” All right for the moment I certainly was, but how long might I reasonably expect to remain so? A *Fanqui* alone in the most sacred place in China, knowing only a few sentences

of the language, and those not well adapted to explaining a situation so peculiar as that in which I found myself,—what might not happen? There was no time to think. Getting my bearings from an invaluable chart of this park, made some years ago by Dr. Hopper of Canton, I pushed on through high grass and briars. I could see, among the trees, three tall red shafts, like those before the Cathedral of St. Mark's in Venice. Passing between these, the Temple of Heaven was immediately before me. There were some workmen there, but they said nothing, and I walked on and up the broad steps of the Altar of Heaven.

Out of China it has no counterpart on earth. Built in three terraces, the first two hundred and ten feet in diameter, the second one hundred and fifty, and the third or topmost about ninety, each terrace paved with marble tiles laid in concentric circles, and each surrounded by a balustrade of pure white marble carved so well as to remind one of Athens, it fills to the full one's conception of a pagan altar. From the top of this altar I looked away to the north upon two domes of the most exquisite blue, a few hundred yards from where I stood, and from each other. The nearer and smaller of these is called "The Temple of the Imperial Expanse." Here in gilded cases are kept the tablets to Heaven and to the imperial ancestors, which are placed on the Altar of Heaven at the time of the annual sacrifice. The one beyond, much the larger and more imposing, with its triple azure dome, is sometimes spoken of as the Temple of Heaven, though the Chinese themselves call it "the Hall of Prayer for a propitious year." In shape and color it is to the Chinese a fac-simile of heaven. The circular interior is occupied by permanent shrines highly ornamented, on which the sacred tablets are placed at the time of annual prayer for a propitious year. Scattered around the park, in almost every direction, I saw small brick buildings used as stables for sacrificial animals or as depositories for sacred utensils.

Early on the morning of the 21st of December silken tents are erected on the Altar to Heaven for the sacred tablets. Offerings of silk and grain and wine and fruits and fish are placed before the Tablet to Heaven, and before each of the eight tablets to the imperial ancestors. In the middle of the terrace is the imperial tent of yellow. On the evening of December 20 the Emperor comes from his palace in a chair of state, or a royal chariot, attended by a retinue of some two thousand of his nobles and officers and guards and musicians. He burns incense in the smaller of the two domed temples, and worships before the tablets. He then makes a tour of inspection, and returns to spend the night in a handsome building near the gate, called the "Hall of Fasting." Two hours before sunrise the next morning he is awakened, and, dressed in magnificent sacrificial robes, he goes to the Altar of Heaven, where his imperial relatives and civil and military officers have already taken their places on the highest terrace. On each of the other terraces, and all around the altar, in order of rank, are the lower officials, all with faces turned toward the north. The emperor stands before the Tablet of Heaven. There is a peal of music, and a whole burnt-offering is placed on the sacrificial furnaces. I sat there alone and tried to imagine the scene,—the smoke ascending from the sacrifice, the fragrance of incense, the glare of the fires, the vast multitude of reverent worshippers, the emperor of four hundred and fifty millions of souls officiating as their high-priest, the light of the early morning softening the gleam of the torches and lanterns. The sun rising out of the Yellow Sea has looked down through the ages in its daily journey on few more imposing religious ceremonies. Is it idolatry? or is it, as Prof. Legge of Oxford thinks, but the groping of these souls, still in the twilight, after the true God? On this Altar of Heaven, opened to the sky, this English professor took off his shoes from his feet: it was to him holy ground. It is the one place in China associated with religious rites

where it is possible for a Christian to believe that through these apparently idolatrous forms heart-felt aspirations are rising to the God of heaven and earth.

My day-dreams were rudely broken by the appearance of a guard, whom I recognized as our unbribable friend of the gate. There was fire in his eyes, and he came forward making gestures that even on the under side of the world were unmistakable indications that my presence was not desired. But I was all puffed up with success. I was not to be intimidated. I had not yet stood under the triple dome of blue, and, pointing calmly toward it with one hand, and reaching out some paper tao—which were immediately appropriated—with the other, I walked on, followed by my guard. At the gate of the azure-domed temple a young man was standing, who said, after some consultation with my fierce-visaged guard, "Forty tao,"—three dollars and twenty cents. I had been told in Shanghai that it would be better to pay fifty dollars than not to see the Temple of Heaven, but I had already seen the most sacred part of it for thirty-two cents; and, now that I was inside, a sum that seemed reasonable outside the wall appeared exorbitant. I said, "Four tao," and walked away. They let me go. I was determined to get in, and, somewhat subdued, I went back and offered eight. They came down to thirty. I went up to sixteen, and we compromised on twenty. The heavy wooden gate swung on its hinges, and I entered a paved court-yard, in whose centre rises the exquisite triple dome on its triple marble terrace. Though I had made them independent for life, they would not open the doors to the circular interior, making signs that they had not the keys, but showed me a ledge by the window from which I could look in and see the gilded shrines on which the tablets are placed at the annual service,—the only objects of special interest in this temple. I had seen all I came to see. I was ready to go home. I walked toward the gate in the wall from which I had jumped, followed still by my

lynx-eyed Cerberus. It was locked. I knocked. A man looked through a hole at the side, and said, "Twenty tao." I began to see how it might cost fifty dollars to visit the Temple of Heaven. I had reason to feel an intense dislike to this particular guard, whose yellow face was bloated with triumph and his pocket with tao, so I laughed them to scorn and walked quickly toward another gate, where I thought the rates might be lower. It was half a mile away. I walked rapidly; the long grass was full of briars, the sun was intensely hot, but, worst of all, my Cerberus was on my track, with another Cerberus as assistant. I quickened my pace, reached the gate: it was locked and barred on the inside,—had not been opened for years. The game was up. I threw myself on the grass, in the shade of the wall, to rest. My Cerberi came up and looked at me as a boy might look at a snake he had wounded, and laughed. They sat down too, waited, and then we all walked back again through the briars and the heat, they thinking of tao, and I of old Roman triumphs in which the conquered walked in shame and chains behind the chariot of the conquerors, and of Montezuma in the clutches of the Spaniards, and—I could not help it—of Jefferson Davis in his petticoats.

But the hot sun and the long walk had its effect on my captors as well: something of their courage had oozed out. They only said now, "Ten tao," and when I handed out five the gate was opened. I crossed the green turf of the outermost park, vaulted upon the wall by the sand-heap where we had entered in the morning, and I was free. I called a Chinese cart that was passing,—the most perfect instrument of torture ever used for the transportation of humanity,—and, sitting on the shaft, with my legs hanging down in front of the wheel, hot and dusty and tired as I was, and hooted at by more than one youthful despiser of the *Fangui*, I entered the city, feeling like a victor returning in triumph from the wars.

CHARLES WOOD.

ROUND ABOUT THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

ABOUT ten minutes after the westward-bound train has rolled out of the city of Lynchburg, and the passenger has had ample time to make those usual remarks which the singular situation of that venerable tobacco-mart invariably calls forth, and is still lost in wonder that such a busy centre of industry should exercise no civilizing influence on the desert of briery fields that, rent by red gullies and washed bare by rains, invades its very suburbs, and when his next neighbor has invoked for his benefit the memory of the historic patriot who gave his name to the town and a word to the English language, and has called his attention to the world-wide popularity of Mr. Carroll's famous "Lone Jack," he will probably become aware, more especially if it is the summer tourist season, of a certain flutter in the car, such as indicates that something of unusual interest is in sight,—a sudden lull on the part of the loudly communicative half-dozen so familiar to the travelling public, a rising murmur from the hitherto silent, a nudging and shaking of drowsy individuals by their friends, and a lifting or wiping of window-panes,—as the local passengers in their several neighborhoods call attention in tones of pardonable pride to where, upon the western horizon, the great twin Peaks of Otter rise into the sky. The most insensible of mortals would hardly complain of being disturbed for the contemplation of such a view as at this bend of the road bursts upon the sight.

The county of Bedford is described in State geographies and in local books of reference as "large, wealthy, populous, and fertile;" and if a closer acquaintance suggests that these phrases apply only in a comparative sense, no one would wish to quibble with that harmless Southern optimism which has proved such a source of consolation to a struggling people, or to deny that the superla-

tive itself is all too weak to express the rapture with which the eye, tired of the scrub-oak ridges of Middle Virginia, ranges over those twenty miles of hill and dale, of red fallow and green pasture and waving woodland, which, with naturally gorgeous coloring intensified by the warm light of declining day, lie sleeping in the mellow sunlight beneath the great blue walls of mountains that toss their clear-cut peaks against the still bluer sky. The most conspicuous, the grandest, and the most isolated not only of this special group of mountains but perhaps of the whole Blue Ridge chain, are the Peaks of Otter.

There are probably no mountain-summits in the South whose names are so often in men's mouths. Eighty or ninety miles away in Eastern Virginia some hill will be pointed out to the visitor, from which on clear days "the Peaks"—two blue specks upon the horizon—can be faintly seen; while a hundred miles westward, where your carriage stops upon the crest of one of those mountain-waves which the Alleghanies roll toward the Ohio, the driver will not rest satisfied till from among the chaotic sea of peaks upon which the bewildered eye rests he has succeeded in marking for his patrons the dim outline of those which, as a good Virginian, whether black or white, have always been his peculiar pride.

Higher mountains there are in plenty upon both ranges,—Hunchbacks, Hogbacks, Devil's Punch-Bowls, and what not. Some of their near neighbors exceed them by some hundreds of feet, though their still pathless sides remain untrudged save by the cattle-grazier and the mountaineer, and their very names are often a matter of uncertainty to those who have spent their whole lives beneath their shadows. Mr. King, in his "Southern States," published ten years ago, stopped especially to pay tribute to what he calls the "mighty twins;" while

since then a gradually returning prosperity, and of late years some local enterprise, have concentrated a wider outside interest than ever upon these giddy pinnacles.

The little town of Liberty, with some justice, considers the Peaks of Otter to be its especial property, and seems itself, though in reality some half-dozen miles distant, to nestle at their very base. The thriving county seat of Bedford, moreover, not only prides itself upon the possession of the blue heights that seem from its windows to tower above it, but also lays claim to being the prettiest village in the State: it would therefore be the height of audacity to pass it by without a word.

The neat and shady dépôt, thronged in summer-time by goers and comers with their friends, being the first stopping-place of any importance southwest of Lynchburg, will be familiar to all travellers on the Norfolk and Western Railroad. The place itself, for an inland Virginia town without water-power, it will I think be conceded has done well in nearly doubling its population within the last decade, and boasts now of comprising within its corporate limits two thousand five hundred souls. That this increase has been in a great measure due to the attention paid by its citizens to the sale and manufacture of the fragrant weed, may detract somewhat from its value in the eyes of those interested in the development of the New South, even had not its greater neighbor Lynchburg, with its railroad and water facilities for absorption, concentration, and manufacturing, seemed under the present industrial condition of Virginia to forbid any further advance of importance in a smaller and less favored town. All this, however, in no way hinders the good people of Liberty from emphasizing the immense superiority of their surroundings in the eyes both of the tourist and the agricultural critic.

This attractiveness, it must be confessed, is scarcely due to the village itself; for the two or three main streets, though by no means of that depressing

description which characterizes the average Virginia village, are at the best unremarkable; while the negro quarters, though not more sightly than elsewhere, are for the most part scattered over a remote suburb. It is rather to the residential part of the village, cut off from the business quarter by the railroad, that the pleasing impression generally produced on strangers is due. Pleasant homesteads of the olden days are there, well ordered and well kept, half hidden by evergreens or by venerable oaks that throw deep shadows upon the velvet turf. Cheerful-looking villas of more modern date, easy in their surroundings of orchards and paddocks necessary to the rural instincts of even the mercantile Virginian, stretch out along the country roads that lead toward the Blue Ridge. The dilapidation in the works of both God and man that disfigures so many Southern villages is here conspicuously absent, as is also the almost painful handbox newness characteristic of so many in the North.

As we leave its outskirts, and pursue the red road leading toward the famous peaks, which seem to monopolize the whole western sky, it is easy for any one familiar with Virginia to see that the character of the surrounding country has also a great deal to do with the natural attractiveness of the centre to which it is tributary. The landscape is here not marred by great unfenced poverty-stricken wastes of hen's-grass or steep hill-sides washed into red sores and riven by hideous gullies. Dilapidated homesteads which the surrounding acres can scarcely keep upon their legs, much less adorn, do not here scar the face of nature and destroy half the pleasure of a summer morning's ride. On the contrary, the gently undulating fields, not merely by the roadside, but stretching far away to the right and left, are covered with crops heavy enough at any rate for the peace of mind of the amateur. Wheat and oats and grass, with pastures covered by a class of cattle that testify to their excellence, clothe the earth from woodland to woodland, while upon the low grounds by the streams the rich green growth of

young corn could hardly be sneered at by the denizen of the Ohio Valley. There is here no oppressive sense, as in many sections of the State, of man retiring from his dominion of the soil before an overwhelming army of briars and weeds and vines and bushes, invading the land that seems almost to be theirs by right, and of which over thousands of acres they were prematurely dispossessed. In these happier valleys every acre speaks of the constant visit of the mower or the reaper or the tooth of cattle and sheep. The homesteads which crown these hills are no weather-beaten skeletons tottering to decay, but solid brick mansions in the very prime of life, their white porticos and tin roofs shining through groves of maples and aspens, of mulberries and mimosas.

As we approach the mountains, the road winds its red way through original forests of oak and chestnut, that wave above our heads their large leaves green with the freshness of early summer and as yet unsoiled by the dust of summer travel, until we emerge at the brink of a steep descent into a wide valley, upon whose farther side the Peaks of Otter and the Blue Ridge rise abruptly into the sky.

I know of no other instance where an altitude of only four thousand feet impresses its height so forcibly upon the beholder as in this approach to the Blue Ridge. The very flatness of the fertile valley that spreads itself along their base, and into which we have to descend, seems to heighten the grandeur of the massive walls and ragged peaks which beyond it rear themselves heavenward. Beneath, wide meadows stretch to the right and left, broken here and there by the deep green of rustling corn-fields, while from all directions, their wayward courses marked by fringes of sycamores and willows, comes the soft music of mountain-streams, that, joining here their several waters, form the little river from which the Peaks of Otter take their name.

In spite of the level character of the valley, as we cross it the road becomes

rough and rocky, and has here and there to struggle for its very existence with lawless torrents that have no respect for the feeble opposition of county authorities. "Pretty bad road," the unaccustomed stranger will probably remark to a passing countryman, as his carriage jumps from boulder to boulder. "Mighty good to travel on in winter, though," will be the prompt defence of the native; and, indeed, to any one who has had a year's experience of Virginia roads this apparently irrelevant reply will have a good deal of significance. The roads by which Lynchburg is entered are probably unmatched for vileness in the neighborhood of any city in the United States of the same importance. Nature, not man, has given Liberty during eight months of the year far better highways. The road we have till now been in fancy traversing is, according to local standards, an exceptionally good one from April to December, and indeed is very passable; but in most parts of Piedmont Virginia even in summer, and in all parts throughout the winter, it would be hard to estimate the enormous expense consequent on time and labor lost, and the wear and tear of animals and vehicles which is entailed upon a country not well able to bear it. There is nothing like custom, however; and, to show that custom can in some instances actually produce a preference for personal suffering and loss of money and time, I give the following conversation I once heard at a Virginia cross-road store:

"Bob," said a farmer temporarily irritated into action by the collapse of his wagon with a load of tobacco into a two-foot mud-hole, "why in thunder can't we have roads such as them across the mountains?" (alluding to some of the limestone roads in the Valley of Virginia.)

"Well, Dick, I don't know as I'm much in favor of them sort er roads, anyhow. It seems to me they must be awful hard on horses; for I tell you when there's *nothin'* to make a man pull up his horse he's mighty apt to ruin him by overdrivin'."

Though, as before stated, the two mountains that loom before us are not the highest points of the great range to

which they belong, it is easy to see why the lower of the two "Peaks of Otter" and the more southerly—though for some undistinguishable reason coupled always with its higher but less striking neighbor—should far surpass them all in fame. At this point the Blue Ridge, crossing the James River and running southwest for twenty miles between the counties of Bedford and Botetourt, attains its greatest continuous elevation, till, at what is apparently its extreme southern limit, it falls suddenly two thousand feet, and then, as if making one tremendous expiring effort, throws up into the sky a solitary cone-shaped peak, that, from its isolated grandeur and from the sheer abruptness with which it drops from the rugged rocks that seem almost poised upon its summit, four thousand feet above, to the fields and orchards beneath, makes an impression that is not easily forgotten, and that years of familiarity never efface.

The road that carries us slowly upward to the gap between the peaks, winding through chestnut woods and kalmia thickets, has been wondrously improved since the days when Hunter dragged his artillery over it on the way to Lynchburg. Clearings and "deadenings" open the way here and there for glimpses of the country we have left behind us. Rude stone walls encircle fields where lean men and leaner mules struggle amid the stumps and rocks. The log cabin of the mountaineer in different stages of prosperity obtrudes its belongings into the road, and the cool spring-house invites the thirsty to halt and drink.

High above our heads, seeming indeed at times to hang almost perpendicularly above us, the rugged summit which is our goal darkens against the clear blue summer sky, now on our right, now on our left, or again in front of us, according as the tortuous road is turned from its direct course by the natural obstacles of the ascent. A few more cabins, a few more unsightly "deadenings," a spring by the roadside of renowned excellence and of such strength that the gravelly bottom of its basin boils and

churns unceasingly, and we roll out upon level fields, where, amid immense orchards of pippins, a farm-house (which has lately passed into Northern hands) marks the spot where in olden days an hotel echoed to the careless mirth of a generation that is now gray-haired or dead. A pile of bricks and an ancient lamp upon a post in the farmer's yard is all that is left to tell the tale of old-time jubilees; and the unromantic swine now roots beneath the shade-trees the leaves of which rustled of yore above light-hearted youths whose bones have crumbled upon bloody battle-fields. The farm-house till recently has been the usual resting-place for visitors. Now, however, the mountain is the property of a gentleman in Liberty, who has improved the winding path that leads from the gap up to the summit, and has placed upon the latter a house that affords excellent temporary accommodation in the matter of shelter and refreshment to the many who wish to spend the night there for the purpose of seeing the sun rise.

The terminus of the carriage-road leaves but a half-hour's walk before us, and, though this zigzags up the back of the mountain, the dense but gradually shrivelling forests that wall us in allow but little of those foretastes of what is to come, that in most mountain-ascents detract somewhat from the splendor of the panorama that is to unfold itself when the summit is gained. The thick foliage, indeed, allows only an occasional peep at masses of mountains to the west and north, and closes in the path till the traveller, emerging from their shade and following for a short space a winding track through solid walls of lichen-covered rock that as effectually block his view, arrives at the door of a solid three-roomed house of stone and wood. Here between him and the blue sky lie piled on one another great boulders of the size of hay-stacks, to whose giddy summit ladders and plank walks guide his steps.

It is not often that a view famous for its surpassing grandeur and the immensity of its range is allowed by nature to reserve its glories in their entirety till

the traveller actually steps without preparation on to her loftiest platform, and to burst thus suddenly upon his sight. When the first shock is over, when our dazzled eyes have ceased to blink and the vast sweep of earth beneath us has ceased to swim and begun to assume a definite shape and coloring, we seem to be standing on the very extremity of that range which to the northward rolls peak after peak into dim obscurity,—to be poised upon the verge of a hideous precipice with which it abruptly terminates, as it were, its southern course, and from whose awful brink we are looking down upon the whole of Eastern Virginia simmering at our feet. Far beneath us the summer winds chase one another over vast seas of woodland, whose myriad leaves whiten beneath their breath and break the awful silence with their unceasing moan. In the cloudless vault of blue above us the buzzard hangs on outspread wings, as if in dreamy contemplation of earth's grovelling hordes. To the left, and behind us, a chaos of mountains, terminating only in the dim outline of the Alleghanies; to the east, in front of us, the fair plains of Old Virginia, unbroken by any interposing barrier, their foreground twinkling with a hundred gleaming roofs and spires and glowing with rich woodland and red fallow, fade into the blue of illimitable distance.

How clearly this mighty backbone severs the State into two divisions, not merely in a geographical sense, but socially and historically! The part that it necessarily played in old colonial days as the western barrier of Anglo-Saxon civilization for half a century, and as a rampart against the Indian, is most forcibly apparent to any one standing upon its summit. To the west is a broken rugged country, pierced by wide valleys, where a thrifty race, of Scotch-Irish and Dutch descent for the most part, cultivate the soil in a manner more akin to their neighbors of Pennsylvania, and graze large herds of cattle upon the well-grassed upland. Splendid barns filled to bursting overlook in many cases dwellings of the most humble description, and

speak of traditions and habits that have about them little of the Southron.

Eastward, the soft expanse that stretches to the rising sun tells the tale of another life, more easy, more generous, more thriftless, and still smarting from the curse of negro slavery that had but little place among the western mountains. In front of us the large county of Bedford spreads out its eight hundred square miles of wood and field, fallow and homestead, mapped out so distinctly that the experienced eye can take in every point—nay, almost every house—of interest. Far upon its northern boundary we can see the gorge where the seething waters of the James burst through the mountain-barrier on which we stand, and can trace the dark shadowy line that, at this distance, marks its course to where the roofs of Lynchburg glisten on the hill-tops, thirty miles away. To the north, and beyond the valley of the James, lies the adjoining Piedmont county of Amherst, while on the far horizon beyond its northern limits the blue mountains of Nelson rear their rounded heads against the sky. Turning eastward again, and following the line of the river beyond Lynchburg, upon the extreme verge of sight the historic soil of Appomattox spreads its faint and shadowy outline and mingles in the sunny haze with the still remoter forests that wave over the rich mineral beds of Buckingham. Travelling southward on a line parallel with the Blue Ridge, and at a range where individual objects become merged into the hazier blue of distance, the heavy clays of Bedford and Piedmont change into the lighter soils of Campbell County and Middle Virginia. To the southeast, a solitary group of mountains, rising out of the plain, look down, some thirty miles away, upon the valley of the Roanoke River, where it washes the boundaries of Pittsylvania, the largest county in Virginia, and waters the greatest tobacco-region in the State.

To the southwest, we look over the counties of Franklin and Roanoke, and see where the Blue Ridge, though to all seeming broken off abruptly where we are standing, rises into the sky once

more as it draws near its junction with the Alleghanies in the wild plateau of Floyd.

Turning about, and facing west and northwest, amid a sea of mountains that stretch across the counties of Botetourt, Rockbridge, Craig, Alleghany, and Bath to the distant Alleghanies, we can here and there in the foreground catch sight of the flashing waters of the Upper James, along whose valleys the scream of the locomotive has but lately superseded the music of the boatman's horn. The little town of Buchanan lies beneath us, not a dozen miles away,—like many other Virginia villages, more venerable than progressive. Local cynics say that it has been “booming” for sixty years, but received a terrible set-back in the freshet of 1877, which washed away fifteen houses and the increase of half a century. Yet Buchanan still booms on, joyous and confident in its three hundred inhabitants, oblivious of the fact that a great canal, and now a railroad, with yet another road in course of construction, have not yet attracted that capital and enterprise for which many a Southern hamlet pines its sleepy life away.

Still farther off, embowered among woods and green meadows and washed by the clear waters of North River, lies the scholastic town of Lexington, where sleep the greatest of the Confederate dead, and whose academic groves, hitherto accessible only upon wheels or horseback, have of late become accustomed to the constant presence of railroad-men and engineers, who are to bring this charming sequestered spot upon the highway between Philadelphia and the South. Right beneath us, too, lies the “Natural Bridge,” familiar, on paper, to every school-boy in America. This also has been taken in hand by Northern capitalists, and its primitive conveniences converted into a property worth a million or so of dollars, or in process of being so. There are many portions of the country, of similar extent to that on which we are looking down, more full perhaps of interest, of historic associations, of wealth and population,

but we may fairly question whether there is any easily accessible height of four thousand feet which at one glance commands such a splendid panorama coupled with so much that is of interest in the past, present, and future of the nation's life. A singularly typical and interesting portion of the South lies like a map before us. We do not lay chief stress on colonial landmarks, for this country was an Ultima Thule to the old aristocracy of Middle Virginia and the Eastern Shore, and sparsely settled in those times by hardy yeomen. Large tracts were indeed held by Eastern planters, who, as the annals of more than one fireside relate, found such “quarter places” a useful Botany Bay for unruly younger sons. Jefferson, however, had his second residence of “Poplar Forest” within easy sight of us, on the borders of Bedford and Campbell; and there are many old people living yet who can describe minutely the dress and appearance of the veteran statesman and farmer, as, when boys and girls at school, they used to watch him with awe as he ambled along the country roads. A large watering-establishment raises its garish head among the distant woods, where a decayed village marks the site of a pre-Revolutionary block-house, that, with a court-house and a large settlement of Scotch merchants, once formed the centre of the whole wide district that now pays tribute to Lynchburg. A stone chimney and a heap of rubbish in this same village of New London remains an uncared-for monument of a once rude building where the great Patrick Henry used to sway the rustic juries like reeds before the breath of his powerful eloquence. When I add that Tarleton scampered through its streets, and that Colonel Lynch, of questionable but wide notoriety, had his habitat somewhere in the near neighborhood, I believe all claims to historical importance will have been urged,—if we except the tide of war that in modern times swept rapidly across the scene in the shape of General Hunter's raid on Lynchburg.

On the other hand, if this group of counties which lie within sight of the

Peaks of Otter and acknowledge Lynchburg as their centre cannot boast the memories either social or historical that attach to the now less hopeful regions stretching toward the Atlantic, no portion of Virginia, taken as a whole, possessed prior to the war more generally diffused prosperity of a solid kind. If there were not such a number of pretentious mansions as adorned the hills of Albemarle, Orange, Loudoun, or Fauquier,—if the style of living was, as a rule, of a simpler kind,—on the other hand, substantial homesteads stood as thick as in any portion of the South, with farmers well to do both in land and in stock, who, in the crucial test of war, rendered service of every description to the cause they fought for that was surpassed by no similar area in the Confederacy and equalled perhaps by few.

To an outsider who has watched with the interest of something more than a spectator the whole progress of rural industries under the new *régime*, the whole slow process of adaptation to new conditions, a retrospect of the last decade with a view only to Piedmont Virginia is full of interest. Thousands of pages have of late been written on the "New South" by theorists, by cursory visitors, by political economists, all of whom seem to confine themselves to the cotton-belt and to be firmly imbued with the idea that whatever future good is to accrue to the South must take its rise in the cotton-fields of those lower States, whose owners perhaps continue in a state of financial embarrassment that is unequalled in any other line of agriculture, even in the South. When I speak of Piedmont Virginia as a typical section, I am perhaps hardly correct: it is typical only so far as it offers a greater variety of industry than almost any other portion of the South; and this very fact has possibly something to do with the somewhat shiftless and unadaptable manner in which her farmers for the most part have gone to work to retrieve their lost fortunes.

To begin with,—when the State had fairly settled down again after the war, great bids were made for English immigration. The laborer would not come,

of course, with the negro in the way. The tenant farmer with capital was not at that time in an emigrating mood; but the younger son, the retired army-officer, the gentleman (socially speaking), of all descriptions, good and bad, arrived in considerable numbers, though hardly enough to give sensible aid to the State. Lands were held absurdly high, as many Northern men know to their cost. This was partly due to the inflation of the currency, partly to that Southern optimism that was not then so well understood, and partly, no doubt, to the old values, that were more deeply influenced by their connection with slave-property than either the immigrant or the ex-slave-owner himself was at the time actually aware of. An unhealthy state of hope prevailed, based on the prospective success of systems which time has shown, as common sense might have shown long ago, could not bring back prosperity.

The extent of bricks and mortar upon every farm tempted not only Northerners and Englishmen but even native buyers themselves sometimes to give a double value for land whose profits could not keep body and soul together and the plaster upon the wall at the same time. English naval captains, fresh from the artificial prices and the social prestige of British soil, commuted their half-pay and bought hundreds of acres of worthless land in Middle Virginia that had only been cleared to keep the fast-increasing households of wealthy patriarchs, who extracted their riches from other sources, out of mischief. Bitter recriminations arose. Northerners and Englishmen, assisted by the local land-agents that swarmed like bees, vied with one another in buying up the worthless lands of the State, with the only possible result,—ruin to themselves, if they had no other means, and disaster to the reputation of the country in other lands. With the panic of 1873, however, down came everything, and land, amid the honest protestations of settlers who could not be induced to look beyond the narrow boundaries of their State and to forget that outsiders attached no extra value to their lands because they were

located in the bosom of the "Mother of Presidents," dropped shortly after to about half its former value, and went on steadily falling till about 1877, at which time, and since, settlers have had no genuine cause for complaint, and judicious buyers have had themselves only to blame if they have not made bargains which, all things considered, could hardly be equalled upon the continent from a purely residential aspect. It must be remembered that the owners of lands, and indeed many others too, had anticipated, when things should have righted themselves after the war, a steady advance of real estate under the influence of immigration and improved farming. I have by me a book that was written by an Englishman in the interests of "The Gentleman Emigrant" at that period; and in discussing Virginia, among other fields to which that tide was then and still is in the habit of setting, writing, too, with entirely disinterested motives, the author remarks "that it is morally impossible that Virginia lands, now held at the *low price of from twenty-five to forty dollars per acre, can long be purchased at that figure,*" and would-be emigrants are urged to invest, that they may profit by the speedy rise in real estate looked for by a large majority interested in the South as inevitable. Amid all this inflation of values and overestimation I well remember being almost shocked by hearing a Northern gentleman of intelligence and sagacity, who had resided for some years in the South, declare that Virginia could not enter the lists as a bidder for successful emigration till her lands had dropped to half the value at which her sanguine sons were then offering them, and offering them, too, at what they deemed a sacrifice.

A considerable sprinkling, however, of agricultural immigrants from the North came in those early days, and their almost universal failure must not be attributed solely to the shrinkage in real estate or to the want of harmony that in those times of soreness existed between them and their new neighbors. It is a remarkable and strange phe-

nomenon that the representatives whom the shrewdest and most practical race of people upon earth sent to settle as farmers in the South after the war (I speak of Virginia more particularly because violence and persecution were unknown), in their selection of lands and their mode of managing them surpassed in folly even the English army-officers and Oxford graduates, whose past lives hardly fitted them for a successful career even upon the richest of lands. From this habit of regarding the Southerners as beneath contempt in all practical matters, local advice and experience were totally unheeded; the New-Englander, proud of the business prestige of his race, indulged his passion for fresh conquests over nature with a freedom, in this case, that too often cost him dear, and with a confidence in his own powers that for once was misplaced. His preference for ostensibly cheap lands was the greatest but not the only cause of his failure. A blind determination to apply Northern remedies to soils and conditions which were totally strange to him, coupled with the depreciation of the former fancy values of real estate, aided in the frequent ruin which overtook him.

All these evils, however, have long ceased to be. "Hard pan" was reached four or five years ago. Land-owners tumbled from their high horse, and now bitterly regret that they did not give away to working emigrants the surplus lands they held at twenty or thirty dollars per acre in 1870. A surer foundation for that future prosperity which its dormant wealth and advantageous position insure of necessity for Piedmont Virginia has been arrived at through the ordeal of descent, though the impecuniosity which has more or less accompanied it has been of a trying nature.

In this portion of the South the earlier years of the last decade, with their inflated values and high prices, did much to retard the reformation in agriculture which was so much needed. For some years the old style of farming on a large scale with hired labor, from many temporary causes which space does not admit of our enumerating, yielded fair

returns. False hopes arose in the breasts of farmers that old times were coming back again, with the difference only of free labor. Speaking of some twelve or thirteen years ago, just before the writer's experience of the country commenced, a friend used to say, "My neighbors, with the sustained high prices of tobacco, thought that they were getting rich again, and this county became once more as gay with parties and merry-making generally as at any time before the war."

Immense areas for several years were sown in wheat, and fair crops made on the most indifferent lands by the aid of commercial fertilizers, which, by constant repetition and unfollowed by clover, left great wastes in certain localities burnt up and exhausted. The competition of the Western prairies had not then set at rest forever, as it since has, the question of profits in raising large crops of wheat for market on poor Eastern lands. I use the word "poor" relatively. For the soils of Piedmont Virginia, originally good, and in some cases retaining their goodness by careful culture, are necessarily for the most part in poor heart: the only wonder is that any soil exists that, after a century of senseless ill treatment, can produce what it now does.

With grief unspeakable, dire fate has wrung from the farmers of the Piedmont counties of Virginia the tardy admission that the cultivation of shipping-tobacco on old lands is a broken reed to lean on. Nature has endowed whole counties of poor lands in Middle and Southern Virginia, as in North Carolina, with a capacity for producing a bright leaf by the aid of fertilizers, of a quality that fortunately places beyond the reach of competition the close-living laboring farmers that for the most part produce it, while their timbered lands and unfailing low-grounds will help them out. But the heavy tobacco raised on the richer soils has, from various causes, ceased to pay, and can in future be but an adjunct to more varied industry.

It is a great wrench for the average Virginia farmer to uproot the hereditary traditions of ages and to be compelled to

start life afresh in one of the many branches that lie open to him, but in none of which he is quite at home. In handling the crop with which his race have been associated for two centuries he is a master-workman. His fences may remain uncleared, his stock neglected, his fodder may rot in the fields, his wheat sprout in the shock, but when the crop in which his soul delights requires attention, whether in the plant-bed, in the field, or in the house, no more stirring and skilful operator exists than he. One or two of the Piedmont counties have already abandoned its culture: the hill-sides and mountain-slopes of Albemarle and Orange, wherever suitable, are rapidly being converted into vineyards and orchards, and the tobacco-barn scarcely raises its unsightly head upon the landscape.

Lands are at their lowest in Piedmont Virginia, and living is easy, and there is little danger of starvation, even to farmers exhausted with fruitless attempts to continue in old-time ruts while the gradual change which is overspreading the land takes place. Those that are starting life afresh with a little money repudiate, as a rule, the old "scuffling" business, and turn their attention exclusively to grass and stock, apples, peaches, and grapes, to which branches of industry their country is so admirably adapted, and in which great success has been already achieved by the wise and prudent who looked farther ahead than their neighbors.

The limestone lands of the Valley of Virginia have always been a thriving stock-country. West Virginia, too, when traversed by the railroads now in contemplation, will bring into the markets her unsurpassed timber- and grass-lands.

Piedmont Virginia is blessed with a population the most stationary of any of the branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Emigration westward is so insignificant, when compared with that from the Eastern States, that even in the hard times, which people have reason to hope are over, it has been scarcely perceptible. I have no hesitation in saying that the Vir-

ginian of the plainer orders is far more wedded to his native soil than the Englishman, the Irishman, or the Northerner. With the great wheat-fields of the Northwest there is no intercourse, and the country-people know little or nothing of them. Missouri is the great Western refuge for emigrating Virginians, and Missouri, not being particularly healthy or specially progressive, as a general thing has acted beneficially in creating a certain dread of the West, which, for the sake of the old State, let us hope may long continue.

It does not require a sage, however, to predict that agriculture is going to play a secondary part in the future history of Virginia. The farmer of fifty years hence will exist only to feed the miner and the manufacturer, who are begin-

ning already to make their presence sensibly and beneficially felt in many quarters. The cities are rapidly gaining in wealth, and their merchants are already beginning in many cases to restore and beautify the drooping homesteads of their fathers as country homes for their wives and children in the heats of summer. The capital that comes from the North is no longer in the shape of enthusiastic regenerators of agriculture, but in the bulkier form of combined millions seeking those hidden treasures that Divine Providence would seem almost to have reserved intact against the day when they should be needed to restore the depredations which two centuries of slavery had made upon earth's long-suffering surface.

A. GRANVILLE BRADLEY.

INTERCHANGE.

"We cannot live except thus mutually
We alternate, aware or unaware,
The reflex act of life."

"SWEET child of the snow-drift, so tenderly simple,
So tearfully sunny, so modestly gay,
Whose frown in a moment gives place to a dimple,
Whose smiles and whose tears meet in magical way,
Why bringest thou blossoms my gateway to garland,
Why spreadest a verdurous sheen at my feet,
Why makest the meadows a marvellous star-land,
My coming with undisguised rapture to greet?"

"O Juno-like Summer, yet couched on thy roses,
Whose sweet-scented crimson awaits thee to fold,
I come from the bloom that the apple discloses
To fetch thee from Winter thy heirloom of gold.
He made me the cradle in which I lay covered,—
Thy soft southern breath blew the cover away;
Behind me, before me, love ever has hovered,
And I love's reciprocal law but obey."

MARY B. DODGE.

SONGS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY.

IT has been asserted that there would be no difficulty in putting together the history of England in its boldest outlines from the songs inspired by the great crises through which the nation has passed. At a very early period there were rude, strong rhymes, which must have been very distasteful to the ruler, as the bitter outcries of the wronged and oppressed; and history occasionally narrates instances of public retaliation. Thus, Henry I.—within a century after the Conquest—terribly punished Luke de Barré “because,” said the king to Charles, Earl of Flanders, who interceded for the poet, “he has made me the subject of his satire and held me up to the derision of my enemies in his verses.” For this offence the wretched man was condemned to lose his eyesight, and in a paroxysm of agony he burst from the officers and dashed his brains out against a wall.

The history of Roy, the satirist of Cardinal Wolsey, is another instance of the cruelty with which such poets were punished. Again, in 1596, one Deloney was pilloried and imprisoned for ridiculing Queen Elizabeth “in one of his abominable ballets.” And Elizabeth, who found herself face to face with the new vigor of the printing-press, had a special statute enacted against such offenders, punishing with the pillory and the loss of their ears “those who wrote sclanderous writings, Rimes, Ballets intending to move and stir Sedition, Discorde, Disentioun, and Rebellioun.” It was under this law the Puritans suffered. As late even as July, 1763, the *St. James's Chronicle* says, “Yesterday two women were sent to Bridewell, by Lord Bute's order, for singing political ballads before his lordship's door in South Audley Street.”

The civil commotions of John's reign, and the peculiar attitude of both Church and commons at that period, found in song a power which we can hardly over-

estimate. In one of the publications of the Camden Society, Mr. Wright has preserved some of these terribly outspoken verses,—noticeably two, the “Song on the Bishops” and the “Song on the Times.” Up to Henry III.'s reign all these ballads are written in Latin, showing that they came from the scholarly element, and that even at that day there were bold reformers in the refectories of the monasteries,—men who were the precursors of Erasmus and Rabelais, already laughing at monks and learning to hate Rome. And in this connection it is interesting to remember how many political satirists have been in holy orders,—Mapes, Rabelais, Bishop Still, Swift, Sterne, Sydney Smith, etc.

The grumble against fashions, taxes, and hard times seems to have been a part of English national life. “For ever the fourth penny goes to the king,” is the complaining burden of a song in the time of Edward II. English had then become a common vehicle for such songs, and they were circulated by dropping them on the roadside; for it was a perilous task to attack the great, and writers of “scorching sirventes” doubtless remembered the fate of Luke de Barré. Often they were too dangerous to be put on paper: then they took the epigrammatic form, passed from mouth to mouth, and often went on for centuries. Thus, Shakespeare has made us familiar with the rhyme on Richard III.'s government,—

“The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog
Shall rule all England under the hog.”

Humble as these allusions were in a literary point of view, they were potential in a political one: if pointed with truth they never failed, and many a king has been more disgusted with a satirical ballad than with a lost battle.

Ritson says the earliest printed ballad is a political one, made upon the hated

Thomas Cromwell in 1540. How popular this style of song was is proved from the fact that Fairholt has collected a book of songs all levelled at George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and they give us the most vivid picture of the popular life of that time, and of a popular hate directed steadily at one person until it culminated in his murder.

But these were but preludes to the songs of the Civil War. Then commenced a series of political ballads which for personality and power still remain unrivalled. It was a war fought out with pen as well as sword. At the beginning of the struggle, Archbishop Laud was tormented with verses. They were sung at him through the streets, and they pursued him from his palace to the Tower, and until the axe removed him from further offence. Cleveland was the first to draw pen for the king. He is forgotten now, but he was famous enough in his day; and some of his epigrammatic couplets blister like drops of sealing-wax. No Scot has yet forgotten two lines in his satire on that race,—

"Had Cain been a Scot, God would have changed
his doom,
Not forced him to wander, but confined him at
home."

Through the royalist songs we know the personal peculiarities of the public men of those days as thoroughly as we know, through the caricatures of *Punch*, those of Russell, Disraeli, and Gladstone. Cromwell, with his fire-red face and large nose, Colonel Hewson's one eye, and Colonel Pride's vulgarity, are all before us in their habit as they lived.

The most famous song of this period was, undisputably, Martin Parker's "When the king shall enjoy his own again." It was written when the fortunes of Charles were on the wane, and it served, as it was intended, to buoy up the hopes of his supporters. All through the Commonwealth it was the rallying-hymn of the Cavaliers and the watchword of the king's party; and Walter Scott, in putting its closing lines continually into the mouth of his Cavalier Wildrake, exaggerated no historic truth. Much of its success was doubtless due to the fine air to which it was sung, of which the following is an exact copy. The words have evidently in mind the faith placed on astrological predictions, and "Booker," "Pond," "Rivers," were the astrologers and almanac-makers of the period.

"WHEN THE KING SHALL ENJOY HIS OWN AGAIN."



What Book - er can prog - nos - ti - cate Con - cern - ing kings' or king - doms' fate? I

think my - self to be as wise As he that gaz - eth on the skies. My skill goes beyond the

depths of a Pond, Or Riv - ers in the great - est rain, Where - by I can tell all

things will be well When the king en - joys his own a - gain.

It was revived in the time of the Pretender, acquiring new power from its traditional associations and success, and it never went out of use with the English Jacobins until the last hopes of the

Stuarts expired. Nor did its triumphs cease here, for it was endlessly altered in the interests of the house of Hanover.

The Puritans, however, had the best of the ballad-warfare, and, independently

of quality, the royalist songsters were beaten by numbers. It is true that Butler, author of "*Hudibras*," was a host in himself: his verses did much to render the Puritans hateful and ridiculous; he raised against the party an inextinguishable laughter, and did more than any other single man to turn the current of popular feeling against them. Coarseness enough there was on both sides, but it is impossible not to be struck by the force and earnestness and strong convictions impressed on the worst Puritan doggerel; while the Cavalier ballads are at the height of their inspiration when laughing at the ruffs and cloaks of their adversaries, or when anticipating the roystering time "when the king shall enjoy his own again."

Charles II. appreciated wit, even when it was levelled at himself, yet he was not averse to retaliation; and it is amusing to find Evelyn telling us, *apropos* of his intended history of the Dutch war, that "his majesty told him to make it a *little keen*, for that the Hollanders had very unhandsomely abused him in their pictures and ballads." His English subjects, after the first enthusiasm of his reception, treated him no better. He was rallied and quizzed in ballads, and fairly peppered with epigrams, while Andrew Marvell, that "stout old Roman," directed against him some of his sharpest verses. The following is chosen not because it is by any means the best, but because its length admits of transcription. It is a supposed dialogue between the horse at Wool-church and the horse at Charing Cross:

Wool-church. To see *Dei Gratia* writ on the throne,

And the king's wicked life—say, God there is none.

Charing Cross. That he should be called Defender of the Faith,
Who believes not a word that the word of God saith.

Wool-church. That the duke should turn traitor, and that church deny

For which his own father a martyr did die.

Charing Cross. Though he changed his religion,
I hope he's so civil

Not to think his own father has gone to the —.

In the ballads of Charles II.'s time it is easy to trace confidence sinking to fear, and fear to despair, as the old

Cavaliers found themselves neglected for the most worthless characters. Then the satire which had been so unsparingly dealt out to his foes was turned against the king and court. What life was at that court, let the pages of Evelyn and Pepys tell us as decently as they can, for the ballad-makers detail it too unblushingly to deserve the general eye. Yet they prepared the way for James's dethronement and the success of William of Orange.

It was against James and his popish friends that Lillibulero, the most famous of all English political ballads, was levelled,—a slight, silly thing, but it whistled James out of three kingdoms. About the time it appeared, according to a letter in that important historical collection the Southwell Manuscripts (now dispersed), "an Irish song was much sung by the lower orders of people, in which there was a great repetition of the words '*lere, lere, bulere*,'—religion, religion, your religion,"—and Lillibulero is doubtless a parody. "*Lilli bulero bullen alah*" are said to have been words of distinction used among the Irish papists in the massacre of Protestants in 1641. They are, according to Mr. David Murphy, a fine Irish scholar, an English imitation of Irish words equivalent to, "A foreign soldier: strike him down." But, however the apparently silly title and the really silly words originated, the song had more effect in England than the Philippics of Demosthenes in Greece, or the speeches of Cicero in the Roman Senate. It became a great political agent. Bishop Burnet says, "It made an impression on the army that cannot be imagined by them that saw it not. The whole forces, and at last the whole people, in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And never had so slight a thing so great an effect." It was as fatal to the Stuarts as the wail of the banshee to the O'Haras or the O'Neills. The author of the words was undoubtedly Lord Wharton, and it is said his younger brother, in the disguise of a player, sang them before James,—a story not very probable. The gay, beautiful air to

which it owed its power is one of Henry Purcell's masterpieces. It has a strange haunting power, and lingers long on the ear:

LILLIBULERO.

Gayly.

Ho! brother Teague, dost hear de de-cree, Lil-li-bu-le-ro, bullen-a-la?

Le-ro, le-ro, lil-li-bu-le-ro, Lil-li-bu-le-ro, bullen-a-la,

Le-ro, le-ro, lil-li-bu-le-ro, Lil-li-bu-le-ro, bullen-a-la.

After James's expulsion, "Lillibulero" kept its hold on the popular heart, and it became the musical watchword of the Orange camp, as "When the king shall enjoy his own again" was of the Jacobite camp. Sterne has in some degree extended its fame to our own times by making "my uncle Toby" whistle it in and out of season.

Another famous song of James II.'s reign was the one made on Trelawney, one of the seven bishops who were committed to the Tower in 1688 for their defence of the Protestant faith. Trelawney was of a very ancient and beloved Cornish family, and the giant peasants and miners of that county espoused his cause with a fervor which Macaulay vividly describes. "All over the country," says the historian, "the peasants chanted a ballad, of which the burden is still remembered :

And shall Trelawney die? and shall Trelawney die?

The twenty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why."

The poem itself has not been preserved; but one with the same refrain obtained such currency in Cornwall in the first half of the present century that it was supposed to be the original, and was published as such by the Percy Society in 1846. It was, however, the composition of Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, the eccentric vicar of Morwenstow, in whose life, by S. Baring-Gould, a version is printed differing in

some particulars from that which is here given :

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true :
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish men can do.

Out spake the captain brave and bold,—
A merry wight was he,—
Though London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawney free.

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
And side by side, and hand by hand,
And who shall bid us nay ?

And when we come to London wall,—
A pleasant sight to view,—
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all !
Here are better men than you.

Trelawney he's in keep, in hold,
Trelawney he may die,
But twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !

At this time also sprang into existence those Jacobite songs of Scotland, which are so exquisite that the Stuarts may be pardoned some of their faults for having inspired them. They filled many a legion for James and his descendants, and kept their cause alive in Scotland when it was dead in every other land. Even yet they stir the heart like a trumpet, and make us tenderly forget the sins of the family in its misfortunes. Chief among them all is that magical gathering-song, "Bonnie Dundee." The magnetism of both words and music it is impossible to overrate, and it has an added charm in the splendid and almost impossible loyalty of that heroic Dundee

with whom it is associated. Nor has it yet lost its power over any gathering of unprejudiced Scotchmen, as those who have heard Mr. Wilson sing it in public must have noticed, while the Whig families hate it as "ane o' the deil's ain sangs." Only a few years ago a noted writer asked the Duke of Argyle's piper to play it, and the man replied, with haughty indignation, "It is nane o' the Campbells' way to gie praise to the deil."

About the same time Ireland also furnished a song of historic interest and political importance,—the famous ballad of "Boyne Water." Although the battle of the Boyne was little more than a skirmish, it was really one of the most important fights in English history. Sixty thousand men met there to contest the crown of England, headed by the claimants in person,—James II. and William of Orange. As a battle, it is only James's panic that makes it memorable. William won an easy victory, "and a mighty creditable thing it was surely to that same King William, and something to boast of," said an Irish gentleman, commenting on the victory,— "a mighty creditable thing indeed, to turn out against a man's own father-in-law and to beat him." It is still the favorite Orange song of Ireland, and an Irish Roman Catholic resents almost as a personal insult an allusion to "the crossing of the water," which words, in some form or other, are the burden of the song.

The "Shan Van Vocht," though less generally known, has had a far deeper and wider significance and influence. The Shan Van Vocht—the Crippled Old Woman—is an allegorical figure of Ireland, very dear to the peasant heart, and Mr. Croker says the singing of this song has caused more than one military court of inquiry. The last verse indicates why it is so treasonably objective:

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Yes, Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea:
Then hurrah for liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

"Rouse, Hibernians," was the famous rallying-song of the United Irishmen in the rebellion of 1798. "The Croppy Boy," "Priest Dear," "The Wearing of the Green," and many others, have a fatal attraction and a dread significance. Indeed, the political songs of Ireland have a peculiarly fiery eloquence. It seems as if her wrongs were too great to be stated soberly, and were most naturally poured forth in song. It may be noted that those written about the time of the French Revolution contain frequent allusions to the bloody "*Ça ira*."

The quarrel between High Church and Low Church in Queen Anne's reign, and the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, furnished the ballad-writers of that day with their principal subjects. The interest taken by the populace in this fiery preacher is very remarkable. His extreme bigotry, ignorance, vulgarity and impudence were probably the secret, for the enthusiasm for the doctor increased in intensity the lower it sank in society; and Hogarth has amusingly hinted at his popular supporters in one scene of his "Harlot's Progress," where the woman has decorated her dirty garret with cheap prints of Captain Macheath and Dr. Sacheverell.

Dryden represents the political poetry of his age. His satires are like a brand in the pillory. The most finished portraits of Burnet and Macaulay are faint when compared with the bold outlines and vivid colors of Dryden's poetical pictures of Shaftesbury, Bates, Buckingham, Seymour, and Monmouth. And they swayed popular feeling and affected the government in a degree which makes us wonder again with Bishop Burnet at the great effects of such slight causes.

With the advent of George II., political caricatures began to assist political ballads, and under George III. they became an influence deprecated and dreaded by the government. Bute, North, Fox, and Pitt were compelled to admit their power. Their weight was then with the Whigs, and the Tory ministry winced so keenly under the force of illustrated political ballads that, in the autumn of 1797, George

Canning and a band of young Tory writers started the *Anti-Jacobin Review*. Canning's famous ballad of "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder" has still a wonderful charm. The knife-grinder, with his "Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir," is as widely known as our nursery-rhymes. We criticise him, we pick him to pieces, as children do their toys, to get at the charm; we say, "You are not so wonderful, after all;" and yet we read it and read it with an untiring delight. His honest reality, and his natural preference for beer to a talk on philanthropy and liberty, did more at that time to prevent England from sympathizing with the French Revolutionists than any parliamentary argument or elaborated reasoning.

Coming toward our own time, we must certainly award to the Corn-Law Rhymes of Ebenezer Elliott a political influence beyond calculation. Such ballads as "The Creed of the Canny," "O Lord, How Long?" "Drone *vs.* Worker," and "How Different!" are combustibles,—burning words that tyrants quake to hear. Gerald Massey's Chartist songs have cost England something, and have certainly set the people a step forward which will never be retaken. The opening line of that fierce lyric, "Our fathers are praying for pauper pay,"—

Smitten stones will talk with fiery tongue,—

indicates their power and general tenor.

In our own day the song-writer is both a political and a social reformer. We need only consider the influence of Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and how the great strikes that shake England to her centre are constantly inaugurated and kept alive by the ballads circulated through the mills.

The universality of political ballads is as remarkable as their influence. All nations, under every form of government, have developed them; but we have only space to notice the most remarkable ones of the French and German peoples. The French are a singing nation. They sang through the civil war of the Ar-

magnacs, during the League, the Fronde, and the Regency, and it was to the sound of songs that the monarchy fell to pieces at the close of the eighteenth century; but it is only the songs of the latter period that have a general interest.

The supreme tragedy of the Revolution was inaugurated with a song. On October 1, 1789, the royal family were present at a great banquet given by the guards at the Versailles theatre. As they left it, a famous aria from Grétry's opera of "Richard Cœur-de-Lion" was sung, and its words being applied to Louis XVI. wound up the enthusiasm of the guests to such a pitch of frenzy that when the report of it reached Paris it caused the immediate march of the Poissardes, with Maillard at their head, and all the deplorable scenes which followed.

The famous—or rather infamous—"Carillon National" was the favorite air of Marie Antoinette. It was adapted to the Revolutionary song of "Çà ira," and the hapless queen was destined to hear it sung as a cry of rage and hatred against herself. It pursued her from Versailles to her cell in the Conciergerie, startled her on her way to trial, and was probably the last sound she heard as she lay bound under the guillotine. The poetry is poor, but it has an inexpressibly insolent, triumphant tone, and it contains Scripture adaptations shocking to our ears. Deduit, the writer of the most popular version, sang it himself at the Café des Arts on Sunday, July 18, 1790. Then Deputy Gourdin, in a passion of excitement, sprang into the orchestra and cried out, "Brothers in arms, and brave citizens! M. Deduit has just been crowned by your applause. I move that he be declared the patriot author and national poet." The proposal was ratified by thunders of applause. The following is perhaps the least objectionable verse:

Nos ennemis confus en restent là,
Et nous allons chanter *Alléluia!*
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.
En chantant une chansonnette
Avec plaisir on dira,
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.

Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète,
 Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.
 Malgré les mutins, tout réussira,
 Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!

As matters became worse, the atrocious "Carmagnole" threw the "Carillon" partly into the shade. It made its appearance when Louis XVI. was consigned to the Temple. The air is very exciting, and became a favorite military quickstep. It was sung between the acts at the theatres, and still more frequently by the infuriated mob around the guillotine. The following lines will indicate its character:

Fuyez, fuyez! il en est temps!
 La guillotine vous attend.
 Nous vous racourcirons,
 Vos têtes tomberont.
 Dansons la carmagnole,
 Vive le son! vive le son!
 Dansons la carmagnole,
 Vive le son du canon!

The "Carmagnole" was subsequent to the "Marseillaise," which may be regarded as the chief political song of France. There have been many tales and much misconception about this famous song, but the facts are the following. In 1792, Louis XVI. declared war against Austria, and there was a necessity for more men to defend Strasbourg. The mayor of the city asked an officer of engineers stationed at Strasbourg, Rouget de Lisle, to write a song which would help to arouse the patriotism of the people. The young man, that same night, composed both the words and the music of the "Marseillaise," the inspiration being one, for sometimes the words were in advance of the music, and sometimes the music was in advance of the words. Rouget de Lisle little dreamed of the fierce passions and the terrible deeds which his song would evoke. He considered it a loyal and patriotic anthem, and the day after its composition it was rehearsed by the king's soldiers and produced an astounding effect. The mayor had asked for six hundred men, and nine hundred immediately offered themselves.

Of Rouget de Lisle's loyalty there is no doubt. He was deprived of his rank for refusing to take the oath after the 10th of August; and during the Reign

of Terror, when his song was on every lip, he was in prison, and would have gone to the guillotine with it in his ears, but happily, before his turn came, the 9th Thermidor set him, with many others, free. Neither did he call it the "Marseillaise." It had done bloody work before the passionate men of Marseilles entered Paris singing it. During the Empire, Rouget de Lisle was on half-pay; and in 1830, when seventy years old, he was pensioned by Louis Philippe.

The "Chant du Départ" appeared in 1794. It was written by Joseph Chénier, brother to the unfortunate poet and martyr André Chénier, who perished on the scaffold. Both the words and the electrifying music by Méhul were improvised amid the confusion of a crowded *salon*. It was welcomed with a frenzy not conceivable by this age and country; and in every insurrection or revolution France has since experienced, this song, with the "Marseillaise," is the first to spring to a Frenchman's lips. It is really a wonderful composition,—one in which mothers, wives, old men, boys, and young girls all have a voice. It is too long to quote entire, but the opening verse and the one allotted to the boys may speak for its spirit and character:

Great Victory sings as she points us the way;
 Our steps Freedom guideth aright;
 From the North to the South the war-trumpet's
 bray
 Hath sounded the signal of fight.

Chorus of Soldiers.

Now tremble, ye foemen of France,—
 Kings, whom pride and whom carnage un-
 nerve,—
 As the sovereign people advance,
 Down, down to the death you deserve!

The Boys.

Of Barra, of Viala we envy the lot,—
 Triumphant they fought and they bled.
 The craven, a century old, liveth not;
 The patriot never is dead.
 We are boys, but a boy may be brave;
 Lead us on to resist tyranny.
 Let child be the name of the slave,
 Let man be the name of the free.

Chorus of Soldiers.

Now tremble, ye foemen of France,—etc.

The finest German political songs had their birth when Thiers began, in 1841, to stir up France to war with Germany. Then it was that Arndt's wonderful

"War-Song" mustered the people of the Fatherland as one man. It is a cry of defiance and vengeance that has never been equalled. It opens with a passionate declaration that France has provoked and forced on them the alternative of the battle-field:

They choose it. Then, patience of Germany, break.

From the Belt to the Rhine beat the drum.
The debt they have owed us so long—we will take.

Up, Frenchmen! Bestir you! We come.
To the clashing of swords and the tilting of lances

We'll lead you the wildest and bloodiest dances,
And shout, "To the Rhine! Cross the river!
Advance!

All Germany, on—into France!"

My own Fatherland, my brave Germany,—on!

We'll sing them a terrible strain
Of what ages ago their vile policy won,—
Of Strasburg, and Metz, and Lorraine.
They shall hand it all back to the uttermost
mite,

Since for life or for death they compel us to
fight:

So shout, "To the Rhine! Cross the river!
Advance!

All Germany, on—into France!"

About the same time appeared the famous "Rhine Song" of Niklas Becker. It was not in any sense as grand a song as Arndt's, but it happily and rhythmically expressed the fixed determination of the German heart to keep the Rhine against the power of France, and its effect was miraculous. It was set to music by seventy different composers; and its success provoked DeMusset to reply in some scornful verses, beginning,—

We have had it already, your German Rhine;

We have held it in our sway.
Can the singing so loud of a trifling rhyme

Wipe the proud, deep marks away
Which our horse-hoofs trod in your gore-wet
clay?

In her late struggle Germany had little need for fresh songs: every feeling that culminated in it had been surging and boiling in the German heart for three-fourths of a century. Indeed, the most popular song, the one which stirred the masses to a pitch of frenzy, the watch-word of the whole war of 1870, was that wonderful "Watch on the Rhine," written as far back as 1847 by Max Schneckenburger, a busy, energetic merchant. He died years before his song attained its world-wide fame. But in 1870 a poor

but clever musician set it to a grand melody, and all Germany instantly adopted it as its war-song. The composer was raised from poverty to comfort and honor, and from one end of the land to the other every voice was singing,—

The Rhine is safe while German hand
Can draw and wield the battle-brand,
While strength to point a gun remains,
Or life-blood runs in German veins.

Dear Fatherland, untroubled be:

Thy Rhine-Watch stands true, firm, and free.

The wind-tossed banners proudly fly;
While runs the river sound the cry,

"We all will guard with heart and hand
The German Rhine for German land."

Dear Fatherland, untroubled be:

Thy Rhine-Watch stands true, firm, and free.

However, the last war was by no means poor in singers: M. Moltke, Wilhelm Herz, Ferdinand Freiligrath, and others, contributed songs whose influence at that time was of incalculable political importance, and which have become part and parcel of that rich inheritance of song that so nobly interprets the intense love of freedom and unaffected simplicity of the German character.

America, with a national life of little more than one century, has produced more than one song of potential and wide-spread influence. Like "Lillibulero," "Yankee Doodle" is weighted with words of the silliest character, but it has been a conquering inspiration in three wars. The troublous years between 1860 and 1865 brought forth "The Battle-Cry of Freedom," and many others whose power can hardly be overestimated. And time will give to many more of our songs a preciousness they do not now possess. The historian of 2000 will from them gather the popular feeling of our day, and our descendants will read them as we read those of Cromwell's Protectorate. They will reflect on the extravagance of our party politics, the lies we told of each other, our furious personalities, our social troubles and mistakes. And, like us also, they will remember how all traces of these fights pass away like the snow which supplied last year's snow-balls, leaving the nation, after all, as great-hearted and as whole-hearted as ever.

AMELIA E. BARR.

MRS. WITHERELL'S MISTAKE.

"CHARLES C. HUMPHREY,
M.D., Philadelphia."

That was the entry on the hotel-register. Mrs. Witherell scanned it critically through her eye-glass while the busy clerk's attention was diverted as he sorted out the mail. "A good bold hand," she muttered. "The 'M.D.' of course is to let us know he is open to a chance fee. Humphrey,—Humphrey,—there used to be Humphreys in Germantown,—a Judge Humphrey: or was it Houghton?—What! only one letter for me? Thanks.—Come, Sam."

But Sam was already half-way to the beach with his sand-shovel, whither his grandmamma followed him, and, having engaged him in the engrossing task of digging a hole through to China, she seated herself upon a neighboring log of drift-wood to read her letter.

"Humphrey,—Humphrey,—I'm sure I've run across people of that name somewhere who were worth while. At any rate, I like his looks, and— But we will wait," she concluded, languidly tearing open the envelope and reading as follows:

"MY DEAR MRS. WITHERELL,—I arrived home quite safely, and, having just finished a letter to Emily, take the opportunity to say a word to you to express again my gratitude for your offering so kindly to take charge of her. She was getting so much good from the sea-air that I hated the thought of bringing her back to the city, and thus your offer to look after her was most timely and welcome. If she can only be kept for a while free from all excitement or fatigue, I am in hopes that she will regain her health.

"I find matters here not so bad as I feared (Emily will explain), and therefore hope very soon to return and relieve you of responsibility.

"Very truly and gratefully yours,

"ELIZABETH BELDEN."

This letter will serve to explain the sudden interest inspired by a strange young physician in a matron of fifty. Mrs. Witherell had unexpectedly become a chaperon. What it does not explain is how Mrs. Belden ever came to intrust her daughter to Mrs. Witherell's care; for, when it is added that these two ladies had only known each other a matter of three weeks, every feminine critic will infallibly pronounce it a rash and ill-advised proceeding. Yet, as will presently appear, Mrs. Belden had acted with at least ordinary prudence.

Mrs. Belden and Mrs. Witherell had, it is true, met as strangers at the hotel table, but already their acquaintance had ripened almost to intimacy,—and for the best of all reasons: their whole previous lives had been preparatory to this acquaintance; they had simply obeyed the universal instinct by which kind detects kind the world over, and every mother's son straightway recognizes and patronizes his inferior, recognizes and toadies his superior, and recognizes and propitiates his equal.

Mrs. Belden and Mrs. Witherell had directly recognized in each other such an equality in fortune and position and such a similarity in tastes and habits as are compatible with good fellowship. In three weeks of the indolent, kill-time life at the sea-shore hotel they had found opportunity to compare notes on past experiences, to discover many points of sympathy and interest, and various common acquaintances; and thus it was with entire confidence, when she was suddenly called home by illness in her family, that Mrs. Belden intrusted her daughter to the charge of her new acquaintance.

And indeed Mrs. Witherell seemed in every way to deserve the confidence. A widow of middle age, with dignified person, excellent manners, and matured judgment, she promised to make an ideal chaperon. It is enough to say

here that in the main she fulfilled this promise. She justified Mrs. Belden's choice to all intents and purposes. Her intents and purposes were certainly unimpeachable. If, notwithstanding all this, she sought for impossible ends and achieved a farcical result, it was due to no lack of foresight and intelligence on her part, but simply to a pre-existing entanglement of circumstances of which she was unconscious.

Under the indolent, amiable languor which absence of care had engendered, Mrs. Witherell was in reality an energetic, ambitious woman, with talents for leadership and a thirst for action. She had managed her own affairs for some years. She had successfully married off her own two daughters, and she had the natural longing of an able person to exercise latent and unrecognized powers. Nothing, therefore, could have been more opportune to her need than this unexpected demand for her services. She undertook the charge with alacrity, and characteristically felt herself inspired not only with a harmless negative sense of responsibility, but with a positive and even mischievous desire to turn to some profitable account the unusual grace and beauty of her charge.

It was, therefore, with a grateful little thrill of interest that, on coming down to tea one evening, she found a comely young man seated opposite them at the table.

Mrs. Witherell was far too experienced to betray this interest, or even exhibit any consciousness of the stranger's presence. But an observing woman sees a great deal without looking, and Mrs. Witherell apparently saw enough after two days' circumspect observation to warrant her on the third morning in bowing across the table and exchanging salutations. Indeed, it would have been difficult any longer gracefully to ignore the stranger, for the enterprising Sam, having just become aware of his presence, proceeded at once to scrape an acquaintance without scruple or formality. "You been fishing yet?" he asked suddenly, as he critically studied the newcomer.

"Not yet," returned the stranger guardedly.

"Don't you like fishing?"

"Sometimes."

"You can catch splendid cunners over on the point."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Bill Davis caught a five-pounder."

Interrupted here for a moment by a whispered admonition from his grand-mamma, he presently continued, "If you'll hire a boat and take me out, I'll show you the place. I've spent all my pocket-money, and grandma won't give me any more, or I'd hire the boat."

At this point, Mrs. Witherell, by dint of vigorous and authoritative interference, succeeded in repressing further conversation; but at dinner it was renewed with alarming freedom and candor. The ladies had scarcely taken their seats when they were electrified by the triumphant announcement from Sam, as he beamed knowingly on their new neighbor, "We've found out your name."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," continued the terrible infant before his astounded grandparent could recover her breath. "It's Dr. Humphrey. Grandma hunted it up on the book."

There was a moment of general paralysis. The young doctor, with demure face but dancing eyes, flashed a look across at Emily. She blushed, and looked hysterically down at her plate. Neither actually smiled, and it proved a triumph of breeding. Mrs. Witherell, however deeply mortified, was too much a woman of the world to yield to discomfort on so small an occasion. On the contrary, she adroitly turned it to good purpose by establishing at once an *entente cordiale* which might otherwise have been the toilful labor of weeks. "Why, yes, Dr. Humphrey," she interposed, with an easy and half-laughing explanation, "I do know your name; and, since I am so unceremoniously forced to it, let me explain that I have an idle habit of looking over the new arrivals when I go to the office to get our

mail, and thus learned your name among the others. I was so indiscreet as to mention my discovery before too attentive an audience, and have been punished, as you see. Pray let me apologize for the liberty I took; and, that I may retain no unfair advantage of you, allow me further to introduce myself as Mrs. Witherell."

It will be noted that Emily was not included in this introduction. It was only after an interval of two or three days, during which she assiduously cultivated the doctor's acquaintance herself, that Mrs. Witherell at length took an opportunity of quietly making the two known to each other. Then she performed the ceremony of introduction with a suddenly-remembering, half-apologetic air, as if making amends for an oversight. The receipt of a letter from a friend in Philadelphia, containing the following sentence, may have had something to do with her action:

"To be sure we know Dr. Charles Humphrey very well. He is a great favorite in society here, and in every way a fine fellow. As to his 'circumstances,' I only know generally that he is said to have had remarkable success in his profession, that he has already become an authority in his specialty of nervous diseases, and acquired an unusually large practice for so young a man; besides all which, he is the only son of wealthy parents."

This endorsement of her own favorable impressions certainly justified Mrs. Witherell in furthering an acquaintance which seemed in every way desirable. Dr. Humphrey, however, although plainly not insensible to the beauty of his young neighbor, betrayed nevertheless a lack of enthusiasm in following up the acquaintance which disappointed the chaperon. It was in vain that the latter resorted cautiously and tentatively to various familiar feminine tactics: the doctor, while amiably responsive to ordinary conversational overtures, remained urbanely distant to any nearer approaches.

But Mrs. Witherell was not a novice. It is quite unlikely that she expected di-

rect and easy success. At any rate, she showed herself undismayed by obstacles. Accordingly, she rubbed up her eye-glass, settled back in her easy-chair, and busied herself with a little closer study of the two young people before her.

The first fruit of this study was gathered from a little conversation she had one morning with Emily, as they were sitting on the piazza: Dr. Humphrey had just left them.

"The doctor is decidedly a handsome man," said Mrs. Witherell, studying his retreating figure: "he has a distinguished face and an excellent carriage, which is of prime importance in a man."

"Ye-es," said Emily, looking up, as if just making the discovery.

"He has, moreover, what very few handsome men do have," continued Mrs. Witherell, taking some fancy-work from her pocket and adjusting the needles; "and that is an expression of force and vigor. He looks like one born to success; and, indeed, I am told he has already taken a high stand in his profession."

"Indeed! How splendid! Where did you learn that beautiful stitch, Mrs. Witherell?"

"Oh, 'tis as old as the hills, my dear," returned the latter, holding out her work for inspection and regarding searchingly the fair, unconscious face that bent over it. Evidently not satisfied with her inspection, however, she presently returned to the charge: "Don't you like to hear the doctor talk, Emily?"

"Oh, yes, ever so much. I think he is the nicest person down here,—except you and me, of course."

"He is always entertaining," pursued Mrs. Witherell, intent on her point, and watchful of the effect of her words.

"Yes, indeed; he seems to know no end of things, and he tells such charming stories. That makes me think of our story: do let us finish it this afternoon! I will go and get the book."

Mrs. Witherell dropped her eye-glass as her companion withdrew, and fixed her eyes with a reflective squint upon the far-off horizon. The discovery she

had just made added very much to her perplexity. The mutual and unmistakable indifference of these young people to each other was unnatural.

Emily soon returned with the book and began to read. Occupied with her puzzle, Mrs. Witherell gave little heed. Her keen eyes were fixed in absorbed attention upon the reader. Presently her face brightened; her meditation had evidently not been in vain. The slight figure and delicate face before her may have furnished the suggestion.

"Emily," she cried emphatically, "it is all wrong!"

"Why so?" asked the astonished reader. "It may be, but we cannot tell yet."

"Oh, I do not mean the book, my dear; I don't care anything about that. I mean you!"

"I!"

"Yes; it's all a mistake your sitting mewed up in the house here the whole time reading novels and writing interminable letters. You're not getting a bit better. You're losing ground. You ought to be out of doors, knocking about."

"But," pleaded Emily, with the positive air of an invalid, "I cannot. It tires me almost to death to walk; I should never sleep a wink if I did."

"But you do not sleep now."

"Oh, yes, I do,—a great deal,—fully half the night, usually."

"But that is not enough; and I think it can be helped. I have a mind to consult Dr. Humphrey about it."

"No! no indeed! you must not do that! I wouldn't have him for a physician on any account."

"Why not, my dear? He has made nervous disorders a special study."

"Oh, he is too young, and I know he couldn't do anything for me. Our doctor says nothing can be done, but that in time I shall outgrow it all."

Mrs. Witherell withheld the answer that rose to her lips, and said merely, "I devoutly hope you will, my dear."

A less resolved and energetic woman might here have quietly relinquished an undertaking which already bristled with difficulties and in which she had

so little personal concern. To Mrs. Witherell an obstacle was only an irritant which straightway aroused the latent energy necessary for its overthrow, and we have reason to believe that it was precisely here that she became for the first time deeply interested in her purpose. Happily, there is no occasion to speculate upon what she might have done, for chance came to her aid. An accident occurred which, in a moment, seemed to clear the way.

One afternoon, as she was sitting with Emily upon the piazza, a tumultuous throng of men and boys suddenly turned a neighboring corner and approached the hotel. They seemed to be much excited, and were crowded about a central object of interest. As they came nearer, this proved to be the lifeless body of a man.

"Drowned!" cried one of the crowd in answer to the query of a by-stander.

Mrs. Witherell turned quickly to shield Emily from the shocking sight. It was too late. She had already seen and recognized in the livid face and dripping figure one of their fellow-boarders. Uttering a cry of horror, she instantly swooned. Mrs. Witherell promptly applied the necessary restoratives, and presently had her carried upstairs. She soon returned to consciousness, but the shock she had received threatened serious results. Toward evening Mrs. Witherell became alarmed, and, Dr. Humphrey being the only physician in the house, she had no alternative but to summon him. He had just left the bedside of the drowned man, whom, after several hours of exhausting labor, he had succeeded in resuscitating. He entered the room pale and quiet, looked at his patient indifferently, learned the cause of her illness, and prescribed a simple opiate. In the excitement attendant upon snatching a man back from the clutches of death, the swooning-fit of a pretty girl appeared not to take much hold on his interest.

The next morning all was changed. The drowning man had become a commonplace convalescent. Emily had developed into an invalid. She had not slept. She was plainly unable to sit up.

The doctor called, and, after a few words, sat down and regarded his patient attentively. For the first time a look of interest began to dawn on his face,—a look that was not lost on Mrs. Witherell.

For half an hour he remained engaged in an easy, rambling, and apparently indifferent conversation. The conversation was really a masked battery of questions. When he withdrew, Mrs. Witherell made some pretext to follow into the hall, where she directly began to give him an account of her charge. The doctor checked her by saying impatiently, "I know it; I know it all, ma'am; she has given me the whole case."

"She—when?" asked the astonished chaperon.

"Just now."

"Here? this morning?"

"Certainly."

"Why, you have been talking about books."

"Books! pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the doctor, in a little outburst of irritation: "that was only the twaddle I employed to draw out from her how she had been wasting her life and ruining her health studying foreign languages and science and such rubbish, working at her cursed worsted, and practising upon her infernal piano."

Mrs. Witherell seemed not at all shocked at the doctor's strong language, nor, indeed, sensible of the sudden change in his tone from the social deference of yesterday to the professional authority of to-day.

"She has further let it appear," continued the doctor, "that she cannot ride, swim, row, walk, or do anything that a human being ought to do,—that she is, in short, simply another victim of the American conservatory system. The fashionable phrase—you may have heard it—is nervous prostration."

"True, true; I entirely agree with you," replied Mrs. Witherell in a low tone, and with a glance at the half-open door behind her. "I should say to you that I am only accidentally in charge of her for the time being, and have known her but a very short time. However, I have already seen enough to

assure me that you are quite right. In fact, she came down here upon advice to try the sea-air, having tried nearly everything else. I wished to consult you, but she was unwilling. I have no authority, you understand, to interfere; but she is a lovely girl. I grow more and more interested in her every day. It is such a crying pity. What do you think? can anything be done for her? You see, she is very young yet, and that must be to her advantage. What would you advise?"

"A little common sense."

"Why, we all, of course, flatter ourselves that we have an abundance of that. But she has got beyond that, I fear, some time ago. What we need now is a little extraordinary and professional sense."

"But you say she is here under advice."

"Not directly; that is, they have a family physician, I suppose: I really do not know. At any rate, what she needs now is special treatment. In the absence of her mother I shall take the responsibility to—in short, I wish you to undertake the charge of her."

The doctor paused a moment and looked at the floor, saying at length, as he turned to go, "As you please: you must be the judge of your own authority."

It will be unnecessary to give the *rationale* of Dr. Humphrey's system. It will be enough to mark results. Mrs. Witherell sat by, with busy eyes and busy thoughts but idle tongue, and watched the charm work. Her proximate concern was, of course, for Emily's health, but it was so merged in the larger if more remote anxiety for the success of other hopes that it may be doubted if she could nicely distinguish them. Her identification of the two questions may have been rather hasty, but it found some color of reason in the fact that the former indifference between the two members of her *dramatis personæ* had suddenly given place to an unmistakable interest. If Mrs. Witherell was not yet quite clear as to the nature of that interest, she was con-

tent to wait. Meantime, she saw her caged bird gradually become a wildling, —saw her by turns wooed from her bed, her room, the house, the piazza, to take an active part in out-door life, one day spending hours in basking in the sun on the warm sands, making elaborate castles, battlements, and towers under the superintendence of her ingenious physician, on another tramping the beach gathering sea-weeds; now roaming the woods again, then taking long drives over the breezy hills, and at length actually gathering vigor to mount a horse and depend upon her own backbone.

Two weeks passed thus, and Mrs. Belden had not returned. Meantime, she received cheering but conservative reports of her daughter's improvement. Mrs. Witherell, indeed, though in excellent spirits, was wise enough not to discount her triumph so far in advance. In this comfortable frame of mind she sat one evening in the parlor at an open window, while Emily and her watchful medical adviser paced up and down upon the moon-lighted piazza.

Presently they took a seat within ear-shot of the window. It is a question open to discussion whether Mrs. Witherell was now called upon to withdraw from an interview at which she was, in a certain sense, an involuntary party, and in which she was so vitally interested. Undoubtedly there are those whose delicacy would have compelled them to such a course. Mrs. Witherell was evidently not of the number. She retained her position, and listened with breathless interest to the following dialogue:

"Oh, we had such a lovely drive this morning that I cannot help dwelling upon it. I believe you make everything interesting, doctor!"

"Tut, tut! I must not let you put so complimentary a construction upon what is simply the natural and healthful interest you are beginning to take in the outside world."

"Oh, no; I am sure it is not that: it is because you see so many things that I should never notice, and explain everything so beautifully. Do, doctor, look at that tiny boat 'way 'way yonder crossing

the moon's wake! What a fairy atom! How unreal! Why, it reminds me of a dream I had the other night."

"Do you dream often?"

"Not very; but this was such a vivid dream that—only it was too absurd to tell."

"Not at all; absurdity is the true consistency of dreams: let me hear it and judge."

"You will laugh at me."

"I assure you I shall not."

"Well, then, I dreamt that you and I were in a little boat on the broad open ocean, and that you were talking and telling all sorts of interesting things, and teaching me the use of the oars, and that I was getting stronger and better every moment, when suddenly we struck upon a hidden rock, and the boat split right in two, and you were in one half and I was in the other, yet somehow we did not sink, but suddenly a person appeared by your side in your half, and a person appeared by my side in my half, and we separated and went different ways, and so floated out of sight, and never saw each other again."

The doctor mused a minute before speaking, and then said, in a low voice just audible to Mrs. Witherell's anxious ears, "That is a strange dream indeed: we must take care that it never comes true."

There was a pause of several moments, caused, perhaps, by the impression of the dream, when the doctor suddenly asked, "Would you like to go rowing?"

"Very much, but I fear I should be scared; and yet, I don't know,—you will laugh at me, of course,—but I am getting to feel as though nothing could happen when you are with me."

"And you may be sure there shall not," returned the doctor, adding presently, in modification, "That is a very good feeling to encourage."

"And could you teach me to row?"

"I could teach you anything."

"But, you see, I am not a very apt pupil," returned Emily laughingly, as she held up her watch in the moonlight, "for you have been teaching me ever so long that I must go to bed at nine

o'clock, and here it is half-past ten. What will Mrs. Witherell say?"

What Mrs. Witherell said may be readily guessed. She took the hint, and came directly out with a matronly scolding. What she thought is not so clear. Following her inclinations, she may have put too positive an interpretation on the foregoing conversation. What she did is of some significance, and will, of course, give the most reliable clue to her thoughts. She began from that evening to grow unaccountably indolent. She excused herself on one pretext or another from all outside exercise. If it was a row or sail, she dreaded nausea. If a drive, she had a headache. If a walk, she must hunt up the errant Sam. None the less, however, she contrived to take the greatest possible interest in all these expeditions, and listened with eager ears to Emily's glowing accounts. Thus two more weeks elapsed, in the course of which Mrs. Witherell was left alone a great deal.

A letter at length arrived, heralding Mrs. Belden's speedy return. Mrs. Witherell appeared a little uneasy at the announcement: "Your mamma will find a great change in you, my dear."

"Yes; she will be amazed."

"I only hope she will approve what we have done. I felt very doubtful about the propriety of calling in Dr. Humphrey, but you certainly needed attention, and there was nobody else."

"It was a most fortunate thing you did. Only think what a wretched creature I was, and see what I am. Oh, mamma will be eternally grateful to you."

"I sincerely trust she may, my dear; but things look very different retrospectively. I regard it, however, as providential that Dr. Humphrey chanced to be here."

"Oh, it was, indeed. He is a most wonderful doctor. He takes such an interest in his patients."

"Extraordinary," assented Mrs. Witherell dryly.

"And he is so encouraging."

"And devoted."

"A doctor with only one patient can

afford to be devoted," replied Emily, with a slight flush, as she glanced suspiciously at her chaperon's demure face. "He has certainly been very attentive to me, but he had nothing else to do, and then he is so enthusiastic about his system that I think he really wanted to see what it could do."

"His system is rather novel, but it seems to have been efficacious," said Mrs. Witherell, with unmoved face.

"It has done wonders for me," exclaimed Emily emphatically.

"It has, indeed," assented Mrs. Witherell, with a convulsive movement about the corners of her mouth.

The following afternoon Mrs. Belden arrived, accompanied by several friends. Her delight at her daughter's improved looks was unbounded, and her acknowledgments to Mrs. Witherell were correspondingly hearty. The latter listened with evident embarrassment, and sought an early opportunity to draw the fond mother away for a private conference. "I am glad to see," she began, in a confidential tone, "that you notice the change in Emily."

"Change! why, I hardly recognized her. It is miraculous."

"It is indeed remarkable," continued Mrs. Witherell, encouraged by this enthusiasm, "and I am delighted that you recognize it; but I had qualms enough at the outset, I assure you, about taking the responsibility of calling in a strange physician, and I have not yet shaken off my misgivings as to how you would regard it."

"Do not say another word, my dear friend! You have done me a service I shall never forget. I cannot tell you half my thanks."

"Oh, there is no question of thanks. It was a great pleasure to me to do anything I could, if only I have acted for the best. All I can say is that I have used my best judgment,—that I did precisely what I should have done in the case of my own daughter. And now all I want is your approval."

"And you have it; you have it," interposed Mrs. Belden, with emphasis;

"not only my approval, but my gratitude."

"Wait a moment!" exclaimed Mrs. Witherell, raising a warning forefinger and fixing an anxious eye upon her listener: "there is another phase to the case."

"Another phase?" echoed Mrs. Belden, with a languid expression of curiosity.

"Yes, but I trust—I am sure, not an unpleasant one. I think it only right, however, to give you a hint of what you will soon infallibly discover for yourself, in order that I may explain—"

"It is something about Emily?"

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Witherell, looking round to assure herself that there was nobody within ear-shot. "You must know that Dr. Humphrey is quite a young man."

"So Emily has written me."

"But a very extraordinary young man,—a man of superior mind and the most distinguished talents for his profession."

"So it would appear."

"Moreover," continued Mrs. Witherell, with a watchful glance upon her auditor, "he has, I am told, already acquired a large practice, which is all the more creditable as he is the son of wealthy parents."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Belden, seemingly not much interested.

"Besides all which," pursued Mrs. Witherell, slightly piqued at this indifference, "Dr. Humphrey is, as you will see, a man of fine personal appearance."

"Ah, that is of great advantage to a young doctor," remarked Mrs. Belden, suppressing a yawn.

"It is," rejoined Mrs. Witherell, with a fleeting touch of malice; "and I suspect it has not been entirely without its influence here."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," returned Mrs. Witherell bluntly, "that your daughter and Dr. Humphrey have been thrown a great deal together the past few weeks—"

"Well?"

"And that they have become seriously interested in each other."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Belden, with a sudden flush of indignation.

"And that, furthermore," continued Mrs. Witherell, leaning forward and sinking her voice to a whisper, "I have reason to think they are actually engaged."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Belden angrily. "You must be crazy! You do not know— Let me inform you, Mrs. Witherell, that my daughter—"

At this moment the door was suddenly thrown open, and Emily rushed into the room in search of her mother.

"Sh! Say nothing of this to her, I beg of you. I will talk with you further," whispered Mrs. Witherell hastily as she withdrew.

It was Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Belden had come on the last train, which, as usual, brought a large influx of visitors from the city. Mrs. Witherell found the piazza thronged when she went out. Immediately she bethought herself of Sam, whom, after a little search, she descried on the beach, walking with Dr. Humphrey. She put on her hat and went after him. Preoccupied with the interview that had just taken place, she did not notice till they were close upon her that it was not Sam, but a strange boy of about the same age, whom the doctor was leading by the hand.

"Heigho, doctor!" she exclaimed, drawing a long breath, "you have brought me on a foolish errand. I thought it was Sam you had, and came down to get him."

"No," with a fond look at the youngster by his side, "this is not Sam: this is Master Charles Humphrey."

"Eh!" gasped Mrs. Witherell, interpreting the look rather than the words, "you—you are married?"

"Ay, to be sure! You did not take me for a bachelor, I hope? Let me present my wife," exclaimed the doctor gayly, turning to a lady close behind him.

Mrs. Witherell flushed crimson, and stared at Mrs. Humphrey for a moment utterly dumfounded; then, bowing coldly, she muttered a few incoherent

words, and walked off abruptly toward the hotel.

As she approached the house, Emily came hurrying toward her, leaning upon the arm of a strange young man. "Oh, Mrs. Witherell," she cried breathlessly, "what a funny, funny mistake you have made about Dr. Humphrey and me!—mamma has just told me. How strange you didn't know that the doctor was married! He told me a great

deal about his wife and his little boy, and I—I have told him about—" But let me present Mr. Atherton. Do you not recognize him? Don't you remember his picture in my room? Have you not noticed how many letters I have received, and how many I have written? I thought mamma had told you,—how very funny!—*why, Mr. Atherton and I are engaged!*"

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

England In Egypt.

THERE seems to be no good reason to apprehend a European war—the only point connected with the situation in which America has any direct interest—as the result of the present imbroglio. England is not shaking her fist in the face of the other powers, and, whatever their opinions may be as to her proceedings, they have shown no disposition to interfere with them. The case would have been different if France or Italy had adopted a like independent course of action. No continental government could take a step of this kind without the consent of the others, except at its very great peril. But England is not a continental power nor a military power. Hers are not among the bayonets which Bismarck sees constantly pointed at the heart of Germany. She has no policy and no interests threatening to the equilibrium, or running directly counter to such schemes of aggrandizement or self-defence as other nations may cherish, except, possibly, those of Russia. In their disputes and arrangements with each other her voice is little regarded, and as she is not for them an object of fear, neither is she an object of jealousy. Journalists may attack her, the popular

feeling may be everywhere adverse to her, but governments are well aware that they need neither hope for her support nor dread her hostility. They know, and have probably received her assurance, that she has no design to annex Egypt or hold it as a conquest,—a design which has indeed been broached by a portion of the London press, but which could never be seriously entertained without wrecking the government and breaking up the party that supports it. France having chosen to make herself a nullity, what the other powers, under the guidance of Bismarck, will apparently continue to do, is to watch closely, maintain a discreet reserve, keep up a semblance of diplomatic activity, and preserve that intangible and somewhat illusive entity, "the European concert."

It is difficult to discover the precise grounds on which the English government justifies its course, or the exact aim which it can be supposed to have in view. It has indignantly denied that it is acting in the interests of the Egyptian bondholders, and, consciously at least, Mr. Gladstone would not have been concerned in any such policy. The necessity for protecting the Suez Canal cannot be alleged as a cause, since it has arisen simply as a result, of the naval

operations. The point insisted upon by Liberal adherents of the government is the menacing attitude of the Egyptians, which rendered the destruction of the forts an act of self-defence on the part of the English fleet. But the presence of the fleet was itself a menace, one openly intended and avowed, and requiring therefore to be explained by some preceding act or state of things. When we ask for information on this point, we are told that England and France had jointly pledged themselves to uphold the Khedive, whether against his nominal sovereign or his disaffected subjects; that the mutinous attitude of Arabi Bey formed a case for intervention; that the two powers acted jointly in treating it as such, and sending their fleets to Alexandria; and that if France receded from the position thus assumed, this did not relieve England from her obligations. To the further question from what motive these obligations were originally incurred the answer is that the interests of England as the ruler of India, the greatest of commercial nations, and the first of naval powers, demand the maintenance of internal peace and a settled government in Egypt,—which simply brings us round to the safety of the canal as the primary and sufficient cause for action.

One cannot but suspect that this is one of those cases so frequent in modern English history in which a line of policy has been entered upon without sufficient forethought and pursued in a spirit of obstinacy and pride. One reason why England is especially prone to such adventures is that sending out a fleet can be so much more easily and quickly done than sending out an army, and is in itself a mere demonstration, not an actual beginning of hostilities. Territory is not invaded, negotiations are not suspended; a weak state under an argument of this kind may be expected to succumb at once. The end is not always thus attained; and even when it is attained—as, indeed, after any of England's exploits—there generally follows a revulsion of feeling at home, with a putting on of sackcloth and a strewing

of penitential ashes,—a kind of performance for which Mr. Gladstone has an exceptionable aptitude, and which in the present instance he may be expected to go through at the fitting season with peculiar unction.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Visitors.

"GIVEN to hospitality" is likely to become in the near future as unusual a virtue as it apparently was in apostolic times. Most of us can count on the fingers of one hand the people we know who like to have their houses overflowing with guests. Indeed, most of them seem generally in the same humor about staying company as the old lady who once a year invited certain of her relations to pass a fortnight with her through a "sense of duty," but declared that after every meal she always said (bowing her head), "*Thank God*," and counted how many more remained to be told off. "The spare room," which used to be considered as essential in setting up housekeeping as the parlor itself, is becoming a rare provision, lingering in roomy country houses, but in cities comparatively unknown. One reason for this change is, no doubt, the increased expense of living, and another is the more precise methods of modern housekeeping, which are upset and at the mercy of chance when outsiders are coming and going. Still another and perhaps more potent cause is that we are not as tolerant nor as good-natured as people were in old-fashioned days. We recognize the fact that, if we open our houses freely, where we have one visitor who pleases us we must have a dozen whose intimacy we find importunate and tormenting. Few of us can fail to remember peculiar guests in our youth who had a sure *piéd-à-terre* in our father's and mother's house: seedily-dressed clergymen; women with queer bonnets and considerably more shabby than genteel carpet-bags; ladies who were left by the train and wanted a place to stay all night; gentlemen in difficulties in search of remunerative

occupations; far-off cousins vaguely starting off for "a visit" and descending like an army of locusts; convalescents requiring a change of air. In those days it never seemed strange or unusual that these old friends, acquaintances, and kinspeople should have board and lodging for the asking, or without it, stay as long as they found it convenient, then depart with a "Well, when you come our way you must return our visit."

Nowadays we may thus be victimized once, but no more. The cousin who comes to stay a fortnight and do her shopping and find a maid-of-all-work,—who takes up our time going about to show her the way, and our reception-room receiving the swarming maids who answer her advertisement,—whose bundles come to the house marked C. O. D. in her absence and have to be paid for by ourselves,—this cousin, I say, never repeats her visit, as she would have done twice a year in the old times. We are nothing if not particular nowadays; we want our houses sacred to ourselves, and if the integrity of our life is broken in upon we prefer it should be a friend we give up our time to. But there is some danger lest, in guarding our pleasantness and our strangeness, we run the risk of refusing the entertainment of angels, who, coming unawares, remain and do us good. There is an inevitable widening of interest and sympathy when we have visitors: we open sunlight into places usually kept dim; there is an impulse given to the home life which is liable to become stagnant; and, above all, there is in the generous exercise of hospitality something which belongs to bountiful natures with "the larger heart, the kindlier hand," while without it the finest nobility of character is lost.

L. W.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

An Understanding.

[Scene, the shady balcony of the hotel at Marianao, Cuba. Time, nine o'clock on a hot March morning. Miss Peltonville and Arthur Chester tête-à-tête.]

She. Why did you follow us to Cuba?

He. I have already told you that I thought you were in Florida.

She. And so came to Marianao, where nobody comes at this time of year, to be perfectly safe from an encounter, I suppose.

He. Precisely.

She. I had a letter from Annie Cleaves yesterday, saying you had told her you were coming to Cuba to find me.

He. Oh, that is nothing: it isn't to be supposed that I told her the truth.

She. Is there then no dependence to be put on what you say?

He. None whatever; otherwise I should be continually hampered by the necessity of conforming my actions to my words; and you can see yourself how inconvenient that would be.

She. You would find it a novel experience, I've no doubt.

He. Ah! you give me an idea. I'll try it when all other novelties in life are exhausted.

She. Meanwhile, I wish to know why you came.

He. Well, because you amuse me.

She. Thank you for nothing!

He. Consequently I'm in love with you, as I did myself the honor to mention before you left New York.

She. So amusement is your idea of love?

He. Oh, only one of them; I assure you I've quantities of ideas upon the subject, all founded upon experience. I loved Lottie Greenwell because she made such a glorious champagne cup; indeed, for ten days I positively adored her, until one night she put in too much curaçoa and I realized how uncertain a foundation my passion had. Then there was Kate Turner: she writes so fascinating a letter that I lost my heart anew every time I saw her handwriting on the back of an envelope, although that feeling you'd call only a fancy, since nobody would think of marrying on a virtue that is sure to end with the wedding. A wife never writes to her husband about anything but the servants and the payment of her milliner's bills: so that wouldn't really count as a love-affair.

She. You excel in nice metaphysical distinctions!

He. Then there's Miss French; I loved her because she snubbed me, Nora Delaney for her dancing, and Annie Cleaves for her music.

She. And now you love me as suited to the position of Court Jester to Your Royal Highness.

He. One must have some sort of a reason for being in love.

She. But one needn't be in love.

He. Oh, yes; for I always thought it very stupid to marry without having been in love a dozen times at least. A man is apt to lose his head otherwise.

She. So you advertise yourself as a marrying man, I am to understand?

He. Every bachelor is a marrying man. It is only a question of finding a convenient wife.

She. Like a convenient house, I suppose.

He. Exactly.

She. I wonder any woman ever consents to marry a man. You are such selfish creatures!

He. You are amazingly pretty when you toss your head in that way. It's worth coming from New York to see.

She. It is well you think so; otherwise you might consider your voyage a waste of time.

He. What! with the certainty of your consenting to marry me?

She. I like your assurance! Why should I marry you?

He. I supposed that with your sex the fact of my amazing attachment would be sufficient.

She. Your knowledge of our sex is, then, remarkably limited. I suppose that whether I happen to love you is of no particular consequence.

He. Oh, love is said to beget love.

She. But you love me, you say, because I amuse you. Now, you don't amuse me in the least; and, as I do not know just how to cultivate a passion simply on the rather doubtful ground of your affection, there really seems very little chance of reciprocity.

He. Do you know what a tremendously hot day it is?

She. I don't see the connection; and I'm sure I'm cool enough.

He. But you make it very hot for me! How picturesque that ragged fellow looks riding on top of his high saddle!

She. With a string of mules tied to his horse's tail. I'm fond of the mules, their bells are so musical.

He. And their bray!

She. And the muleteers sing such weird songs.

He. I should have expected you to be fond of the mules.

She. Why?

He. A fellow-feeling is said to have a softening effect, and the mule's strongest characteristic is—

She. Consistency!

He. And, as I was about to remark, we value others most for the virtues we do not ourselves possess.

She. You are sufficiently rude.

He. Honesty is generally thought rude.

She. Really, you begin to amuse me. Please go on; I'd like to try falling in love on the amusement plan: it must be very dull.

He. Oh, bother amusement! Like the young ladies in novels, I would be loved for myself alone.

She. I fear that would be more difficult than the other way. What have you ever done to make me admire you?

He. Perhaps nothing. Admiration presupposes the capability of appreciation.

She. Ah! What have you done, then, that is worthy admiration?

He. I have managed to find you at Marianao and bring about a tête-à-tête before I've been here fifteen hours.

She. Wonderful man! And of all that what comes?

He. That I ask you to marry me. That is certainly something.

She. Yes; it isn't much, but, as you say, it is certainly something.

He. You are always so flattering! And now when it is my deepest affections, and all that sort of touching thing, with which you are trifling!

She. You are a humbug!

He. Of course; so are you; so is everybody. Civilization is merely the apotheosis of humbug.

She. My friend, a striving after epigram is fast making you as bad as a confirmed punster.

He. Still, it is all true. I am a humbug in proposing to you; you, if you reject me—

She. I certainly do, most emphatically and finally!

He. You make me the happiest of men.

She. You make your system of humbug far too complicated for me to follow.

He. Why, this is genuine. The humbug was in asking you to marry me, when I wouldn't have had you say "yes" for the world.

She. I never suspected you of insanity, Mr. Chester. Am I to infer that the climate of Cuba, or the wines—

He. Oh, neither, I assure you. Besides, Cuba has no wines, as you ought to know. Now, see, I'll do you the rare honor of telling you the truth. Of course you are at liberty to believe it or not, as you please, but it happens to be as true as the Gospels, revised version. Some ten days since, I asked Annie Cleaves to marry me. It is a form of speech that comes very naturally to my lips, you know. She confessed to that very superfluous and old-fashioned sentiment called love, which wasn't good form, I'll admit; but, as I was at once the object of her attachment and rather badly gone in the same way about her, I managed to overlook it.

She. Very good of you, I'm sure. I hope Annie appreciated your generosity.

He. Very likely she didn't. Your sex seldom do appreciate masculine goodness. But Annie has a more old-fashioned and far worse vice than love. Why, the girl, in the midst of these enlightened nineteenth-century days, actually goes to all the nonsensical bother of keeping a conscience! It must be more trouble to attend to, Agnes, than her aunt Wheeler's seven pet poodles and three red-headed parrots.

She. Yes, I suppose you are right.

You don't speak from experience, though, do you?

He. Oh, no; I never had a conscience. As a boy, I preferred white mice; and now I have my horses, you know.

She. Well, go on with Annie.

He. Well, on my confessing how far I'd carried my flirtation with you—I can't for the life of me tell how I happened to speak of it; I am usually more discreet.

She. I should hope so.

He. Oh, I am, I assure you. But Annie actually seemed to think you had some sort of a claim on me. Fancy! Why, I've offered myself to dozens of girls with no more idea of marrying them than I have of becoming a howling dervish; and, more than that, I've habitually been accepted. But Annie didn't know those girls, and she did you; and she seems to think your "no" more binding than any other person's "yes." Perhaps she knows that a woman's negative—

She. Really, Arthur, that is so hackneyed that if you haven't the gallantry not to say it you should be ashamed to repeat anything so stale.

He. Perhaps you are right: I've known you to be, on very rare occasions. But to continue: Annie insisted that I should come and, as she said, "assure myself of your sentiments and my own." Did you ever hear anything more absurd? As if I didn't know all the time that you were dying for me, and as if I—despite my mad and overpowering passion for your lovely self, Miss Peltonville—couldn't tell as well in New York as in Cuba whether I wanted to marry her or not.

She. At least Annie may set her mind quite at rest as far as I am concerned. Though what would you have done if I had accepted you?

He. Oh, I was confident of my ability to put the question so you wouldn't.

She. I've a great mind now to say I'll have you.

He. Do; just to see how gracefully I'll manage to say, "No, you won't."

She. Well, I wish Annie joy of her bargain. She is worthy a better fate;

and what she can see in you I can't imagine.

He. These things are so strange; there is no accounting. Why, I've been perfectly puzzled,—do you know?—ever since I came last night, to tell what I found in you last winter.

She. I've no occasion to bother my head on such a question, for I never found anything in you.

He. But then, as I said, you amused me, and sometimes may so far amuse some one else that—

She. His amusement may even amount to astonishment, perhaps. For instance, that gentleman coming in at the gate with papa expects to marry me.

He. Fred Armstrong, by all that is unspeakable! Agnes Peltonville, I humble myself in the dust before you; and no humiliation could be greater than going down into Cuban dust. You are an angel. You've removed my last fear.

She. Yes? And how?

He. I always was jealous of Fred Armstrong: he was forever dangling about Annie.

She. Upon my word, Arthur, I begin almost to believe you are in love with her.

He. Almost as much as with Cuban tobacco.

She. But you'd die sooner than confess it in earnest. Come, let's go in to breakfast. I'm sure I wish you joy.
[*Exeunt.*]

A. W. B.

The Juvenile Star Business.

THE Children's Opera Company have just gone, leaving grim and gory in my mind the corpse of a pretty little opera.

They mutilated the score and their tender voices. Bright and playful as they looked, and distinct as their romps in the wings were, between acts, the evening seemed a doleful one. And this company is eclipsed by another, headed by a midget who seems to have a finished actress's mind and spirit in her five-year-old body. She is the top blossom of that stalk which bears on lower branches the juvenile bloomers in private theatricals, school entertainments, and Sunday-school concerts.

The first infant artist the writer ever saw was brought by her guardians to advertise her concert at the school-house, on a day just before the war. She was eight or nine years old, and had a waxy face well freckled, and not an atom of the shyness with which we, her contemporaries, gazed on her. The bills heralded her as Little Mary the Musical Prodigy. At her concert she played on several instruments, and sung, among other things, a patriotic song, wearing gauze and spangles and waving the American flag. Whether she was shot out of a gun at Sumter, or melted away—blue eyes, rosy dress, and starry freckles—into the flag, I have never heard of Little Mary the Musical Prodigy from that day to this.

What eventually becomes of all the juvenile wonders nurtured behind footlights? Everybody disapproves of juvenile business,—and goes to see it. Into what sort of adult people do this mannikin crowd act and sing and costume themselves? Of all the mystic comers and goers behind the theatrical sword of fire, these children are hardest to gauge.

M. C.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement." By the Rev. T. Mosley, M.A. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE origin of the "Oxford movement" will be found, we imagine, on the last

analysis, to have been, not doctrinal or in any sense theological, but æsthetic. It is true that Newman tells us of himself, "My battle was with liberalism: by liberalism I meant the anti-dogmatic princi-

ple and its developments. . . . Dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion: I know no other religion: I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery." But he is speaking here of sentiment unaccompanied by belief, a feeling without an object. All his revelations show that sentiment and imagination were primary agents in his own spiritual progress, and that a longing for something fresh, beautiful, and stimulating was what animated the group of which he became the centre. In 1839, when defending the Movement, he described it as "a reaction from the dry and superficial character of the religious teaching and the literature of the last generation, or century, and a result of the need which was felt both by the hearts and the intellects of the nation for a deeper philosophy;" and he cited, as evidences of a general current in the same direction, the influence of Scott, "who turned men's minds to the direction of the Middle Ages," of Coleridge, who "instilled a higher philosophy into inquiring minds," and of Southey and Wordsworth, "one of whom in the department of fantastic fiction, the other in that of philosophical meditation, have addressed themselves to the same high principles and feelings." Now, all these writers professed their devotion to the Church of England; but, with the partial exception of Coleridge, who, as Newman says, "indulged a liberty of speculation which no Christian can tolerate, and advocated conclusions which were often heathen rather than Christian," their attachment to the Church was much more sentimental than doctrinal. Of Hurrell Froude, who better than any other man represented the Movement in its inception, who influenced Newman much more than he was influenced by him, the latter writes, "He had no turn for theology as such. He had no appreciation of the writings of the Fathers, of the detail or development of doctrine, of the definite traditions of the Church viewed in their matter, of the teaching of its Ecumenical Councils, or of the controversies out of which they arose. . . . He had a severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of Virginity. . . . He delighted in thinking of the Saints. . . . He was powerfully drawn to the Mediæval Church, but not to the Primitive. . . . He was a High Tory of the Cavalier stamp." After this description, which seems to embody the very ideal of a sentimental believer, it is curious

to find the profound student of ecclesiastical history and dogmas adding, "It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He made me look with admiration toward the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence." He acknowledges a similar, though smaller, indebtedness to Keble, who, he says, was "the true and primary author" of the Movement, and to whom it certainly owed much of its fascination for sentimental minds, while he makes no such acknowledgment in regard to Pusey, the hard-headed and deeply-learned theologian with whose name it was ultimately identified. In the interval, and during the most exciting period of its existence, Newman was the head and soul of it; and this, not by virtue of his intellectual eminence alone, but chiefly through his qualities as a born leader of men. It was through him that it became a movement, gained converts, spread alarm, fixed the attention of the world. It was perhaps for lack of a commanding personality at its head that the romantic school in Germany, despite the higher genius and wider culture of Tieck, Novalis, F. Schlegel, and others, had failed to produce a similar effect. Newman combined the fascinations that attract devoted followers with the boldness and activity that challenge opposition and compel the public to listen to discussion. His real instincts and aspirations were those of a reformer. He hated stagnation, he yearned for that stirring of the waters which freshens the feelings, exercises and invigorates the intellect, and brings new life. As a theologian he was constantly feeling his way, advancing from stage to stage, and, as we have seen, yielding to extraneous direction and impulses. The Evangelical views in which he had been bred melted so insensibly under the influences of Oriel that neither he nor Mr. Mozley can give us any clear account of the change. It is a significant remark of the latter writer that "in the 'Apologia' Newman returns a long way toward his earliest religious impressions, and shows himself more at home with the Evangelical party [than with the Anglican]. He relates the spiritual history of his soul, and records an impression, continually increasing till it becomes irresistible, that the Church of England is

an external affair, out of the sphere of the soul, and incapable of being taken into it, but condemned to be always outside." In other words, the real object of his aversion was deadness of feeling, mere formal belief,—“two-bottle Orthodoxy.” He was in search of the spirit. A century earlier he would have found it in the Oxford movement of that day, conducted by Wesley; in the sixteenth century he would have found it in the Reformation, or in the counter-movement initiated by Loyola. In 1830 the only visible source of inspiration was the romantic and philosophical “reaction” he describes in the passage before cited. “Liberalism,” which, as he remarks, was a very different thing then from what it is now, he abhorred, as “the badge of a theological school of a dry and repulsive character, not very dangerous in itself, though dangerous as opening the door to evils which it did not itself either anticipate or comprehend.” Romanism, as represented by O’Connell and the Irish priesthood, was almost equally repulsive to him. But there was the vision which Laud had had, or was supposed to have had, of a primitive Catholicism, with pure traditions, a patristic theology sanctioned by early councils, ordinances and rites of divine origin and essential to a true ecclesiastical system, which had been unwisely rejected along with later incrustations and mere superstitions. This was the leaven with which the English Church was to be put in a state of fermentation. “Such additions would not remove it from its proper basis, but would merely strengthen and beautify it.” Ultimately, however, it was seen that the system thus constructed lacked a foundation. Traditions, “developments,” all the mystic dogmas and beautiful observances that had been successively welcomed as a means of infusing reverence and awe and reviving a moribund faith, would be idle dreams unless supported and perpetuated by an authority that still survived, and whose decisions must be accepted *in toto* with unquestioning submission. Mere logic would have reached the inevitable conclusion by a short cut. Newman preferred to come to it by a long *détour*, lingering at every turn, finding delight in distant glimpses, and making the journey through an oft-explored country one of discovery and enchanting surprises. The whole story, from the first ardent conception of “a work to be done in England” to the final act of self-surrender at the feet of “Father

Dominic, the Passionist,” is one of the most picturesque episodes in the history of romanticism, and as told in the “Apologia,” with captivating frankness and grace of style, made an impression which no reader even in these days would be willing to have wholly effaced.

In Mr. Mozley’s volumes we are on a different plane. We have dropped behind the stately knight with his lofty visions and enthusiastic purposes, and are listening to the realistic details and racy comments of the squire. There is not much of the romantic spirit in Mr. Mozley, and theology is the subject of which beyond all others he professes himself ignorant. Yet his participation in the Movement is easily explained. He was a fellow of Oriel, elected through Newman’s influence; his mind was susceptible, his nature trustful and loyal, and his instincts eminently social; he had the high spirits and bright audacity of youth; he had been bred in hostility to Liberalism and in a spirit of rampant partisanship. He was not only delighted to move, since a movement there was to be, but, having advanced at the word of command to a certain position, his clear, quick sight showed him the ultimate goal, and his direct and simple mind, not trained to subtleties, and indisposed to deliberation, apprehended no necessity for holding back. Accordingly, he wrote to Newman, whose brother-in-law he had become, announcing his intention to join the Church of Rome. The advice which he received in reply was to “think over it two years.” This was to him equivalent to a command to wait for the time specified before a final decision; but it could not impose compliance with an injunction impossible to fulfil. “Two years,” he remarks, “are not too long for a consideration affecting one’s eternal happiness, and the present and future happiness of many; but I had always found it not easy to concentrate my attention on a serious matter for even ten minutes.” It is doubtless an unintentional touch of satire when he adds, “I soon found myself not at home in a state of expectancy, in which I must not trust to that ordinary reason which had hitherto been my very fallible guide, but wait for an enlightened volition.” His conclusion was that no man should leave the religion in which he has been brought up without a special “call,” and that no such call had come to him. He had even to confess to himself that the agitation in which he had taken a prominent part was one for which

he had no natural fitness, and that, instead of advancing in the direction of a living, positive faith, he had merely been making an excursus in the region of fancy and speculation. Thenceforth he settled down to practical life as a country rector and as a leading writer for the *Times*.

But in parting with his illusions he retained his sympathies unimpaired, and after the lapse of years he is able to write of his old associates in a tone that is not the less warm and appreciative that it is playful and *déagé* instead of being solemn and controversial. What he set himself to do was to depict men rather than to relate events, presenting them in the aspects displayed in a close and habitual intercourse. We have, therefore, as the result, not a continuous narrative, but a series of sketches, which, however, are not so disconnected or loosely put together as to lack the unity essential to a sustained interest. The common purpose and general agreement in spirit are kept in sight, though it is the personal characteristics of the actors, not their combined efforts, that are chiefly brought before us. For the most part these sketches are very slight and unelaborated. Their merit lies not in vividness of presentment, but in suggestive touches,—the indication of some peculiar trait, an illustrative anecdote, an allusion or an epithet that implies more than is directly expressed. The touches are seldom caustic, they are oftentender and even reverent; but humor may be said to form the ground-tone of the whole, giving a more or less perceptible tinge to every description, subduing the higher tints, and bringing all into harmony. The impression being produced by cumulative effects, it is difficult to justify it by citations; but here is a compact specimen which may be quoted entire:

"Oakley [one of Newman's foremost supporters] was a rather brilliant essayist, a poet, and a musician. He was very impressive and impulsive. Years before the movement, a clever but cynical Oriel friend described him as so impressed by worship and devotion that if he should come upon a temple filled with a multitude prostrate before an idol, he would throw himself down amongst them. Nobody cared less for himself, or took less care of himself. He spent his life eventually serving a poor congregation, chiefly Irish, in the not very attractive region of Islington. He might be seen limping about the streets of London,—for he was very lame,—a misshapen fabric

of bare bones, upon which hung some very shabby canonicals. Yet his eye was bright, and his voice, though sorrowful, was kind, and he was always glad to greet an old friend. He could sometimes be induced to dine quietly at Lambeth and talk over old days with the Primate. There was always something aristocratic even in the wreck."

Of Ward (who died the other day), the intimate friend of Oakley, but his "opposite in most personal respects," we are told that "he represented the intellectual force, the irrefragable logic, the absolute self-confidence, and the headlong impetuosity of the Rugby school. Whatever he said or did was right. As a philosopher and a logician it was hard to deal with him. He had been instantaneously converted to Newman by a single line in an introduction to one of his works, to the effect that Protestantism could never have corrupted into Popery. . . . Ward, I must add, was a great musical critic, knew all the operas, and was an admirable buffo singer."

Music, it is noticeable, seems to have been the art most in favor at Oxford before the Movement had got under way and revived the interest in Church architecture. Hurrell Froude, who had a special admiration of St. Peter's and other works of the Italian style, and Mr. Mozley himself, with a not less passionate love and better knowledge of Gothic art, took the lead in this new direction. Newman, whose fine accomplishments as a musician are well known, remained true to his first love. In early days, during Blanco White's residence at Oxford, the two were accustomed to play with other amateur performers in trios or quartets. "Both were violinists, but with very different instruments. Blanco White's was a very small instrument, whatever its technical name. Poor gentleman! Night after night any one walking in the silence of Merton Lane might hear his continual attempts to surmount some little difficulty, returning to it again and again, like Philomel to her vain regrets. . . . Most interesting was it to contrast Blanco White's excited and indeed agitated countenance with Newman's sphinx-like immobility as the latter drew long, rich notes with a steady hand."

Newman is, of course, always seriously as well as affectionately treated, though one cannot read without a smile of his turning an old closet over a stairway into an oratory and praying so loud as to be distinctly audible to any one going up or

down. Perhaps the most thoroughly genial sketch is that of Henry Wilberforce; and there is a highly-amusing contrast drawn between him and his more famous brother Samuel, bishop successively of Oxford and Winchester. The description of the manner in which the latter was accustomed to make his way through a crowded public meeting and get himself called to the platform leaves no doubt on the origin of the *sobriquet* of "Soapy Sam." Of his power of preserving a dignified demeanor under trying circumstances Mr. Mozley gives the following proof: "Crossing the Channel together in a wretched French screw-steamer, we had to wait the tide off Calais. The vessel rolled incessantly like a log, and we were told we must expect two hours of it. The bishop secured his hat with a string, and then leant against the bulwark, fixing his eyes on the horizon,—his recipe for sea-sickness. The sailors did not like to see a bishop commanding the waves, so they watched him with intense interest, hoping to see him succumb with the majority of his fellow-passengers. He kept his own to the last, and landed as if nothing was the matter."

Such extracts, which might be multiplied to an indefinite extent, will serve to give an idea of the general character of the book, the lively matter in which it abounds, and the easy colloquial style, that never offends the taste, in which it is written. Even when most discursive or bare of incident, it holds our interest, like the talk of a veteran of rich experiences, shrewd perceptions, and spirits that have lost their exuberance but not their healthy glow and animation. The old-fashioned provincial Toryism in which the author was bred shows itself only in its most agreeable forms,—as, for instance, in his hearty sympathy with the agricultural laborers. To the strong impressions made in early life we must also attribute his firm faith in the efficacy of "charms" in driving away warts,—an article of belief subscribed to with a confidence which much exceeds that of his utterances on theological points. Indeed, his long defence, toward the close of the book, of the distinctive doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church will be likely to suggest the notion to some readers that in the matter of religious belief he has remained permanently fixed at the point where he stood when Newman commanded him to "wait," and that instead of waiting he should have gone on and made open pro-

fession of his conformity to the old faith. But we take it to be the truer view that the point which he reached was not that of conviction, but of comprehensive and sympathetic insight, followed by the perception that the logical coherence of a creed is less important than its suitability to human needs under given circumstances. It will be seen that, to derive from these "Reminiscences" the full measure of enjoyment they are capable of giving, they must be read with a free and open mind, interested in all that pertains to humanity, and receptive of whatever throws light upon its workings.

"Gray." (English Men of Letters Series.)
By Edmund W. Gosse. New York: Harper & Brothers.

GRAY is the author of one poem which is as widely known as any of the songs of Burns, and of a few others which, if they cannot be called popular, are ranked among the lyrical gems of the language and studded with phrases that have become familiar household words. Yet, while Burns's life is almost as well known as his poetry and his personality is a subject of unfading interest, it is only the professed student of literature who has even what we may call a speaking acquaintance with Gray, or who finds any attractiveness in his figure. The causes of this difference are obvious; but, though there was little in Gray's career or character to excite the curiosity or the sympathies of the many who can duly appreciate the "Elegy," the comparatively few readers who have sought a closer intimacy with the author have no reason to regret their pains. If strong passion and wayward impulses do not disclose themselves, the union of a pensive spirit with a lively intellect, of multifarious learning with an exquisite sense of the beautiful in nature as well as in art, of shy reserve and secluded habits with a deep capacity for friendship, of a sensitive pride with tender and generous instincts, forms a character neither unworthy of study nor devoid of charm. It was, in fact, a character that, in spite of its incommunicativeness, endeared itself singularly to all who had close opportunities of observing it. "Dearer friends," writes Mr. Gosse, "better and more devoted companions through a slow and unexhilarating career, no man famous in literature has possessed." The secret of this fascination lay, no doubt, in the fact that Gray, while shutting up his own

nature from prying eyes, was never self-absorbed. He felt the same warm interest in those who were admitted to share his society as in his favorite authors, his affection for them was constant, his keen discernment showed itself in a quick appreciation of what was best in them, and his intercourse with them was stimulating and helpful. His attitude toward them may be compared to that of Goethe in a larger and more famous circle, and, like the greater poet, he was especially susceptible to the charm of youthful vivacity and a temperament the reverse of his own. His attachment to Bonstetten toward the close of his life was marked by an almost romantic ardor, and, like his early friendship with West, proves the sensibility which lay deep in his nature and which struggled rather to hide itself than to find an outlet.

Mr. Gosse has worked up his material so skillfully and agreeably that the result should commend itself to many readers besides those for whom it will revive old memories and impressions. He brings out with especial clearness the points on which Gray was in advance of his contemporaries, such as his appreciation of mountain-scenery, and his right to be considered in this and other respects as the predecessor of Wordsworth and of Shelley. On the question as to the cause of the poet's scanty productiveness, he offers substantially the same explanation as Mr. Arnold,—the lack of a genial atmosphere in an age when the imaginative faculty lay torpid. But, while this is no doubt to be taken into the account, the primary cause, as one is constrained to perceive, was Gray's own lack of a powerful and exuberant poetic faculty. He had no spring-floods of feeling, no ardor, no sense of an overmastering impulse. He did not lisp in numbers nor struggle with an imperfectly developed gift of expression. His inspirations were infrequent, but they were carefully and fastidiously wrought out, and the intervals were tranquil. All the indications point not to a genius that was forbidden to thrive and to bear fruit after its kind, but to one that recognized its own limitations and spontaneously conformed to them.

Books Received.

A Fair Philosopher. By Henri Daugé. (Kaaterskill Series.) New York: George W. Harlan & Co.

Pantaletta: A Romance of Sheheland. New York: American News Company.

"Rejected Testimony" of Mr. Jacob R. Shepherd. New York City.

Thaddeus Stevens: Commoner. By E. B. Candler. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Atlas. By Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.

At the Eleventh Hour. By Annie Edwardes. (Trans-Atlantic Novels.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Leaves of Grass. By Walt Whitman. Philadelphia: Rees Welsh & Co.

Lady Beauty. By Alan Muir. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Life of a Love in Songs and Sonnets. By N. M. Sedarté. New York.

The Constitutional History of England from 1760 to 1860. By Charles Duke Yonge, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Villa Bohemia. By Marie Le Baron. New York: Kochendoerfer & Urie.

Gypsies; or, Why we went Gypsying in the Sierras. By Dio Lewis, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

Orient Sunbeams; or, From the Porte to the Pyramids, by Way of Palestine. By Samuel S. Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Young Nimrods Around the World. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language. By Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona. By William J. Rolfe. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Shakespeare's Timon of Athens. By William J. Rolfe. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Naval War of 1812. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Present Religious Crisis. By Augustus Blauvelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Victor Hugo and his Time. By Alfred Barbou. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Plain Speaking. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers.

Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York. By Abram C. Dayton. New York: Geo. W. Harlan & Co.

The Sabbath Question. By L. W. Bacon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

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NORFOLK, OLD AND NEW.



TAKING PRODUCE TO MARKET.

THE city of Norfolk, Virginia, presents an interesting problem to the physicist. Nature evidently intended her for a great commercial centre, but accident and adverse circumstances have kept her, until the last decade at least, a quiet provincial town, with a commerce and commercial facilities, interests, and ambitions of an equally provincial character. The briefest glance at the map will serve to show the city's admirable commercial position. It is built on a low, flat peninsula embraced on three sides by the Elizabeth River and giving it a magnificent water-front. Properly speaking, the Elizabeth is not a river at all, but a broad, deep inlet of Hampton Roads, opening into the latter at Craney Island, eight miles below the city. Hampton Roads is the noblest basin in the world, capable, as Lieutenant

Maury once observed, of accommodating the entire merchant marine of Christendom. A ship-channel thirty feet in depth leads through it past the mouth of James River, past historic Fortress Monroe, through the wide mouth of Chesapeake Bay to the ocean, fifteen miles distant, and thence out to the Gulf Stream, the highway of mariners. That this wealth of water-ways has failed for two hundred years to be utilized is not owing to the fact that it was unappreciated. The town was founded by the wise Virginia legislators as the seaport of their colony. Thomas Jefferson, speaking before the days of railroads, declared that it had a natural right to the commerce of Virginia, the Chesapeake, and the North Carolina Sounds; Patrick Henry in 1787, before the Virginia Legislature, depicted its commer-

cial future in the most glowing terms; and later a more eminent authority in such matters than either—Lieutenant Maury—declared that, with the exception of the Golden Gate, it was the most important maritime position in the domain of the United States; and yet—curious fact—not until the last decade opened did the golden prophecies regarding it show the least sign of fulfillment.

It missed the honor of being the first English settlement in America, only through the stupidity of Captain Christopher Newport, who, disdainful of the low, flat shores of the Elizabeth, sailed farther up the James, and planted his settlement on the high wooded point of Jamestown with such rare judgment that nothing remains of it now but a few moss-grown ruins. Seventy-three years later the legislators of Virginia set about establishing seaports for their colony, and in June, 1680, passed an act authorizing the purchase of fifty acres of the present site of the city "for the town of Norfolk," and by subsequent acts made it a seaport of the colony, requiring the imports and exports of its district to pass through its warehouses, and offering special privileges to such artisans and tradesmen as should settle there within a specified time. These measures were so far successful in peopling it that in October, 1705, it became a town, and in 1736 was created a borough by virtue of a charter from royalty itself. But the port made little or no progress during the colonial era, owing to the mother-country's jealous supervision of the commerce of her colonies, and possibly to the supineness of its own merchants. It did a languishing trade with the West Indies, and this trade, small as it was, was effectually closed by the outbreak of the Revolution in 1775.

The period of extreme trade-depression following the Revolution, and extending beyond the peace of 1815, was extremely unfavorable to the growth of a commercial town; and when, in 1820, commerce revived and the status of Atlantic seaports rapidly became fixed, the town lacked the men and the means

to push forward the system of internal improvements that would have enabled her to compete successfully with her eager rivals. The Southern tier of seaports robbed her of her cotton-trade, Richmond and Lynchburg absorbed the tobacco and manufacturing interests of the State, and Baltimore, at the head of Chesapeake Bay, grew rich and great with the grain-trade of the West that of right belonged to her weaker neighbor at its mouth. There were also minor causes at work during this period to retard the city's progress. Destructive fires visited her at intervals, and in 1855 the yellow fever (communicated by the steamer *Ben Franklin*) destroyed two-thirds of her population in a little more than a month's time. Singularly enough, it was the War of the Rebellion, in general so destructive to the material interests of the South, that awoke the city to a knowledge of its powers. The influx of Northern capital and energy into the South in 1866–70 met a welcoming and co-operating element here in the young scions of the old families whom the war had made liberal and progressive, and from this time forward the city's progress was as rapid as it had been before exceptionally slow.

The Northern tourist who now passes through the city southward-bound cannot but be impressed with the air of bustle and activity that prevails, so different from the dulness and languor of many Southern towns. The city is literally overflowing with life and vigor. New brick blocks are pushing the wooden buildings of the old *régime* farther and farther into the outskirts; negro laborers are now paving the streets; drays and carts laden with merchandise rattle over the pavements; new bridges span the creeks that surround the town, and beyond them smooth, hard shell roads stretch away into the interior; while along the water-front pile-drivers are busy, workmen are laying the odorous pine flooring of future docks of commerce, and trackmen are placing lines of rails whose western terminus is on the Ohio or the Mississippi. Almost the entire current of the city's trade flows along

these wharves, and they present almost every hour of the day scenes of the most novel and picturesque character. In one slip are dingy, weather-beaten fishing-craft from Chincoteague, Currituck, and all along shore, unloading cargoes of fish and water-fowl. Mammoth red-funnelled Clyde-built steamers are loading with cotton for European ports; little oyster-pungies hurry past with live cargoes for the packers; great barges laden with the discarded shells are slowly trailing by; at a warehouse a schooner is discharging barrels of pungent turpentine and amber-hued rosin; anon a little steam-launch from the Navy puffs saucily up for supplies. Bags of peanuts are trundling up from a steamer's hold and being whirled away to the sorters and revolving sieves of the peanut-factory; lumber-sloops from the Dismal Swamp and North Carolina pineries are adding to the heaped-up stores of a lumber-yard; and on the great cotton-wharves a fleet of steamers and sailing-vessels is discharging bales of the fleecy material once mistakenly worshipped as king. And cotton is king in Norfolk,—the kindly genius that has built its blocks of brick, called hither its merchant marine, and set in motion the currents of commercial activity that now attract the visitor. As many as eight thousand bales of cotton have been landed on these wharves in a single day; and one can picture for himself the scenes of life and animation they present,—the shouting of the captains, clerks busy sampling the precious product, little groups of buyers and sellers flitting about, an army of colored stevedores in picturesque attire hurrying the bales into the warehouses, and, rising over all, the hoarse groans of the great cotton compresses, stationed in buildings on the docks, and pressing the great bales in their iron jaws until they are reduced to one-third their former bulk and occupy scarcely more space in a ship's hold than would an equal weight of lead. A stroll along the docks of the coastwise and European steamers reveals the portal whence these varied products flow out to half the Northern ports, to the spin-

ners of New England and Old England, to the ship-yards of the Clyde and the hungry cities of the Continent.

"What did it all mean,—this cheery stir and bustle?" The question was put to a bright young member of the Cotton Exchange one day by a Northern tourist who had lingered behind his company, southward-bound, to view with keenest interest these varied signs of the city's renaissance. The member addressed drew his interlocutor within the sacred precincts of the Exchange, and, surrounded by his maps, charts, tables of receipts and exports, telegrams and reports from a score of marts, replied nearly in these words: "It means that we have awakened from our lethargy at last. In strolling about our streets and docks, however, you see only a modicum of the city's aroused activity. Our energies are mainly bent just now in extending our lines of railway and canal into the rich tributary country to the westward. Cotton is our great staple, to be sure, but we have also an eye to the grain- and cattle-trade of the West, the coal and iron of the Alleghanies, and the varied products of the North Carolina Sounds. You see on this map a little dotted line, beginning at Richmond, following the valley of the James, crossing the Blue Ridge, and ending at last in the valley of the Kanawha. This line represents the James River and Kanawha Canal, the completion of which along the Kanawha to the Ohio will give us uninterrupted water-communication with Fort Benton at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and open to us the entire basin of the Upper Mississippi.

"We do not think that the day of canals is past, but believe that the pressure of Western products seeking the nearest route to the Atlantic will open this water-way within the next decade. But, supplementary to this, we have already in operation the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, following nearly the same line as the canal, and connecting Richmond with Huntington on the Ohio. This road is now pushing an extension westward to Lexington, Kentucky, where it will connect with the great system of

roads centring in Cincinnati; while on the east its rails have already reached tide-water at Newport News, a few miles from our city. This road opens to us the coal and iron regions of the Alleghanies and the granaries of the West. Our great trunk line, however, is found a hundred miles south, in the Norfolk and Western Railroad, which pushes westward through one of the richest sections of the South to Memphis on the Mississippi, and by its trans-Mississippi connections places the million bales of Texas and the varied products of Arkansas within our grasp. Indeed, Memphis factors are now issuing through-bills of lading by this line to Liverpool *via* Norfolk. This line is our main feeder. It gave us two hundred and ninety-four thousand and sixty-two bales of cotton last year,—more than half our total receipts; and there is no good reason why it should not pour into our lap half the product of the upper tier of cotton-producing States.

"We have another important Southern line in the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, running from Portsmouth—the Brooklyn of Norfolk—to Weldon, North Carolina, and there connecting with the entire railway system of the South Atlantic and Gulf coast. The Dismal Swamp Canal,—Patrick Henry's *protégé*, completed in 1828,—in connection with the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal, secures us the commerce of the North Carolina Sounds. In this direction, too, a new railroad—the Edenton, Elizabeth City and Norfolk—has just been completed. Its present terminus is Edenton, at the head of Albemarle Sound, but it is projected to Newberne on the Neuse,—already connected by rail with Wilmington,—where it will constitute an Air-Line Route between the North *via* Norfolk and the Southern seaboard cities.

"Nearly all these lines are the product of the *post-bellum* period, and indicate the spirit of enterprise and development that characterizes the city. There are, of course, other facts and figures that prove it. This Official Report of the National Cotton Exchange, from Sep-

tember 1 to the close of December, 1880, credits us with the receipt of four hundred and seventy-two thousand two hundred and sixty-nine bales, New Orleans and Savannah alone exceeding us. In 1859 our entire receipts were six thousand one hundred and seventy-four bales; and were you to go among our merchants and shippers you would find that in lumber, naval stores, grain, peanuts, fish, game, and domestic products, we have made a like creditable advance."

On the western side of the city, below the cotton-wharves, one sees a score or more of long, low sheds, the great heaps of white, odoriferous shells before their doors proclaiming them, in lieu of signs, the establishments of the oyster-packers. The manner in which these shells are utilized proclaims the packer a man of genius and resources. Great barges are forever loading with them at his docks, and when loaded gliding demurely away behind an ambitious little tug, to deposit their cargoes on the made ground along the water-front, or as filling for the docks, or embankments for the railroads. On the truck-farms near the city, and on Virginia and North Carolina plantations as well, they are burned into lime for fertilizers; and spread evenly on the surface, and ground to powder by wheels and hoofs, they unite with Virginia mud to make the beautifully hard, firm shell roads that form a pleasant feature of the city and its environs.

The oyster-packer is always a Northern man, generally a shrewd, kindly, quizzical Down-Easter, whose mother-wit and modest capital invested here are producing him quite a golden harvest. Entering his establishment, one sees long rows of colored men (called "shuckers") standing before benches ranged along the sides and through the centre of the room, employed in opening or shucking the oysters. This they do by means of a short, thin-bladed knife, with which they sever the adductor muscle; then with a dexterous turn of the wrist they pass the knife between the bivalve and the shell, and he is deposited in one of two tubs standing before the operator. In packing, patent barrels made expressly

for the trade are largely used. A lump of ice of some twenty pounds' weight is placed at the bottom of the barrel, around and above which the solid meats are packed; the lid is then screwed on, and the barrel is ready for its destination, which is generally New York or Boston.

On the deck of one of the weather-beaten craft moored by hundreds in the slips adjoining these sheds, one finds the packer's factotum and firm friend and

ally the "runner." The term "runner" is applied indiscriminately to the craft or to the skipper employed in "running" or carrying the oysters from the beds to market. This craft is generally a little one-masted vessel of from fifteen to twenty tons' burden, and the skipper a Northern man who began life as a tonger on the Shrewsbury or Blue Point beds, accumulated a little capital, purchased a vessel, and came here to better his fortunes and help build up a new



STRAWBERRY-PICKERS.

oyster-mart. He is clad generally in oil-skins and a tarpaulin, and is forever smoking a long-stemmed clay pipe, unless, as sometimes happens, he has discarded it for the corn-cob of his Southern neighbors. His face is tanned and toughened by exposure until it has the color and consistency of parchment, and is covered with what seem flakes of sand, fixed there, the tourist shrewdly guesses, by some fierce northwester. He is rude in speech and gesture, and affects profanity. He stands highest in the scale of the oyster-producers, and looks on the "tong-man" hard at work in his little canoe much as the stately East-Indiaman regards the lumbering coaster.

Next in rank are the dredgers, who have nearly disappeared from Virginia waters since the passage of a bill by the Virginia Legislature in 1879, forbidding dredging on the natural beds of the State. The tongers are the lowest and most numerous class. They are generally poor whites or negroes, and live in little huts along the creeks and coves of the Chesapeake and its tributaries.

From these they sally out in canoes and dug-outs, and laboriously bring up the bivalves with their tongs often from a depth of twenty or thirty feet. Their boats full, they paddle away to an appointed rendezvous and sell their cargoes to the runners for a stipulated sum per bushel, which rarely rises above thirty cents, and affords but a bare compensation for their labor.

It is the humble runner who has largely built up the oyster-trade of Norfolk. In winter the prevailing winds of the Chesapeake are from the north, and it generally happens that when the runner's vessel is loaded, a stiff northwester is booming down the bay: of course it is much easier for him to run before it to Norfolk than to beat against it to Baltimore, and this cause is tending more and more to centre the oyster-trade of the Chesapeake in the lower port. Moreover, the runner finds that no wharf-rents are exacted here, and that the packer is always on the dock to clear him a berth and insure him a "clean hold" within the quickest

possible time,—privileges which are not always accorded at the upper market. Again, the northern port is frequently closed against him by ice. The writer remembers an oyster-famine in Baltimore in the February of 1881, and also of catching sight, from the deck of a Boston steamer ploughing down the Chesapeake through six inches of solid ice, of a fleet of oyster-boats under the lead of a strong-beaked, iron-pointed tug, picking their way between ice-floes toward the beleaguered city,—the first that had made the port in several weeks.

About the middle of May, when the gardening season is at its height, the city appears like an island in a sea of green: the vegetable-farms encompass it for miles in every direction, covering nearly the whole of Norfolk County, and a large portion of Princess Anne, Nansemond, Warwick, Northampton, and Accomac Counties as well. A ride of ten miles through these farms, over the smooth shell roads, on a May morning, so fresh and bright that it acts like new wine on the spirits, is something earnestly to be coveted and long to be remembered. The low, level fields, covered with green things growing, lie on either side of you, separated from the road and from each other by ditches and green hedges rather than by fences. Here and there patches of dense pine forests curtain the fields. The air is filled with the perfume of flowers; birds are singing in the trees. Here a lane leads through the fields to a quaint old plantation mansion, with its outlying kitchen and negro-quarters, sheltered by protecting shade-trees. Anon, close to the road and bare to the sun, you pass the little log cabins of negro farmers, and in another moment, perhaps, the carriage whirls you by a neatly-painted frame cottage, with newly-planted shade-trees before it and a fruit-orchard in the rear, marking the spot where some Northern mechanic or farmer has erected a home. Next you see colonies of little booths, made of boughs and rushes, clustered in the patches of forest, which shelter the berry-pickers while the fruit season lasts. The fields and their occupants, however,

form the most interesting features of the landscape. The former appear as vast beds of living, glowing green, extending in some directions as far as the eye can reach, while men, women, and children, in every variety of costume, are scattered over the fields, some guiding the plough, some hoeing, some weeding, some gathering the ripened crop for market. In the fruit districts, where acres and acres of strawberries are ripening in the sun, one may view the strawberry-pickers at work,—colored women and girls chiefly, whose quick, deft fingers separate berry and stem with marvellous facility. As many as seventeen hundred of these nimble specialists have been counted busily at work at the same time in a field of one hundred and fifty acres devoted to this fruit. They form a class by themselves. Many live in town, and not the least interesting of the sights of the city is the long procession of old "aunties" and demure "gals" that threads its streets every morning before sunrise on its way to the strawberry-fields. Most of the pickers, however, live miles away in the interior, and come up to the berry-harvest in little groups, living in hastily-erected booths while the season lasts, and at its close return to their former occupations of cotton-picking and peanut-gathering.

On steamer-days these country roads present an animating spectacle, for then they are crowded with long lines of vehicles, carrying the products of the farms to the steamship docks for shipment to Northern markets. It matters little what route one travels, whether it be the old Indian Pole-Bridge Road, or the Cottage Toll-Bridge route, or the Princess Anne Turnpike, or the New Turnpike, it is sure to be occupied in force by the truckmen and their carts,—the former picturesque, the latter nondescript. Hogarth's pencil would fail fairly to portray the procession. In the van, perhaps, is one of the diminutive "swamp ponies" of the country, attached by means of a wooden collar and saddle and leather thongs to a rude home-made two-wheeled cart, loaded with cabbages and potatoes, on which is perched a sooty

Sambo, clad in patchwork raiment, who guides his beast with reins of rope. Behind him follows a sober-hued, well-equipped vehicle, drawn by two sleek horses, evidently the property of some Northern neophyte. Next appears a great Virginia wagon, with flashing yellow wheels and a red body, drawn by four well-fed mules, controlled by a driver from his seat on the back of the off leader, after the old Virginia fashion. Possibly the motive power of the next vehicle will be a steer or a cow; and after this fashion the procession will repeat itself hour after hour. On Saturday—universally observed as market-day in Southern cities—a portion of this tribute is diverted from the docks to the market-square. On such occasions, Main Street, in the vicinity of the neat city market, presents an animated spectacle. Backed against the curbstone are long lines of loaded carts, from which the horses or mules that drew them have been removed; the carts are laden with vegetables fresh from the fields, and beside them stand their sable owners, smiling and complacent. One sells potatoes, both the sweet and the Irish variety. Another is laden with crisp lettuce and spinach, green peas and asparagus. A third cries fresh eggs at twenty cents a dozen; his neighbor sells fruit only. Another has a little stand, where rabbits, "possums," and field-birds are displayed for sale. But in general the trade in flesh and fish is in the hands of the whites, who have stalls in the market-building. The buyers surround the carts and stalls in little groups. Most of them are colored men and women doing the week's marketing for their own or their masters' families; but the grave citizen who does his own marketing, and the careful housewife who selects her own roasts, are also represented. The *bête noire* of the truck-seller is the gayly-turbaned Chloe of some patrician family, made arrogant and overbearing by virtue of her position. She sniffs disdainfully at the cauliflowers and onions before buying, breaks the lettuce to see that it is crisp, haggles over the price of peas and berries, and brings a look of in-

jured innocence to the face of the little old gray-haired egg-man by the question, "Sure, chile, dem eggs ain't done got chickens in 'em?"

Marketing in these Southern cities is done in the cool of the morning, and before the sun has reached the meridian the carts are emptied of their contents, and, with their owners, are trundling away homeward.

We have lingered long over the city's material aspects: let not the reader conclude, however, that it is therefore lacking in points of traditionary, historic, or æsthetic interest. That would be a hasty conclusion indeed, for it is a pleasing feature of the town that, although young, it is yet old, and amid its busy activities still exhibits ancient streets, quaint old buildings, and quiet nooks and corners where one may lose himself in pleasing reminiscences of a not unimportant past.

St. Paul's Church, in the heart of the city, is the centre of æsthetic interest. It is a quaint, low, ivy-covered structure of imported brick, cruciform in shape, with a short battlemented tower of wood, standing in the midst of a little church-yard of about two acres, which formed a part of the original glebe granted to the parish in 1686 by Lord Howard when Governor of Virginia. It is a pretty spot, this church-yard, with beautiful shade-trees, shrubbery, flowers, and fountains, neatly-kept walks, green, velvety turf, and time-stained tombstones, from which whole volumes of mortuary lore may be gathered. It is the last resting-place of many generations of the village forefathers.

The date 1739, cut in the south face of the church, marks the year of its erection, but its quaint form and the mosses and ivy on its weather-beaten walls convey a much more striking idea of its age than does the unpoetic legend on its front. The imaginative tourist will be apt to linger long and lovingly about the old church. The chiefest of the old Virginia families have been for years numbered among its communicants. Famous statesmen of the Revo-

lution, a prince and his suite, a marquis of France, a widely-read author and a world-famous poet, have in turn worshipped at its altar. Its vestry enshrines the cushioned arm-chair in which John Hancock sat when President of the Continental Congress, and from which he rose to the signing of the Declaration of Independence. In addition, it was the asylum of panic-stricken women and children on a dreary New-Year's Day when a British fleet gathered in the bay and poured its broadsides into the defenceless town. The sexton points out a cannon-ball, battered and corroded, half buried in the southeast corner of the structure, and, if he be in the humor, will give you this bit of history about the warlike relic. Immediately on the outbreak of the Revolution, Lord Dunmore, the colonial Governor of Virginia, occupied Norfolk in force, but was shortly after driven out by the aroused patriots. He returned on the 1st of January, 1776, with the frigate *Liverpool* and several smaller vessels, and opened a furious fire on the town. Most of the citizens fled when the fleet appeared; a few women and children remained, and, when the firing began, fled for refuge to the walls of their sanctuary. While huddled here, listening to the booming of the guns and the crashing of the cannon-balls through their dwellings, a round-shot from the *Liverpool* struck the southeast corner of the church with a force sufficient to nearly bury it in the wall, but doing no further damage. An hour after, the bombardment ceased, and a company of marines landed from the fleet, robbed the church of its communion-service, which was carried to Scotland as a trophy, and then set fire to the town, the flames continuing their work until every building in the village was destroyed, except the old church and a dairy-house on the outskirts.

During the late war an officer of a Georgia regiment quartered in the city thus wrote to a friend at home: "I am writing in the room where the British spy was stationed, where Lafayette stopped while in Virginia, where Tom

Moore's American poems were composed, and where G. P. R. James wrote most of his romances." Whether the Georgia gentleman really dwelt in a room so replete with historic associations may be doubted, but it is certain that such might have been the case, for all the notable persons of whom he speaks were at some time visitors or resident in the city. Lafayette was the honored guest of the town in 1824. James was here as British consul, and wrote several romances, it is said, in an old mansion then standing on Catherine Street. William Wirt became a citizen in 1804, and thus wrote to a friend: "Norfolk is very expensive. I keep a pair of horses here which cost me eight pounds per month. Wood is four to eight dollars per cord. Indian meal, through the winter, is nine shillings per bushel, flour eleven and twelve dollars per barrel, a leg of mutton three dollars, butter three shillings per pound," etc. The poet Moore's residence in their city is considered by the townspeople a very pleasing episode in its history. He arrived here in November, 1803, and during his visit of several months was the guest of Colonel Hamilton, the British consul. He was at that time twenty-four years of age, handsome, genial, in the first flush of his poetic fame, a lover of ladies' society, and an adept in music as well as in verse-making. His time here seems to have been pretty evenly divided between playing the harpsichord, of which he was very fond, verse-making, and tea-drinking with the ladies. Most of Moore's American poems were written in Norfolk. The best-known among them—"The Maid of the Dismal Swamp"—was the outcome of a personal visit made to the scene it celebrates, which is only a few miles distant from the city.

Catherine Street in those days was the patrician thoroughfare of the town, and many pleasant traditions of the fine old country-seats that lined it and of the ease and hospitality that prevailed there are still current in the city. They were substantial brick dwellings, each surrounded by a well-kept lawn and flower-

garden, with the servants' quarters in the rear. They were the homes of the ruling class, not pretending to elegance, but little centres of home-comfort and a certain degree of culture and refinement. Each house was furnished with a broad porch, fronting the street, where, on summer evenings, the family was accustomed to take tea,—a practice so universal that, we are told, "on pleasant evenings the street was a perfect tea-party from the Exchange Bank to Bell Church, every porch being redolent with

the aroma of the Chinese herb." These houses were standing within the memory of the living, and of one, a representative of its class, an aged citizen of Norfolk has given so piquant a description that I include it in my paper as a tribute to auld lang syne. He says, "It had thick walls, two stories and a half high; a broad, wainscoted hall running through the building; a capacious parlor with brass andirons and lion-legged fender on one side, and a sunny sitting-room and a big hospitable dining-



MARKET SCENE.

room on the other. The broad side-board was as dissipated-looking as the tap-room of an old-time country tavern. There were no carpets, but waxed hard-pine floors, with an occasional rug, and on the large one in the dining-room its constant companion the house-dog; no counterfeit chromos or daubs with Dutch-gilt frames disfigured the walls, but some masterpieces adorned the parlor, a pair of hunting-scenes in water-colors enlivened the dining-room, and in the hall ancestors with pretty faces

emerged out of indescribable dresses with no waists to speak of, and intelligent and brave-looking gentlemen were narrowly escaping strangulation in villanous stocks. Up-stairs was redolent with rose-leaves in vinegar, the bedrooms, with great high-post bedsteads and curtains, defying the changes of temperature without. The kitchen, a Dutch-roofed, one-story brick house, with tremendous chimneys at either end, sufficiently far from the mansion to prevent the smell of cooking even with a favoring wind, and

a large, square smoke-house, where the family bacon was cured, stood in the paved yard. Then there was the stable for the horse and the inevitable cow; the wood-shed, with its autumn wood-pile, reminding one of a steamboat-landing on James River in the olden time. There was a flower-garden flanking the residence, filled with old-fashioned lilacs, snow-balls, wall-flowers, and roses, and a big back garden for vegetables, with a stray sunflower or two, and in it, enclosed by a forbidding wall, the family burial-vault." These houses were tenanted by some of the proudest of old Virginia families,—the Barnwells, the Rhetts, the Johnsons, and others; and the tone they imparted to the society of that day was exclusive and aristocratic, stern and forbidding, viewed in one light, pleasing, generous, and hospitable, viewed in another. The present social life of the town, however, differs largely from this: it still retains its moral and religious tone, and centres largely about the churches, but it is open, hearty, and cheery, and is beginning to savor of that cosmopolitanism which distinguishes commercial cities. Exception will be found in two or three "old families," however, who still retain the narrow insular prejudices of the old *régime*, and live in haughty seclusion, unapproached and unapproachable.

Norfolk, on the medial line of the country, is a favorite halting-place for the tourist northward- or southward-bound. There is much in the city, and more in its environs, to interest and attract. The Academy of Music, completed in 1880 at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, the new Atlantic Hotel, the largest and best-appointed in the South, opened in 1879, and the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary's, are interesting as being the first fruits of the city's renaissance. Of the docks, and of quaint old St. Paul's, we have before spoken. The library, the Cotton Exchange, the hospital of St. Vincent de Paul, the markets, and the negro quarters on the outskirts of the town, will repay a visit. Gosport Navy-Yard, that gave the Cumberland and

Merrimac to history, is just across the river, at Portsmouth.

From the docks of the Old Dominion Steamship Company and their immediate vicinity a small fleet of steamers sail every morning for a score of places embalmed in history. One line carries you down the bright waters of Hampton Roads, over the scene of the Monitor and Merrimac combat, and lands you at Fortress Monroe, only an hour from the city. Here are solid ramparts of masonry a mile in circumference, green parapets, wide-mouthed cannon, a deep fosse reminding one of the moated castles of old, and an eventful past if one be minded to search it out. Here, too, beside the fort, in striking contrast, is a great rambling summer hotel,—a sort of gingerbread palace, gay with paint and awnings, and with balconies, tenanted on summer days by fair ladies, looking directly into the grim faces of the cannon in the fort. Quaint old Hampton and its ancient church are but three miles away, around the turn of the bay; and between it and the fort are a national cemetery and soldiers' home, and the substantial buildings and well-kept grounds of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

One of these steamers, after touching at the fort, ascends the James River, past forsaken Jamestown, its site marked only by its ruined church and domiciles, past Chickahominy Swamp and the bloody battle-fields of the late war, to Richmond; another whirls one swiftly around the point of the peninsula, and up the York River a few miles to Yorktown, whose centennial three nations have recently joined in celebrating.

Southward, one easily reaches by steamer the cleared farms and weird recesses of the Dismal Swamp, and may continue on to the quaint, isolated villages of the North Carolina Sounds.

The United States Naval Hospital, on the south bank of the Elizabeth, opposite the city, is unique in some particulars. It is a large fire-proof granite structure, erected by the government in 1826-35 for the reception of sick and disabled

officers and soldiers of the Navy. Beautifully-kept lawns slope gently before it to the river, and in the rear is a natural park of seventy-five acres, shaded solely by yellow pines of primeval growth. In its funereal gloom there is a pathetic little cemetery, enclosed by a fence of rude, unpainted palings, where sleeps the dust of many a gallant officer and tar who yielded up his life in his country's service. A large space on one side of the enclosure is devoted to the graves of some seventy-five Confederate soldiers who died or were killed while the Southern forces held

Norfolk in the late war. Both the yard and its surroundings are inexpressibly dreary. The grounds are ill kept; the pines sigh mournfully overhead; no sward covers the sandy soil; and, while the officers' tombs are marked by granite or marble headstones suitably inscribed, they have an appearance of neglect. Those of the common sailors are marked only by a board painted white and bearing the name of the dead. The graves of the Confederate dead are indicated in the same manner, and many of them bear the sad inscription, "Unknown." CHARLES BURR TODD.

GRAND MANAN.

I.

NO wind; but through the day, with laboring oar,
 We onward crept, and every longer mile
 Our songs and breezy laughter did beguile,
 Till at dim eve rose up the island shore.
 The sturdy skipper then at length gave o'er
 His patient toil. Beneath the day's last smile
 The waters slept, and still a weary while—
 So said the mariner—must pass before
 We gained our harbor; but below the base
 Of the inhospitable cliffs there ran
 An eddy making 'gainst the tide: by grace
 Of this our boat would on its way be borne.
 "Stretch on the sheet, and in the earliest morn
 You'll see the plunging surf of Grand Manan."

II.

So, in the clear-obscure of midnight past,
 Through waves of shining phosphorus we drove
 The island dory, landed in the cove,
 Climbed the steep slope, and found a haven at last.
 With broad day come again, we stood and cast
 Our eyes adown a huge and buttressed height,
 The island rampart none may scale save white
 Strong-pinioned sea-birds, sailing far, or massed
 On the rock-cross outstretching its worn arms
 Above the flood. Beyond, the molten sea
 Held in its midst a mystic circle that gleamed
 With solemn spendor, and a Presence seemed
 Half seen, half hid. Ah, what are life's alarms,
 O soul! it said, to fright heaven's peace from thee?

LOUISE HENRY.

FAIRY GOLD.



"HE WAS TAKEN ABACK BY THE SIGHT OF THIS STRANGER."—Page 336.

CHAPTER XIV.

I WAS sitting at my luncheon one day ready dressed to go out, when I was startled by the door being pushed open, and was suddenly confronted by the figure of a woman followed by a child. I supposed there was some mistake, and waited a moment expecting her to withdraw with an apology, but instead of this she advanced, fixing a pair of bold black eyes on me.

"You are Miss Amber?" she said.

I assented, feeling uneasy and incredulous that it could be I she wanted.

"You are alone?"

The truth was that I was absolutely alone on our floor. The cook was in the basement in the laundry. Selina had been sent down town. Fanny had gone to Mrs. Newmarch's to lunch. I had at first intended to accompany her, then

had decided to remain at home until three, when her musical party began.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" I asked, trying to hide my vague instincts of alarm. There was a menace in her slow stride forward, and as she came toward me she seemed to be measuring me and my dress and my surroundings with her black, bitter glance. She was remarkably handsome, with a look of physical and intellectual strength beyond the common. I wondered how she could have been admitted into the house. I convicted myself and Fanny—indeed, all our household—of criminal carelessness in leaving the doors into the corridors unbolted. But these hurrying fancies were mere substitutes for the actual questions which her presence forced upon me. She had got in; she was here, and she wanted me.

"My little girl is hungry," she said imperiously; "she has not eaten all day: let her sit down and eat."

"I do not understand why you force yourself into my rooms," I said. "If it is food you want—"

"We want food, we want shelter, we want raiment." We want everything you have got," declared the woman, with a loud laugh. "Sit down, Rose. This is your cousin. Sit close beside her."

It grew clearer to me every moment that the invasion was distinctly hostile. The child—a tall, lank, hungry-eyed girl of seven or eight—came up to the table and began to eat everything within her reach with the fierceness of a wild creature.

"Do you know who I am?" the woman now demanded.

"I have no idea."

"I am your uncle Henry Farnham's widow."

"My uncle left no widow."

"I was Harry Farnham's wife, and I am his widow," she reiterated, drawing with some difficulty a ring from her third finger and holding it before my eyes.

"My uncle's history is well known in every detail," I replied. "He had no wife for twelve years before he died, and left no widow."

"Take the ring and read the inscription."

I did not touch the heavy gold circlet, but she held it before my eyes, and I saw plainly engraved within, "H. F. to R. B., N. O., Jan. 6, 1866."

"Henry Farnham to Rosina Boncourt, New Orleans," said the woman, interpreting the initials.

"My uncle was married in 1866," I remarked, "and was divorced the year after. A plea for delay in the proceedings was made just after the decision was given in his favor, and it was allowed; but before the woman Rosina Boncourt had taken advantage of this stay, she died."

"She did not die. I am Rosina Boncourt, and I am alive," she persisted. "That is your uncle's daughter,—poor, starved child that she is. She is your cousin."

The woman had seized her advantages cleverly in forcing an interview like this. I felt, too, that she had physical force and mental acumen besides to push them to success, unless I could be equal to the emergency and hold my own against her. She did not convince me. I neither believed in her nor in the child. Nevertheless, I had a sickening sensation which was not exactly anguish or dread, but akin to both. She stood staring about her, making the most of her reconnaissance into the enemy's country.

"You are evidently rolling in wealth, Miss Amber," said she. "You have been spending my money famously."

My purse happened to be lying on the table within her reach. She took it up and looked into it.

"My purse," she said, with a sort of derision. "My rooms, my pictures, my furniture. That satin gown you have on must have cost something. Ah! I see Harry's diamond horseshoe! He used to wear that for good luck."

I was dressed for the concert, and into the Honiton scarf about my throat had carelessly thrust my uncle's diamonds. It was my instinct when she alluded to the horseshoe to take it out and fling it from me: her look and triumphant accent, and her evident associations with it, blighted it for me. But I began to realize that I had a course to hold, no matter what might be its difficulties or dangers,—more than that, no matter what repugnance or disgust it aroused in me. The dim haze of possibilities her first suggestions had stirred was rapidly clearing and permitting me to discern clear, rigid outlines of what was in store for me. I sat looking at her fixedly. She was a startling suggestion of one of the bad but sovereign forces in the world. Any who had to do with her might well tremble at the result. She had an insolent sort of calm looking out from the large brown eyes under her low forehead; there was an expression in her full crimson lips which denied faith and denied law; she would take pleasure in crushing, in outraging, in tyrannizing. Whether she were an impostor or actually my uncle's

widow, I knew that she could exultantly tear all the beauty and peace out of my life.

"You need not look at me with that disdain, you proud aristocrat!" said she. "It would be wiser in you to propitiate me. Everything you have had to bolster you up in your haughty ease is mine. Here you have been nestling in this pretty place, eating and drinking the best out of china and glass fit for kings and queens, dressing as if the costliest was not good enough for you. Look at my rags meanwhile, under this *couvre-misère*." She threw back a fur-lined cloak, and disclosed a worn and discolored red velvet dress gaudily trimmed with gilt braids. "I haven't had the money even to buy proper mourning for my husband," she added, with coolness and effrontery.

"You will have to give up everything to me," she proceeded, in an arrogant, headstrong way. "I shall become these rooms better than a pale slip of a girl like you. If you chose to be right-minded and humble, I might afford to let you stay; but I don't like that cool disdain in your eye. Out you shall go, mademoiselle! What will become of your grand airs then? Ah, the truth is bitter, isn't it?"

"Your name is—what?" I asked.

"My name is Mrs. Henry Farnham. You say that I was divorced. If you knew the facts, you would discover that Harry could not get a divorce. The decree was annulled."

"Why do you come to tell me this?"

"Why, indeed? I have been looking for you these eight weeks. I never knew poor Harry was dead till November. I was living quietly out of the world, where news travels slowly. I saw your lawyer, Mr. Morris, when he was in New Orleans in December, and he threw dust in my eyes. I thought you and he lived in Chicago."

So Snow Morris knew about this woman,—had equivocated to put off the day of her coming. All my feeling of his strength, his wisdom, his tenderness for me, suffered a blow. I shivered from head to foot.

"Since you know that Mr. Morris is my lawyer, why not go to him?" I asked.

"I shall go to him soon enough. Don't fear. But first I came to you. I am your aunt Rosina. Rosie, here, is your cousin. Naturally, we came to our nearest relations."

Her insolent persistence began to have its effect. I looked at the little girl again: she had devoured every morsel of food on the table, and now sat looking at me with a bitter, ironic glance. Any child of my uncle's and Rosina Boncourt's must be twelve years old or more, and this one looked barely seven. Still, she might be pinched and attenuated by want and neglect. I tried to find some resemblance to my uncle in the sharp, eager, rather malevolent face; but there was none.

"You can give me some money," said the woman; "then perhaps we will go away for the present."

"You have taken possession of my purse. It contains all the money I have."

"Come, come, don't tell me lies."

"That is the only money in the house."

"There are not twenty dollars here."

"Take it and go away."

"It would do me little good. Come, come, I must have some money. Rummage about and find some."

I sat perfectly still, gazing steadily at her.

"I shall not leave this house until I have two hundred dollars," she affirmed, laughing noisily. "Get it in whatever way you like best."

"I have no money to give you."

"I will shake the life half out of you if you say that again. I must have the money before I leave the house. Rose and I want it for everything. We have no clothes. We need to make ourselves presentable before we apply for rooms at a decent hotel."

I reiterated my inability to supply her need.

"Stir about and get it for me,—I don't care how."

She sat down close beside me, her

dark, heavy face lighted up with a sort of evil glee.

"I have hitherto been passive," I said, "but I am not helpless. If I touch a spring, I can summon a messenger and tell him to bring a policeman."

"That is a neat arrangement, but you can't stir an inch to do it. You can only do what I think best for you. I've been watching the house three hours. I knew you were alone. Now I am here, you will not escape me. You can't move from your chair. I'm strong as an ox. I've got a grip like death: you'd not like to feel it."

She regarded me with a broad, good-humored smile, but I felt the spring of a wild beast behind it.

"As to your bringing a policeman," she went on, "bring as many as you like. You probably don't often have scenes in this fine aristocratic quarter. You look fastidious. I can be as elegant as the best of you when it suits me. All the same I can make a scene which the newspapers would enjoy getting hold of."

She looked as if she could. I believed her. And I was fastidious: I had a horror of a scene. I dreaded a scandal. A very slight acquaintance with the world enabled me to predict infallibly the sort of comment this unexpected turn of events would provoke. I had not been ostentatious, nevertheless some *éclat* had been attached to me and my movements. Now if the whole fabric upon which my emancipation and my independent action rested were founded on an error and an assumption of rights I did not possess, I knew very well what the chorus from the far-off, hazy multitudinous fraternity we call society was likely to be. I looked at the woman, trying to read her thoughts, and indeed her face was an open page on which one might read strange matters. I began to perceive that her air of sovereignty was to a degree superficial: there was an effort at elegance, a rollicking air of good-humored ease, with something furtive behind it. The moment she spoke with any degree of freedom, both words

and manner became swagger and ended in coarse bluster.

At this moment the clock struck three. This was the hour at which I was to set out for the concert, and the carriage was probably at the door. For a moment it occurred to me some message might be sent up. But no; the coachman would wait outside, pacing his horses patiently up and down. But my mind was weaving conceits, and presently came another suggestion. Within five minutes Mr. Harrold would come down the high stoop of Mr. Hubbard's house opposite. This thought, the mere involuntary clutching after a straw of a drowning man, returned again and again. I was appalled at the growing magnitude of my dilemma. If Mr. Harrold could see me he could help me.

The woman was watching me with lazy ease. What I did she was unprepared for. I pushed my chair back out of her reach, sprang into the next room, threw up the sash, and called vehemently. Mr. Harrold was at that moment on the sidewalk directly opposite. He looked up. I beckoned eagerly.

This had been instantaneous. The woman was clutching at me from behind, and I now turned and confronted her.

"Whom have you called?" she asked, mustering an air of indifference. "You would hardly have a policeman come in to drag your uncle's widow out?"

"This is no policeman. This is a friend of mine."

"I will go," said she. "You have made a mistake; you will find it to be a very great mistake, Miss Amber. I came to see you to enlist your sympathies for your poor little cousin whom you have wronged and defrauded. You have not seen the last of me nor heard the last of me. I have come in peace, but I go to proclaim war. There might have been a compromise, but the hour for that is passed. I have rights, and I know how to make them felt."

This was fair acting. She was drawing her mantle close about her, and one of the resources easily at her command was a magnificent pose of head and

shoulders. She now summoned all her forces, and in another moment, when Mr. Harrold was shown up, stepped forward as if to meet him. He was taken aback by the sight of this stranger. He entered, shut the door, and stood leaning against it.

"You wanted me, Miss Amber," said he, without any form of salutation.

"Yes. This person has forced herself into my rooms. She has even gone so far as to threaten me."

"She does not tell you who I am," remarked the woman, with her easy, good-humored air. "I will introduce myself: I am Mrs. Henry Farnham, the widow of Millicent's uncle."

Mr. Harrold gazed at her silently without commenting upon her words. No man could look more keenly and with a better air of seeing beyond common vision. His own mental attitude he held in reserve, seeming anxious only to read this strange, shameless creature through and through, unbaffled by her evasions, her acting, or her falsehoods. This fixed scrutiny of his began to have an agitating effect upon her. The color rose in her cheeks; her eyes swerved a little; her hands moved nervously; her impenetrable calm was gone.

"You will have to substantiate your claims strongly before any one is likely to accept them," he now remarked.

"I married Henry Farnham in '66," she began, with a stormy air. "I—"

"You had better go," said Mr. Harrold, and held the door open for her. He had not before seen the little girl, who had crept in and now clutched her mother's dress, and he looked down at her,—an unlovable, loveless-looking creature, whose glance fastened on his in return rather fiercely. The woman began to speak again, but he silenced her. "Go at once," he commanded, and she went out, looking back at me resentfully till she was out of sight. Mr. Harrold followed them down-stairs. When he returned I had thrown myself upon a sofa, feeling crushed and exhausted.

He came up and took both my hands in his.

"I thank you for calling me," said he. My lips quivered: I was afraid to speak.

"I thought my ears deceived me when I heard your voice. I never expected you to need me again."

"I needed you very much."

"You say she had threatened you?"

"Yes."

"With physical violence?"

"She would not let me stir."

"How did she get in?"

"She somehow passed the hall-porter. The bolt was slipped here,—it usually is at this time of day,—and she was in the room before I knew it."

"Mrs. Burt was evidently away."

"Yes; and neither of the servants was within call."

"You were quite at that brazen creature's mercy."

"If you had not come!"

He had held my hands all this time, and under this warm, kindly pressure I began to feel the currents of youthful life again. Never in all my life before had I so needed kindness, and his kindness was most precious to me.

"Of course you did not believe what she said?"

"That she was my uncle's widow? At first I utterly disbelieved it, but she seemed so persistent and so relentless it finally began to seem true."

"You had heard nothing before of her claims?"

"Nothing."

"How about Morris? does he know of her existence?"

"She says she saw him in December."

"He had not told you?"

"Not a word."

"He no doubt looked into the matter, found out she was an impostor, so thought it best you should not be annoyed."

There was comfort in seeing him stand there and speak positively like this, as there is in the conviction of actual realities after a nightmare. His moment of softness was over. He relinquished my hands and walked away to the window. My troubles half fled as I saw his face, just as I had known it so long,

—the sad, strong mouth, the deeply-set brilliant eyes, the little frown between the brows.

"Scold me," said I; "tell me I have brought this upon myself. You told me there was no good in the money."

"Oh, I can't scold you. I have no heart to scold you. It pains me much that you have to take this deadly bitter with your sweet." His look was so kind I held out both my hands to him again; he took them, crushed them hard between his, and laid them down in my lap. "To think of your needing me to protect you from actual physical violence!" he exclaimed. "I have told myself a thousand times that you were far beyond help of mine,—that I might as well help the stars to shine."

His voice had a solemn, passionate note in it. There was profound surprise both in his look and tone.

"You were not inclined to help me the other day when I asked you to give me German lessons," I exclaimed.

He looked away. "No," he said briefly.

But, although he did not condescend to explain, my anger had quite fled. I dismissed my grievance, feeling certain that it was I who had in some way been in the wrong.

"I have thought of you as safely guarded, closely watched," he now observed. "I believed all the conditions of your life were arranged to secure your comfort, your happiness,—above all, your peace of mind."

"I am well enough taken care of."

He looked at me steadily.

"Somehow you have not settled down; you are not quite contented."

"No."

"Transitions are trying. In a year you will understand yourself, know what your future is to be, and you will become a happy woman."

I said nothing to this augury.

"To hear that with everything in the way of social resource within your reach,—to hear that you wanted to take lessons of me surprised me. It would have been dangerous flattery if I could have believed that, wearied of your gay

life and tired of your fruitless quest after real enjoyment, you had come back to me."

I hardly knew how much or how little such words might mean, and I made no answer.

"I behaved like a brute," he now said brusquely. "Forgive me."

I looked up at him, and then away, overcome with humiliation, shyness, and doubt at his glance.

"Once," said he, "you gave my pride—my vanity, rather—a blow, and I did not soon get over it. Now at last I have conquered myself."

There came upon me instantaneously the recollection of Mr. Hubbard's words. They had actual meaning, then. The wrong I had done Mr. Harrold Marion was undoing.

"Prosperity is a good thing for men," he went on. "Me at least it makes more gentle, more humble, more light-hearted. Perhaps you know of my great good fortune."

Still thinking of his relations with Marion, and strangely tried by the necessity which seemed to be upon me to say something, I faltered out that I had heard of it, adding, "I hope you may be very happy."

"What a woman's way of putting it! As if I expected to be happy!—as if I even thought of being happy! But I may be. This has been my heart's desire; and to have one's desire and never tire of it,—that is the best happiness, perhaps, which can befall a man."

His words puzzled me. I did not quite understand the mood behind his words.

"You are the one who ought to be happy," he said kindly.

"I feel," I burst out, "as if everything were over for me. With this horrible threat held out, there can be nothing but trouble ahead. All I feel is a desire to go away—far away—and become insignificant and obscure again."

He looked at me with concern, for I spoke with strong emotion.

"That woman has frightened you," he said.

"Yes, and I should like to give up all this dreadful money to her."

"That you cannot do."

"What are money and ease to me, if I am to be reminded of a being like that,—to be kept in constant alarm by her? Honestly, I have cared little for this luxury. It does very well as a substitute for real living, real enjoyment; and if she has a right to anything I have called mine—"

"She has no right. Even if she were your uncle's wife, she has no right. If she goes to law about it, you can meet her at every point. You must not allow yourself the fancy that money like yours is a trivial thing, accepted when it ministers to your enjoyment, and relinquished when the responsibility turns upon you and goads you. It is the vital type of capacity for good and evil in this world. Don't think of turning it over to be a bad force in her hands." He was speaking rapidly, earnestly, but now checked himself. "Mr. Morris will take care of you," he added, with a short laugh. "You need none of my over-ready advice."

"I feel ready to blame Mr. Morris."

"Don't do that," he exclaimed. "Morris is sure to know more about it all than you have yet begun to conjecture. I have no doubt his object in keeping silence has been a wish to save you annoyance; and of course he was quite right."

He stood for a moment uncertain, then suddenly exclaimed that he must go.

"What will become of you?" he asked. "I do not like to leave you all alone."

"The servants are close at hand now. But I had expected to go out. I may as well go out. Will you ring, please, and ask if the carriage is still there?"

I had decided to go to the *musical*. I felt that I could not endure the silence and gloom of the lonely rooms at home.

Mr. Harrold waited while I drew on my gloves. He looked at me critically, and told me I was a little nervous and trembling, and that I must try to be very strong and very calm. When I was

ready, he led me down the stairs and put me in the carriage at the door. He looked at me a little wistfully as he stood on the curb-stone.

"How shall I be certain that you are happy and comfortable and taken good care of?" he asked abruptly, with a little frown.

I had no time to answer, for the carriage was already moving away.

CHAPTER XV.

FANNY received the news of my strange experience with dismay.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I thought Edith and I were having too good a time! I might have guessed that such money as yours was fairy gold, and would all shrivel up into dead leaves when we came to use it. What a shame it is! Can it be that I shall have to go and hunt up cheap lodgings again?"

We were driving home from the *musical* in a very deep-cushioned little carriage. Fanny sat in the most comfortable seat, in a dark-blue velvet gown, trimmed with rich lace, which I had given her. The sumptuous dress became her well, and, set against the dark-red lining of the coupe, she made a glowing picture; but her look and her words sent an icier chill of presentiment to my heart than I had yet felt. I had longed for the musical party to be over, that I might speak to Fanny. I had sat, dazed and sick at heart, listening to the concertos and arias, finding no answer in the music to any of the questions my vexed heart was asking. I had wondered at myself sitting among those serene elegant people, feeling rather worn and soiled, stained with the fatigues of my encounter. The piano crashed and screamed with discordant clamor which put my nerves on edge. Could it be that these placid, sleepy people, waking up all around me as the final chords sounded, and applauding gently, murmuring feebly to each other that it was finely rendered, had really listened? But then they were not goaded by any of my ceaseless, important thoughts. If

was to them a mere resource for passing the long afternoon: it bridged over the chasm which yawned between luncheon and dinner. They took chocolate and tea, and talked softly in knots. I talked too, and when they asked me to sing I took off my gloves and went to the piano and sat down, and sang Mignon's song by Beethoven, and it was a relief to me. I knew very well these comfortable, well-to-do people could realize very little of the pathos and passion of the tender, bruised little heart, longing and loving so deeply, chafing so piteously against the hard, inexorable laws of life. Then, when my song was done, we came away, and Fanny was telling me of the effect I had produced, when I broke in upon her flatteries with my bad news.

"I knew," she went on, "that there was some dreadful creature who had tried to get money out of your uncle, but, I did believe Snow would be clever enough to be rid of her without further trouble. The idea of her coming here to New York! Goodness knows, I hope nobody will hear of it."

"If she goes to law, everybody is likely to hear of it."

"I shall be mortified to death. But one might have known what would happen when a dubious sort of man like your uncle was concerned. I thought it a wonderful piece of good luck for you to succeed to the inheritance without any one's guessing how the money was made. But it will be a hundred times worse to have it come out now than if it had been told at first and made no mystery of."

Having delivered herself of this pettish outburst, Fanny began to question me as to particulars, showing all her usual acuteness and knowledge of her sex; and when we reached home her first effort showed practical force. Having discovered that my visitor had got into the house by insisting that she was Miss Amber's aunt and was privileged to go up without announcement, Fanny proceeded to institute reformatory measures with the view of averting any future catastrophes of the sort.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed over

and over, "the creature might have forced herself in upon us in the midst of a lunch party or at afternoon tea."

We were going out to dinner, and afterward to the theatre. I was tired, and should have liked to stay at home, but Fanny forbade so suicidal a course. If a calamity had come upon me I must act wisely and warily, forfeiting nothing by cowardice or feebly yielding to the solicitations of self-indulgent ease. I obeyed, really sympathizing with her vexation and disappointment, apart from considerations which touched only myself. I was, besides, learning the world and its laws, and, having mastered the rules of their easy concessions, I must now patiently accept their rigors. For a moment I had felt bitterly disappointed in Fanny. I had expected her sympathy in a sharp crisis; but I soon grew wiser. There were no complex mental processes in Fanny: whatever crossed her mind took shape at once in words or actions. She was complete enough in her way, but then it was a small way. What she was in her shrewd, every-day estimate of her chances, she was in an emergency. She could not be her bright, clever, pleasure-loving, discomfort-hating self, and at the same time be quite another sort of woman, ready to offer helpful words which can only be the outcome of a strong soul with perfect inward symmetry. I had loved her for what she was, and I must go on loving her for what she was, remembering not the chaff in her, but the pure wheat.

The next morning, as soon as I was awake, Fanny brought me a note from her brother: it merely told me that he had much to talk over with me, and would call for me to go to ride at ten o'clock that day. She sat down on the side of my bed and watched me as I read it.

"What does he say?" she asked eagerly.

I gave her the note to read.

"I think he might have added something reassuring," she remarked. "It seems to me there might be a compromise. I think you ought to be allowed to keep part of the money."

"It is evident that you think the woman has rights," said I.

"I always believe in bad news," said Fanny, with a little grimace, "and Henrietta would have such an unholy joy if I had to be turned out of these rooms."

"Oh, Fanny!"

"You have been scolding me for not sending Mr. Hubbard away," Fanny pursued; "now he may become my last resource. I've seen a good many bridegrooms before now whom one might call 'a woman's last resource.'"

She laughed and ruffled her eyebrows as she said this, and I knew her spirits had risen since her first gloom of the night before.

"What I should like to know," she now remarked, "is whether a certain laziness in Snow's love-making has not been due to his knowledge that this hornets' nest of troubles was in store for you."

Her words did not impress me at the time, but they gained emphasis and depth the longer they remained in my mind.

A little past ten o'clock I was riding up Fifth Avenue with Snow. The late February day had the mildness and charm of an ideal spring. The sky was soft, and all the distances melted into a warm haze. Snow himself wore a manner full of power and ease, and I felt to-day the stirring of energies which made the bearing of any miseries, great or small, seem light. The trouble which yesterday had seemed to blacken my whole world was now a mere speck on my horizon.

"So you had an earthquake yesterday?" Snow remarked, as we entered the Park.

"I felt it so at the time."

"And you don't mind it now?"

"I fear I am just as quickly exhilarated as discouraged."

"I can't tell you my concern at hearing what you had to endure from that abominable creature."

"Who told you?"

"Harrold,—Mr. Felix Harrold."

Snow looked at me, scanning my face.

We were walking our horses slowly along the wall. "You called him in," he added.

"Yes; it was one of the lucky moments in my life."

"I wish I had been associated in your good luck."

"Did Mr. Harrold go to see you?"

"Yes; he came straight to my office. He said he felt a desire to know the facts about that woman. 'Facts?' said I: 'there are no facts. She sets up a claim, but has not proved her identity with Rosina Boncourt. And behind this question lies another. Henry Farnham got a divorce from his wife: a stay in the proceedings was conceded to her lawyers as a mere matter of courtesy. He had proved his right to an absolute divorce.'"

"But it was not finished up."

"No, for his wife died. He was free. This woman claims that she did not die,—that her pretended death was a mere ruse,—that she saw her chance of a revenge. But she has to prove all that."

"She must have known my uncle. She recognized the diamond horseshoe he gave me. She told me he wore it for 'good luck.'"

"She may have seen him," said Snow meditatively. "She had begun to put forward a claim for the child before Farnham's death."

"Did she pretend to be his wife?"

"No, but wrote that she could give him important information about a daughter of his."

"That accounts for the precise instructions in his will."

"Of course."

"Well, what do you think about the child?"

"I don't think about her at all. The whole claim is a gross imposture. The child is years younger than any offspring of Henry and Rosina Farnham's could be."

We had started our horses, and for a time rode rapidly along the wall, skirted the lake, and took the bridge-path through the Ramble. When we reached the high ground we paused and turned toward the fresh wind, which blew in

our faces. The sky was of the most luminous and beautiful blue, and gained interest every moment as the white clouds sailed up from the south with a gentle, dreamy motion at a great height in the azure. I was looking up.

"Millicent," said Snow, "what are you thinking of?"

"I am hardly thinking. The sky is beautiful,—the breeze delicious."

"Is that why the color in your cheek is heightened,—why your eyes are so bright?"

"How can I tell?"

"You are distant,—you are cold to-day."

I looked at him with a sort of perplexity. I had listened with profound weariness and disgust to his recital. I had believed that he could bring me some assurance which should shorten my suspense,—that he would at least make me feel that I was shielded by both his knowledge and his strength. Vaguely and dimly I was disappointed in him.

"What are you thinking about me, Millicent?" he asked again. "Tell me just what is in your mind."

"But I am not thinking about you."

"You blame me for what happened yesterday."

"How could I be so unjust as that?"

"But you are precisely so unjust. You say to yourself that in a double sense I am your guardian, and that both as your lawyer and as your lover I ought to have averted any such *éclaircissement*."

"You are in a legal sense my guardian," I exclaimed, a little startled by his look and tone.

"You know I love you," he said tersely and with the glimmer of a smile.

I said to myself that he ought not to bring this issue into our talk to-day. The utmost confession of love would be less to me in my present mood than a simple course of action.

"You accused me just now of blaming you for what occurred yesterday," said I. "I confess that I do blame you, not for her coming, but for keeping the secret of her existence hidden from me."

"But I hated to trouble you. I see

now that I made a mistake; but, utterly disbelieving in the woman and her pretensions, I hardly thought it fair to alarm you about a clumsy imposture. But I ought to have guarded you from her. I ought to have kept myself minutely informed concerning her movements."

"Did you actually try to make her believe you lived in Chicago?"

He gave me a keen little look and laughed.

"That," said I, "made me feel you must be afraid of her."

"I wanted to gain time. She came to see me when I was in New Orleans in December. She impressed me from the first only as a bold and magnificent liar. She had heard that Farnham had left money, and at that time no lawyer had taken up her claims, and I could have bought her off easily; but I would give her nothing. All I had to do then, all I have to do now, is to confront her with some one who knew Farnham's wife. This seems a simple matter. But his married life only lasted ten months. And nothing is so uncertain, so fluctuating, so brief, as the careers of the sort of people he was generally associated with. Now, I have found out the whereabouts of two of his intimates, and I am in communication with both. But one is in Cairo and the other is in Monaco. I expect one of them back within two months."

"Suppose he said this woman was my uncle's wife."

"He will say nothing of the sort. She never was your uncle's wife."

"Would my money belong to her?"

"No."

"If she could be proved to be my uncle's wife, I should give my money up to her at once. I would not keep it a day."

Snow burst out laughing. "Oh, dear child," he exclaimed, "for a moment you frightened me. I felt that I had committed a grave error in keeping you in the dark, but now I congratulate myself on my forethought and good sense. If, after seeing that brazen creature, you have a grain of faith in her, of feeling

for her, what might you not have suffered if she had loomed up before your imagination as a being to be sympathized with, taken compassion upon!"

"It is not that I compassionate her. I dread her. I want neither part nor lot with her. She impressed me as a strong, energetic creature who would conquer in whatever she undertook."

"She is stupid, slow, self-indulgent. I grant she has a certain sort of force. Obstinacy takes the place of character with her. And she is cruel. She would enjoy putting anybody to torture. But then she is coarse, voluptuous, and a glutton; and to gratify her instincts she would sell anything at a low price."

"I hated her so! I loathed her so!"

"Of course you hated and loathed her. And now forget her, as if she were a mere nightmare of your imagination. Come, now, I shall not let you say another word about her. I'm your guardian. I'll not be dictated to. I have my rights. You have not one, not the shadow of one. You have got to obey me." He was laughing, but at the same time there was something masterful in his glance and tone.

"Evidently," said I, a little doubtful as to whether I was angry or relieved of anxiety, "you have no opinion of my judgment."

"Not a particle. You are clever, but your opinions, like most women's, are a matter of your susceptibilities only,—delicious opinions to have and hold and talk about, but not to act upon. Come, now, dismiss your troubles. Don't you trust me?" He had left his saddle, and was now standing at my bridle. "Come down to the lake a moment," said he. "You can sit on the south side of the wall and believe it is summer."

I showed reluctance, adding that the south side of the wall did not tempt me.

"So you don't trust me?" said he, looking hurt and indignant.

So, to reassure him on that ground, I consented to leave my horse, and we scrambled down the bank to a rustic bench against a vine-trellised boulder. The little lake was beside us, with three

swans swimming about in the centre, pausing occasionally to plume their feathers and arch their necks in the welcome sunshine. Across the blue, almost unruffled water the evergreens on the opposite bank relieved the winter landscape of its bareness and lent it almost summery looks.

"Come, now," said Snow, looking at me with the smile with which one regards a child who needs encouragement, "have you put all ugly, disagreeable thoughts out of your mind?"

"Don't remind me of them."

"No; I am going to ask you about something else. Why have you never told me about this friend of yours,—Mr. Harrold? Didn't you like him?"

"We had no such trivial standards as mere liking at Madame Ramée's. We tried everybody according to his deserts. And Mr. Harrold's deserts were enormous. He was considered to be simply perfection."

"Rather over-perfect, wasn't he? I confess I set him down as a sort of prig."

"No, he never seemed to me a prig."

"I'll take your word for it. Besides, it is an easy revenge for one man to call another a prig for his superior qualities. How often did you see this paragon?"

"He came to the school four times a week."

"You had little to do with him, I suppose."

"He gave me German lessons."

"I suppose the German lessons were a mere cover for a little pleasant conversation."

"On the contrary, he insisted upon my working very hard. He often scolded me until I cried in sheer discouragement."

"Oh, what a brute!"

"No, he was nothing of the kind."

"I should call myself the worst kind of a brute if I made you suffer. Perhaps you will not believe it, Millicent, but I lay awake all night, feeling ready to hurt myself at the thought of you, my princess, my queen, my pure and spotless one, in that woman's grip. The thought makes me shudder still."

He looked into my face with poignant feeling expressed in his own; but whether yesterday's experience had left me exhausted and dull, or whether I was a little unbelieving, I could not tell. He saw that he had spoken passionately without stirring a response in me, and it mortified him. He bit his lip, and a flush rose to his forehead. "You are punishing me severely, Millicent," he muttered under his breath.

I felt that I was ungenerous. I stretched out my hand, with a little sorrowful cry: "I don't mean to be unkind."

"Then why are you unkind? You are unlike yourself to-day. Your eyes are withdrawn from me: something cold and alien answers my look."

His instincts did not err. I did feel separated from him. Something in my experience of the last twenty-four hours had annihilated warmth, color, and sweetness in my illusions. There had been a time when I liked the mystery of a certain reserve in him, when to look at his serious handsome face, with its closely-folded lips and brilliant eyes, offered me a riddle piquant and rather alluring. The fact that he had thoughts I could not readily unlock rather fascinated me. But to-day I was afraid of what I could not gauge and know to the very depths. I was conscious of wide, looming horizons haunted by menacing figures.

"You don't believe in me," he cried.

I did distrust him a little. He had made a puppet of me, and I had gone through my little phrases and motions, carrying out his ideas of the part I had better play, feeling some elation that I could please a man like him, who availed himself of the most unlimited fastidiousness. He had evidently preferred me to all the world, and his preference carried rare flattery with it. He did not like a dull woman, nor a plain woman, nor an inelegant woman. By his own confession, too, I knew that he would not allow himself to care about a penniless woman; but there seemed to me nothing invidious in that. If there was some vulgarity in the intense feeling with which all the Morriszes regarded

wealth, one made the whole world vulgar by a sweeping condemnation. I had sometimes told myself that a wife who brought him money could make Snow Morris a noble man. Once freed from sordid considerations, he could use his intellect, his wit, his culture, for the best objects. He had not been demonstrative, but he had understood the art of saying and doing a thing in a way which carried the fullest force along with it. He separated me from the rest of the world and made me the object of a delicate devotion in which I missed nothing graceful or tender. He made other men seem crude, stale, and stupid. Their fumbling after expressions of admiration was almost pitiable in comparison with his ease.

But, as Fanny always said, Snow was a very clever man, and one may use intellect as easily in love-making as in law, provided one is not heavily encumbered with emotions. He had laughed at my doubts and scruples, even when he knew that I ran the risk of finding both doubts and scruples only too well founded. Seeing as he did behind the splendors of my present life, he must have smiled a little to himself over my small successes, and remarked with inward amusement that, unconscious of my doom, I played my possibly brief rôle very well. He had told me he wanted me to have my little excursions into the youthful fairy-land, that he liked the spectacle of my enjoyment. But what if there had been something calculated and systematic in this attitude of unselfish patience?

I could not well utter these thoughts: they were the outcome of a mental conflict of which I felt ashamed. My continued silence tried him.

"My life is yours," he exclaimed forcibly. "Ever since I first saw you, last August, you have been the one point on which I have concentrated my efforts and energies. I was sick to death of my cold, intellectual, one-sided state of mind, and it charmed me to come upon you unexpectedly and find all at once that something stiflingly oppressive had lifted and something hitherto barred had opened. Ever since, I have

gone on watching you while present, dreaming of you when absent, until I have become so used to the idea of loving you and being ultimately loved by you, that I could no more dismiss it than I could get rid of some vital part of myself. Yet you permit yourself to doubt me, to—"

"But you don't love me," I cried.

"Not love you?"

"If you really loved me," I went on, eager to defend my cold, half-defiant attitude, "I should see it in your whole manner. Your thoughts, your feeling, your wish to make me understand you, would fuse all your looks and tones into the single expression of your ruling idea."

Having uttered this, I felt aghast, partly from my own consciousness, and partly from the look of absolute amazement on his face.

"You told me," he said, as if stung, "that no man had ever made love to you."

"A woman knows such things by instinct."

He shook his head, looking at me with a keen glance. He seemed strangely roused. I had to his mind betrayed myself, and his intellect was on the alert to discover who it was that had enlightened me concerning the demeanor of a man in love. "It cannot be Claude De Forrest who has been making love to you in this tremendous fashion," he said. "He would take the experience of love gently and seriously, and count himself the gainer by his sketches of you."

I laughed lazily. Hitherto I had been frank with Snow. I had felt pleasure, and even a little pride, in an expansive candor. But all at once our positions were reversed.

"I did not think it was in New-march," he went on. "But he has spirit, and can probably throw himself into love as he can into his other amusements. Youth is a horse which carries his rider well when he tries to make love."

It seemed to be a source of interest, almost of excitement, to discover the

personality of this problematic lover. There was a new and disquieting look on his face. His glance had grown ardent, and it made me shiver. He continued to run through the list of my acquaintances, watching my face at the mention of each name. As a jealous man he had gained new and startling force. Feeling that he had been in the dark, he was determined no longer to be wanting in penetration. He struck at random, it seemed to me, and I was just congratulating myself upon my easy success in eluding him, when he pounced upon my secret ruthlessly.

"It was the teacher, Harrold," he exclaimed. "I knew the moment he spoke of you yesterday that he was your lover."

I said nothing. I knew now that I ought to have checked him at once and not allowed his curiosity to range so widely.

"And you told me last summer," said he, with actual vehemence, "that no man had ever made love to you!"

"I told you truly."

He shook his head. He began to be conscious that he was displaying a sort of irritation. "I don't know why I should be surprised at any man's being in love with you," he now remarked. "What I care about is the feeling you may have for him in return."

He looked away. There was a little tremor on his face, and he kept silence for a long time, as if trying to get himself under his habitual control. When he did speak again, he refrained from any further allusion to his own feelings or to mine. He gave me, instead, the fullest account of what he had done and was doing, and what was likely to be done, about the woman who called herself by my uncle's name. He alluded to the possibility of a fight for the property, and seemed to warm to the prospect of a sharp encounter.

CHAPTER XVI.

ONE never knows precisely what one's illusions are until they are dispelled. I

had brought, I so believed, an unspoiled heart into my new life, and had not allowed myself to become faithless to my old ideas. I had realized the piquancy of my position, and was developing tastes, inclinations, and caprices which enhanced its charm, but it was both my resolution and my prayer that a certain outside crust of worldly knowledge should in no way hinder my belief in the influences which summoned and encouraged me to do the noblest which was in me to do. I had at first told myself that I had a great opportunity, and that I must adjust my capabilities to its requirements. I fully realized that so far I had effected little. I had learned to dress well,—to hold my own quietly and gently through all social ordeals,—to do things in a way a little unusual. These views of life were not very ultimate ones, nor would the highest success in them fulfil my conceptions of what I wanted my life to be. It suited my taste to be unique, but I wished not to be proud or too fastidious. How very proud and fastidious I was I never knew until I had made the discovery of what my actual position was, and that it was not a lofty one. My notions had been nourished on illusions. Now that I was forced to examine my footing, I was startled to find what scanty standing-ground I had in this world which had flattered and caressed and run after me. By no effort of imagination could I now make myself a great personage, since I had found out the sort of mortals who could elbow and jostle me and threaten to thrust me out of my comfortable places.

Perhaps if Snow Morris and Fanny Burt had not each disappointed me a little I might have studied the crisis less, and have believed more in the permanence of things in general. I hated to be unjust, but my admiration for and belief in my guardian had declined a little. And his failure in the ordeal was of the sort which tells a woman a great deal. His preference had touched me: it had the element of fresh hope in it which, in a man who has become a little hopeless, carries an exquisite eloquence along

with it. The little traits of manner, of look, tone, and gesture, had supremely satisfied me. But if his nature had not been too noble to allow of some deception, even if his motives were of the kindest, how could I go on trusting him absolutely? Call deception by what name we may, it is still deception, and I was too much a believer in the truth to enjoy being lulled into a false security.

Fanny for a week was very positive that a change in my circumstances was at hand, and her tone was rather aggressive. A dozen times a day she bade an affecting farewell to her greatness, and at every knock at the door prepared herself for a tussle with grim destiny. But, as it was instead some messenger from the happy world about us for a quiet lunch, or kettle-drum, or Lenten "small and early," she presently recovered from her fright, and, with extraordinary subtlety, discovered that there was nothing actual in the menace which had momentarily frightened her. When in good spirits, Fanny always sympathized, comprehended, and cheered with wonderful readiness, and, finding my sunshine a little eclipsed, she devoted herself to me. She took me to church every morning, declaring that the softly-intoned services would be helpful and give me peace of mind. I used to wonder in those days if the familiar figures I saw prostrate about me could put a passionate intensity into their prayers, could leave the outside world at the doors, and not let its little thrills of foolish pride, its little vanities and stings and piques and petty ambitions, follow them in and mix with what they wanted to make a simple heart-petition for the something besides bread by which we have to live. The world certainly waited for me at the doors when I came out again. It followed us home, and used to crowd our little rooms until dinner-time. This was the dull, careless, trivial world, whose standards I had rejected, from which I had prayed to keep myself unspotted. Now that it was possible for any one to accuse me of playing a double part in it, I felt horribly afraid of the imputation. I

had been brought out quietly, but everybody had been given to understand that I was an heiress, and it had become the fashion to make much of me. I did not flatter myself concerning the disinterestedness of these people, but I hated the thought of deceiving them. It implied many things, no matter how loudly I might protest: it implied that I had wished to please them; it implied, too, their right to certain expectations of me, which not fulfilled gave them the privilege of censure, rebuke, anger. I used to wish sometimes that the worst could be known at once. There was no purpose and no propriety in this phenomenal success of mine, which in moments of distress it seemed to me had begun in deception, continued in mistake, and must end in failure. Still, I felt a horror of the world's turning away from me: I was not actually in the wrong, and I dreaded to be misjudged as if I had been. I had not scrambled or struggled to get my place; everything had come to me in an easy way, and I had merely accepted it as material for my life.

I had seen a great deal of Hildegard De Forrester through the early spring. It was not her line to run after people, so her manifestation of a desire for intimacy was flattering to a degree. She frankly told me that she considered me a wonderful success, and she set herself to study the methods which had produced such results. Hildegard and her mother had made a little mistake in calculating the effect of the impression her beauty would create. Society was not sufficiently thoughtful, not æsthetic enough in its perceptions, to accept mere beauty. My discrimination in choosing a different line inspired their respect.

"You please people because you have such an intense love of action, of movement, of ideas for their own sake," Hildegard would remark. "You have impulses; you like experiments. You are not afraid even of being bored. No matter how rusty or musty things or people are, you are just as bright and just as attractive to them as to the most prepossessing and desirable. It is the safest way, no doubt."

It puzzled me a little at first to have it implied that I had chosen this rôle.

"A great many things bore me," I remarked.

"That is how you get the better of people. I dare say you are just as much bored as I am, but you always show just the same lovely rosy eagerness whether you are dancing with Charles Newmarch or listening to Uncle Thomas. Yet you are not one of the earnest girls who carry scores to the Philharmonics and pretend to take an interest in art. Mamma is 'earnest,' but she always preached indifference to me. It is hard to be simply indifferent: one grows scornful instead, and a very little scorn makes one hard and old. Now, you have a pretty air of disdain at times, but it is rather charming."

"How you study me, Hildegard!" I exclaimed.

"Of course I study you. What else have I to do? I see nobody else,—I hear of nobody else. I did not understand you at first, but now I am beginning to make you out."

"You seem to want to make me out a monster of affectation and mystification."

"Oh, no: you are ambitious, and you like to mystify the world a little. It began by everybody's being curious about you, and your declining to gratify their curiosity. Now we are all wondering if you are likely to marry well: one never knows what a successful girl will do. Sometimes she falls in love and marries to please herself,—which is generally a mistake. I fancy you will make a good match, unless you should put it off too long. It is a pity to do that. A girl never knows what may happen."

This remark struck me with the force of powerful originality.

"Besides," she went on, "a girl gets so tired. Now, I, for instance, am so dreadfully tired and disillusionized. I have always been set up for a beauty, and a beauty not in the full flush of a successful career has the dullest time in the world. I was a pretty child, then a lovely girl, and I knew all about it. A married beauty is well enough off: she has a vocation. Her husband is proud

of her, and likes her to go about well dressed. But it is a wearisome thing to be a virgin trimming her lamp for her sixth season. I look at you with envy for your fresh unspoiled ways. Men like nothing so much."

"Men seem to like all sorts of things."

"Men will go a long way for a sensation. They like piquancy. Now, I'm not piquant. Whatever vivacity I had mamma educated me to keep down out of sight, and when one's style is definitely established it is a difficult matter to alter it. I am obliged to go on being quiet and statuesque, although at times I hate my bonds. You were so much wiser. You gave yourself more room for action."

Her words impressed me almost drolly, but there was something passionately earnest in her tone.

"I think a woman is most attractive as her actual self," I ventured.

"Yes, that is what makes you most successful," cried Hildegard, with a gesture of despair. "Your personality is an ardent one, and it gives you courage to be yourself. There is a singular independence about you. You don't let us cramp you. One sees now and then a flutter of the wings. Charlie Newmarch says you always surprise him. He used to admire me, but I could no longer surprise him, so he grew tired of me."

There was a kind of violence in this allusion, and a certain crudity which my experience of Hildegard would not have led me to expect.

"I confess," said I, "that, whatever ambitions I may have, it was never my ambition to surprise Mr. Newmarch."

"It surprises him that you do not want to surprise him," she pursued. "You don't seem to understand that it is a great thing to please Charlie Newmarch. In our traditions nothing quite equals the Newmarches. But they are just like everything else to you. Your indifference succeeds admirably; but it would not do unless you had others immensely under the sway of your fascination. Oh, there is something brilliant in the way you go on. I wish I might learn the secret of it."

"I suppose it is my money," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, in part. But other girls are as rich. People like others who can lead a bright independent life, but that is not everything."

"But," I insisted, "suppose I had no money: what then? I was just the same girl a year ago, and nobody knew anything about me."

"That has something to do with it. Your seclusion has kept you wonderfully fresh. Of course if you had not had loads of money left to you nobody would have found out about you."

"And if I were to lose my loads of money?"

"It would be a great misfortune for you. Of course it would not actually change you, you would be as pretty and elegant as now, but you would not be so attractive, and your way of meeting people and events would be altered. You would grow timid, and everybody would feel embarrassed for you, and—"

Hildegard broke off and laughed. "What nonsense we are talking!" she exclaimed; "as if there were any danger of that! If there was, the fear of it ought to operate as a command for you to make your hay while the sun shines."

There was sound advice in this, but it did not touch me. A great many ideas, vague, fluctuating, used to come to me in these days. A great many causes working silently, besides that strong threatening influence from outside, had been making a change in me. I now began to wish that I could undo the experience of the past eight months, and go back to the day in Madame Ramée's garden when I heard the news of my wealth. I felt pangs of shame and remorse and bitter regret at the recollection of that dim morning haze of possibilities which had dawned on me then when the miracle came in my life and offered me a fresh future. Instead of taking up a real life, I seemed to have accepted a substitute for it, giving up my creeds, my beliefs, my powers of emotion and imagination. Was it chance, was it pre-

sentiment, or was it fate, which had made Mr. Harrold utter his warning? Had he not seen that I was already dazzled and transported at the prospect of my new life, and discerned with a swiftly prescient glance that my new

hopes and aims would not lead me to the high sure places of happiness? If I had used my fortune in the best way, I might have loved it better in these days. As it was, it seemed to me a burden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY ESCAPE FROM THE FLOODS.

THE question was how to get away. When I had left New Orleans, eight days before, the river was already unusually high, and rising at a rate unequalled since the flood-season of 1874; but the fear that communication would be closed with the southwestern parishes had not occurred to me, inasmuch as during the very height of the former overflow the trains had made their regular journeys and the mails been carried as usual. I had not reflected that on that occasion the bed of the road had been raised several feet to meet the emergency, and of course if the track was now covered it would be impossible to raise it. Besides, everything had been done that engineering skill could suggest in that way after the previous flood had subsided.

However, there was no use in wondering why I had not foreseen this and that; the fact remained the same,—here I was in the Attakapas country, one hundred and twenty miles southwest of New Orleans, and the trains had stopped running. The regular routine was as follows. At twelve o'clock every day a large ferry-boat leaving the foot of Esplanade Street, in New Orleans, carried a crowd of passengers, baggage-cars, and freight across the Mississippi to Algiers. There the passengers, freight, etc., were received by a well-equipped, well-managed express-train, thoroughly fitted with every convenience of travel, whose ultimate destination was Houston, Texas. Five hours of rapid travelling through a beautiful alluvial country, consisting of prairies interspersed with

clumps of forest and frequently intersected with winding bayous, along whose banks water-oaks and cypress-trees could be distinguished in dark curving lines for miles, brought the traveller to the pretty village on the Teche where I now found myself a prisoner. The Teche has always been pre-eminent among Louisiana streams for having natural banks of its own, and it is only on very rare occasions that they are overflowed by the bayou. Now, however, the water from two enormous new crevasses on the Mississippi was pouring an overwhelming torrent across the country to the west of New Orleans and sweeping in a straight path to the Gulf of Mexico, collecting in its way the waters of all the lakes and bayous which form a network between the Teche and the Atchafalaya, and surmounting ridge after ridge of higher land as it gathered volume and force on its way. This deluge from the Mississippi alone would have desolated the country; but, the smaller streams being already brimming full from the general rise of the Mississippi tributaries, and the swamps and backlands undrained from the same cause, of course nothing could prevent the submersion of all the land, with the exception of the tops of one or two of the high ridges, between the Mississippi and the Gulf.

The place where I now was, about a mile from the village of P—, was an unusually high spot, although the house itself was not on the top of the ridge, but had been for some eccentric reason planted in a sort of flat-bottomed hole behind the higher points. It was a very

large, airy-looking, wooden house, painted white, and with wide galleries on every side. From the upper stories, to which I fled for a survey when I heard the waters were rising, I looked out on the Saturday morning with which I intend my account to begin, and saw, just at my feet, a lawn, full of fine oaks, surrounding the house; up and down, as far as I could see, a winding ridge of green, with cabins and trees, and, some little distance off, the white houses of the village and its three church-spires. Beyond this, on both sides, as far as the sight could reach, was nothing but a white line of moving water, not running fast enough to foam, but just swiftly enough to prevent its becoming a motionless brown. In the direction of the railroad I could see nothing; but that made no difference, as five miles farther down the track ran through a deep swamp on trestle-work, which must now be covered, and at Morgan City, thirty miles nearer New Orleans, whence the steamers run to Galveston in connection with the trains, I knew that the long railroad-bridge must be swaying about with the frightful force and velocity of the current, Berwick's Bay, on whose shore Morgan City lies, being the outlet for the whole water of the Atchafalaya and Grand Lake.

After much inward thinking, I asked the question aloud, "What shall we do?"

"Do?" said my cousin John; "why, wait quietly until the water goes off a little and the train begins to run again."

"How long will that be?"

"Oh, not more than six weeks, perhaps, or even a month."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "wait up here for a month or six weeks at this season of the year! You must be crazy."

"Not at all," he answered. "I don't see what there is to object to,—plenty to eat, plenty to do, loads of time to do it in, and as much time for sleeping as even old Rip himself could have wanted."

"Well," I said, "as I came up to stay one week, and, having been here just six

days, have done everything I could find to do, and am, moreover, much needed at home, you must try to think of some way by which I can get there."

My cousin being a middle-aged bachelor of sporting habits and rather *bon vivant* tastes, my sister and I are in the habit of going up to "Castle Rackrent," as his shooting-box is appropriately called, to put things in order, regulate the housekeeping, and look after the servants, most of whom were old slaves of our own, and consequently very dependent on us for general care-taking, and for that indispensable system of playing audience to their very cheerful, limp, and easy-going household ways, without which no Southern negro can accomplish anything,—a fact which the Northern people who go South are slow to understand.

"There, miss," would my smiling chambermaid Larceny exclaim, "jes' look at dat flo'; you ain' never walk on no cleaner flo' den dat."

And if I hesitated to admire, or failed in any way to respond, the blank look of discouragement which immediately settled on her face would give me, if not a pang of remorse, at least a conviction that nothing more would the damsel accomplish without the meed of approbation she coveted, and that her plaintive appeal, "Is you done 'spected dat flo' yet, miss?" would resound wherever I might turn, until I could truly answer, "Yes."

By the way, let me mention here that Larceny was so called by her mother, in opposition to the wishes of her mistress, who not only explained the meaning of the word, but implored the woman to change it to something even finer,—Sophronia, Heloise, anything but Larceny. No; Juliet was firm. Larceny was the most beautiful name she had ever heard, and Larceny her baby should be called. "It might mean theft to dem dat knows, but not to niggers. An', anyhow, dat gal she jes' lemme catch her a-larcening, I'll show her de way to treat de name her mammy done gib her."

Well, not to digress any further than my conscience (the editor) will justify,

I had come up from New Orleans on one of these housekeeping expeditions, and I had no idea or intention of going all the way to Texas in order to get back to New Orleans,—a proceeding which would have much resembled going to Philadelphia in order to cross Broadway. No; there must be some conveyance on the bayou which *would* and *could* and *should* take me as far as Morgan City, whence I could certainly either wade, or swim, or float to within a frog's jump (appropriate simile) of New Orleans. So earnest was I on the subject that I actually inspired my cousin with something faintly resembling energy, a quality of which he had never exhibited the slightest symptom before, except when either soaked through with mud and rain, with the mercury at freezing-point, a gun in his hand and a small hundred-weight of game and cartridges on his shoulders, or sweltering in a flannel shirt on the open prairie, with the same thermometer at ninety degrees in the nearest shade, which is three miles off, and a fat, angry moccasin at every other step or two sitting up on the end of its tail and spitting at him. Then, indeed, he is full of energy and radiantly happy, the only drawback being that such bliss must end. Ordinarily, however, when neither killing nor in danger of being killed, he is an extremely slow, indolent, indifferent creature. Now, however, I roused him, not exactly with "jam and judicious advice," but with the most highly colored and tremendous pictures I could possibly draw of what our dreadful position as prisoners of war might become. The skilfully-introduced fact that the sweet oil was out and could not be renewed produced an effect nothing else could have done. He went out to see if any rescue could be effected, and I, having fully made up my mind to go, no matter what the obstacles might be or how absolute the lack of conveyance, went to work and packed my clothes, while Larceny, Dorinthia, and Aldebarania looked on, and every now and then fetched a garment or a ribbon from the *armoire*, filling up the pauses with an irrelevant flow of anecdotes and remarks.

Suddenly, Buddy, whose little woolly head had been hovering about all the morning, thrust it boldly in, and announced "dat de boss was done come, and two more white fokes, and was hollerin' as hard as he could holler."

I flew down, and heard, to my infinite joy, that a steamboat, used for conveying cattle from the prairies of Opelousas to Morgan City, whence they were transported by rail to New Orleans, was now up the bayou, and, if I did not object to sitting up all night, perhaps even longer, in the midst of fleas, cockroaches, and other evils too great to mention, we might be carried as far as Morgan City, where there would be some chance of either catching a steamship *en route* for Texas or getting an engine to carry us over the submerged track. The latter seemed a very remote probability, however, as the risk was enormous and the reasons for encountering it, so far as we knew, very inadequate. But, if I had been desired to put a side-saddle on an alligator and see what I could do in that way toward reaching home, I almost think I should have assented: so of course I was willing to board the "Sally Louise" whenever she might appear. That was a great uncertainty, at what time to expect her. She was always rather an unmanageable stern-wheel craft, but in the present stage of the water, and with the tremendous current, whose force increased as it approached the bay, it would depend altogether on how many landings she might have to make, and whether the wind was high or not, whether she would arrive early or late.

Naturally, every one living up the bayou who had any freight to send, either to New Orleans or points on the road, would seize this apparently last opportunity to ship it, and all the travellers who had been cut off on their way from Texas would probably drive across the prairie to Iberia and take the boat there. So I prepared myself for great uncertainty, and, as the choice lay between six o'clock in the evening and six o'clock in the morning and all the intervening hours, I got entirely

ready, made myself as comfortable as I could, and, after hurrying through an earlier dinner than usual, so as to be certain of *that* at any rate, I got under my mosquito-bar to read. My great hope was that the boat would not appear until about twelve o'clock, as I knew by that time I should be so sleepy as to doze comfortably in any sort of chair, or even sitting on one trunk with my back against another, and the mosquitoes were so especially sanguinary and numerous that the longer I could remain under a bar the better.

No such luck, however, as this befell me. Not twenty minutes had I been settled when a series of short, sharp whistles some miles off announced her coming, and shortly after three in quick succession told of her landing. We jumped into the wagon, splashed through the muddy roads, already half full of seepage-water, and soon found ourselves struggling at the foot of a large oak to keep out of the surrounding pool and obtain steady footing on the landing-plank. The common wharf was under water, and the boat had landed at the back of a garden, where we now looked around with a curious feeling of strangeness at the tall forms of orange- and oleander-trees, jasmine-, rose-, and myrtle-bushes, looming large and indistinct through the quickly-dying twilight. Another moment, and the throbbing, struggling creature which seemed to pant and sob with the rushing stream was off again, and as I looked down from the deck upon the huge sheet of water opposite, where cane-fields had shown their ploughed surface a week before, and peered through the dark to see that the village itself stood on a ridge, behind which a lake had already formed, I began to have some idea, though faint and inadequate, of the calamity which had befallen us.

I stood for a long time on the deck, looking at the obscure figures of trees and houses as we flew past, for we were going very rapidly, and then, with many misgivings, turned to examine the boat. She was a long stern-wheel boat, originally built for passengers, but altered

for the cattle and general carrying trade, and, the whole fore-cabin having been knocked away to give accommodation for fodder and such articles as crates of chickens, bales of hay, and the immense boxes of eggs which are constantly shipped from the Western prairies to New Orleans, the only covered space left was a small cabin, with two little glass doors at each end opening above on a portion of the deck occupied by a small kitchen, a place for holding provisions, and a couple of benches full of pots and pans. On top of the cabin was the pilot-house, and on each side was a small state-room for the use of the captain and officers. Two of the small berths were partitioned off in some mysterious way, and a narrow table ran through the centre which entirely filled all the space except what was occupied by some wooden chairs and a stove. Of the dirt I do not speak: it was only what was natural and inevitable in a boat of that kind in that climate. No amount of labor could prevent mules and live-stock generally from filling any craft they occupied with fleas and other insects, while all the thousand-and-one articles, such as molasses, sugar, eggs, bananas, chickens, cabbages, flour, meal, etc., with which it was constantly laden to the water's edge, must have their accompaniments of rats, cockroaches, centipedes, and many other specimens highly interesting to a zoologist, but not pleasant as fellow-travellers. I had, however, made up my mind to all that, and seated myself in a wooden chair with my feet on a hat-box, contented simply to feel that we were going.

I was, as I supposed, the only woman on board; but every square foot was occupied by men. There were negroes, mulattoes, 'Cadians, creoles, Americans, and Texans in such profusion, and so packed in one against the other, that it was sometimes with great difficulty I could assign a pair of legs to its owner. I could easily distinguish the Acadians by their blue blouses and cottonade trousers; the creoles, by the way their hair was cut, even when I could not see their features, which are unmistakable.

ble with their peculiar blunt sharpness, if I may use such an expression, and twinkling, opaque eyes. They are eyes which seem to reflect the light from without, but to let none shine through. The Americans—an expression used in contradistinction to creole—look very much like the rest of their countrymen, except that they are not so restless and so eager, so observant and so prompt, as their Northern brethren; and the Texans have that strange look of blended coolness and determination, habitual indifference and latent ferocity, which is characteristic of frontier people.

The chair which I occupied had been offered me with the greatest eagerness by those who stood near it, and I had every variety of footstool proposed that the boat afforded. The steady steam of tobacco which was rising on all sides did not, of course, occur to most of them as likely to be anything but pleasant, though I noticed that several "American" gentlemen who lived in the neighborhood, and were known to me by sight, went outside to finish their cigars, where I also should have gone if I had dared to breathe the malarious air at that hour.

When we had been steaming at full speed for two hours, and I was growing somewhat accustomed to swallowing clumps of mosquitoes, but felt almost dead with the smells and the bites which interrupted every word I tried to speak, I noticed the captain come in and enter the little state-room opposite. After spending some minutes there, during which a sound was heard as of stifled scuffling, he emerged, followed by two very tall and dirty Texans, both rather red in the face, as though from violent exertion, and one of them evidently choking in his effort to dispose gracefully of an enormous lump of tobacco. I don't think he was quite wide awake, and, suddenly facing such a large assembly, he was so much embarrassed that I felt it quite a mercy when he finally discovered his way out without swallowing his encumbrance entirely. I heard him coughing outside for a long time afterwards. Meantime, the captain came over to me, and, with an affectation of

having at his disposal any amount of large and airy bedrooms, informed me that if I would like to "lay down" and take a rest "his own room, which was the best on the boat," was all ready for me, and he would be proud for me to occupy it. The cool and collected manner in which he completely ignored having fallen upon these two unfortunate travellers and roused them out of their quiet sleep to make room for me positively took my breath away, and I could scarcely manage to gasp out a reply. But I was really so worn out that, much as I feared the result, I accepted his offer.

I shall never forget the aspect of the cabin as I looked out on it before closing the door of my little retreat. It was crowded with all the varieties of men I have described, except the negroes, of whom there were only two, sitting on the floor at the lower end. All were silent, or conversing in very low tones; those who were not sleeping in stiff and uneasy attitudes on their hard stools or on the dirty floor were smoking steadily (and spitting) either cigarettes or pipes, and many of them had tied their red bandannas over their heads to keep off the mosquitoes. All who could had their elbows or their heads on the table, over which swung a kerosene lamp, whose dim light flickered with the shaking of the boat, now under full headway and going with great rapidity. Through the open door toward the bow I could see the sparks flying from the smoke-pipe which the wind astern was blowing forward, and through them glanced a young moon and one large star. I could hear the rush of the water as it fell from the wheel, the low, murmuring sound of the wind coming from off the shore, and through it all, so regular that one ceased to notice it, the clang and the throb of the engine. The yellow, dingy light of the smoking lamp shone dimly over the dark, weather-beaten faces of the oldest 'Cadians, one of whom was talking most earnestly to his neighbor, the subject being that complicated question, money-lending. I heard distinctly what he said: "'Now, Monsieur Henri,' sez my papa to him,

'daz no my way fur to do one beeziNESS; I no wan' for you geef to me daz sécurité wa'at you say. I wan' bague ma monie we'en you mek 'im raidee for pay me.' — 'Wa'at mek you no *ligue* ma sécurité, eh, Monsieur Blanc?' Monsieur Henri henquire; 'daz is so *good* sécurité as ha man can geef you; we'en you haf 'im so een you' ha'an you can mek pay you dis monie ma vaife eef I die.' — 'Halte-là,' say my papa: 'you say daz sécurité go mek you' vaife geef me ma monie, mek you' sonne geef 'im bague, mek you geef 'im bague: dat loog *ligue* you hall gwing forget geef 'im bague, eef daz so small, leetle parchemin' done *looss*!' " No printer's resources can do justice to the rising inflection with which this last word was spoken. "'So den I zink I no leen' ma monie hat hall, fur feer *sompzeen* git *looss*, han me no see ma prettee beraight dollaree no mo'.' Han, wiz zat, *mon* papa he sweep hall bague in ze sack."

The intense interest with which this anecdote was received spoke well for the popularity of the theme; but I was too tired to listen longer, and shut the door. I now found myself in a small space about five feet wide, seven long, and seven high, on one side of which were two straight shelves, or berths, each containing a mattress and bedclothes, the latter hastily smoothed, after their late occupants had risen, by the deft hand of the captain. On the opposite wall hung a small broken glass, and a low stool under it held a basin which was half full of some grimy-looking liquid. My first proceeding was to open the glass door which looked out upon the guards, as the passage around the deck is called, and then, putting on a pair of buckskin gloves, I threw the basin and its contents bodily overboard into the river. I then took one end of the bedclothes, upon whose appearance I will not comment, rolled them into a heap, and threw them all out on the deck, but behind a trunk and a number of boxes and barrels, so as to elude the captain's glance. There being nothing left now but the bare mattress, I spread over it an old glazed water-proof

cloak of vast dimensions, and, having completely covered it and everything near, I added a blanket-shawl, upon which, having put on my ulster and taken my hand-bag for a pillow, I laid myself down and fell instantly sound asleep.

I must have slept for a couple of hours, when I was wakened by a feeling of oppression on my chest, almost of suffocation, and, rousing myself with a start, I found lying across my body, where it had undoubtedly come for the sake of the warmth, a large gray cat, comfortably asleep. I had not the heart to banish her, so left her on the foot of the bed, while I looked out to see where we were. We were still running rapidly: the moon was gone, and a wonderful starlight was on everything, showing the swollen course of the broadening and deepening stream, the ridge of trees rising on either side from a far-spreading ocean of flooded fields, and the dark outline of the great forest dimly following everywhere the horizon's curve. I gazed for a few minutes, and then peeped into the cabin, where slumber reigned supreme. Not an eye was open, not a sound was to be heard except snores, which resounded on every side. As I looked, I became aware that there was a woman in the crowd, and, on investigation, she proved to be an old French lady, who had come on board while I slept, and who was *en route* from her overflowed home to her friends in New Orleans. I insisted on her occupying my recent couch, and seated myself just inside the door, on a low stool, whence I could watch the slow-coming dawn, which dropped back and seemed to hide its mysterious face again in utter blackness many times before finally lifting a searching outlook on the world. Beneath that penetrating glance, now gray, now golden, now roseate, now, thank God! bright daylight's own imperial orb, the water spread broader and broader, the trees rose out of it greener and fuller, and over everything was the stillness of death. No moving of cattle or trampling of horses on country roads, no flying out of house-dogs to bark at the passing

boat, no groups of merry children clustered on fence or bridge. Here and there from the chimney-tops of the larger houses the kitchen-smoke curled up, but the negro-cabins, which, of course, were more exposed to the flood, being not only built on less elevated spots, but standing directly on the ground, were, one and all, deserted, their empty walls and cold hearths conveying a chill to my very heart. I knew that the people and most of the animals were all safe in one way or another, having either taken shelter on higher spots at the last moment or been gradually leaving by train and boat for days, the overflow being slower and much less unexpected here than directly on the banks of the Mississippi. It was complete enough and deep enough, however, to have covered hundreds of miles of high-roads and thousands of acres of budding cane, and to have driven countless families away from homes no longer habitable, leaving such live-stock as they could neither protect nor carry away—a terrible proportion of the whole—to perish by merciful drowning or cruel starvation. It was such a calamity as to beggar every man within five hundred miles who depended upon the fruits of the earth for the support of his family. Cane was the principal and best crop of this region, and when that yellow water rippled and foamed three and four feet deep, or even the same number of inches, the cane was just as certain to rot in the ground, after all the immense labor of saving the seed, preparing the ground, cutting in short pieces the long stalks intersected with eyes, then laying them two or three thick in the deep furrow, and covering and cultivating them, as the sun was certain to rise and set. And even where cotton could be raised to advantage in ordinary seasons, who could hope to succeed with new crops now, when the wet ground would treble or quadruple every inevitable drawback? Every man in all that great reach of water-covered country, except perhaps here and there one of the Northern or Northwestern new-comers, who had invested in planting as a regular business

and *made* it pay, had begun the year more or less in debt, and, with the present unusually fine season and good seed, had never since the war seen so fine a prospect of "paying out" his place, redeeming his credit, and re-establishing himself on something like a sure footing, when, lo! a ghastly change, and at one fell swoop cane, credit, hopes, everything but debt, dirt, and deluge, had vanished.

We had now approached Berwick's Bay, one of the great estuaries of the Gulf, into which it opened through twenty miles of broad and winding channel, leading entirely through the sea-marsh, here wooded to the water's edge, there a wide expanse of sedge and reed. This estuary, receiving here the rushing waters from the Atchafalaya, which drains a long system of swamps and lakes, and uniting nine miles above with the Teche, is a formidable and dangerous stream at all times, but now it was a tremendous current, more than a mile in width, raging and foaming against every obstacle. Not even the fact that its abounding waters had long since burst from all control, and, mingling with those of the Mississippi and other bayous, had poured ten feet of flood over the surrounding country, seemed to diminish the force with which the whole united body of water hurled itself on to the Gulf.

Morgan City, an enterprising little town, formed principally by the Texas steamers, which have here their Louisiana terminus, and the Texas and Opelousas Railroad, of which it has always been a principal *dépôt*, was well known to the Northern troops during the war under its former name of Brashear, for it is the gateway to the countries of the Teche, the prairies of Opelousas, and all the rolling lands of Southwestern Louisiana. But who would know the bright little town as we approached it now? Every one came out on deck to see the dreadful sight. In front of us, and still some distance off, was the iron bridge which the cash and energy of the Morgan Railroad men had built, and which spans the great yellow bay with apparent ease. The town lies on the left or

New-Orleans bank, and shows generally a collection of white and yellow houses, with trees and shrubs about them, in the farther distance, a crowded acre of closely-built little shops and business-shanties, engine-houses, forges, clustered about two or three central offices, and intersected with a wide street, filled with railroad beds, tracks, points, and switches, in the nearer foreground; extending for a mile or more along the shore, the strong-looking yellow and green galleries, offices, wharves, sugar-, cotton-, and cattle-sheds of Morgan's great railroad company, which seems determined to have something solid if it can. Now, however, in all directions there was a great expanse of muddy waves and ripples, and only the roofs of the smaller houses were visible. Many, of all sizes, were shaking and swaying with the flowing of the water. No cars or signs of traffic appeared, and floating about on the edges of the town, among the long, straggling lines of low negro-cabins which fringed the outskirts, and whose taller chimneys were almost covered, were the frames of those which had fallen and the dead bodies of drowned animals washing out to sea through the rivers which indicated the former streets. The buildings on the bay side were stanch, but the water was washing over the sills of the upper stories, and one looked in vain for any indication that there had ever been a foot of dry land in the vicinity.

By the time I had taken in all the salient features of the scene, we had drawn quite near, but still kept the middle of the channel, and had much diminished our speed, while I noticed an unusual excitement among the officers of the boat, and saw also that the second pilot, who, while his colleague was at work, generally sat with his feet on the balusters below, practising the art of tobacco-chewing in its highest integrity, was now at the other side of the wheel, both men with muscular arms bared and brawny chests exposed in their loose flannel shirts to sun and wind, both firmly braced, and each keeping a tremendous grip on the wheel-

spikes. One looked straight before him with a glance as keen and firm as an eagle's, while the other turned to him with a look of anxiety, and said something. Cousin John was standing near me by this time, looking, as he always does, like a clean and healthy Englishman of a certain age, well made, well dressed, well fed, and in a generally excellent humor with the world, which lasts until he has something to feel angry about. "What is the trouble?" I asked. "Is there any danger?" He pointed to the bridge in front. It was about four hundred yards away, and stretched directly across the bay, its entire length, which is something more than a mile, supported by arches resting on huge piles of wood and iron attached to buoys and driven in by steam with a force which had been thought to render them secure against every possible cause of displacement. Yet at this moment these vast masses were swaying from side to side with the force of the current, making the whole structure tremble. The great danger of the moment to our little boat was now apparent,—that of being sucked by the force of the current into one of the open spaces or pseudo-arches, which were much too low to allow of any craft passing, even when the water was at its ordinary level, the draw in the middle of the bridge being sufficient for all purposes of navigation. Of course if we were to get jammed into one of the arches the injury both to the boat and to the framework of the bridge itself would be extreme. The water was running, as the sailors expressed it, like a mill-tail, and actually seemed piled up higher in the middle of the stream than at the sides. It gave a very threatening look to the river, and impressed me for the first time with the aptness of the expression, "swollen" stream. However, Cousin John said that there was no danger, and that we should make the wharf in a minute, and the jolly brown face of the captain did not lose its usual expression of careless good-nature, though he certainly did not show any indifference in the discharge of his duties. I never looked round that he was not gestic-

lating, waving or shouting to the men at the wheel, who quietly held on, and in a few minutes, though we actually leaned over in making the turn, and it seemed to me that we were swept at least a hundred yards sideways, they had brought her, trembling and snorting like a frightened horse, to her landing-place, where a number of stout ropes and massive chains soon held her safely bound.

We now began to think about breakfast, a subject to which we had given little thought so far, but whose claims on my attention at least were becoming paramount. I had brought a basket of provisions with me, knowing that the "Sally Louise," not being a passenger-boat, could not be expected to furnish breakfast for passengers. However, I need not have troubled myself. A great tall mulatto, who had been for years the head steward of our old-fashioned daily packets, had now become Captain D.'s body-servant, and, finding that some of his old friends and patrons were on board, had gone forthwith into the kitchen and produced some coffee, which was quite equal to any in the French market, and a number of creole dishes, such as jambolaya daube, gumbo choux salad, timbale au riz, poivrade, etc., all of which were delicious after a night of such varied experiences and the long morning since.

As soon as they had breakfasted, the men all rushed on shore to see what chance existed of reaching home without going to Texas *en route*. My old lady was still asleep on the very hard pallet I had given her. I had begged Jules to keep something hot for her, but I began at last to think she would never wake, and that I should have to feed her in her sleep to keep her alive, as they sometimes do babies when they are ill. She looked very old, very ill, and very helpless, as she lay there unconscious. She was neatly, even prettily dressed in plain black, and had on little half-high shoes, and black stockings evidently of her own knitting. Her silvery hair, still very thick, her soft skin, and the delicate blue veins in her temples, showed her to be a person of refinement,

and the more I looked, the more I liked her appearance. Fearing the men would soon be back with some arrangement completed for us to leave immediately, I took a cup of steaming coffee in my hand and went in to rouse her. To my great dismay, she awakened with a violent start, and as she slowly raised herself I saw that she was looking wild; but this expression passed immediately, and she composed herself almost as quickly as I caught the look. She got off the shelf, on which, indeed, she could not sit up, as there was another just above it, and as she drank her coffee she thanked me with a sweet, dignified manner. I asked her if she had been having bad dreams, that she awakened so uneasily. She finished her coffee, put the cup on the table, and, laying her hand on mine, said simply, "My dear, four times in my life I have been wakened out of my sleep to be told that I had a child dead, and once to leave my house in flames. I cannot rouse myself now, as I could once, with a quiet mind." I heard afterward the whole story of her life,—of the long struggle, before the war, with a brutal, dissipated husband, who ill treated not only her, but his slaves, between whom and his evil habits and passions she had been a barrier for years,—of the dreadful perversion by the father of one son after another,—of the dearly-loved daughter's death one year after the marriage from which the mother had hoped so much; then, when the war came, of trial and privation bravely met,—of the clinging together of mistress and old slaves,—of one son after another dying either in battle or from some other terrible cause, the poor old woman never seeing her boys again after they once rode away, yet hardly knowing how to grieve for the evil lives so dreadfully cut short; and then, since the war, the long lonely summers and winters, without even the right to suffer for any one left, except a few of the old negroes with whom she had still remained in the old plantation-house, which was too worthless to be a prize to any one else, but whence the water had at last driven her to the friends in New Orleans who revered

and loved her, and the negroes to the cabins of old-time neighbors farther up the country. It must have been very doubtful to those poor old broken-down people whether they would ever have means or strength to come together again after the waters should subside; and on talking to Madame Fleury (as we will call her) I found that this seemed to be the only thing that troubled her. She had long ago resigned herself with a perfect faith and the most serene patience to the sorrows of the past, to the sufferings and privations of the present; but the separation from those old, familiar, black faces, those hard but faithful hands and loyal hearts, was a pang keener than she had then thought life could still inflict.

I was still gazing at her, and wishing that I knew how to get her comfortably to New Orleans, when Cousin John reappeared, laden with wraps, and leading a handsome setter which he was taking to New Orleans, and which, when it was not wrapping its chain inextricably around some man's legs, causing the said man awful anguish when they tried to go separate ways, had been eating the eggs out of the crates among the freight on deck. Cousin John, who was followed by the captain and several others, had come to announce that no possible chance existing of getting off on a locomotive, which had been our one hope, and no steamer being ready to sail for either Galveston or the mouths of the Mississippi, our only resource was to hire a little tug or steam-tender which could be had on the spot, and which, with the assistance of the owner, who was a very skillful pilot, could be warranted to take us through gardens and fruit-yards, between bee-hives and over fences, to a spot many miles nearer New Orleans, to which place we might reasonably hope to find thence some means of transportation. In great haste we seized all our various bags, bundles, and shawls, and prepared to leave the "Sally Louise." We descended a wide plank, and stepped on a strip of wharf, which, being much elevated above the rail, looked like a piece of dry belting all along the front

of the quays and the various offices, sheds, and nondescript buildings. The comparatively narrow gangway before us was lined on each side with boxes, barrels, hogsheads, staves, pails, kegs, crates, tubs, full of every thing that was ever known to man by sight or smell, and also by rows of negroes sitting or standing, surrounded with packages and bundles of their own, hastily caught and tied up in red and yellow bandannas, and all waiting with the sublime patience of their race for some chance of getting away. Many of them had occupied their present positions for days, going at times to some safe spot without to make a little blaze and cook or warm over food enough for two or three meals. We passed quickly through these quiet-looking negro groups, but at the upper end, just in a spot where we were hemmed in by a huge disabled Texas steamer on one side and a wide flight of broken steps leading directly into an ocean of muddy water on the other, while the sun, which was now almost overhead, beat down with a sickening glare peculiar to that portion of Louisiana upon our steaming heads, we were compelled to stop for an indefinite period, while something occurred on the little craft we had hurriedly hired,—we knew not what. I fortunately had a large umbrella, and beneath its shelter poor Madame Fleury, who was quite exhausted with the heat, excitement, and confusion, and I tried to find relief. We selected a nook between an immense cask of some curious-smelling liquid and a pile of square boxes full of cabbages, where at any rate, by stooping and keeping quiet, our two heads were under shelter, and we could almost sit down. Here we remained for one hour and a half, listening meekly to the preparations on our miniature steamer, and wondering why we had ever left the "Sally Louise," until we heard a low voice, whose owner was too much hidden in the labyrinth to be identified, say, "Tain't no use frettin' 'bout her, Sis! She had to go back to t'other side of no-whar, and I'se be bound thar ain't no woman ez wants to go *thar*." The oracle ceased, and we were much comforted.

This being the best we could possibly do, we would make the best of it, and I soon became so much interested in talking to the poor refugees, black and white, that I was amazed to find out how late it was when Cousin John's florid countenance, by this time baked to a deep brick color, emerged from some mysterious depths.

Heavens! what an infinitesimally small boat the "Alouette" was, and how dirty and crushingly packed with people! No craft had left or been able to leave the bay before this for several days, and although the boat was especially hired, at least in part, by three or four gentlemen anxious to reach New Orleans, every living soul that wanted to leave applied for permission to go with us. This could not, of course, be refused, especially as each additional passenger added so much to the captain's receipts. Never shall I forget that crowd of people, chiefly women, with little groups of children dressed in their Sunday clothes, the poor little things all showing the ill effects of close confinement to the house, with damp air and bad food. There were not many men going: the fathers and husbands were all hard-working laborers, who each had some task connected with the overflow and were glad and thankful to get work. We packed ourselves away in the little boat as closely as we could, on stools, boxes, barrels,—any seats that could be improvised. The rough-looking men picked up and tenderly kissed one child after another, giving one a cake, one an orange, commending them to take good care of *maman*, and begging neighbors' wives to "*regarder un peu si Marie va bien; faut pas se gêner pour un sou, faut acheter tout ce qu'il faudra pour ses enfants.*" Almost every family carried a little bedding, either a bundle of blankets or a thin mattress sewed up in a patch-work quilt, or some such package, and after we started arranged these things in such a way as to make little beds for the children, most of whom soon fell asleep with their hands full of their fathers' parting gifts.

It was not long before we were under

full headway; and now, for the first time in my life, I sailed through a completely-flooded district, where not one foot of dry land could be seen, and even the great forest-trees were dwarfed by the height of the water. We were going to try to find our way through a winding channel of bayous, some quite navigable, others created by the flood, through old plantation-drains, across fields, over roads which generally divided waving sugarcane, and under avenues of waving trees. At first we were in a broad stream, as we could see by the trees being so distant; but before long they began to draw together, and from that time forward we ran through such winding, wooded ways as surely no boat ever took before. Now we were close to a tall brick chimney, nothing else of the whole house being visible except one projecting dormer-window; now almost grazing a pigeon-house while skilfully avoiding the top of the picket-fence, which was clearly seen three feet beneath the surface. We slowed a little while passing a large house, whose occupants were all clustered at the windows of the second floor, where a couple of boats were floating just on a level with the sills. In answer to the captain's hail and inquiry if they wished to come aboard, a negative answer was returned. The saddest sight of all, where we saw no other signs of habitation, was that of cows and other animals standing meekly on narrow, insecure-looking rafts of two or three planks each, anchored to a tree with ropes or chains, and provided with little heaps of damp-looking hay. The dumb, patient creatures looked quietly at us, the rafts swaying from the motion of our wheel, the great dark forest rising very near, elsewhere wide spaces of water, or water in endless winding channels, here moving slowly, there rushing in rapid currents, now swirling round the projecting eaves of a solitary roof, anon washing in and out of some great, hollow cypress-tree,—but always water.

It was a summer's day in temperature, and the dense foliage which the warm winter had preserved in an unusual manner had that peculiarly dark green look,

that intense gloom in its recesses, usually only to be noticed in August. We were so closely packed on the "Alouette," and the heat was so extreme, that the only comfort we had was in running as close under the trees as possible. It was curious to notice the enormous number of alligators, young ones especially, that slipped off the floating boughs and logs and fallen trees as we approached. I counted up to one hundred and five, and then grew tired. It was also interesting to watch the snakes and turtles: the former could be seen constantly, though not so often as the alligators, winding away through the water in long, graceful curves. The turtles could be heard as they slipped with a flop into the water. We came some ten or twelve times on men who had taken refuge in tree-tops, where, with the aid of little rafts made from any sort of floating material, they watched such of their valuables as they had been able to anchor in safety, or the portions of their dwellings still visible. One or two houses, besides the one I have mentioned, being built on ground higher than any around, were sufficiently out for the second story to be visible, and in these cases the owners remained, though the danger of being washed away or of the house falling was imminent. They had boats, however, and took their chances. It was wonderful what a silence there was over the whole region. It was the middle of the day, so of course the mocking-birds, which generally keep the sky in an uproar, were silent; and, there being no dogs, cats, children, mules, chickens,—anything, in short,—left to make a noise, there was a great and solemn silence over everything, which the noisy puffing of the little "Alouette," if anything, rather emphasized; and I could distinctly hear, like the sound of bees,

the breathing of the children asleep in the cabin. As we went on and on in the blazing light and heat and stillness, and the trees grew blacker and heavier in the yellow air, and the water grew deeper and swifter, it seemed to me that we had been sailing in this way forever, and must go on forever, without stopping. I looked around, and saw on every face the reflection of my own feeling. Every one sat or lay or stood half asleep in the burning afternoon, and even the captain leaned, with closed eyes, against the pilot-house,—when a tremendous crash roused us, accompanied with a shout and a volley of oaths. It was nothing but that in rounding a point the pilot had varied the proceedings by knocking down a tall brick chimney and thus dispersing a nest of long black snakes, which could be seen in every direction, swimming for dear life.

Ten minutes more of undisturbed steaming, and then a long, clear whistle was heard.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Cousin John, "Higginson is a trump. They have managed to get an engine here to meet us, after all."

And so it proved, for, as we neared the track at the point where we had telegraphed to the railroad managers to try to have us met, there stood one locomotive, with one day-car and one baggage-car attached. Our troubles were over; for, though we ran slowly the rest of the way, we did so safely, and had crossed the ferry and reached our door by nine o'clock. I was sunburned, tired, hungry, and covered with specimens of the various strata of mud pertaining to the country, but I would not have missed a moment of the whole experience for any consideration you could mention.

ANNIE PORTER.

A FAIR ASCETIC.

IF, at the close of a cold gray day in early November, Sue Harrington, teacher in the Ninth Ward Intermediate, returning to the small upper room she occupied in Mrs. Brown's boarding-house, had found a cheerful fire burning in the little, open stove, she would have prepared to spend the evening at home, in diligent correction of the A class compositions, and this story would never have been written. But the fire, built on the thrifty principles which characterized the Brown administration, lay sobbing and sputtering on the hearth, and sending up little flickering blue flames along the sides of the wet kindling, and on the entrance of the school-ma'am subsided into a few pale sparks, which soon blinked themselves out of existence before her reproving eye. There seemed nothing to do, Miss Harrington thought, but dress and attend the church sociable. The church sociable was about the only form of festivity in which Miss Harrington permitted herself to indulge,—the fact that she really enjoyed those fortnightly gatherings so little serving as a motive for pretty constant attendance thereon.

Sue Harrington was a good deal of an ascetic, though of modern make and description. A life-long struggle with poverty, not of the begging or shabby-genteel order, but of the pinched, respectable kind, and severe youthful training in the tenets of a narrow creed, had early inured her to habits of rigorous denial and self-scrutiny. Though barely twenty, she had come to consider herself as possessed of exceptional experience and knowledge of the world, and professed to have quite done with illusions. Other girls might have their hopes, their dreams, their rose-colored fancies, but to Miss Harrington life had been one long stretch of dull uninteresting gray. From having learned to do without rose-color, she had come to distrust its effects on the vision, and when

it happened that a few crimson streaks lit up her own horizon she turned her startled eyes another way and prayed to be delivered from temptation.

But there were times when her still fresh and uncorrupted girl's nature got the better of her fears, and she found herself in a state of wilful self-assertion, mastered by an intense longing for a life fuller, freer, richer than any she had yet known. The bare walls of the school-room, and the meagre appointments of the boarding-house, grew intolerably hateful to her at times, when in a spirit of childish defiance she would treat herself to some unallowed luxury, visiting some art-gallery to revel in the delicious tints of earth and sky, or purchasing the latest novel to store her fancy with its images of unreal men and women, or, it may be, indulging in a piece of feminine extravagance,—a gayly-hued scarf, or a bit of costly lace, sure to be repented of afterward and hidden out of sight.

But by thus dwelling on the moods of my heroine I seem to enlarge them out of due proportion to the rest of her character. For the most part, Miss Harrington kept her emotions under strict control, and to the ordinary observer appeared only a quiet, self-possessed, rather icy young woman, whose pretty face did not serve to counteract a certain chilly unresponsiveness of manner. Miss Harrington had few friends, and no intimates, unless it was her cousin Harriet,—or Mrs. Simon Weatherby, as the world knew her,—who, as the mistress of a pretentious establishment on the aristocratic south side of the city, had a multitude of social cares and worries on her hands, but who found time to keep a watchful eye on her cousin, whom she alternately petted and scolded, and professed to understand even better than she understood herself.

So far as looks were concerned, Sue Harrington was a very attractive young woman,—a fact which, if it entered her

consciousness at all, seemed rather to irritate than please her. As she stands before the small painted bureau, the image reflected in the swinging glass is very fair to look upon: a face of dewy freshness and Madonna-like regularity of outline, broken only by the slight *retroussé* bend of the nose; eyes of dark blue and gray, as the colors meet and mingle together with every change of feeling, and shaded by a delicate arch of eyebrow, and long curling lashes which match in hue the tangled masses of brown hair. The latter was meant to curl,—a sufficient reason in the owner's estimation for gathering it closely in a small knot at the back of the head. But stray locks will escape here and there, and hang caressingly over the forehead and against the slim white neck. The plain cashmere is exchanged for the conventional black silk, and at the throat a pale-blue scarf is fastened, and her toilet is complete.

"Why do you wear that red tie?" her cousin once asked her. "Is it because blue is more becoming?" She smiled as she recalled this bit of cousinly satire.

"To please Harriet," she said, as, hesitating about her small stock of ribbons, she selected the blue.

Nina Garvin, daughter of one of the deacons of the church where Miss Harrington rented her modest pew, made her preparations for the evening sociable with unusual zest and spirit. She had persuaded her cousin, Ned Bertram, who had dropped in to take tea with the family, to accompany her. Ned Bertram was a cousin for a girl of sixteen to be proud of, with his good looks, accomplished manners, and thorough good nature. No wonder Nina lamented that they saw so little of him; but Cousin Ned moved in a social orbit far removed from the circle in which the quiet deacon and his family revolved, and was inclined to take some credit to himself that in the midst of the more exciting demands upon his attention he found time to pay a monthly visit to his uncle's staid and sober household. His friends said Ned Bertram was born under a lucky star. The last remaining scion of an old

New-England family famed for worthy acquirements in statecraft and letters, a drop of the blood of some roving ancestor must have filtered through the ages until it reached his youthful pulses; for, instead of remaining at home in the quiet old town where he was born, and following in the professional footsteps of father and grandfather, he had no sooner left college than he started for the West, and put himself in training for the career, honorable if not illustrious, of a successful man of affairs. Aided less by the excellent letters of introduction he brought with him than by his own engaging manners, Ned soon found himself associated in a confidential capacity with one of the leading firms of the great metropolis of the lakes, and was already looked upon as one of its rising young men. Gray-haired veterans in the service of Mammon spoke of him in terms of praise, while their wives, those fair and bounteous dispensers of the lavish hospitality of the new Occident, reserved for him their most beaming smiles and motherly interest. If Ned did not remain wholly unspoiled by all this, he yet bore the honors of popular leadership with such rare tact and good temper that those whom he outdistanced in the race rather admired than envied him, liking better to be counted among his friends than among his rivals.

In his leisure hours Ned used to picture the contrast between his present life and that career as a grave, respectable country doctor which his parents had marked out for him, and which his mother, in reverential affection for his dead father's memory, had never quite forgiven him for abandoning. He compared the freer manners and munificent display of the West with those habits of cold and guarded propriety which prevailed in his mother's choicer circle at home. He smiled at the thought of her dismay were she to meet Mrs. Blazewell in morning costume of velvet and diamonds, and wondered with a little trepidation what her opinion would be of most of the young ladies of his acquaintance, gay, heedless young things, overrunning with smiles and chattering

nonsense, and always overdressed. But, though able to discriminate between the two civilizations, the new with the noise and hurry of its rapid development, the old with its time-honored virtues, Ned felt that for himself he vastly preferred the new. Here, he told himself, was where he belonged, and drew in whole chestfuls of strong prairie breezes. Where the rush of business was quickest and its excitement hottest, there he liked best to be, timing his young pulses to the subdued roar of the many-throated voice which speaks on 'Change, and matching his untried strength and daring against the wisdom of older and craftier heads than his. This was better than poring over medical treatises or administering to the hypothetical complaints of wealthy patients. To be sure, his father had achieved considerable distinction in his profession, especially for some discovery about the ophthalmic gland,—Ned believed it was the ophthalmic,—which the son took a kind of remorseful pride in. But Ned did not care to be distinguished: he only wanted to be prosperous and happy,—a man among men. Peace to his father's ashes, but the West was his home. As a matter of course, home eventually meant a wife; but there was time enough to consider that. Ned felt no immediate desire to unite his destiny with that of any of the elegantly-arrayed effusive young women of his set. It puzzled almost as much as it annoyed him that his name had become associated of late with that of Blanche Ingersoll, a tall, stylish creature, with brilliant brunette complexion and dark languishing eyes. Even little Nina, here, had been teasing him about her, repeating the hints and rumors she had caught from afar. "This gossip must be stopped," he reflected, shifting his legs uneasily, as he sat waiting for Nina. He would accept that offer of the firm to go out to Denver and look after certain mining interests. Ned's taste was too fastidious to be pleased with that type of modernized Juno which the stately Blanche represented. Her dark, queenly beauty was in direct contrast to that sweet

womanly ideal which Ned had cherished in his heart for years. It was his pet superstition that some day, sooner or later, he should meet and claim as his own the living counterpart of this ideal,—true to the curving of an eyelash and the tender flushing of a cheek to the pictured semblance of his dreams. In the mean time he could afford to wait, and was the friend, favorite, and admirer of every woman of his acquaintance, but the lover of none.

The church parlors were slowly filling as Ned entered with Nina on his arm.

"I must introduce you to the minister," she said, indicating a pale, slim young man who stood on the opposite side of the room, conversing with a young lady of his congregation.

Bertram with difficulty repressed a start of surprise. He stood quite still, unheeding the pressure of Nina's hand on his arm, his eyes fastened on the downcast face of the minister's companion.

"Who is the young lady?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"That?" said Nina carelessly: "that is Miss Harrington, the school-teacher. Bobby goes in her room, and says she's awful strict. Rather pretty, isn't she?"

Just then Miss Harrington raised her eyes, and met the full, direct gaze of a strange young gentleman. There was that in the look which startled her,—something which seemed both to question and to challenge her,—a gleam of mingled triumph and recognition which half alarmed and wholly puzzled her. In a moment the stranger's eyes were withdrawn, and he was crossing the room. A detaining question from the minister prevented her escape, and she was necessarily included in the introductions which followed. The usual commonplaces having been exchanged, Miss Harrington was about to separate herself from the group, when she was arrested by Nina.

"Oh, Miss Harrington," she exclaimed, in the gushing accents of sixteen, "Bobby has been perfectly miserable the last two days because we kept him from school. He has a dreadful

sore throat, and it's such a task to amuse him. He does nothing but fret about his examinations and talk about you." Nina rattled on with increasing volubility, unheeding the frown of displeasure with which her tall cousin was regarding her. Miss Harrington listened quietly, expressed her regret at her pupil's absence, and promised to call and see him the following day.

"Don't you know," said Ned to his cousin when they were alone again, "that you should never talk shop to people?"

"Talk shop?" said Nina wonderingly.

"Yes; you should never talk to people about their business pursuits on social occasions," he explained, with the admonitory air of an elderly relative.

Nina had never heard of this simple principle of etiquette; but Cousin Ned moved in an enchanted circle beyond her reach. He must know. "Then I suppose I should never talk about church matters to the minister?" she said, in a tone of artless inquiry.

Ned laughed outright, thinking this a rather clever reply. The mantle of cousinly Mentor slipped easily from his shoulders.

Just then Nina was seized upon by one of her mates and borne away to the supper-room, to assist in serving refreshments. Bertram, thrown upon his own resources, looked about for Miss Harrington. It was with a shade of reluctance that she accepted the arm he offered and allowed him to lead her to a quiet corner, where, seating her in one of the society's easy-chairs, he placed himself in a position which commanded a satisfactory view of a face he seemed desirous of studying further.

Mr. Bertram belonged to a different order of young gentlemen from that which Miss Harrington was accustomed to meet at the fortnightly sociables. The stylish, well-fitting clothes, the easy, polished bearing, the gay debonair speech, all proclaimed him of a different sphere. It was impossible to resist a certain fascination about him. She liked, better than she would have confessed,

the ready, unobtrusive oversight with which all her small wants were supplied, the sense of manly strength and protection which came from the presence of this tall, self-sufficient young gentleman at her side. But she was no school-girl, to receive this homage with smiling complacency or fluttering agitation. So she whetted her tongue, and, leaning against a background of crimson plush, let fall from demure-looking lips neat little satirical hints and observations, mild cynicisms, and bits of reflective irony, all of which her companion appeared to enjoy vastly.

"So you are a stranger?" she said, with a little mocking accent. "I must present you to Miss Tripp, who is on the hospitality committee. She will shake hands with you and put your name in her book."

"Pray do not," he said, lightly balancing his spoon on his cup. "My wants are not of the kind that require the services of a committee. Mine is one of those hardened cases which demand individual treatment."

Miss Harrington received this reply rather coldly, being already displeased with herself for speaking lightly of church matters.

"You attend these gatherings regularly, I suppose?" was his next remark.

She threw a glance of quick distrust at him. "You find entertainments of this kind very dull, I dare say."

He looked at her with puzzled attention. "You mean that I am such a worldly fellow?" he asked, at length. "But you are very uncharitable. I can assure you I have attended a good many church sociables before, and I rent a pew in Dr. A——'s church."

Bertram half smiled as he looked into her face. He suspected there were some fine old-fashioned prejudices hidden beneath that girlish exterior. He was one of those who do not object to a certain lady-like narrowness of view in women.

Subsequent conversation developed the fact that Mr. Bertram was a near friend of Mrs. Simon Weatherby, and the admiration in which each held that lively lady's merits formed a new bond

of interest. Miss Harrington recalled many lavish expressions of regard which her cousin had bestowed on one Ned Bertram, who until now had never taken tangible shape in her imagination. If that young gentleman felt any curiosity at having never met Miss Harrington at any of her cousin's popular receptions or her more *recherché* Sunday evenings, it found no gratification in any explaining words of hers.

As the weeks went on, Ned Bertram seemed to have acquired a new interest in his West-Side relatives, offering himself as Nina's regular escort to all the church fairs and sociables, and occupying with increasing frequency a seat in his uncle's pew. Young love takes infinite pains to accomplish small gratifications, and Ned considered an hour's waiting in the deacon's crowded pew small penalty for the privilege of a few stolen glances at a wild-rose face,—a face which was always a trifle colder and prouder than usual on Sundays.

One Sunday morning, when the December air was filled with the warmth and tender sunshine of May and a hint of the coming June-time was caught in the breath of early winter, Sue Harrington was returning home at a pensive gait, when she heard a quick, ringing footstep behind, and in a moment Mr. Bertram was at her side. Their talk was half grave, half buoyant, such as insensibly responded to the day. Some subtle influence in the warm south wind drew them into unconscious nearness to each other and attuned their thoughts to unreflecting harmony and ease. They conversed in little snatches where words were hardly needed to express their perfect agreement, or paced slowly on in a silence which betokened a still nearer understanding.

It was not until Miss Harrington had withdrawn her hand from the lingering good-by pressure in which it was clasped that she recovered consciousness of her old careful self. She raised a startled glance to the face of her companion, now mantling with some new emotion, and, turning quickly away, entered the house. Alone in her room she pressed her cold

hands against her hot cheeks, and was covered with that helpless shame which follows the discovery of some wrong committed, or, worse, some weakness indulged. She began to upbraid herself in the old fashion. What had she to do with this gay young man of fashion? as she absurdly characterized the cheerful, well-dressed, prosperous Ned Bertram. Why had he ever come into her life thus to tempt and allure her from her old ideals? She wished—almost—that she had never seen him.

Bertram returned to his bachelor quarters on the Avenue in an exultant mood, which, as the short afternoon waned to the early winter's twilight, gave way to one of true-lover's depression and melancholy. He prepared to go out and spend the evening at Mrs. Weatherby's. He would tell her he had met her cousin, and perhaps she would talk to him about her.

Mrs. Weatherby was a woman whose grace and versatility, compounded with a certain brusque originality of speech and manner, made her a typical figure in the society in which she moved. Nature had endowed her with the gift of social leadership, and fortune had kindly cast her lot amid surroundings which favored its exercise on quite as brilliant a scale as she could desire. As the wife of a prominent dealer on 'Change, Mrs. Weatherby had a certain position to maintain with respect to society, and entered willingly enough upon a prescribed round of visiting and receiving. But the spectacle of a world devoted to the heavy task of self-amusement grew very wearisome at times, and within the larger radius of her fashionable acquaintance she had gathered a smaller circle of congenial associates from the thinly-populated literary and artistic ranks of the city, who met in her drawing-room every Sunday evening to engage in that mildly-intellectual chat and gossip concerning the latest book or picture which Mrs. Weatherby professed was her greatest solace and delight.

The hour was early when Ned entered his hostess's drawing-room and found her sitting alone, reading from the pages of

a recent review, pencil and note-book at her side. "I am jotting down a few items from this article on the Pyramids," she explained, after greetings had been exchanged. "That's our subject to-night. Professor Pelton is to give us a paper."

"Then I had better take this easy-chair and make myself as comfortable as possible," said Ned, sinking into the luxurious depths of a Sleepy Hollow. "Is it likely to be more than two hours long, do you think?"

Mrs. Weatherby looked at him severely through the gold-bowed spectacles which adorned her shapely nose (she added near-sightedness to her other literary accomplishments). "Don't be light-minded, young man," she said. "Professor Pelton is a distinguished scholar. He has been invited to give a course of lectures before an Eastern college."

"Ah, then this is a kind of farewell address," he replied, in a cheerful tone, stooping to lift the young daughterling of the house to his knee,—Mamie Weatherby, who sat perched on her seat with an air of utmost content, smoothing her scant skirts over the slim dangling legs which fashion prescribes to the little-girlhood of our times.

"I don't like Professor Pelton, either," said the child, looking up confidently in his face. "He looks at me over his spectacles, and says, 'Run away, little girl.' I told Cousin Sue so yesterday; but she said little girls shouldn't talk like that. She said Professor Pelton was a very wise man; but I don't like wise men. I like you best of all."

This raised a laugh; and Ned saw the way opening before him. "By the way," he said, in a tone of affected ease, "I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Harrington."

Mrs. Weatherby was taking a note on the dimensions of the northeast corner of Cheops, and stared at him blankly a moment. "You know Sue!" she said, in a low, wondering tone. A hundred thoughts flashed through her head. She remembered that Ned had been a very irregular visitor of late, and was getting

to be somewhat of a myth in the circles he used to frequent; that Blanche Ingersoll had been growing a little pale and talked of a trip to Florida; that Sue herself had said never a word about this new acquaintance. She bent a puzzled, questioning look on the young man, on whose face a conscious flush was dawning. Then, suddenly bethinking herself, she resumed her pencil and carefully finished her sentence. In a few words Ned gave her an account of his meeting with her cousin. She listened with an air of calm interest, and said, "Ah, indeed!" when he had finished. "Sue is a rather nice girl," she continued, in a careless tone, "if only her head was not so full of crotchets."

Ned moved uneasily in his chair, and Mamie, disturbed in her sleepy posture, slipped down and walked away. "What do you mean by—by crotchets?" he asked, with a slight frown.

"Why, teaching,—that is one of them. I want her to come and live with me, where she belongs. What with this great house on my hands, and clubs, and committees, and calls, there's enough for both of us to do. Besides,"—in a changed tone,— "her father took care of me when I was left alone in the world; and if she had the least sense of gratitude she would let me do something for her."

Ned smiled at this peculiar logic. He found it difficult to picture Miss Harrington in this rôle of genteel dependence. "How is it I have never met her here?" he asked.

"Oh, it's as I tell you. She has her notions. I suppose," with a slight satirical uplifting of the eyebrows, "she doesn't approve of my Sunday evenings. Then she thinks the life here would unfit her for what she calls her duties. She is afraid she would enjoy it too much," Mrs. Weatherby concluded, with a grim smile.

Ned was by no means certain that he liked this cousinly frankness. "Aren't you rather hard upon her?" he asked, pulling nervously at his moustache. "She—she is very religious, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know," his hostess replied, with a shrug of her shoulders. "She should have been born a Catholic. Then she could have joined a sisterhood and practised all sorts of penances on herself. But she's a bigoted little Protestant, and there's no sisterhood for her to enter. But she practises her penances just the same."

The other guests of the evening entering at this moment broke up the conversation.

Ned withdrew his chair to a shaded corner, where he remained in an attitude of profound reflection highly gratifying to the essayist.

A careful observer might have noticed that Mrs. Weatherby was not bestowing her usual eager attention on the reading. Her pencil hung idly suspended from her fingers, and the notebook had slipped down the shining folds of her dress and lay face downward on the floor. She sat opposite Bertram, and, stealthily watching, saw the half-pained and troubled expression he had worn the first of the evening give place to the clear, resolved look of a man who means to make and have his way. Once their eyes met, and both blushed as though they were a pair of guilty conspirators. Ned was obliged to content himself with this tacit sympathy, his hostess skilfully evading his attempts, after the reading was over, to secure a moment's private interview.

After her guests had departed, Mrs. Weatherby immediately sought her husband, whom she found reclining on a Turkish divan in the library. "Well, Simon Weatherby," she exclaimed, as she entered the room, "I have made a discovery."

Mr. Weatherby was a tall, languid-looking gentleman, who, having married a bright, vivacious woman that everybody liked and was inclined to run after, chose to assert his relative importance by the assumption of an entirely different set of manners from her own. Turning his head lazily in the direction of his wife, he looked at her with slow-dawning recognition. "That the ancient tombs of Egypt were not used for astronomical

purposes?" he inquired, with languid interest.

Mrs. Weatherby quite understood her husband's little ways, and was not disposed to undervalue them, taking the same enjoyment in them that she did in her *bisque* ornaments and Persian rugs. They helped to set off the establishment. But to-night she was thoroughly excited, and not inclined to assist in the evolution of any little domestic effects. She approached her subject without circumlocution. "Ned Bertram is in love with Sue Harrington," she said, in the quick, expectant tone of one imparting a piece of startling news.

Mr. Weatherby regarded her a moment with half-closed eyelids. "Is she in love with him?" he asked, after a pause.

"Why, no, I presume not," was the reply.

"Then there is no harm done," he said, and again relapsed into himself.

"Well, I must say!" she ejaculated, in a tone of helpless disappointment at this sudden climax of the conversation.

Mr. Weatherby rose and stretched his handsome length before the fire. "Sue is too good for Ned," he went on to explain. "He isn't her style. Too fast and showy."

"Why, you've always said he wasn't fast," his wife exclaimed, with a horrified look.

He shook his head as if unutterable things might be spoken.

"I don't believe a word of it," she said.

"What Sue ought to do," he continued, "is to marry some grave, elderly man like Professor Pelton here,—some one she can reverence and look up to."

"If she ever does, I'll disown her," Mrs. Weatherby broke in. "It's hard enough to get along with her now. Reverence!" she exclaimed, in ironical after-thought. "How much do I reverence you?"

"Ah, but your cousin may be of a different nature," he replied, with unruffled calm. "She may have larger needs."

Mrs. Weatherby looked at him ad-

miringly from the low ottoman on which she had seated herself, as a woman may whose husband has beaten her in argument. Then, rising abruptly, she crossed to where he stood and lifted her face to be kissed.

From this time on Ned Bertram prosecuted his suit with renewed vigor, bringing the same elements of courageous dash and daring into the business of wooing as he had put into the financial enterprises in which he was engaged,—where the spirit of risk and adventure often wins when more careful methods fail.

As for Miss Harrington, it was as if she were taken sudden possession of unawares and against her will. Had she permitted herself to yield to it, there would have been only a sense of happy elation at thus feeling herself borne along the swift, restless current of another being than her own. As it was, she was on the defensive. Surely there was not so little meaning or merit in her preconceived notions, that she should yield them lightly and ungrudgingly at the approach of this bold Lochinvar. It had been one of Miss Harrington's settled convictions with regard to herself that she should never marry, or, if she did, it would be an affair of conscience rather than of the heart. An outgoing missionary to China in need of a companion to lighten his toils, a widower with several small children, or some such exceptionally-situated person, who would be sure to make life more enticingly difficult, would have found his claims carefully considered. But Ned Bertram represented that easy-going, prosperous side of human nature which she had been taught to regard with pious distrust. She set to work to discover the weak points in his character,—those small masculine vices which a young man of his position must be guilty of in some way. Meantime, Ned's attentions became more marked and continuous. Choice flowers filled her room with their rich fragrance on her return from the dusty school-room. An eager escort stood ready to accompany her to all the season's concerts and lectures. The sleighing-season offered

its opportunity. One glittering December day, Miss Harrington returned to the boarding-house and found a stylish turn-out standing at the door, and Mr. Bertram awaiting her impatiently in the dingy parlor. It was impossible to resist that bright, contagious presence, and in a few moments she was seated at his side, the horses speeding before them like the wind. Threading their way through the narrow business-streets, the horses' heads were turned in the direction of the fashionable avenues, and soon they were in the stream of gay equipages which went skimming down one side of the grand boulevard, faced by a continuous mad procession of returning sleighs and bells on the other side. It was a scene to stir the blood of young and old. In her heart Miss Harrington knew it was a world of folly and fashion, of vain luxury and show; but it looked very fair on the outside, and for once she let her scruples go. The rush of cold wind brought the color to her cheek and the light to her eye, and the ripple of her girlish laughter floated backward on the air. People looked and wondered, as Ned perhaps intended they should. Who was that young lady with Ned Bertram, in the gray beaver and the old-fashioned furs? "She's confoundedly pretty," said the men; but most of the women had noticed that the beaver was of last year's shape.

Blanche Ingersoll, with a party of friends, filled the capacious dimensions of a swan-shaped sleigh, the most striking turn-out on the avenue, and Ned had received a gay salute of bows and smiles, as they passed each other, from all but the central figure, Blanche herself, who returned a cold, half-disdainful bow in response to one she may have deemed somewhat too careless.

"I suppose you know everybody?" said Miss Harrington, with that hint of sarcasm in her voice perceptible whenever she referred to his social experiences, and from time to time asked the names of those they met. "And who are these people?" she asked, as they passed Miss Ingersoll and her swan for the third time.

"That," Ned replied, busying himself with fastening the gray robe more securely into place, "is Miss Ingersoll, with some friends from the South."

Miss Harrington suddenly remembered where she was, and in a few moments requested to be driven home. The sun had gone down, the sparkle had disappeared from the snow-crystals, and the wind was blowing with a more chilly breath in their faces. The horses were tired and inclined to lag, and the homeward drive was taken in a silence which neither attempted to break, Miss Harrington being busy with her own reproachful thoughts, and Ned not daring to speak, lest he should say too much. It was dark when they reached the boarding-house, and he assisted her to alight.

"When will you go again?" he asked, imprisoning her hand in his.

"Oh," she said, catching her breath a little, "I think I had better not go again. I—I am very busy. School closes this week, you know."

He frowned a little, as he always did at the mention of the school. "I shall come for you Friday," he said. It was useless to resist him there, so she took it as lightly as she could.

"Then will you take me somewhere outside the city, away from the streets and the houses? Don't let us go to the boulevard again."

"Didn't you like it?" he asked, still holding the hand she vainly tried to withdraw.

"Oh, it did very well for once. But I'm not in the fashionable world, you know. I felt like a grub among butterflies;"—which was a deliberate fib, for, in spite of the plain beaver and the old-fashioned furs, she had felt as if she were on her native heath, the peer and equal of them all.

Ned took his homeward drive with a light heart. Could it be possible she was jealous, that her manner should so change at the mention of a name? But his confidence was somewhat abated when a day or two afterward he received a note from Miss Harrington cancelling the Friday engagement, alleging as ex-

cuse that she was to leave on the noon train for a vacation visit to her father's in Michigan.

Miss Harrington's resolution to spend the holiday vacation out of the city had been suddenly formed. Once safe within the old home walls she should have time to reflect, and recollect her scattered forces, to rid herself of a certain importuning presence which had lately entered her life, and the rebellious fancies to which it gave rise. Arrived at the old farm-house, what was her discomfiture, not to say remorse, when she found herself contrasting its quiet and loneliness, shut in amid vast fields of snow, with the radiant hospitality which prevailed at her cousin's at this season of the year! In the midst of the country silences her strained fancy caught the sound of the city's rush and roar, the gay music of a hundred clashing bells, and countless laughing voices mingling in merry discord in the winter air. She even caught herself counting the days until her return, and in a very abandonment of shame turned to lavish all manner of endearing attentions on the home relatives who had awaited her coming with loving impatience.

Once she received a letter,—one of those letters which a lover delights to write before he has robbed love of its last fine illusion by a too explicit declaration. Through every line there breathed a spirit of tender chivalrous devotion which made the reader flush and tremble as she read. She gathered the sense of one lingering and longing for her return, impatient yet half loath to speak the words which should solve his doubts and put an end to the dreamful joys of uncertainty.

"Oh, why had he written?" she asked herself despairingly. But she need not answer. No, it would be better not to, and, to help her in so judicious a resolve, she double-locked the letter out of sight, where to reach it would require a deliberate effort.

After this she watched with dismay the flight of the few remaining days of vacation; and when, after a day's journey, she found herself once more in her

old quarters at Mrs. Brown's, it was with the feeling that the strength she had recruited during her fortnight's absence had suddenly deserted her. On the bureau lay a note from her cousin Harriet, making an appointment for the next day, and mentioning in a casual way that Ned Bertram was to leave that evening for Denver. The feeling of relief which swept over her like a wave was hardly the less grateful that it left a sense of sudden chill and disappointment. Here was more time and breathing-space granted. If he were here, and to present himself before her, Miss Harrington felt she should hardly be answerable for herself, so guiltily glad should she be to see him again. As she sat alone in her little bare chamber, the sense of disappointment deepened. It was very strange he should go in this way, without a word of explanation or farewell. She was conscious of a little rising resentment, mingled with a slight sensation of wounded vanity, as she reflected upon it. Her trunk having been brought in at this moment, she commenced an eager unpacking of its contents, as a relief to her overcharged feelings. Kneeling on the floor to remove some articles from the lower part of the trunk, she was startled by the ringing of the door-bell, and started to her feet. She recognized that quick, vibrant peal at once, as she did the voice addressing the servant in the hall below. A feeling of unreasonable joy took possession of her, followed by one of trembling fear and dread. Summoning all her woman's pride and wit, she prepared to go down, and, though her senses were a little 'confused and her heart beat wildly, to the young gentleman awaiting her she had never seemed more serenely calm and cool than now.

"At last you have come back again!" he cried, seizing both her hands in his, and leading her to a seat on the small lovers' sofa that stood in the corner.

She smiled, and withdrew her hands. "I thought you were in Denver," she said.

"I am going to-night," he replied, in a tone which implied that he had no time to waste on irrelevant matters.

She found out afterward that her cousin's note had been misdated, according to that feminine fashion which prefers to guess at the day of the month rather than take the trouble to look it up.

"You did not answer my letter," he said, looking steadily at her.

Did he think a busy school-ma'am had no other use for her scant vacations than writing to idle young men? she asked, in a light mocking tone, but with averted eyes.

"And when I am in Denver will you write to me then?"

It was quite impossible to say, she averred. She should be unusually busy the coming term, and letter-writing was a rather tedious exercise to one accustomed to the daily use of the pen and copy-book. But, changing the subject, how delightful it would be to visit Colorado! She quite envied him. He must bring her some specimens of that blue quartz she had read about.

"Yes, yes,"—impatiently,—"a trunkful for every letter;" whereupon he was reprimanded for that sordid disposition which could not confer a friendly favor without hope of reward. Ordinarily he would have listened contentedly enough to this feminine teasing, but to-night he had another purpose on hand. He made no reply, only looked at her with a steady, clear, compelling gaze, which she dared not meet, and beneath which her head drooped at last, while a lovely color flushed warm over cheek and brow.

"Sue," he said, in a voice of tender beseeching, "dear Sue."

She cast one startled look into his impassioned face, then threw up one small hand in entreaty, and tried to rise. He seized her hand in his, and gently forced her back into her seat. Then, in a few burning words, he told her of his love, and asked her promise to be his wife, bending forward to read his answer in her eyes. They were full of happy tears, and, rising quickly that he might not see, she crossed to the other side of the room. He left her to herself a moment, with considerate delicacy, then, rising, came nearer to her, when she

turned to meet him. He opened his arms to enfold her, but she put out hers to keep him back, and they stood there with arms half clasped, and two pairs of gray eyes looking searchingly into each other's depths.

"Oh," she said, her breath coming in a long, troubled sigh, "I am sure this is all a mistake. I am not like what you think. We—we are not at all the people to—to—"

"Why are we not the people to marry, if we love each other?" he asked; "and I love you with all my soul. There is no woman in the world besides you; and you—you care for me a little, don't you?"

Care for him,—a little! She felt at that moment that life held no dearer privilege than to yield herself entirely to him, to feel his strong arms about her, his kisses on her face. But the old self-questioning habit was strong within her. All her old doubts pricked her again.

"Think," she said, raising her eyes with a pleading look to his,—*"think of the contrast of our positions: you,—you have always had everything; while I,—I am a working woman,"* with a little lifting of the head. "I have worked for my living all these years—"

"You shall work no more," he cried; but she stopped him with another gesture of the small hand.

"I do not complain of it," she said: "on the contrary, I consider it very fitting."

He smiled at this. "Only say that you love me," he murmured.

"And there are our families," she went on, unheeding him. "Yours comes of an old aristocratic line, I think you said,"—he had in reality never told her any such nonsense,—*"while mine,—my father is only a plain farmer, and all my brothers are poor, hard-working young men, and my sisters teach school like me."* In her eagerness she seemed anxious to make out as bad a case as she could.

He listened attentively, with a light of dawdling mischief in his eye.

"I don't see why we should bring all our distant relatives into this matter," he said. "It is your affair and mine.

You compel me to some unpleasant family reminiscences on my own account. Did I ever tell you I had a cousin arrested for embezzlement?" She threw a shocked look at him. "Ah!" he laughed joyously, "I thought you couldn't have had anything so bad as that. But why do we waste time in this way? I don't want to marry your brothers and sisters."

"But you must," she broke in quickly. "They will be your brothers and sisters."

"Will they?" he cried, a sudden light in his eyes. "With all my heart." And he gathered her in his arms. It was taking a base advantage of her careless speech, for which she never quite forgave him, declining to hold herself responsible for the consequences which followed.

The evening drew rapidly to a close, and they stood under the hall-lamp, lingering over the farewells that were to bridge the separation of a month. He had put on his heavy overcoat, and, with his tall, strongly-built figure, resembled some young Titan as he stood looking down upon her. She had taken his fur cap in her hand, and was dreamily smoothing the fur with a soft and daring unconsciousness which thrilled him to see. Suddenly a light of laughing reminiscence broke over his face.

"I owe you a little explanation," he said, looking at her with wary suspicion and contriteness. "He was only a third cousin, you know."

"Only a third cousin. What do you mean?" she asked, with a little pause of perplexity.

"The one that was arrested for embezzlement. And it proved to be a mistake. They had arrested the wrong man." She gave him a look of sad reproach, which he returned with the conscience-stricken gaze of a mischievous school-boy who has obtained a treat on false pretences. Then they both laughed.

"Now I must really go," he said at length; but when lovers bid each other good-night it is under the pleasing conviction that the rest of the world is asleep, or withdrawn to a discreet distance, as you and I are now, dear reader.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

MY COLLEGE CHUMS.

THERE is often a tenderness beyond common friendship in the life of college chums: a domestic and almost conjugal relation springs from their little housekeeping. Yet chumlock, like wedlock, is a lottery. I even knew a Junior whose experience had been so unlucky that at last, in a fit of cynical desperation, he advertised for a roommate. The advertisement was inserted under "Matrimonial" in the *College Courant*, and bulletined in the university drug-store. It was answered; but the saying about college was that Robinson had advertised for a chum in an apothecary's shop and had got a *pill*.

My Freshman chum was from Illinois, though there was nothing about him to suggest the broad prairies of the West. On the contrary, he was niggling, anxious, near-sighted, yet absent-minded withal,—so absent-minded, in fact, that once when he started to throw a suit of clothes into his bureau-drawer and at the same instant to spit in the fire, he spat in the drawer and threw the clothes in the fire. He kept a journal, to improve what he was pleased to call his "style." I used to read selections from it to classmates who happened to drop in while he was out, and it never failed to entertain the company. His views of college life had been formed from a reading of that valuable treatise, Todd's "Student's Manual." He was deeply impressed by the necessity of rising at six A.M. to prepare the morning lesson, and had bought an alarm-clock to call him early. There was always something irregular about the performances of this time-piece. On going to bed he would set the alarm for six. At first it used to go off at midnight; but he rectified this with such success that it declined to go off at all. He generally awoke of his own accord a little before six, and waited for the alarm to strike. Then, noticing that it was past the hour, he would get up and set it off himself, and, having

thus discharged his duty to the faithful monitor, return to bed and sleep till the seven-o'clock prayer-bell rang. He was so near-sighted that without his glasses, which we used sometimes to secrete, he was as helpless as the Phorceydes when their one eye had been borrowed by a neighbor. The bridge of his nose being thin, he was torn in his mind between deciduous glasses, with limber springs, which he was always shedding, and glasses with stiff springs that pinched his nose as in a vise and gradually wore it away till it hung by a thread. His classmates, with that delicate consideration for one another's infirmities which we showed in the consulship of Plancus, called him "Lippus," or "Moon-Smeller." But he was of a self-complacent turn, and defended his position by an article in the *Lit.*, entitled "On the Disadvantages arising from not being Near-Sighted," which was greeted with much derision.

We had obtained, by special favor, an apartment in Old Divinity, half of which building had already been torn down to make room for the foundation of Durfee. The other half was allowed to stand for a while for the accommodation of its lodgers. The north wall of the bedrooms in our section, however, had been cut away, so that, from Elm Street, Divinity showed a raw end, with amputated timbers sticking out in the air, ragged edges of brick walls and lath-and-plaster partitions, and tiers of interesting interiors exposed, like cuts in old editions of "Le Diable Boiteux" representing the stories of houses in Madrid laid open to the eyes of Asmodeus and his pupil. The modest tenants of the college, of course, brought their bedroom furniture into their studies, and used their bisected dormitories only as balconies, sitting out there in the summer evenings and holding little receptions of friends who came to smoke a cigar *à la belle étoile* and survey the curious state of the premises.

I persuaded my chum to move his bed inside, to sleep and even to bathe in the study, but he obstinately refused to bring in the rest of his chamber-set. Accordingly, passers-by on Elm Street were daily refreshed by the prospect of a row of trousers, coats, night-shirts, etc., hung upon the outer wall; and every morning, about seven, a mob of mechanics and shop-girls collected to witness my chum perform his toilet in blank unconsciousness that he was become a hissing and a reproach. As he gauged others' vision by his own, he always maintained, when I remonstrated with him, that no one could see him so far away as Elm Street. At last a note from the Faculty obliged him to withdraw his effects into "the estres of the grisly place," and to leave nothing for the public gaze beyond a row of hooks, a few chairs, and the outside of the study door.

This chum was a cloth-shoe kind of man. There was a faint odor of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" always about him. He kept an account of his expenditures in a blank-book, containing such entries as "April 19, spent nine cents for postage-stamps; ditto, six cents horse-car fare to East Rock; ditto 20, gave two cents to hand-organ man," etc., etc. He brushed his preposterous clothes assiduously. In winter he wore a red worsted tippet and a cap with a fur button on top. If the ground was wet, he heedfully turned up his trousers about the ankle. If it threatened snow, he carried an umbrella tied about the waist with a shoe-string. When I watched the figure of my chum thus equipped moving slowly along in front of the colleges, there was something so exasperating about it that I could hardly keep from throwing things at him.

A very different person was my roommate of Sophomore year. His name was Rushton, and he first endeared himself to me by borrowing my tattered copy of Arnold's "Greek Prose Composition," carrying it off to recitation, and bringing me back in its stead a clean copy belonging to a man in his division, named Fitch. On the fly-leaf,

right under Fitch's sign-manual, Rushton had written a graceful little dedication in verse, beginning,—

This book was once the book of Fitch,
From out the mazy depths of which
He fished most sweet and ancient Greek,
And made it, dead, alive to speak.

Such useful qualities in a chum were not to be overlooked, and I at once proposed and was accepted. I may say here that personal property in text-books was a right unrecognized *consule Planco*. There was a beautiful community in the aids and appliances of learning, a genuine republic of letters. It was rare to find a man with a text-book in his possession which had his own name on it. I have bought of the unblushing Hoadley—the keeper of the college book-store—the same books several times over; books which I recognized as formerly mine, but which had strayed back in some way to their fountain-head. Apropos of this, I find the following entry in the records of the Red-Letter Club, in the handwriting of one of our neighbors: "Last Saturday afternoon, B. and R. had another lucrative vendue of books which careless parties have left in their room. I was myself made to pay fifty cents for a wretched old German grammar which, I have every reason to believe, belonged to Campbell." From the proceeds of these auction-sales was formed a sinking-fund devoted to the purchase of rabbits and ale. In justice to ourselves, it should be said that we sometimes invited the—alleged—former owners of the books to share the feast with us. This imperfect development of the institution of private ownership extended even to articles of clothing. There were about a dozen dress-suits in the class, and it was found on trial that they would fit every one equally well. But my chum often complained, while making his toilet of a morning, that I bought my collars too small for his neck. When "the galled jade," as we called our laundress, brought home our week's washing, there was always a pleasing excitement in watching her unload her basket. "Chum, look over the clean filth," Rushton would call out from the lounge,

"and see if there's anything new. I hope she put in some of Harding's handkerchiefs: I like them better than Blake's, and Hubbard's are about played out."

We began housekeeping with five chairs. These were soon reduced to two, and then to one. My chum did not sit in so many chairs at once as Edward Everett's room-mate is said to have done. Still, to persons of a sedentary habit seats of some kind are almost a necessity; and it became a question how we were to replace ours. Presentation-Day was our great annual opportunity; for then numbers of chairs were taken out into the entries and the yard, for the ladies to sit in during the reading of class-histories, and, after the assembly rose and followed the procession to the library to witness the planting of the ivy, the frugal householder who was on the lookout for chairs could get a very good assortment to start the new year with. But Presentation was still far distant when our last chair gave out. In this strait we hinted to our sweep that there were large deposits of chairs stored about college—in the cellar of South, *e.g.*—which at present were merely matter out of place, and that he would deserve well of his country who should put some of them where they would do the most good. The hint was enough. One night we were awakened by a low, chuckling sound, and by the dim firelight in our outer room we discerned a Senegambian procession, each member of which carried a pair of chairs, which he stood softly upon their feet and then withdrew. It was all like a dream; but next morning there the chairs were, in wood and cane. It was perhaps in part the knowledge of this guilty secret which kept us ever after in thralldom to our aged sweep. He used to chuckle gently, as he dusted the ill-gotten things, and say, with a shake of the head, "This chair gettin' pretty rickety. Good deal like d'ole man: won't las' much longer."

But, indeed, my chum and myself, being both afflicted with moral cowardice, were shamefully bullied by all our employés. The galled jade so wrought

upon our feelings by her widowed state and by the two small orphans who sometimes came with her of a Monday and lurked bashfully in the crack of the door, that we paid our wash-bills without a murmur, and without the heart to mention the disappearance of that long caravan of shirts and cuffs which she had burned, lacerated, and abstracted at various times. Our sweep, of whom we stood in the most terror, was a smooth old swindle, with a molasses-candy complexion and great elasticity of conscience. Every now and then he would vanish for a week, leaving us to make the fire and fetch the water. Under the pressure of these chores, desperation brought a kind of boldness.

"Rushton," I would say, "you have got to bully White for this when he comes back."

"No, chum; *you* bully him. I'm afraid."

"So am I afraid."

"Well, let's flip up a cent for it."

"No, sir: it's your turn. I did it last time."

"The deuce you did! I heard what you said to him. Do you call that bullying?"

"Well, then, we'll both do it."

So, when our coffee-colored tyrant appeared at the end of the week, with an obsequious face, but limping and groaning aloud, as if in pain, I would commence, in a trembling voice, "Well, White, we haven't seen you for quite a while."

"No, sah," he would answer, with a reproachful look; "d'ole man mos' lef' you for good dis time. Started to get out of bed las' Monday mornin', and d'lumbago took me awful bad. Hain't set foot to de floor sence. Ole man had a mighty narrow shave of it dis time. Wife *she's* been sick, too: got her ole complaint,—twistin' of de long bowel, *she* calls it. Mos' as bad as d'lumbago 'self."

In face of such accumulated miseries our stern intent dissolved, and, as neither of us ever got courage to dismiss him, things went on as before.

We afterward found out that our sweep was an energetic exhorter at "nigger union." It used to be customary for squads of students to visit that house of worship on Sunday evenings,—not, it must be confessed, in an entirely devotional spirit. On one such occasion, our sweep having been absent from his duties several days, presumably tossing upon a bed of pain, we were surprised to see him in the pulpit, sustained on either side by a sturdy deacon, while he called sinners to repentance with an expenditure of horse-power that would have sufficed, if applied along the line of his work, to black our boots for a week and to carry a hogshead of water from the south pump to our bedroom. Whether he recognized us in the congregation we never knew. He certainly did not change color.

One of the fellest destroyers of chairs was a classmate and frequent visitor, whom we called Thersites. He was a small, light man, and it seemed incredible that he should break so many chairs in a term. But it was his emphasis that did it, rather than his weight. He used the chairs as instruments for expressing that loathing and contempt for most of the class of '69 which he could only imperfectly utter in words. "Ye gods!" he would shout, at the mention of some classmate who, having recently taken a prize in Linonia prize-debate, was spoken of as a sure man for a *Lit.* editorship next year; "Dusenbury a *Lit.* editor! One of nature's feeble men! A microcephalous idiot! An ass and the foal of an ass! Rotten pumpkin is granite to Dusenbury!" And *crack* would go a chair.

"Look out, Billy," we would remonstrate. "Calm yourself; calm yourself. There are worse men in the world than poor Dusenbury."

"Hang your old chair! Oh, you don't suffer from these asses as I do. I tell you, the thought of them is actual physical pain to me."

And, abandoning the wreck of the chair, he would grovel on the floor and groan aloud. Where art thou, O Thersites, kindest-hearted of misanthropes?

Whither in this asinine world hast thou wandered? I would thou wert even now before me,—

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpoliced.

For Thersites was no respecter of persons.

Our stove was a grate whose modest dimensions gave no token of an appetite so abnormal that Rushton declared it had a tape-worm. When well fed it gave out too much heat,—became, in fact, as my chum complained, "a young hell on legs;" and when we sat around it discussing theology on Sunday evenings, the Lares and Penates seemed to dance visibly upon the miniature iron hearth, like imps before the threshold of their home of pain. When times were flush, we glutted its maw with the best of Lehigh; but during the third quarter of a term there comes a slack time in college finances, when it is impossible to borrow and hard to get tick. Then we were driven to fill the vacuum in our coal-bin by witty expedients. First we consumed spare articles of furniture, portions of the college fence, etc. At last we had recourse to the partitions of our coal-closet. As our neighbors practised similar economies, postern gates and intricate passages from room to room were opened through the walls which were often convenient when a sudden attack by the Faculty on one entry made it prudent to escape into another. The chief objection to the planking of our coal-closets, considered as fuel, was the length of the timbers. We had no means of reducing these to the right size except by putting the ends of the beams in the stove and resting the other ends on a semicircle of chairs in the middle of the room. As the boards burned down, we shoved them farther in, and the half-circle of chairs, with a constantly-diminishing radius, approached nearer and nearer to the stove, until the planks reached a shortness that enabled them to go into the grate; and then we occupied the chairs ourselves and pantingly inhaled the smoke with which this process had filled the room.

As to our bedstead, very exaggerated rumors were current in the class, traceable to the secretary of the Red-Letter Club, who, having once had a glimpse of our penetralia, brought back into the outer world the following injurious report:

"The room itself is a sort of chaos of seedy valises, broken chairs, candle-boxes, decayed boots, and valueless raiment; while a very chaotic thing indeed is the iron bedstead, with three legs, aerated bedding, and flaming quilts."

Now, some support may have been given to this slander by our having bestowed upon our bedstead the pet name of *Tripes*. But this was not meant to be accurately descriptive: the fourth leg was there, though not usually in working order. Those who are familiar with the anatomy of an iron bedstead know that the legs are kept upright by a peg inserted in a hole at the junction of the leg with the horizontal frame of the structure. This peg was missing in the case of our southeast leg. We had replaced it by a nail, which slipped out and disappeared; then by a lead-pencil, which broke. Finally, we gave it up, and allowed that corner of the couch to repose gently upon the floor. This gave an angle to our slumbers of about fifteen degrees,—the same which is given by the "*Adirondack Patent Camp-Lounge*." We grew in time to prefer this slight slope to the strictly-horizontal plane of ordinary beds, and made no further efforts to restore the fourth leg to a vertical position. Originally my chum had possessed a wooden four-poster of his own, but this had disappeared about the middle of Sophomore year. Whether, like Margery Daw, he had sold it in a moment of recklessness, or whether we had used it for fuel, I have forgotten. I only know that in very cold weather, when our coal-bin was low, the life of any wooden thing at No. — North College was apt to be a short one.

Through Junior year I continued nominally to room with Rushton. But in the second term a difference of opinion between the Faculty and myself on the subject of my attendance at morn-

ing prayers forced me to pitch my tent outside the college yard. Under a strict construction of the law I should have gone away from New Haven altogether; but this would have been inconvenient. I therefore satisfied the spirit of my sentence by retiring to a country-seat on the Canal Railroad, which was remote enough to amount to a practical banishment, though technically within the limits of the town. I owed this suburban asylum to the hospitality of a friend in the Sheffield Scientific School, who had lived a life of retirement there for over a year. I stayed with him for a month or more, and the episode was unique in my college life. The home of my rustication was an old-fashioned house, with high-pitched roof and dormer-windows, standing in a grove of pines, among whose murmurous needles the March wind made all day and night a sound as of the sea. There was a decayed garden, with box borders and althæa-trees. The front gate was spanned by a wooden arch, which gave a triumphal effect to the simple act of entering the yard. Behind the house was a hill covered with woods, and in front, at the distance of a few rods, ran the railway. We were as secluded from the currents of college life, or indeed from the life of the city whose factory-whistles blew close by, as if we sojourned on the highest hill-top of Litchfield County. Never by any chance did a tutor or a student stray our way. Mechanics with their tin pails went up and down the railway-track at morning and evening. The few neighbors who dwelt beyond us in the same valley passed the house occasionally. But the farmers driving in or out of town took the high-road on the ridge behind us, or the long boulevard a quarter of a mile beyond the railway. Hardly a dozen vehicles a day disturbed the dust in front of our garden fence.

My host—and chum for the nonce—was a man of intense application. He was taking a course in the chemical laboratory, and he disappeared every morning after breakfast and returned to dinner in the evening, lunching in town

to save time. Thus I was alone all day. The season was early spring, the weather raw and blustering: so I stayed in-doors and read steadily. My chum's room was a pleasant one, with a high ceiling and an open fireplace. The walls were hung with trophies of a year's survey in Arizona,—a water-canteen, a Mexican stirrup, a lasso which reflected the fire-light from its coils of hard, shining leather, and cheerful photographs of *débris*-slopes, cañons, alkaline deserts, and sage-bushes. After reading myself into shreds and beginning to yield to the drowsiness produced by the singing of the logs in the fire and the monotonous rattle of the window-sash in the wind, I would get into my overcoat about five o'clock and set out for a constitutional and an appetite against the dinner-hour. It would not do to be seen in New Haven, and so, for fear of peripatetic tutors, I confined my walks mostly to the railroad-track, which ran out through Newhallville into the flat agricultural region beyond. The Canal Railroad—"the raging canawl," as my chum called it—was not without a quiet picturesqueness of its own. 'Twas a leisurely and primitive road. The trains which occasionally appeared upon it, proceeding northward in a deliberate manner, seemed not to obey any time-schedule, but to start whenever there were people enough at the station to make up a carful,—country neighbors, in the main, I should judge, returning from a day's shopping in town. And the conductor, having noted their familiar faces on the down-trip in the morning, would obligingly wait till he was sure they were all on board for the home-voyage before he gave the signal to get under way. I often followed, in fancy, the progress of one of these *Bumelzüge* as it disappeared in the horizon. I thought of all the little bewhittled wooden station-houses by which it would pause, each with Something-ville painted on a board over the door; of the lonely country roads where the inevitable farmer, jogging homeward in his wagon, would sit waiting at the crossing for the cars to pass; of the back-door yards—chickens roosting on the telegraph-wire—where

it would slow up to deliver a letter or bundle to a woman in a check apron coming down to the fence from the kitchen door; and how then it would leave the region of villages altogether and come to where the grass begins to grow between the sleepers, and the train, going slower and slower in the gathering dusk, would finally come to a stand-still altogether in a wide plain, with no house in sight. Once I even boarded a train and rode for two or three stations. There was only one passenger-car, and it had, as I had expected, a domestic air,—more like a private parlor, or say the conference-room of a country meeting-house, than like a rail-car. The passengers all appeared to know one another. Two or three of them who stood on the platform addressed the solitary brakeman as "Charlie." The conductor, after going through the form of taking up my ticket, sat down and conversed with different acquaintances. He had the reposeful manner of one who knew that there was no chance of a collision on that road, that the track was clear from terminus to terminus.

A good tramp up the track and down again, with a glass of new ale and a butter-cracker at the grocery in Newhallville (a resort of merit, where was much real life going on), shook off the afternoon's drowsiness, and put me in trim for dinner, when my chum arrived with books from the library, news from academies, the daily papers, and sometimes letters from confiding parents, who figured me still dwelling at No. — North Middle College, on the "second stage of discipline," and knew not, alas! that I had already entered the purgatory of that third and final stage. My chum's budget came like "hints and tokens of the world to spirits folded in the womb." For in truth the loneliness of my existence began to wear upon me. It was that time of year when the lengthening days bring no vernal thoughts, but the pale, cold light lingers cheerlessly over the naked landscape. The spring is full of hope, but from the middle of March to the middle of April it is hope deferred, and the melancholy twilights are full of

disquiet and regret. A fatiguing wind blows continually, cold, but with no tonic in its coldness such as the winds of autumn have. From the ditches along the railway embankment, the bed of the old Hamden and Hampshire Canal, and from the ponds and swamps of the level land, rose the croak of frogs, subdued to a monotonous ring as of distant sleigh-bells, and giving fit expression to the feeling of the season and the hour.

This interregnum chum of mine was a man of Spartan habits. To keep himself in trim for work, every morning before breakfast he ate a soda-cracker (by way of foundation), ran a mile, and, returning, took a cold bath in his bathtub. We slept in a wintry room under the roof, and often he would wake me by his yells as the icy water poured down his back. The instrument of his torture was a sponge, which he had brought with him from his boyhood's home. It was originally, I think, a carriage-sponge. At all events, like Captain Costigan's hair-brush, it was "an ancient and wondrous piece," having the softness and absorbent power of pumice-stone. The water poured through its perforations without soaking into its cellular tissue in the least, while its surface rasped the skin like a strigil. Long practice and an intimate knowledge of the *dip* of the labyrinths and galleries that honeycombed this monumental rock-work enabled its owner to carry up about half a pint of water in it. But a red artilleryman in the class, who once partook of our hospitalities over-night, and was invited to use the sponge in the morning, spoke of it bitterly as a "d——d breech-loading nutmeg-grater." My chum tried to persuade me to eat a cracker and run, but I preferred my exercise in a more conservative shape. As to the bath, I agreed with him in principle, but my practice was more flexible than his own, varying somewhat with the temperature. He said that a man who didn't have at least one tub a day was a cad. But I asked him whether he supposed that Sir Philip Sidney committed total immersion daily. In Germany, I afterward noticed, a bath

is not undertaken in this *leichtsinnig* way of ours, but only with medical advice and after long and prayerful consideration.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all my chums was he of Senior year. Barlow had a vivid though prosaic imagination, which delighted in grotesque and sometimes loathsome images. I once heard him gravely declare that, having been in Switzerland while a boy, he had seen a crétin wheeling his goitre before him on a wheelbarrow. It was Barlow who fixed upon one of the tutors the name of Glass-legs. He asserted that the tutor in question was possessed of a delusion that his legs were made of glass, and that at seasons when his monomania became acute he clamored aloud to be laid in saw-dust. He said that he once met him on Chapel Street carrying a large covered basket on his arm, and that, stopping to speak with him for a moment, he accidentally jostled the basket, whereupon his interlocutor, glancing nervously at his precious burden, said in an impressive whisper, "Be careful, please; this basket contains my legs, and they are very brittle. A slight jar might produce fracture."

Barlow also asserted that he was present once at morning chapel when Tutor Cosine, whose duty it was to conduct the exercises, began his prayer as follows: "O Thou who dost cause the planets to revolve in their elliptical orbits, —the force of attraction varying inversely as the square of the distance," etc. His imagination was so much in excess of his learning that it often led him into difficulties at examinations and otherwise. Thus, at Sophomore annual, when the Faculty made their usual unsuccessful effort to drop him, he had got a passage from the "Agamemnon," descriptive of that hero's assassination by Clytemnestra, in which occurred the line,—

βάλλει μ' ἐρέμῃ φαιάδι φοινίας δρόσου.

("He strikes me with a black drop of bloody dew.")

Barlow knew that βάλλειν meant "to strike," but the rest of the line was Greek to him. At last a reminiscence

of the Cyclops and the *Odyssey* of Freshman year came athwart his mind, and he wrote triumphantly, "He strikes me with a smooth stick of green peeled olive-wood."

He was also somewhat defective in logic. He had exhausted his ingenuity in framing excuses for absence from prayers. Thrice had the nose-bleed overtaken him just as he was entering the sacred portals. Twice he had fallen prostrate in a puddle when the bell was on its last strokes. Once a bee had stung him on the eyelid at the same critical moment. Accordingly, having made a resolution to sleep over no more, he wrote on a slip of paper, "Dunham, wake me at 6.45," and put it in a conspicuous place where the sweep would see it in the morning. The faithful Dunham obeyed instructions to the letter, and I was awakened myself at the hour mentioned by bad language from my chum's bedroom.

"What's loose?" I inquired.

"That blasted nigger woke me up, and it's only a quarter of seven."

"Well, you left a notice for him to wake you, didn't you?"

"Yes; but I thought he couldn't read."

Barlow was a lazy man,—so much so that, having occasion for frequent profanity when studying his mathematical lessons, he had written on the wall near the head of the lounge, where he usually lay, a double column of imprecations. A single glance at this, he said, was equivalent to half a dozen swears, on the principle of the Chinese praying-machine, and saved him the labor of iteration. If he had put half the time into study that he put into contriving "skinning" apparatus for examinations, he might have taken the Valedictory. This apparatus was often of great intricacy, and depended on a delicate adjustment of chances. One of his plans, *e.g.*, made it necessary for the operator to secure a seat near the window of the examination-room. From this, which must be providentially open, he was to lower his question-paper to the ground by a string. There it was to be received

by two classmates strong in mathematics, who were to work out the problems and write the solutions on another piece of paper. A fourth conspirator was then to knock at the door of the examination-room and distract the examiner's attention by handing him a long telegram, despatched for the nonce by a fifth accomplice dwelling in suspension at Stamford. Under cover of this diversion, and at a signal from below, the operator was to hoist away on his string and bring in the paper of solutions. My chum spent hours in polishing this scheme and perfecting all its details. It attained a certain ideal symmetry and even a poetic beauty under his hands. It set in motion such numbers of men, and required such simultaneous convergence upon strategic points, that it affected the imagination like the evolutions of armies. It was a pity that the examiner innocently defeated the scheme by assigning seats in alphabetical order, which brought my chum far from the window of his hope. The two confederates mighty in mathematics waited long under the Lyceum wall, and wondered why tarried the wheels of his chariot. In vain the exile of Stamford sent a long and very expensive telegram, praying for a shortening of his suspension. The message remained in the pocket of Fourth Murderer, who found his occupation gone. By such simple means do the gods confound the vain imaginations of men.

Barlow was also of a cheerful and sanguine poverty. He would waste his substance by heating pennies on the stove and tossing them out of the window among a crowd of "muckers," rejoicing when they greedily picked up the hot coins and then dropped them with cries of grief and rage. Once he broke up an orphan procession returning from Sunday-school by flinging a shower of coppers into the muddiest part of Chapel Street, by South College. And one day, on the fence, he bought out, for the sum of twenty-five cents to him in hand paid, the entire stock in trade of a lemonade-peddler, on condition entered into by Johnny Roach, the

newsboy of Morocco Street, that he would drink the whole. There was about a gallon, and such a prospect of unlimited sensual enjoyment had probably never entered into Johnny's wildest dream. He drank the first half of his contract with unflagging gusto. His sense of duty carried him manfully through the third quart; but the only thing that sustained him in the last quadrant of the job was the thought that if he left a single drop undrunk he would hereafter regret his wasted opportunity. Presently he writhed upon the sword in awful agonies, and extorted from my terrified chum another twenty-five cents wherewith to buy brandy for an antidote.

It was during Senior year that my stand ran down from a Philosophical to a First Dispute. "Company—villanous company—hath been the undoing of me." My previous room-mates had few followers, and I could study in peace. But Barlow was of a gregarious turn, and his friends swarmed upon us like myrmidons. They respected neither the age and infirmity of our furniture, nor the sacred ties of blood. One afternoon I heard sounds of ribaldry as I approached my room, and inside I found a crowd busy in target-practice. With my new pair of compasses they were spearing, at ten paces, a card nailed to the coal-closet door, which turned out on examination to be the photograph of the Rev. Erastus Buel, a remote collateral relative, which they had taken from my album.

My chum was fain to be a sporting-man. He bought a small Scotch terrier, which he used to drag about the yard on the end of a string, where it looked like a fur muff. The keeping of dogs was contrary to regulations; but the tutor in our entry, who roomed directly under us, good-naturedly winked at the offence. But one day, disturbed by a boxing-match overhead between Barlow and a visitor, he called to remonstrate, and, mistaking Shagbark for the door-mat, undertook to wipe his feet on him, and was chewed as to the calf-part. Shag, thus rudely brought to the notice of

authority, could no longer be ignored, and Barlow had to sell him to a local fancier.

In the matter of visitors, it is apt to be in college very much as in a large city: one has not necessarily much acquaintance with the men in one's own entry, unless, indeed, the entry has been "packed." The only one of our immediate neighbors in Senior year with whom we constantly forgathered was Nimrod in the adjoining entry, with whose premises we established a back-door communication by breaking down the partition of the coal-closet. Before this was done, rumors of Nimrod had been wafted through the wall, exciting guesses as to his probable character. One day, going into my coal-closet, I heard a groan as of some one in pain on the other side of the partition, and, listening intently, distinguished these words repeated over and over again: "I'm a plain, blunt man; I'm a plain, blunt man."

Fearing for our neighbor's sanity, I made inquiries about him, and learned that he practised declamation in his room, and that, emulating Demosthenes, he wore pebbles in his mouth at recitation. When we finally penetrated the wall that sundered us and entered into personal intimacy with Nimrod, we found him a person of traits. He was a patriotic class and society man, and used his oratorical talent with effect in class-meetings. He was reported to have spoken eloquently when initiated into Psi Upsilon, and to have exclaimed, tapping himself upon the breast, "Mr. President, I know not how others may feel on this occasion, but there's a little lump of flesh right here that is one mass of love for Psi Upsilon." He had devised and caused to be engraved a class coat-of-arms bearing the legend, "One link shall bind us ever: we were classmates at old Yale." He vainly tried to get my cynical chum to subscribe for a copy of this, reproaching him with a lack of class spirit. "Fifty cents for a class-poster?" Barlow would answer. "Four excellent cigars for a class-stamp? Ten glasses of beer for

a dashed old pasteboard with a lying motto on it? Go to the bond-holder, thou sluggard: I can't afford such frivolities."

Nimrod was likewise a mighty hunter of memorabilia, and, in company with our eminent philatelist, who had a similar weakness, scoured the university in search of relics. He had an unrivalled collection in his room, and once imperilled his life to add to it the hour-hand of the clock on Lyceum Tower. Owing to the supineness of the Time Service Department, this indicator had been walking over the course in solitary state for nearly a month, its livelier sister having been borne off by a bold Freshman. Before Nimrod captured the surviving pointer it was possible to form an approximate notion of the time of day. After that there remained nothing but a nubbin, which continued its inane revolutions at the centre of the dial for a month or two more. But Nimrod's favorite bit of memorabil, and one of which he always spoke with a quiet rapture, was a Junior Exhibition Programme of the Class of 1810. It had an engraving of a corpulent winged female hauling a similar allegorical figure toward a pavilion perched on a roll of solid cloud. Underneath was the inscription, "Genius conducted by Learning to the Temple of Fame."

The mention of this work of art reminds me to speak of our wall-decorations. These were entirely the contributions of my several chums, and were all characteristic. In Senior year they consisted of Barlow's foils and boxing-gloves, photos of favorite actresses and of the crew and the nine, colored lithographs of celebrated American trotters, etc. In Freshman year they were mostly worsted wall-baskets and slipper-cases, embroidered pen-wipers, watch-pockets in bead-work, and other creations of the needle furnished by female adherents of my chum who dwelt in the remote wild West. In Sophomore year only had we been really æsthetic, Rushton having produced from his trunk and hung upon the wall a number of pictures, mostly without frames,—a circumstance which, he

said, was high-toned and gave them an air of the artist's studio. One of these was a photographic copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration." Another was a small black oil, invisible save in a strong light, when it yielded a dim human form doing something with a wineglass. This, Rushton said, was "The Wine-Taster," a genuine Smith. And when I complained that it was impossible to see it, he explained that that was design. "Don't you notice the dank cellar-light?" he asked,—“how wonderfully the subterranean effect is rendered?"

When we came to break up house-keeping at the end of Senior year, we found the process a simple one. Such of our effects as were salable we sold to the Irishwomen who go about the colleges picking up bargains a week or two before Commencement,—when the elms are so bestuck with parti-colored furniture-advertisements that they seem to have on ragged and patched stockings to the knee. What was unsalable we abandoned to the sweeps. I remember my last night in the dismantled room, where the slanting bedstead and debilitated chairs stood about confusedly on the bare floor. It was the evening of Presentation-Day. The class-histories had been read, the ivy planted, the parting ode sung. The class had marched around with the band, cheering each of the old buildings in turn, and had then broken ranks forever. I had taken supper with my chum, and bidden him good-by at the station, being about to leave myself on the following morning. The entry was quite deserted when I climbed the staircase to our room. I had no lamp, so I lit a cigar, and, sitting down in the dark, by the open window, listened to the din of the summer insects and the rustle of the breeze in the elms. The crowd of the afternoon had dispersed, and the yard was quite still. Most of the underclassmen had gone away some days before, and only a few lights glimmered along the college row. At the formal leave-taking in Alumni Hall, where many of the fellows had been "all broke up," I had felt no emotion; and my chum and myself had

agreed, in talking it over at supper, that the ceremony was not in good taste. One is always apt to resent a set occasion for grief and to refuse to honor any such draft on the feelings, just as one takes a perverse pleasure in declining to be impressed to order by a famous landscape or picture or cathedral. The soul must take its own time. But now, as I sat alone in the deserted room and realized that a pleasant chapter of life was closed, that youth was over and friends were gone, and that I must put forth on the morrow from the green shelter of Alma Mater, I discovered that I had struck deeper roots in the life of the last four years than I had even suspected.

It suited our mood to talk lightly of many things in those ancient times. In our view of one another we affected a certain humorous exaggeration, which I have here tried to reproduce. Young men of our race have a wholesome shame of making a fuss about their deeper feelings. "We never," says Thoreau, "exchange more than three words with a friend in our lives on that level to which our thoughts and feelings almost habitually rise. One goes forth prepared to say, 'Sweet friends,' and the

salutation is, 'Damn your eyes!'" It should not, therefore, be thought that the prevailing attitude among us was one of levity. In college life and friendships, under a mask of reserve there is much of true sentiment, and even of romance. The freshness of hope, the warm, adventurous heart of youth, the stir of newly-awakened thought, shed a glamour over what would otherwise be a dull routine.

It is the sweet May light
That crimson all the quiet college gloom.

In later life our friendships become worldlier. We distrust our impulses, and accept the conventional estimate of men respecting success, cultivating those who may advantage us, forming business-connections, etc. We learn, too, a larger charity, and discover good in people whom we once thought intolerable. We discipline our instincts, teaching them to like here and dislike there. But alas for the unconsidering, unbesitating scorn or enthusiasm of our college days, when every one was either "a perfectly bully fellow" or else "a beastly pill"!

HENRY A. BEERS.

BY THE SEA.

IN other years, more fair, more dear than these,
In thy far-inland, star-bright home we planned
How one day, long awaited, hand in hand
We two would walk beside the sunlit seas.
The time is here: I feel the wild salt breeze
Upon my cheek; I pace the yielding strand;
I hear the great deep thunder to the land;—
But thou, where walk'st thou through death's mysteries?

Strange how the changeful sea for me alone
No welcome hath, nor with so fair a glee
Shine the long waves as in our dream they shone,
But ever low amid the breakers' boom
I hear thy voice, see gleams of that far room,
And so thy ghost walks with me by the sea.

W. P. FOSTER.

ON TUMBLE-DOWN MOUNTAIN.

THE school-master tilted his chair back, and elevated his legs to the counter.

"I don't know everything," said he modestly, "but the science of asterology I do know; and by the signs of the hevings I see that astonishing things are a-going to happen in this coming year. The stars that perside over the destinies of our own land, as well as those that rule over European nations, are exhibiting remarkable comberations. There will be wars and pestilences, earthquakes and famines, thunder and lightning, and—surprising things in general."

"Sho!" said old Abner Barrell, in an awe-stricken tone, as he leaned forward, his elbows upon his knees, and regarded the speaker intently, as if anxious not to lose any further words of prophecy that might fall from his lips.

Abijah Dyer, a very short man with the appearance of having grown in the wrong direction, like the scrub-oaks that flourished on Tumble-Down Mountain, was not so overcome by the prospect of such calamities as to forget that to him belonged the honor of bringing this prophet into their midst. He was school-agent for the Tumble-Down Mountain "deestrick," and he had discovered Cyrus Gammans, and engaged him to teach the winter school, notwithstanding the objections that were made to his white hands and his store-clothes. On Tumble-Down Mountain they regarded school-teaching as a diversion to be enjoyed in the winter, but of a man who never worked with his hands they had but a poor opinion.

Now Abijah looked around with pride and an expression that said plainly, "I told you he was smart! You never would have had him if it hadn't been for me!"

One or two nodded in response to the look, but most of the group were absorbed in the dismal prophecies.

"You don't see't the world is comin'

to an eend, now do ye, sir?" said, in an anxious, appealing tone, a shrivelled little old man, almost doubled together with age and infirmities.

"I do not opine that there is any danger of that at present, and being, as I may say, on intimate terms with the heavingly bodies, I should be likely to know it if there was."

The little old man heaved a sigh of relief, and a hopeful smile lighted his withered countenance.

"I want to live till I git over the rheumatiz and the asthmy, anyhow," he said.

"I expect comets is terrible onlucky creturs, hain't they?" said Uncle Sim Wilcox, who was distinguished for having seen the world, as he had enlisted in the army when the echoes of the civil war penetrated to Tumble-Down Mountain. It was only for ninety days, and he had never seen a battle; but Uncle Sim's experiences would have filled volumes, and they were as familiar as household words all through the settlement. Three others went from Tumble-Down Mountain, but they had never come back.

"It's astronomy that tells about comets: they hain't nothin' to do with astrology," said young Daniel Price, with scorn.

"Them two is all the same, Darnle," said Uncle Sim with mild firmness, "though, 'long of allus stayin' to home on Tumble-Down Mountain, it ain't no-ways strange that you shouldn't know it. When it comes to huntin' and fishin', now, or the p'int's of a beef-cutter—"

"Asterology or asteronymy, they're all the same to me, certingly," said the school-master. "I play with the arts and sciences, as a child plays with his toys, as you might say." A graceful wave of the hand enhanced the effect of the school-master's eloquence. Glances of admiration were exchanged all around

the group—no, not all around. Stan Dyer, Abijah's son, a big, manly-looking fellow of twenty-five or six, had a frown on his face. As reserved and reticent was Stan as his father was open and voluble, and there was no more outward resemblance between them than between the tall, straight pines and hemlocks on Iron-Crown Mountain and the scrub-oaks on Tumble-Down, which latter Abner reminded you of every time you looked at him. Stan was like the Stan-woods, his mother's people: they were all "a little queer," the neighbors said.

"The comet is a much misunderstood planet," pursued the school-master. "I acknowledge that I myself have not the same clear understanding of the comet's nature and—and intentions that I have of the other hevingly bodies; but there is no doubt that its spreading tail scatters, as it were, troubles and disasters upon us."

"You don't see no sign of ary comet now, do you, sir?" said the old man tremulously.

"I have seen one, and I flatter myself that I was the discoverer of it, though there are unprincipled persons who claim the honor. I trust that it may yet be called by my modest name."

"Sho!" ejaculated Abner Barrell again, while Abijah Dyer looked proudly around and nudged his neighbors on each side, as who should say, "See what I do when I am elected school-agent!"

"My darter's husband's fust wife had a vessel named arter her,—the Sophrony Imugene,—but I never heerd of nobody hevin' a comet named arter 'em. In fac', I donno as ever I heerd of a comet hevin' a name, Christian or surname, ary one," said the old man, rubbing his head in a bewildered manner.

"Faculties kind of goin'," said Abijah Dyer apologetically to the school-master. "We don't pay no attention to what Gransir' Trafn says."

"I've heerd folks call the moon lunny, and I've heerd 'em say there was a star called Jubiter, but that sounds a terrible sight like swearin'," the old man went on, in his plaintive, high-keyed voice.

"This comet that I discovered is ap-

proaching the earth at a very rapid rate. Some people apprehend a collission, but I have no fears of that kind."

"It would be a terrible unfort'nit place to be livin' on a high mounting if the comet and the airth should hit agin one another, now, wouldn't it?" said Gransir' Trafn anxiously. "Mebbe I'd better go down mounting and stay a spell with my darter Nabby. I don't want to be took away before my nateral eend comes."

"I guess the best place then would be where the righteous is," said Deacon Tobin, a brisk, dapper little man, with a jolly face and an incongruously solemn voice and manner.

"If that's so, I guess there ain't many places that'll make a better show than Tumble-Down Mountain," said Abner Barrell.

"You ain't what your forefathers was," said the deacon, shaking his head mournfully. "I've lived to see fiddlin' and dancin' on Tumble-Down Mounting. The temptations of the world is a-creepin' in and corruptin' our young folks."

The deacon's remarks were interrupted by the opening of the store door. The group gathered around the stove all looked curiously up to see who the new-comer might be, for it was almost nine o'clock,—the traditional bedtime on Tumble-Down Mountain,—and the first heavy snow-storm of the season was falling.

It was a slender slip of a girl, with a bright, coquettish face framed in auburn hair. Her wide-open brown eyes had a childish, questioning look, as if they were newly looking out upon life.

She was covered with snow, which she shook off with an airy whirl of her garments.

"Uncle Enoch's got one of his spells, father. Mother wants you to come right home. I'm going over to Mis' Gregory's after some skunk-cabbage for him."

Abner Barrell rose, buttoned his overcoat with deliberation, pulled his collar up to his ears, and his hat down to his collar.

"I expect nothin' but what Enoch

will be took away in one of them air spells. But he's havin' surprisin' visions lately," he said, as he stepped into the whirling whiteness without.

Stan Dyer, with sheepish hesitancy, made his way to the girl's side.

"Mebbe I'd better go with you, 'Leety. 'Taint a fit night for you to be out alone," he said.

But the school-master was at her other side, with a bow that would have done credit to a dancing-master, and a happy mingling of assurance and deference in his manner.

"You will permit me the happiness of escorting you, Miss Electa, and of protecting you to the extent of my ability from the inclement blast?" he said.

The girl hesitated for an instant, then she cast a coquettish glance at Stan, and placed her arm in the school-master's.

"Got the start o' ye, didn't he, Stan?" chuckled Gransir' Traf'n wheezily. "Wall, he's as pooty as new paint, and makes his manners terrible slick, and he's chuck full o' larnin': seems as ef his chaps stuck out with it, as a squirrel's does with nuts. Makes the gals set by him. But I think jest as much of you, Stan, as I do of him, jest exactly as much, if you hain't harnsome nor educated."

This assurance did not seem to afford Stan great consolation, for he made no reply, but rushed out of the store, shutting the door somewhat forcibly behind him.

"Jest the way I took on when Susann' Kinney wouldn't hev me," murmured the old man. "And Susann' she turned out slack and consumed, and cost her husband more'n she come to, and I got Deborah Greeley, that, if she was gittin' along in years and knew how to scold consid'able, could do two days' work to Susann's one, and had a harnsome medder-lot down t' the village. The Lord's way's better'n oun. A medder-lot's a sight more consol'n in the long run than a pooty-feathered wife."

Gransir' Barrell, who had been celebrated for having "spells," in which he saw visions and dreamed dreams, was

the original settler of Tumble-Down Mountain.

His neighbors and brethren in the church were practical people, who showed but slight respect to his visions and prophecies, and godly people, who doubted whether they were "exactly accordin' to Scriptor." Some even went so far as to suggest that the great enemy of mankind was concerned in them, as he was in the "speritooal knockin's" which were just beginning to be heard of and talked about in Holdfast, a little town shut out from the world by a rampart of mountains and hills. So Jonathan Barrell, a young man then, and full of energy and determination, shook the dust of the village off his feet, and set up his household gods on the green plateau just under the shadow of the bare rocky crown of Tumble-Down Mountain. It was four miles from the village, and a steep ascent all the way, but the land proved very fertile,—a narrow belt saved by whimsical nature from the general rockiness and barrenness. Before long the young pioneer had a better farm than the one he had left, and others followed in his footsteps,—mostly people who respected and had faith in his visions and were willing to look up to him as a leader.

In the course of ten years a considerable hamlet had climbed to Jonathan Barrell's perch, and looked down with a feeling of superiority upon the village under its feet. There were no thriftless or ungodly people on Tumble-Down Mountain, while in the village there were several paupers, and a minister who doubted the existence of a personal devil, to say nothing of old Jeremy Treadle, who indulged a chronic doubt concerning Jonah and the whale and disgraced the community by confiding it to every stranger that appeared.

The village, in its turn, regarded the Tumble-Down Mountain settlement with the contemptuous pity with which visionary people are always regarded by their practical neighbors. Why should they climb that rocky mountain and invade the dens of the bears and foxes, when there was level land running to waste all

about? And why should they persist in believing in the prophecies of Jonathan Barrell concerning the weather and the crops, and sometimes concerning great events in distant countries, when, nine times out of ten, they were all wrong, and when it was more than probable that the trances into which he appeared to fall were feigned, or, if they were not, were clearly the work of evil spirits, which had taken possession of him as they did of people in the old Bible times?

Then, of course, they had to have their share of the school-money,—which was very annoying. They had built themselves a school-house, so small that it looked as if it had come out of a toy village, and from the very first they had insisted upon having a school-master in the winter, though what they wanted of an education, living out of the world as they did, Holdfast did not know. They paid nothing for “the support of the gospel” in the village, but had always held religious services in their school-house, Jonathan Barrell “leadin’ the meetin’,” as it was called, for years after he became “old Gransir’ Barrell” and the spirit of prophecy had departed from him, the trances failing with his failing strength. Now his grandson Abner shared the honor of leadin’ the meet’n with Deacon Tobin, a new-comer, who had sought Tumble-Down Mountain as a refuge from a theological dispute with his church brethren, the chief point of difference being the character of the pillar of salt into which Lot’s wife was turned, and also with a wandering preacher of the Adventist persuasion who occasionally found his way up the mountain.

Tumble-Down-Mountain folks were “godly-given,”—Holdfast acknowledged that, although always adding that they had queer crotchets and superstitions, and would have been “surer of a blessing if they had made use of the gospel privileges that the Lord had provided, instead of getting up a meeting of their own.”

And as “likely” a set of boys and girls had grown up on the mountain as

anywhere else in the town, though they would have been better off to have come down to the village to school. As time went on, Tumble-Down-Mountain folks began to make much more frequent trips down the mountain than their forefathers had done. Most of the men were more or less interested in politics, and had to go down to get a paper and hear the news once in a while. They usually came home to talk over the news among themselves, especially since Eph Truman had opened a store on the mountain, where, if there was not a large assortment of goods, a fire in cold weather, plenty of seats, good cider, and a feast of reason and flow of soul were never lacking of an evening.

The young people mingled freely with the young people of the village, unmoved by the head-shakings of their elders: they went “down-mountain” to singing-schools and apple-bees and sleighing-parties, and once in a while there was a frolic on the mountain, to which the young men and maidens of the village came up,—one of the occasions on which Deacon Tobin had been scandalized by the sight of fiddlin’ and dancin’. But they were still grave and serious people, with a strong sense of the nearness of an unseen world, and almost as firm a faith in Enoch Barrell’s visions and prophecies as their fathers had had in his grandfather’s.

The levity of some of the young people, lamentable as it was, did not cause so much grief to the worthy fathers as the fact that the young men as they grew up had begun to leave the mountain. They even went so far as to seek their fortunes in distant cities, and Tumble-Down Mountain knew them no more.

Stan Dyer, who was the most promising of them all, still stayed. In the village everybody wondered that he, who had more energy and more ability than any young man in the town, should be contented to settle down on Tumble-Down Mountain. Some people thought it was the influence of his invalid mother, whose only child and idol he was, that held him there; while others sagely con-

cluded that "'Lecty Barrell was at the bottom of it.'" And now the school-master appeared to be "keepin' company" with 'Lecty, and Stan was left out in the cold.

It was no wonder that 'Lecty liked the school-master, who was so "pretty-appearin'," and wore store-clothes every day, and knew as much as a minister; but there were a few who whispered darkly that "mebbe, after all, he hadn't no more stability than some other folks." It was noticed, however, that those few were the mothers of daughters to whom the school-master had not paid attention, and they were supposed to be moved by envy and jealousy.

And the same few thought that 'Lecty was a good-for-nothing coquette, and that Stan "could find a wife worth a dozen of her, if she was a Barrell, and without goin' off the mounting, too." But Stan did not seem to be inclined to seek consolation in that way. He was cutting wood on a piece of land which he had bought, and he went on doing it as steadily and energetically as if there were no disturbing 'Lectys in creation. But his face wore a hard, set look, and he never had an unnecessary word for anybody. He went to none of the merry-makings, and after that night in the store, when she had openly preferred the school-master's escort to his, he had avoided 'Lecty.

The school-master "boarded round," winning golden opinions by the freedom and sociability of his manners. He helped to feed the pigs and the cattle, in spite of his white hands, and he was "jest as hearty for pork and beans as if he wa'n't edicated." He was a master of entertaining as well as instructive arts. He held readings in the school-house, and moved his audience to uncontrollable laughter and tears, of which they were afterward somewhat ashamed, since "there wa'n't a word of truth in what he read;" for on Tumble-Down Mountain they disapproved of novels and all sorts of light literature. But "the school-master did beat all for makin' you feel as if the folks that he read about was right there, and, if it was

all a lie, it couldn't be very wicked, or the school-master wouldn't do it."

The sense of humor was not strongly developed among the Tumble-Down-Mountain folks. The gray-haired fathers of the settlement went home one night gravely discussing the probability of such a catastrophe as that which was said to have befallen the "one-horse shay;" and a moral inculcating punctuality and sobriety was all that they saw in the adventures of John Gilpin. It was a strong proof of the school-master's real drollery that they did laugh: they could not have told why.

Still more wonderful was the school-master's skill as a ventriloquist, and his exhibitions of that art afforded the greatest delight to his audiences, though the delight was somewhat mingled with awe, especially among the elderly women; and there were a few who secretly regarded his performances as witchcraft and never ventured into his presence without a horseshoe in their pockets.

Like a skilful general, the school-master held a strong force in reserve. Toward the middle of the winter, when people began to be sated with knowledge concerning "asteronymy" and "asterology," when even the readings had begun to grow monotonous, and conversation concerning him was less liberally garnished with adjectives and exclamation-points, then it was that the school-master tried his grand *coup*. A notice was posted in Eph Truman's store announcing that "the science of mesmerism would be explained and illustrated by Cyrus Gammans, in the school-house, on the following Monday evening."

A very vague idea of what mesmerism was prevailed on Tumble-Down Mountain, and the announcement aroused no enthusiasm. One man hazarded the opinion that "the school-master's ideas was a-gittin' pumped out dry, or else he wouldn't have been obleeged to take such an unenlivenin' subject;" another thought that mesmerism was "a new-fangled kind of religion, and didn't believe in meddlin' nor makin' with it;" and still another thought it had something to do with

the water-cure kind of doctorin' that had killed his great-aunt.

Nevertheless, when Monday evening came the school-house was thronged. Many of those who had declared their intention to stay away were among the first to arrive, and those who "didn't hold with new-fangled doctrines wanted to see what the school-master would make of it, anyhow."

Even Stan Dyer made his appearance. He had never been to one of the school-master's entertainments,—indeed, he had avoided all society for several months,—and everybody wondered that he should have come now, for his dislike and jealousy of the school-master were no secret. Was it because 'Lecty, coquette that she was, had tired of the school-master's devotion and begun to cast beguiling glances over her shoulder at Stan? Two or three remembered to have seen her do that. And Stan had taken his old place in the church choir on Sunday, which he had abandoned for a long time previously, and, after the service, had walked home with 'Lecty, just as he used to do before the school-master came. And his face certainly looked a little less gloomy.

Some people had regarded it as certain that 'Lecty would marry the school-master, but others prophesied that when the school-master got to be an old story she would be looking around after Stan again. And it appeared that these latter prophets were in the right; for Stan, instead of the school-master, was 'Lecty's escort on this night.

Enoch Barrell, in spite of his physical infirmities, which confined him almost wholly to the house, had insisted upon coming to hear the lecture on mesmerism, a subject which he understood better than most of the school-master's audience, for in his youthful days Enoch had been noted as "a great scholar;" he had even been sent away to an academy for two terms,—a thing which happened to no other Tumble-Down-Mountain youth of his generation. In his early manhood the "spells" had come on, at first like his grandfather's,—only a deep sleep, in which he saw visions,—but becoming convulsive and

violent as he grew older, and making a wreck of him physically and mentally. Only now and then a gleam of his old intelligence shone out, making his condition seem more pitiable.

His face was yellow and corpse-like, and his eyes had an unnaturally bright and glassy appearance. His tall, bent figure and his flowing white hair and beard gave him an appearance that was not unworthy of a prophet, and even in these later days there were few on Tumble-Down Mountain who had not faith in his supernatural powers. Even what the school-master foretold by means of "asterology" was less to be relied upon than what Enoch Barrell saw under the influence of the "spells."

The school-master's rhetoric was of the florid style, and his explanation of the science of mesmerism dazzled rather than enlightened his hearers: in fact, it left many of them more bewildered than it found them. But there were few who did not admire his "flow of language" and sigh that they were not sufficiently learned to understand him.

"The school-master could make a dictionary out of his own head as good as any one of 'em, if he was only a mind to," Gransir Traf'n said.

'Lecty confessed that when the school-master had finished his discourse she was convinced that mesmerism was some kind of a quadruped; but it may have been because she was absorbed in Stan, who sat beside her. There was no doubt that 'Lecty was finding Stan's congenial ignorance a refreshing change from the school-master's overflowing knowledge.

But the school-master's time was coming, and he had a grim smile upon his lips, and a sly gleam in his eyes which betokened mischief. He looked as if he were saying within himself that in love or science he was a smart man who could get the better of Cyrus Gammans.

Having "explained," he proceeded to "illustrate" mesmerism. Young Daniel Price, a big, uncouth fellow, who appeared to have never been successful in acquiring the proper use of his arms and legs, and to be constantly maintaining an

ineffectual struggle to keep them out of sight, was the first victim.

The school-master made a few light passes over Daniel's face and head, and Daniel forthwith began to caper about the room with all the airs of a dancing-master, following with the greatest docility the beckoning of the school-master's finger. Great was the amazement of the audience; but it soon began to be whispered about that Daniel was in collusion with the school-master and was "doin' it all a-purpose;" though that explanation was not satisfactory to many who did not believe that bashful Daniel could have the assurance to "perform such antics before a whole roomful of people unless he was bewitched or out of his head somehow." And more than one worthy dame felt uneasily for the horseshoe in her pocket.

When, at length, the school-master waved Daniel back to his seat, that young man started, and stared about him with the unmistakable air of one just recovering consciousness of his surroundings; and he settled back into his accustomed heaviness and dulness of aspect, and looked utterly incapable of the ease and agility which he had shown.

"It did beat all, and no mistake." That was the general verdict. But more astonishing still was it to see old Gransir' Traf'n trip out at a mere wave of the school-master's hand and essay to dance a jig on his rheumatic old legs; and Deacon Tobin, who held dancing in utter abhorrence, seized staid Widow Carter around the waist and waltzed her across the room. And when Abner Barrell, thinking that too scandalous a proceeding to be permitted to go on, walked forward to remonstrate with the school-master, some mysterious influence set him to laughing as nobody had ever seen him laugh before. There he stood, and held on to his sides, and roared, and cheered the dancers on, until suddenly, with only a few commanding gestures from the school-master, they all returned to their seats, and quiet and order were restored.

And then, while amazement kept

everybody silent, the school-master beckoned to 'Lecty. From the first Stan had expected this. He felt an impulse to hold her back by force, but there was something terrible in her calm, trance-like condition and in what seemed to him the diabolical art of the school-master that awed and restrained him. In the face of any natural dangers Stan had plenty of courage, but the pastors and masters on Tumble-Down Mountain had inculcated a wholesome fear of the devil. With him Stan did not feel able to cope; but his emissary, the school-master, he would have liked very much to lay violent hands on.

'Lecty followed his beckoning finger in a slow and dreamy way, and when she reached him she sank on her knees before him. A commanding wave of his hand brought her to her feet again, and she followed him as he walked to and fro, with a humble, beseeching look, as a dog follows his master.

Even the powers of darkness could not awe Stan into enduring this. He sprang with uplifted arm toward the school-master; but a glance around upon the faces of his audience had already shown the "illustrator" that wonder and admiration were giving place to stern displeasure, and he thought it quite possible that Tumble-Down-Mountain folks might before long feel it to be their duty to resist the devil in his person and cause him to flee. He released 'Lecty from his control, and, turning in his natural easy and off-hand manner to the audience, explained to them in a more comprehensible manner than usual that it was merely "the power of his stronger will" that had given him a temporary control over these people.

Some were willing to accept the explanation and regard the thing as a joke, but many shook their heads. Gransir' Traf'n said "it was plain enough that 'twas the lartter days, and the devil was loosed; and, bein' Scriptor showed that he had a likin' for mountings, he cackled he'd go down and make his darter Nabby a visit."

'Lecty, instead of immediately resuming her normal condition like the others,

turned white and fainted on her father's shoulder, and was carried home unconscious.

On the whole, the school-master had created rather more of a sensation than he wished. But that he had not lost his hold upon the people was proved by the ease with which he overcame the fears and misgivings of many before they left the school-house.

It was several days before 'Lecty recovered her usual health, and even then her vivacity did not come back. She was silent and depressed, and Stan found that the advantage he had gained over the school-master was all gone. 'Lecty's sole interest seemed to be in the young man who had displayed such mysterious power over her. Stan, who had not failed to imbibe his share of the superstition with which the very air of Tumble-Down Mountain seemed laden, joined with Gransir' Traf'n and several others in the opinion that the school-master had cast a spell over her. But he confided his opinion to nobody. He would not mention the school-master's name; and it was afterward remembered that he never heard it without scowling fiercely and muttering between his teeth.

It was about two weeks after that memorable night that the school-master took advantage of his Saturday holiday to visit a friend who lived about five miles from Holdfast village. It was his habit to do this frequently, walking down the mountain on Friday afternoon and returning Sunday night. It had been a cold winter, and heavy snow covered the ground; but now there had come on a "January thaw," and the snow was melting rapidly. Rain had begun to fall, too, on this Friday, and rivers of water were running down the sides of Tumble-Down Mountain.

The school-master was advised to defer his visit, but he replied that he was in league with the elements and could not be harmed by them, and gayly went on his way, choosing, as usual, the "short cut," which was by way of a foot-path and a bridge of three stout logs across Wildcat River.

The rain continued to fall in torrents

through Saturday and a part of Sunday. A good many people expressed the hope that the school-master, if he tried to come up the mountain on that Sunday night, would be prudent enough to come by the road,—for Wildcat River must be so swollen that the log bridge would be hard to cross, even if it had not been carried away.

But the school-master did not come. For once, it seemed, he had not cared to brave the elements. Two or three days went by, and nobody ventured down the mountain, the road having been rendered almost impassable; but at length Eph Truman, being short of supplies, was obliged to risk the journey, and he brought back the astonishing news that the school-master had started up the mountain by the "short cut" on Sunday night. He must have tried to cross on the logs and been drowned in Wildcat River.

A party of men started at once for the river. The logs were not there: they had drifted away, and were probably by this time far along on their journey to the ocean. But near the place where the bridge had been, caught in a crevice between two rocks, they found a hat,—the picturesque broad-brimmed one which had been wont to sit so jauntily above the school-master's flowing locks. Stan Dyer picked it up, and every one noticed how white he turned as he did so.

There was the usual nine days' wonder and lament over the school-master's fate, and a faithful search was made for his body,—which was not found. Most of the Tumble-Down folks now remembered only the school-master's good qualities, and sighed deeply as they remarked that they "should never get a man of his talents for school-master again." But others shook their heads doubtfully over him and his fate, evidently suspecting that, instead of being drowned, he had sailed away on a broom-stick, or assumed some other shape, as witches could at will. And there were those who saw a strange light dancing at night over Iron-Crown Mountain, and were led to conclude that the school-master's

ghost had gone to join the other evil spirits in their revels there.

However it may have been, the school-master came back no more; and as weeks went by he had almost ceased to be talked about, until one day Enoch Barrell had a vision. He had not had a "spell" before for three months, and when the spells were so infrequent he was sure to have a wonderful vision when one did come. He sent for all the neighbors to come and hear him relate this vision, and the house was thronged. It was impossible for all to get into the room where the old man sat in state, with a weird, unnatural light, which they all thought the fire of prophecy, in his eyes.

"There was two men a-standin' on the bank of the river," he began, in a peculiar, monotonous, sing-song tone. "It was a-gittin' dark fast; it was e'en a-most dark then, there in the woods, and the wind was a-makin' a terrible lonesome noise, a-moanin' and a-screechin' in the trees. And the river was all a-boilin' and a-foamin', as if 'twas the ocean in a storm. But the bridge was there. I see the logs as plain as could be; and the two men they wa'n't on the yender side; they was on this side. They was a-disputin' and wranglin'. I heard loud and angry words,—though I couldn't make out jest what they was. One he seemed terrible mad; his face was as white as a grave-stun. And the other he seemed kind of mockin' and insultin'. And all of a sudden one give the other a push. He was a-standin' right on the edge of the river, and I seemed to shet my eyes with the horror of it, jest as if I was awake; and when I opened 'em there wa'n't but one man there! But away down the river I thought I could see a white face comin' up among the boilin' waves now and then, and white hands a-stretchin' out.

"The other man he stood and watched as if he saw somethin' too, until it grew dark, and then he turned and come up the mounting alone. I see the faces of them two men as plain as I see yours this minute," and the old man waved

his hand with a dramatic gesture toward the throng of listeners. "And they was the school-master and Stan Dyer!"

All eyes were turned upon Stan, who stood in the door-way. His face was white, and perspiration stood in drops on his brow; but he met the eyes with a dull, indifferent look, and he drew a long breath as of relief. Then he turned and walked slowly away.

The consultations that were held on Tumble-Down Mountain that night seemed to produce but little result. It was hard to believe Stan guilty, yet such was the influence which the Barrell visions had always possessed over the community that there were few who really doubted. And there was no denying that Stan's conduct since the school-master's disappearance had been strongly against him. He had kept himself moodily apart, repulsing almost savagely all attempts to be friendly with him, and had even turned the cold shoulder upon 'Lecty, who had used all the beguiling arts of which she was mistress to win him back. He had grown worn and haggard, and, as his mother had been heard to say, he scarcely ate or slept.

But what it was their duty to do in the premises, the leading spirits on Tumble-Down Mountain were at a loss to decide. Holdfast people were inclined to ridicule the Barrell visions. Would Enoch's testimony of what he had seen during unconsciousness be regarded as sufficient evidence of Stan's guilt? Was it possible to prove that he had committed murder?

All that Stan would say was to inform them that he intended to leave the mountain if he were not arrested on the following day. He gave them fair warning, that they might not accuse him of having run away, but his guilt he would neither confess nor deny. The Tumble-Down-Mountain authorities drew a long breath of relief at this. It was an easy way out of the difficulty, though they did wish he had run away and thus left no responsibility upon them. And Stan, with only a bundle of clothing on his back, and an oaken

staff in his hand, with a white, haggard face that seemed to bear the very brand of Cain, tramped down the mountain, bound no one, not even he himself, knew whither.

It was a year from that time, when one day a laborer, dusty and way-worn, who had walked from New York, finding work here and there as he could, stopped beside a brook on the outskirts of a little Connecticut town to rest. A gayly-painted and adorned tin-peddler's wagon drove along at the same moment, and the peddler stopped to water his horses. The tramp lifted his worn, white face from the brook, and saw the peddler as he dismounted from his wagon.

He started to his feet with a cry.

"Well, I swan!" exclaimed the peddler, holding out his hand with a hearty manner. "If you ain't Stan Dyer, or else his ghost! Well, it seems as queer to see one of you Tumble-Down-Mountain folks out in the world as it would to see a Mother Carey's chicken at a hen-show!"

"You ain't dead?" stammered Stan, looking at him with dilated eyes.

"Dead! Well, not much, thank you. What's the matter with you, man? Oh, 'twas that hat did the business, did it? Well, I s'pose that was a kind of a shabby trick that I played on 'em; but they owed me two weeks' wages, so they needn't have complained. You see, I meant to come back fast enough. I never thought of such a thing as runnin' away, though I'd got pretty sick of it, for a retired life don't suit me anyway, until I saw that the bridge was gone. I had calculated that that bridge was fixed so that it couldn't go whatever happened, and there it was gone, and no upheavin' round it at all,—just as slick as if it had been taken out by hands!"

"Yes, it was," said Stan mechanically.

"It was? What do you mean?"

"I took the bridge away. I don't think that I meant you should be drowned, but I don't know. I was mad. And I've been thinkin' ever since that I was a murderer. You don't know how it feels!"

And Stan stood erect, and rolled, as it were, a great burden from his shoulders.

"I swan to man! Is it that that's worn you to a shadow? And me enjoyin' life all the time, like a clam at high water!" I kind of remember that you had a grudge against me; but I didn't think 'twas so bad as that. About some girl, wasn't it? But, bless you! I have so many of those little affairs that I never think anything of them, except just for the time. A man that is attractive to the fair sex must expect to meet with envy and jealousy! Queer folks up there on Tumble-Down Mountain! Green! Young goslin's ain't a circumstance to them! 'Twas hardly worth while to humbug 'em, 'twas so easy done; didn't do anything toward cultivatin' a man's talents. And I was never cut out for a school-master; too slow business. Though if I set out to do anything I'd do it well, my way. I saw which way their tastes ran up there, and I humored 'em. They got plenty of what they thought was supernatural while I was there. But I was awful sick of it, and when I saw that bridge was gone it came into my mind like a flash that it was a good chance to clear out. I gave my hat a sling, and the wind happened to be blowin' just the right way, and took it across and jammed it between two rocks. I wanted 'em to think I was drowned. I do enjoy foolin' folks. My nature. My present employment ain't so genteel as school-teachin', but it pays better, and I intersperse it with lecturin', and I'm thinkin' about goin' into politics for a livin'. All you've got to do to make a livin' in this world is to fool folks; but havin' a variety of ways is enlivenin'."

"Come back to Tumble-Down Mountain with you? Well, that ain't a bad idea. Surprise 'em, wouldn't it? And I've got a lecture on the telephone, explainin' and illustratin' it, that'll make 'em open their eyes. I'll set up a telephone there, and make 'em think I'm the Old Harry, sure enough!"

But the sensation that Tumble-Down Mountain experienced when Stan and

the school-master appeared was so great that the telephone failed of its expected effect. It would have to be a great wonder that would astonish Tumble-Down-Mountain folks after this.

The school-master was heard to complain that Tumble-Down-Mountain folks were "gettin' to be too much like other people. Only about a third of them believed that the Old Harry was at the other end of the telephone-wire." He made but a short tarry with them, and declined their proposal to come back and teach the next winter.

Lecty treated the school-master in a manner with which Stan could find no fault. Indeed, she declared that she could "hardly keep from makin' faces at him." She furthermore confided to Stan that she "had never cared the

least bit about anybody in the world but him;" and if Stan was not quite so sure of the truth of this statement as she was, he never said so. And they were as happy a couple as if a school-master had never dawned upon their horizon. A singular result of the school-master's reappearance was that, although Enoch Barrell was still afflicted by "spells," he never had another vision.

School-masters have a rather hard time on Tumble-Down Mountain. They always hear themselves disparagingly compared to a phenomenal school-master, whose mastery of all the arts and sciences, as well as of all the isms and ologies, was but a small part of his powers, and whose like Tumble-Down Mountain never expects to see again.

SOPHIE SWETT.

BARK CANOEING IN CANADA.

AMONG the woods and waters of the Upper Ottawa I have spent many a holiday, fishing, trapping, shooting, and lounging; and among my reminiscences nothing recurs to my mind with more pleasure than my associations with the bark canoe. One seemed to get a peep into the dim past of Indian life and character when watching our dusky friends constructing the frail craft by the margin of a lake where civilization had not even an echo, and where nothing but "the forest primeval" gave the hunter shelter.

I suppose for a man to eulogize the Indian's canoe beside some of its modern substitutes would be considered by many as sensible as extolling the stage-coach over the Pullman. I have had quite enough experience of the so-called improvements. Like too much else in this fast new world of ours, they are merely made to sell, and not one of them can compare with the bark canoe. I believe it to be as true of the Indian's boat as it is of his snow-shoe, that nothing

has yet been discovered to take its place. I have never found the lightest ash or cedar boats to retain their shape, to keep out water, or to be unshrinkable, even when the keel and sterns are made of oak, the ribs of rock-elm, the gunwales of spruce, the decks of pine, and the seats of basswood. Any one can repair the birch canoe. If the spruce-bark bottom is injured, it can be as easily repaired as a crack in the side; but damage the bottom of your cedar invention and you ruin your boat, unless you are a master of patchwork and a boat-builder to boot. For real practical superiority I prefer the Indian canoe; and may not Sam Slick's testimony help my commendation? Hear him:

"What is a wherry, or a whale-boat, or a scull, or a gig, to them? They draw no more water than an egg-shell; they require no strength to paddle; they go right up on the beach, and you can carry them about like a basket. With a light hand, a cool head, and a quick eye, you can make them go where a

duck can. What has science and taste and handicraft ever made to improve on this simple contrivance of the savage? . . . If I was a gal I'd always be courted in one, for you can't romp there, or you'd be upset. It's the safest place I know of." Let me add, it is always ready, is easily packed away, can be carried on your back, launched on the water by an infant, "beached" and

turned over for a snooze under its shelter, or swung up like a hammock to hold provisions. Whether for Indian, settler, trader, or sportsman, in a densely-wooded country with rivers and streams the canoe is indispensable.

If you are ever inclined for a unique holiday in the wildness of a romantically beautiful country only a short distance from the capital of Canada, choose



ON THE OTTAWA.

your season, whether for trout or deer, and just drop a line to Chief Joseph or Chief Louis, at Oka, in the province of Quebec, to make arrangements to go with you. The shortest routes are by Ogdensburg to Prescott, and through to Ottawa; or from Montreal to Ottawa, having the lovely sail from Lachine in the cosey "Prince of Wales" as far as Carillon, and, after a few minutes' jaunt by rail, on to Ottawa City by another charming steamer of the Ottawa River Navigation Company. This is by far the loveliest way from Montreal to the capital. At Ottawa you may get anywhere all the information you need about routes farther on. You can hire the best Indians for about one dollar a day, and if you stipulate for canoes you can buy them for five or six dollars each, or

hire them for about two dollars a week; and you may rely upon faithful work from your red-skins, strict temperance and integrity. I would trust uncounted money with any of the chiefs.

Let me take you to an island up the Ottawa, where many years ago I planted a pole, something after the fashion of the early French explorers who planted a cross, and took possession in the name of my noble self. I have ever since been monarch of that bit of mother-earth. No one has ever disputed my title, because it is too small for a good habitation, is too far from civilization for living on if it were ten acres, and does not come near the line 45° and fine distinctions of national demarcation. We camped there for several reasons,—among them being the fact

that there the flies and mosquitoes never persecuted us, that it is handy to the mainland, and that I have there a subterranean cellar as well as a bedroom, where I keep ammunition, etc. "We" consisted of Chief Joseph, the head chief of Oka, Thomas, his brother, and Kantarakon, a fine young specimen of the modern Iroquois, straight as an arrow, calm as a sphinx, quick as a shot. The three had just been released from jail, where they had been imprisoned for several months for cutting wood for fuel on the land where they and their fathers had lived for over a century and a half. It appeared that for the past thirty years the trustees of this land had been trying to force them away, in order to occupy it with their own settlers, exclusively French, who as voters would have some little influence which the disfranchised red-skin did not enjoy. The trustees are the Seminary of St. Sulpice, an immensely rich ecclesiastical corporation, endowed at first by Louis XIV., and confirmed conditionally about forty years ago by the Canadian government in the possession of its rich estates, which, with other ecclesiastical millstones, are slowly sinking the province of Quebec to bankruptcy. The Indians would listen to no argument or persuasion. The bones of their fathers were in Oka; they would never lay theirs elsewhere. The upshot was that a cruel system of persecution began. Public sympathy was intense in their favor; a civil-rights alliance took up the question as a national one, and litigation was undertaken to settle it. The Indian church was pulled down, and soon after the large stone edifice of the trustees caught fire from a burning barn and was destroyed. Of course our poor Indians were accused of the deed; but, after four separate trials, no jury could agree.

I have detailed this matter in the interest of my Oka Iroquois friends, over five hundred of whom reside in and near the village, and over four hundred and seventy of whom are opposed to the "interest" of their trustees.

"Well, Joseph, do you think you'll

ever get justice from a Quebec jury?" I asked the chief.

"Why, yes, for sure. My people now well behaved. They no drink, no swear, no steal. They no play lacrosse on Sunday. They changed. But few years ago they drunk, they bad, they don't know anything. Now children read, and good scholars some. We have friends, and we get justice sure. Maybe long time. *But it come, sure.*"

"Do you think the government will see you righted?"

"Government!" he replied sneeringly. "Very good if it want something. But Indians got no vote. Government is afraid. It is coward. Them people at Ottawa, they just want to keep these. They don't care for country or for us. But if Okas don't get justice—well, they will never go away from Oka. The lands are ours, long before French came. Other Indians all over Canada are happy and free and have lands, and we must be same."

The chief is really an eloquent man when discussing the subject of his people's wrongs. He can read and write in Iroquois, French, and English. It is not often that you find red-skins so interesting as these Okas; and, even if you are storm-stayed in camp, monotony never seems to approach you.

I had spent a few days in Oka watching the construction of a canoe. I had a fancy to have one made with nothing but what the forest supplies, and Joseph at once offered to perform the work without the aid of even an axe or a knife. Instead of the latter a sharp bone and stone were used, instead of a gimlet a strong thorn, and a fire was started by striking flint. The framework was made of ash and fir, the gunwale of long strips of ash, carefully selected, the thwarts of ash, and the ribs of fir. The length was fifteen feet, and the width three feet. The white-birch bark, about an eighth of an inch thick, was stripped from the tree, so as to give us the whole canoe in one piece; and here I learned that the bark cut just beneath the lowest branches and just above the roots is the best. The

internal coating was then scraped off, and the sheet of bark laid upon the frame. Rough roots of the tamarack, larch, and spruce were used to bind or sew together the cross-pieces; while it was trimmed to shape and sewed at both ends and to the gunwale with split ligaments of pine root, called "wattup." The seams were then closed with tallow mixed with rosin of the fir-tree. With some wild berries the bow and stern were painted in rude hieroglyphics, and I had a genuine Indian canoe.

Gently as a babe it was lifted and laid on the water. Kantarakon got in and

paddled it quietly out a hundred yards, then, turning gracefully, he shot it to shore, reminding one of Hiawatha:

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his birch canoe said, "Onward!"
And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

When it lay empty on the water it touched it with an edge like a knife. When we were all in, it only sank about four inches. Of course it had no seats. I squatted in the bottom, reclining lux-



INDIANS CONSTRUCTING A CANOE.

uriously on the blankets; two of the Indians knelt, squatting on their heels. The paddles were about six feet long, painted red; that of the steersman about seven feet, and made of rock-maple. It was a beautiful sight to see him striking first on one side, then on the other, with scarcely a movement of the body except the arms. I remembered that in "Hiawatha" the hero of the poem smears the sides of his canoe with the oil of a sturgeon, so as to pass swiftly through the water, and I asked Joseph if he had ever heard of this idea.

"Well, long time ago I heard my

grandfader tell story like dat, and I believe it was use by Indians once. But me think it only superstition."

The Indians in Canada can tell the tribe to which a man belongs by the style of his canoe. The Iroquois who live in Oka, Caughnawaga, and St. Regis, on the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, make much smaller craft than the Micmacs on the sea-coast. The former have low bows and stern; the latter high, with raised gunwale. The former would swamp in a chopping sea, while the latter would easily ride it. Generally, all bark canoes are better paddled

by a man at each end. As you go up toward the Far West you find the canoes much larger and more strongly built, because the primitive state of the country compels their use for conveyance more than in the older provinces. These large canoes are of course more clumsy to "portage." The French lumbermen use a "dug-out," made from a pine-tree, and also a peculiar wooden boat, sharp at both ends. The "dug-out" is quite as likely to capsize as the birch-bark, and both of these French inventions are too heavy to portage, though they are useful in rocky streams.

About a mile below our camp there is a run of very fine rapids, not unlike the "Cedars" of the St. Lawrence, and Kantarakon was determined to descend it. "Will you come?" said he to me one

morning. Of course I would; and off we started, leaving Joseph and Thomas to prepare the dinner. I had become accustomed to the management of the canoe, and took the bow, while Kantarakon knelt at the stern. The small cascades of the Canadian rivers are called "chutes;" and the excitement of even a steamboat-descent may be remembered by travellers on the St. Lawrence. Our rapids were really much rougher than the "Cedars," though not so long, and I must confess that at first I felt some trepidation at the prospective "jump." In a few moments we were gliding along like an autumn leaf: the canoe was pointed to the breakers. I felt my heart almost stopping, not from fear, but from fascination. Kantarakon was as steady as a rock, and in an instant we



GIVING THE LAST TOUCHES.

plunged into the boiling water, the rough waves fighting one another for mastery and doing their utmost to toss us out. A minute, and it was all over, and, drenched to the skin, we were soon paddling quietly to the shore. The passage between the rocks was in some places only a few feet wide, and a touch would have sent us to the happy hunting-grounds.

"You ever hear story, sir, 'bout chief

and daughter ran Lachine Rapids?" inquired my Indian boy.

I acknowledged my ignorance, and he related the following:

"Well, you see, big chief in Caughnawaga—same people as at Oka—one day say, 'Tink I run rapids. Any man come?' Well, chief he have daughter. She say, 'Fader, me no 'fraid. Me go.' Well, dey go, and de whole village run down along shore, or go out in canoes very

near rapid. Chief he tell daughter hold tight, and he steer straight in middle; but big wave knock boat one side. S'pose you go down on 'Prince Wales' steamboat, you see big flat rock right side just in middle rapid. Chief's boat knocked dere. Girl thrown on rock some way; chief he drown. Well, my fader one of de men who try save dat girl. Dey get boats, send logs down, send long rope; nothing reach her.

Water flow over rock every minute. Dey try send bread. Everyting knocked pieces. Dat Lachine Rapids is de devil's spring, I tink. Next morning rock bare. Indians used say Great Spirit took girl off rock in night; but I know dat foolishness. Dat make me fader very sorry now. He no like speak 'bout it.

Until lately it was thought impossible for a boat to run the channel of these rapids where the steamers pass; but an



SHOOTING RAPIDS.

Indian of Caughnawaga has descended them several times, and is open to risk any other man's life with his own for ten dollars.

While Kantarakon was in the story-telling mood, I got him to tell me the "Legend of the White Canoe," which is well known among the Iroquois Indians.

"Long ago, you see, 'fore white man come to dis country, de Indian warriors used meet at Great Wiapa Falls to offer sacrifice to de Spirit of de Falls. Sacrifice was some person, you see. Dat was when Indians wild, you see. Well, de Indians used come through woods and down rivers from all parts of de country,—away down New Brunswick, and far as New York. One time de sacrifice was white canoe full ripe fruit and de

wood-flowers, and dis canoe was paddled over de falls by de purtiest girl in de tribe. You see, was honor to de tribe which was to make de sacrifice, and dere was great many want to do it. Well, de only daughter of a chief of Seneca Indians was dis time chose by lot. Her moder had been killed by 'nudder tribe Indians. Fader was brave man, and when his child was to go he no seemed sorry in his face, just like Indian, but he very sorry inside. You know white man often look sorry in de face, just like de boss dere in Oka who want to drive us away, but, just like him, dey feel very glad same time inside dem. Indian never show how mad or how glad he feel. Well, white canoe, full of fruits and de flowers, go down toward rapid. No chance come back

now. Girl she steered, no fear, and she sing. Just den anoder canoe shot from bank of river. It was de Seneca chief! He paddled close to his daughter, and de two canoes went over falls togeder. Great Spirit never asked for anoder sacrifice."

One of my last canoe-excursions was with our three Indians and a friend from England, who was in a heaven of delight and wonder at the absolute freedom of our woods and waters. The red-skin's intense love of sport so fascinated my friend that he vowed to imitate Jacques Cartier's theft of Donnacona and carry an Indian back over the sea. I can fancy how the Old-World restrictions upon gun and rod would irritate the Indian, how often he would be up before some grave and reverend justice for poaching, and how the Old-World jails would hold our red-skin oftener than its forests. Kantarakon had never fished for trout with the fly, and had never, before my first trip with him, seen a breech-loader, yet he went to work with both as naturally as any white man. But in fishing and shooting is not an Indian "to the manner born"?

When we proposed fishing from the bark canoe, our English friend was loath; but Joseph would hold it as steady as a rock, in shallow streams, by digging his paddle or pole into the bottom, among the stones or in the sand, or would drop down a line and grapnel, and no heavy scow could be safer. I have often shot from a canoe thus held by a pole, and rarely missed my aim.

We had two canoes, and it was a most delightful sensation paddling up-stream and into cross-streams that led we knew not whither. The trees were alive with birds, and the water with fish. Flocks of black duck stared at us with a tame surprise. A young brood let us paddle quite close to them, and got their first

lesson in distrust from Kantarakon's paddle. When we turned at a sharp angle into a large stream, the duck perfectly blackened the water. How the sight would have made the mouths water of those pot-hunting wretches who follow the duck on the St. Lawrence with steam-yachts and cannon!

We beached our canoes, and camped out for the night in a forest of spruce. The Indians preferred to turn their canoes on one side, with the bottoms against the wind; and, throwing a blanket over the front, held down by stones, they slept the sleep of the red-skin trapper,—which is sounder than even that of "the just." For us they made delicious beds of young cedar boughs, which were superior to any modern spring-bed and had a fragrance that soothed one to slumber like an anæsthetic. Fortunately, there were no mosquitoes, and we enjoyed a lotus-eater's life, varied with the healthy life of a hunter.

At night it was a great treat to spear fish. The slim bark was then propelled along the water as quietly as if moved by an unseen hand. A blazing torch was fastened to the bow, throwing a lurid glare around. Kantarakon, spear in hand, stood near it, motionless as a model, while gazing into the water. When his keen eye discerned the unconscious fish a few feet below, quick as a flash his spear was propelled, and the next moment the fish was brought up dangling on the end. Our friend from over the sea was so fascinated with the sport, and so certain that one who had whipped the fiords of Norway with his rod could spear a fish in Canadian waters, that he tried his skill; but—tell it not in London, whisper it not in Edinburgh—he touched the water headlong before the spear had the least chance. Kantarakon then showed him how an Indian could fish out an Englishman—as well as a trout.

"KANUCK."

THE SHOCKING EXAMPLE.

NEW ALBION, as the bold Drake christened California when he thought of adding another to the possessions on which "the sun never sets," was in anything but its present state of civilization at the period of which I write. After being introduced gradually into the Union by serving a two-years' apprenticeship as a Territory, it had just been declared a State, and come into all the rights, titles, and dignities appertaining thereto; but society, at least in the town of Palacios, was very much in the condition described in the famous report of an English officer on the Hottentots: "Customs, beastly; manners, none."

The American population was chiefly of the types immortalized by Bret Harte, with a small admixture of tamer souls recently introduced from the States. The Mexicans were, for the most part, a poor set of *peons*, who went about shrouded in the national *serape* and mantilla, basked for hours in the sun-shiny Plaza daily, ate Chili peppers by the handful without moving an eyelash, sold watermelons, rode *burros*, reared quantities of brown babies, chickens, and Chihuahua dogs, patronized fandangoes and bull-fights, and were much more particular about their saints' days than the weightier matters of the law. Indeed, religion, as Anglo-Saxons understand it, was practically an unknown quantity at Palacios, although the Mission Church of the Concepcion had been founded there by a band of zealous Franciscan friars as far back as 1767, and was still a thing of beauty, with its Moorish belfry-tower, exquisitely-sculptured façade, and gray, lichen-covered dome rising against an intensely blue sky.

A German physician, a French baker, a Swiss gardener, two Castilian families that boasted *sangre azul*, and a Scotchman who had been everything by turns and nothing long, made up the European contingent, and quite lately three com-

panies of United States troops had been ordered to Palacios and it had been made a *dépôt* for government supplies. In the spring of '51 there appeared on the scene a New-Englander, named, in Orthodox Puritan fashion, Zealous B. Whitaker, accompanied by a lady whom he called "Miss" Whitaker, but who proved to be his wife, and not a sister, cousin, or aunt, as might have been inferred. The new-comer was a simple, kindly old man, of narrow views and dull perceptions but amazing energy, and with a single spark of enthusiasm in his commonplace clay, caught from the sacred flame that has lighted myriads of souls in all ages.

In other words, he was an honest, religious creature, accustomed to the rigid moralities and proprieties of a small Eastern town, and for a time after his arrival in Palacios he seemed quite paralyzed by a state of affairs so foreign to his past experience, and wrote home that it was "Sodom and Gomorrah come again."

Most likely this statement was not very wide of the mark, but there were no New-Englanders in the cities of the plain, or they would certainly have done as Mr. Whitaker did in Palacios,—set about reforming the inhabitants, undeterred—undeterred do I say? inspired, rather—by the difficulties of the situation.

"I'll tell you what you want to do: you want to get up a Sunday-school; you want a church," said he to an influential citizen, a gambler, whom he found sitting on top of a barrel in a store to which he had gone. "Got children, ain't you? Guess you'd like 'em brought up correct, wouldn't you?" And although "big-foot Burnett," as he was popularly known, had certainly not lain awake at night coveting either institution, up to that period, he pulled out fifty dollars before the interview was over, telling the old man to "play on that while it lasted," and promised to send

his two little daughters to the "concern" as soon as it got started. Mr. Whitaker next found an old Englishwoman, Mrs. Harbottle, the wife of a soldier who had abandoned her and gone back to England when his term of enlistment was out, a Presbyterian merchant lately arrived with ten olive-branches, and his young clerk Mr. Potts, and a Methodist milliner, who was very anxious to know if "the first people were going to take classes," and did not finally commit herself to the enterprise until this essential aristocratic condition had been fulfilled to her mind by two of the officers' wives agreeing to teach in the new school.

Mr. Whitaker then turned his attention to collecting the children, and soon secured the progeny of most of the saloon-keepers, stage-drivers, and nondescript employés of the government. Inflamed by a generous ardor, he even dreamed of making converts among the Mexicans; but the illusion did not last long. He found one little boy with an eye for five-cent pieces and an irrepresible craving for *peloncillos* (a brown sugar pyramid confection as irresistible to the Mexican youth as jam-tarts to one of our boys), and induced him to come *once* to the school; but the next day the unhappy child met the Padre coming out of the back-door of the church after mass, and, though he was making for the cock-pit across the Plaza and had a remarkably fine pair of birds under his arm, he stopped long enough to give poor Juan such a terrible rating that the very sight of Mr. Whitaker would make him scud away like a rat to his hole.

But the good man's success in other quarters was as conspicuous as this failure, and out of all these heterogeneous and conflicting elements he finally organized and set in motion the school of his heart. It was dubbed the "Union Sunday-School," and inscribed as such in a large round hand (with much attention to up-strokes and down-strokes and an overpowering sense of responsibility) on the fly-leaves of twenty hymn-books and ten Bibles, on which was based Mr. Potts's claim to be addressed

as librarian by that official himself. Mr. Whitaker elected himself superintendent, and, though a Congregationalist, was obliged to concede so much to the prejudices of his coadjutors that Canon Farrar or Dean Stanley could not have arranged a programme that embraced more of the marrow of Christianity or ignored so completely the theological bones of contention. It was agreed that each teacher should not only be absolutely unfettered in his dealings with the children under his care, but at liberty to secure the transient services of clergymen of his "persuasion" (as the superintendent delicately put it) whenever it was possible. The army ladies were given classes composed of the elder girls, and, getting out their prayer-books, promptly began a course of instruction based on the Creeds, the three orders of ministry, Apostolical Succession, and the Articles. Mrs. Brown (the milliner), being put in charge of the younger girls, took Bible verses and Dr. Watts's Hymns as the foundation of her system, mingled with such agreeable secular information as is contained in "How doth the little busy bee," and "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and lightened by frequent intervals of refreshment in the shape of peppermint-drops, of which the good-natured woman was herself fond, and which are known to be the most powerful stimuli to the youthful mind. Mrs. Harbottle, who was a cockney of purest ray serene, said she would be "very 'appy to 'ave the hinfant class," and not only taught her flock the Lord's Prayer, and "Now I lay me," in her own vernacular, but in three months had them spelling "a-m, ham, i-t, hit," and demanding, "'Ave you the 'orse?" or announcing, "This his a howl," with a success that deserved, if it did not receive, the highest praise. Mr. Preston, the merchant, had the large boys assigned to him, and went to work with enough machinery to have converted a nation,—a Concordance, two Bibles, a dictionary of terms, a History of Palestine, with extensive maps, the Larger Catechism, a small globe, several memorandum-books, and, most impressive

of all, a large gold watch, and a gold pencil, which latter he screwed up and down unceasingly, and stuck behind his ear when he looked out his texts on predestination, which he did at great length, only to lose them all precipitately if he chanced to be interrupted.

The indomitable Whitaker, not being able to hire a suitable place in which to hold his school, got permission to use the upper room in the new court-house, whose windows overlooked the jail. He enlisted under his banner as sexton a most amusing specimen of the Maine lumberman, employed as messenger at one of the government offices,—a huge, ungainly creature, who never seemed in the right place, no matter where he was put, combined simplicity and shrewdness to a remarkable degree, was transparently mean in a thousand little ways, as vain of his Sunday clothes and as greedy of praise as a child, and firmly convinced that but for him the services would come to an end. Every Sunday morning he would open the doors, dust the benches, put a pail of water and a gourd in one of the window-seats for the use of the thirsty, hot-blooded young animals who were already swarming outside, place a stone-china pitcher filled with the same fluid and flanked by a greenish glass on the pine table behind which the superintendent was to be intrenched, and then select from innumerable candidates certain of the children whom he would hold up in his long, strong arms, to peep at the prisoners next door, while he descanted on their evil deeds and reputations with many a shake of the head and much homely comment. After this, Rufus (whose surname no one ever troubled himself to mention) would take up a position on the back bench and act as a kind of moral policeman; for while the queer, faithful soul was the butt of many a joke of the grown people, the children saw nothing absurd in him, and, however young or timid, would go to him almost as soon as to their mothers, so that his influence over them was by no means to be despised.

The least valuable members of any organization are always unfailing and

punctual in their attendance on its meetings, and at five minutes to nine o'clock precisely, Mrs. Harbottle, in a poke-bonnet and bombazine of the wonderful build and incredible rustiness peculiar to the London pew-opener, would march in, and, without so much as a glance at Rufus, whom she cordially detested, trot into her place, lay her gamp carefully down under the seat, and, burying her face in her black cotton gloves, kneel down and say her preparatory prayer, exactly as she would have done in a cathedral at home. The children would then begin pouring in, and, though the boys were for the most part barefooted and roughly clad, and the girls boasted only the cheap glories of gay pink and blue calicoes, with sun-bonnets to match, there were plenty of rosy, shining, charming little faces among them, a few very intelligent ones, and none with the sad lines and the diseased precocity that make a *gamin* one of the saddest sights in the world.

Mr. Whitaker coming in presently would open the school after an invariable pattern, although he had been taught to distrust all forms in religion.

First he put on his glasses and looked at the congregation *over* them severely. He then took them off, wiped and replaced them, and looked about him from *under* them benignantly. He then cleared his throat and drank a glass of water, rolled his red bandanna up into a ball in his right hand, clutched a hymn-book in the left, and, after a moment devoted to attaining the tranquillity of desperation, shut his eyes, and finally committed himself to a long, rambling, scrambling, extemporaneous prayer, in which, like Mr. Swiveller playing the flute, he held on to one idea until he could feel for another, and at last concluded suddenly, when no one was expecting it, vastly to the relief of his hearers, but most of all to his own.

After this he read a chapter in the Bible, generally about the Hivites or the Jebusites, for, being himself the most peaceable of men, he naturally relished the idea of slaying his thousands and tens of thousands in a vica-

rious and perfectly justifiable fashion. He then "raised the toon," as he phrased it, and sang "On the other side of Jordan," or "When I can read my title clear," with a reckless display of gum, and a spirit and heartiness that were quite delightful.

The assistant missionaries then settled down comfortably to the work of teaching. When lessons were over, if there was no clergyman present the service concluded with an address from Mr. Whitaker. After the first six months, however, it constantly happened that there was a clergyman: one or other of the denominations was almost sure to be represented at least once a month, and anything more various and contradictory than their teachings and views cannot well be imagined.

The pro-temporaneous pastor always took Mr. Whitaker's arm-chair behind the pine table, and his adherents occupied the front bench, which was voluntarily ceded to them as a natural right. He always felt the want of moral support, and was chilled by the contrast between the ranks of the faithful (i.e., those who thought as he did) and the opposition, so that he was, in a sense, obliged to be controversial in order to explain why he was not something else instead of a Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, or Episcopalian, as the case might be, and make converts where they were evidently sadly needed. The more sympathetic natures, in casting about for some point of fusion with the audience, fell instinctively upon the plan of the English vicar who said to his curate, "When in doubt about your sermon, pitch into the Pope;" and as, after all, nothing welds people together more firmly than a common prejudice, it always answered perfectly. It is a wonder that St. Peter's and the Vatican did not crumble into ruins under such repeated attacks, and that the Holy Father was not reduced to the condition of the excommunicated jackdaw of Rheims. But, if this was a point of agreement, who can number the irreconcilable differences? If to look at religious truths from every possible stand-point be an advantage, that

congregation ought to have had a breadth of view and a catholic grasp of such subjects that would have made them conspicuous ornaments of an Ecumenical Council; but, as a matter of fact, they either felt as the old woman did who said that "total depravity was a good enough doctrine for her, if people would only live up to it," or wondered, with Luther presiding over a congress of reformers, "if the good God knew what all this wrangling was about." At all events, in spite of a wealth of argument, each member of this Union preserved friendly relations, eschewed entangling alliances, and remained in the mould in which he or she had been originally melted and poured.

The first assault was made by a Methodist minister, who had a great deal to say about the "Peskypalians," and their "formal preaching of a formal religion, that trusted to printed prayers and not to those written on the fleshy tables of the heart." This greatly offended Mrs. Harbottle, who said to her class next Sunday, "Chapel-people are all like that,—rampageous! My mother would never let me set foot in one of their places, though I 'ad friends as went, and many's the time she 'as said to me, 'Lisbette, go to your grave with your prayer-book in your 'and!' " There next came a very young Baptist missionary, who informed the people that not one of them had ever been really baptized, and that for his part he not only believed in going down "plum" into the water when that rite was performed, but held his converts under until they "bubbled." This aroused Mrs. Brown, who had "sat under" Dr. Bates, of St. Louis, whom she described as having "a towering intellect," and knowing more about baptism in a minute than his theological adversary could learn in a thousand years. There next appeared a bilious and saturnine Presbyterian divine, who cheerfully gave out that there was "not a child in that school that was too young to be damned," followed by a dear, benignant old gentleman of the same faith, much diluted by the milk of human kindness, who was most agreeably

sure that every one of them would be saved!

A very breezy and flowery army chaplain was secured on one occasion, and preached a sermon that began, like an advertisement of some patent medicine, as far from the text as possible,—in the Himalayas, indeed,—from which point he worked around by way of Ceylon and Italy to England, described celebrated pictures and cathedrals, quoted poetry, touched incidentally on astronomy, botany, and the latest scientific discoveries, and wound up with a glowing tribute to the age of chivalry, and an impassioned appeal to the congregation to “follow the white plume of Henry of Navarre!” This was regarded as a marvel of eloquence and erudition by some of his hearers, and described as “a burning effort” by Mr. Potts in his Sunday letter to his mother in Maryland.

It is needless to say that there were representatives of each of these creeds whose sermons were as admirable as they were earnest, and it finally chanced that the army ladies captured a bishop. This was felt to be a triumph even by those who in the abstract were most opposed to such dignitaries, as the preparations for his reception proved. If there had been a newspaper in the place, the fact would have been advertised; and, as it was, the size of the congregation on the eventful Sunday testified to the admirable capacity of the human tongue for spreading news. The children grew more and more excited as bench after bench filled with strangers, and gazed with profoundest interest at Rufus orientalizing on the front steps, his rings and chains flashing in the sunshine, a plaid red-and-green waistcoat dazzling the eyes of all beholders, his huge feet cased in the newest, shiniest, creakiest of boots, his hair combed up in an imposing pyramid in front and apparently glued to the nape of his neck behind. And there were the army ladies, in New York toilets, coming early to put prayer-books in all the seats and mark the places for the uninitiated. And Mrs. Brown, sweeping to her place in black silk and gold bracelets, and a most gor-

geous hat (the Peak of Teneriffe in pink velvet, with quantities of flowers and feathers tumbling out of the crater) perched jauntily upon her blonde curls. And the always neat Mr. Preston, more *à quatre épingles* than ever, and sporting diamond studs, and conferring in impressive whispers with the superintendent, resplendent in a buff waistcoat and holding a white beaver in one hand. And Mrs. Harbottle creeping meekly in, a bit of yellow lace at the throat of her bombazine, her poke faced with lavender, white cotton gloves, and a striped parasol in lieu of the gamp; followed by Mr. Potts, who left a trail of attar-of-rose on the air and carried a crippled child in his arms. Last of all, the bishop—a fine-looking man of about fifty—was driven to the door in an army ambulance, walked up the aisle already robed, while every neck was craned to get a good view of him, and took a seat on the platform to which he was waved by the superintendent. An examination of the children followed, of course, with the usual effect of silencing every child in the school that knew anything. In common with other visitors, the bishop took a great deal more notice of the two little Burnett girls—lovely children, with their dead mother’s beautiful Spanish eyes and gentle ways—than of the prize-scholar, an ugly little pulmonary Christian who had learned over two hundred texts perfectly and was given the “Life of Archbishop Cranmer” in mottled covers as a reward. One luminous scholar, on being asked by the bishop what death St. Peter died, replied boldly, “He was boiled in oil,” and on being remonstrated with as follows, “Oh, no, my dear: he was crucified head downward, you remember. Now, why?” burst out with, “Because he was a thief!” to the horror and confusion of his teacher. Another hopelessly muddled infant was asked what Eve was made of, and replied with an air of entire conviction, “Of the stone that was rolled from the door of the sepulchre;” and Mr. Preston’s combined class could not tell what Bethlehem was remarkable for. But these formed the humiliating fea-

tures of what the bishop called "a most interesting exhibition." The responses were rather lame, in spite of the precautions that had been taken. The sermon was a short and practical one.

When it was over, the superintendent, not to be effaced by the greater luminary, gave out the usual weekly notices with great dignity and as nearly as possible in words of six syllables. Before leaving, the bishop, a prelate of genial temper and agreeable manners, was presented to a number of persons, and charmed everybody by his tact and good-fellowship. Mrs. Harbottle seemed quite overpowered by his condescension, and, flattening herself against the wall, courtesied every time he looked that way, and fairly turned purple when introduced.

The bishop politely commented on the heat of the room.

"Yes, my lord, if I may make bold to say so, there ain't no chimbleys nor ventilators," said the good woman, with a deferential air. "It's very different to what I've been used to at 'ome."

"Ah! you are an Englishwoman, I see, and a good Churchwoman, of course," said the bishop, smiling; and, some one else coming up, he turned to make fresh conquests, leaving Mrs. Harbottle to gaze rapturously at his back, made attractive by the familiar vestments, and to express her delight to the army ladies standing by.

"His lordship is quite the gentleman, mem. I shall write 'usband as 'ow I've 'ad the honor of shaking 'ands with 'is lordship. It were a comfort, mem, to 'ave things done like that agen, weren't it? It set me thinkin' of 'em all at 'ome that much that I could 'ardly say a word. You see, mem, beggin' your pardon for mentionin' it, this country ain't like England. Why, mem, when we first came to this country, me and 'usband was in Cincinnati, and, would you believe it, mem? we saw the lord mayor with 'is 'eels up at a livery-stable!"

Both ladies were laughing at the horrified expression called up on the face under the poke-bonnet by this frightful reminiscence, when a practical proof of

the truth of what she had been saying was furnished by Rufus, who never could be taught that such a thing as caste existed, and just then came creaking up the aisle with long, awkward strides, gave the bishop a friendly clap on the shoulder with one of his enormous, loose-jointed, freckled hands, and, putting his head on one side, while his honest face glowed with satisfaction, exclaimed, "Wall, parson, I took a proper sight of comfort in that sarmon of yourn. Hope you'll come again."

Mrs. Harbottle gave a petrified stare, and then protested, "Of all the extr'or'nary, impertent vergers as ever I set heyes on, that Rufus do take the lead. He'd 'ave done as much to 'er majesty. Whatever will 'is lordship think?"

What his lordship did was to thank Rufus with dignified cordiality, forcing Mr. Potts to say that, while he disapproved of Episcopal doctrines, there was no denying that the bishop was "a mighty pleasant gentleman."

This fairly stated the position of the greater part of the congregation, but for some time afterward everything in the school was dated from the bishop's visit; and he may be said to have founded the very flourishing Episcopal parish that exists at Palacios now.

Things settled down into the usual grooves after this for some time. No stray clergymen were to be had until autumn, and it was in the interim that Mr. Whitaker hit upon and gradually elaborated his great scheme for the improvement of his flock.

The superintendent was not an eloquent man, nor a highly-educated one, but he was simple and in earnest,—two essentials in dealing with children, who all seem endowed instinctively with Thackeray's eye and ear for shams, adjust the balances in which they weigh their elders with the utmost nicety, and write "*Mene, mene, tekél, upharsin*" opposite many a name that the world holds in high esteem.

As a rule, Mr. Whitaker was in sympathy with his youthful audience, but one Sunday in August, when he was

trying to arouse the languid interest of Mr. Preston's boys, who seemed hardly able to catch a fly or exchange marbles, much less to pay attention to a long lecture on the obvious duty of obedience to parents, and kept slipping off the benches, as though they had been buttered, in search of small coins intended for the plate, the good man's eyes wandered over the school until they rested upon Mr. Potts.

Now, Mr. Potts came of a highly-respectable and religious family in Maryland, a family that must have fed upon canvas-back ducks for generations, for in no other way is it possible to account for the genial, the charitable, the admirable qualities of their representative in Palacios. Anything more honest, kindly, and exquisitely mild than Stephen Harford Potts it would be impossible to fancy.

He was a Freemason, a member of the Church, voted regularly, insured his life, and had made his will. At great personal sacrifice he had paid a prodigal father's debts. He supported his mother and two very ugly and depressing maiden sisters, was the slave of his nephews and nieces, loaned money to his brothers-in-law whenever their crops failed, and was incapable of refusing to go security for a friend. In travelling he was always victimized by the unprotected female, and was fleeced to any extent at church fairs. He was so transparently kind and gentle that the uniform of a London policeman could not have saved him from the importunities of beggars, or an office on Wall Street from the insinuating addresses of book-agents. He performed all the duties of life to perfection; and as to its pleasures, did he not at parties always dance with the wall-flowers and governesses and take the old ladies in relays down to supper? Could he take a party of people out for a sleigh-ride without putting in at least one poor relation? As for his vices, they consisted in a stern determination to be what Mark Twain calls "a musician in defiance of the will of God,"—he *would* play the flute,—and he was irresistibly impelled to propose to some girl every

three months, though there was no possibility of his being able to marry for at least ten years.

All these facts about Mr. Potts being well known in Palacios, one would not have supposed that Mr. Whitaker could possibly have found just the inspiration that he did in a casual glance at the librarian. However, he suddenly turned toward the row of restless, fidgety boys, and, without a break in the thread of his narrative, said, "Yes, obedience to parents is a great duty,—the second duty you owe. Remember that, boys. Many and many a man wishes he had kep' it in mind better. You see, a boy begins by thinking himself a very smart boy and being sure his pa and ma don't know anything at all. And when he is little he says 'I shan't' and 'I won't' to everything, and won't mind anybody. And he goes on getting worse and worse, and deceives his father all the time, and swears at his mother when she begs him not to go with bad boys, and at last, when he gets as big as Mr. Potts there [boys revive at once and stare in the direction indicated. Startled movement on the part of Mr. Potts], what does he do but run away to sea? And he gets plenty of kicks and cuffs there, I can tell you. And the captain is always knocking him down with the belaying-pin and putting him down below in irons because he won't do his duty and mind his superiors. And one fine day what happens? Why, he falls out of the rigging, and is picked up senseless, and becomes a cripple for life. And he comes home to find his parents dead, and has to wander about the streets begging for a living, in rags and misery."

Stimulated by the evident success of this effort, Mr. Whitaker next Sunday took for his theme "Avarice," and treated it in exactly the same way. This time Mr. Potts began as a little boy to hoard his pennies and turn a deaf ear to a blind man asking alms; he was taken through a course of potato-parings, candle-ends, bran-siftings, old bones, and black bread, never equalled, except in Elwes's establishment, and died in a hovel, on straw, an emaciated old her-

mit, shunned by everybody, leaving fifty thousand dollars in gold buried under the cow-shed.

When school was over, Mr. Potts accidentally met Mr. Whitaker at the door, and said, "Well, sir, that was a good lecture of yours this morning, a very good lecture. But ain't you—ain't you making rather a scarecrow of me to the boys?"

This was mildly hazarded as a suggestion, not asserted as a fact, and was promptly pooh-pooed by the superintendent once for all.

Two Sundays afterward "Envy" was the subject of the day, and Mr. Potts was represented as a *bonnet-rouge* scheming to sap the very foundations of all governments and civilizations, a dark, wicked soul, that crowned a lifetime of secret hate by throwing vitriol in the face of a noble, gifted brother.

The experience acquired was of value to Mr. Whitaker in treating the subject of "Theft," which came up before long. Mr. Potts now, a beautiful rosy boy, adored by his parents, began by taking a pin that didn't belong to him, and abstracting lumps of sugar from the tea-tray when no one was looking, and ended by robbing first a shop-till and then a diamond-merchant and being sentenced to the penitentiary.

As the weeks rolled by, there was scarcely an offence against the laws of his country that Mr. Potts did not commit. He burned the house over the head of the pious widow who had nursed him through smallpox. He forged, and gambled, and drank. Truth was stranger to him than fiction. He was a noted desperado, the terror of his neighborhood, a brutal husband, an awful example to his children, and brought his mother's gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave with the most callous indifference over and over again. And all the while Potts, the actual, the amiable, the irreproachable, sat in the rogues' gallery and listened with deep interest to the choice extracts from the Newgate Calendar that formed his imaginary biography. After that first remonstrance, he seemed to rather enjoy the desperate deeds of the metaphorical

Potts, and to take a certain interest in seeing his character skilfully worked up in India ink, with as many shadows and as few lights as possible.

One of his little scholars to whom he had been kind got rather excited once, and said, with unregenerate frontier heat, "If Mr. Whitaker was always pitching into me like he does to you, I'd put a bullet through his head," but only scandalized his gentle friend, who said in reply, "Hush, Tommy. It's very wicked of you to talk so. He does it to teach the boys; that's all. And, besides, I might have done them, Tommy, if things had been different. I might have done them."

At last in the course of Mr. Whitaker's lectures it became necessary for him, as for all fervid orators, to bring his crescendo movement up to an effective climax. It was the last and best, or rather worst, of the series. The crime enlarged upon was murder. Mr. Potts was introduced as a mere baby, pulling off the legs of flies. At ten he was killing cats. At sixteen he had knocked out the brains of a favorite horse in a paroxysm of rage caused by the animal's refusal to jump a ditch. At twenty-five he had a quarrel with his most intimate friend, and, drawing a bowie-knife from his belt, rushed at his victim and cut his throat from ear to ear. He was tried and sentenced to death.

"Look at him," said the superintendent, waving his hand impressively toward the open door and infusing much pathos into his voice. "He is being taken out to the plaza in a cart, sitting on his own coffin. There are thousands of citizens gathered there, and the governor of the State, and the sheriff, and the jailer. There is his poor heart-broken old mother, and his unhappy wife. And now they have pulled the black cap over Mr. Potts's face, and he is swinging on the gallows! On the gallows, boys!" Then, with a sudden return to his usual voice and manner, "We will now sing 'Oh, let us be joyful,' page 37, and close the school."

It was closed. It has been closed

for many a year since. "The feet that creeping into school went storming out to play" have wandered far, and stumbled often, and bled sometimes, but they have at least tried to keep the right paths. Several of the boys distinguished themselves in after-life, and one gallant fellow showed that he had not only learned how to live but how to die nobly.

Rufus married an enterprising German widow, who made him the patient drudge for her five children. He invested his savings in what was represented as a valuable marble-quarry, near the town, and, in the generous overflow of anticipated wealth, brought Mr. Whitaker one day a specimen stone, very like Castile soap, and offered to give him a tombstone of it. The dear old man had no use for anything of the kind for twenty years afterward, but

lived a much-loved and greatly-respected patriarch, rejoicing in the prosperity of Palacios, boasting of its five handsome churches, its population, buildings, and climate, to every stranger that drifted there, and assuring him that it was destined to be "the third city of the United States, sir."

Mrs. Harbottle managed to get back to England somehow, and was happily reunited to her truant "'usband," whom she found making pattens in the wilds of Wales.

Some private business called Mr. Potts back to Maryland, and, after staying there a few years, the good, unselfish creature actually went as Baptist missionary to Italy, and died there of malarial fever, leaving the Pope still in the Vatican and a majority of the population Roman Catholics.

F. C. BAYLOR.

THEIR MOTTO.

Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime :
 So a noble knight went singing
 Through the mediæval woods,
 Fearful not of war-cry ringing
 Nor the raging of the floods :
 High emprise was all his care,
 Winning tender love's acclaim ;
 So he carolled, debonair,
 Daring all for love and fame,
Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime.

Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime,
 Warbled low a lovely maiden,
 Leaning in a rustic bower,
 Shadowed with its bloom o'erladen.
 Thus she sang, and soothed the hour,
 Waiting for her love to come,—
 Him she could not safely name
 In the rigor of her home,—
 Sang full low, but clear the same :
Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime.

Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime,
 O'er his missal mused a friar :
 "Flesh nor devil do I fear,
 'Tis the rose and not the brier
 That can stir a truant tear :
 I can brook the brier's sting,
 Not the rose's fading flame :
 Lord, to thee alone I bring
 Trembling hope and trembling aim :
Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime."

Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime :
 Such the voices' hush is saying
 Of strong hearts that pulse to prove,
 'Mid their singing and their praying,
 Naught is worthy fear but love.
 Naught in life and naught in death
 Puts the gallant soul to shame,
 Sealing, with unconscious breath,
 This, the creed its deeds proclaim :
Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime.
 MARY B. DODGE.

CAMPING ON THE LOWER WABASH.

THE train left me on a little platform in the woods. Behind the platform, and like an extension of it, appeared a store, having natives without and within, spitting, and ready to render disinterested service. One or two were bargemen from the river.

"I want to go to a camp near this station," I said to the storekeeper, who was emptying his mail-sack behind two or three post-office boxes.

"Yes,—the engineers'," he replied at once: "they've been in for you two or three times. Just set down and wait a little. Some one'll be here pretty soon. They send for their mail and supplies every day."

The merchant's family came down in squads from their residence over the store, and while I gazed at the stock of soap and dry-goods, woollen hoods and wooden-ware, shovels and candy,

they gazed at me. A neighbor's child also lingered upon the stairs, coffee-pot in hand. I knew by that token it was a neighbor's child, come to "borry" a little milk, or a little of almost anything portable; for the coffee-pot on the Lower Wabash adds to its usual function the duties of pail, basket, or wheelbarrow.

"Here's Henry," said the storekeeper.

There appeared from the woods a square, blue-eyed man in woollen shirt and trousers, taut and trim and reliable-looking. In a very short time I had paid a native for driving me to the boat-landing; Henry, after stowing the baggage forward, spread a rug for me in the stern of his skiff, and we were off down the river to camp.

Of course the Wabash has been sneered at, but there are few lovelier rivers. It may be the cradle of malaria,

but it is a cradle adorned with noble trees and countless islands, curtained with pale blue mists and blanketed with opal, through which the sun strikes with wonderful effect. The water looks limpid, and makes a delicious bath, no matter what the consequences may be. How blue and fair it stretched away to the south as the boat moved with its current! The bosky woods on the Indiana shore, the willow plumes and sycamore shafts, the glint of water and reaches of white gravel, moved in ceaseless panorama.

"We come to de Grand Chain," said Henry: "it is jüst below a little."

His aquiline nose and serious face were so un-German that they stamped him Scotch to the eye, but his idiom was unmistakable.

We passed through a chute of the Grand Chain,—so called because a chain of rocks here had formerly extended across the river, barring the passage of boats. But engineering skill made and walled the chute, on every side of which boil rapids. The water pours through this passage like a mill-race. Iron rings are anchored in the rocks at intervals of a few rods, by means of which heavy boats going up-stream may tow themselves against the current. A skiff is towed by the rowers, one remaining in it with an oar to push it clear of the rocks; and this they call, after the Canadians, *cordelling*.

"Shall we meet any steamer, Henry?" I inquired.

"You meet him in de fall and winter when de water is high. Now, yust one run down from New Harmony to de station."

The river looked wide and high enough, but water-marks and drift were to be seen far beyond the banks. How delicious was this moving down-stream! How charming the very first rain-drops which fell! How snug to be under a waterproof and umbrella! and when another umbrella became necessary to protect my feet, how sweet the glamour of the Wabash even when wet! How easy it was to gush about scenery with streams of water running down one's

neck, the wind blowing guns, and a brown dress rubbing off green at every touch! And there was the delight in reserve of landing in spurting shoes and climbing a steep bank as sleek as glass.

The curtains of the family group of tents closed on me, and I was reclothed and warmed with hot drinks and turtle-soup, before I would look at the Wabash again.

The civil engineer's men were encamped at a little distance. All the tents faced the river, and were enclosed in a spacious lawn, the grounds of an old settler whose log house made a picturesque pile against its background of woods.

It is more cheerful to be rolled in a snug cot under canvas, and hear rain beating on the fly overhead, than to look out next morning on a sullen landscape. But the children saw nothing in this aspect of the Wabash to prevent their taking their noon bath. Clad in their bathing-suits, they floated out into the middle of the river, holding to a boat rowed by Gentleman Will, and their mamma laughed as she watched them disporting themselves on a hidden sand-bar.

The day cleared. The sun waxed hot. The civil engineer and his men disappeared in their boats around a bend in the river, with the exception of Henry, who was general messenger for the camp.

The woods all around were wild, tangled, and rocky, full of ferns and golden-rod, with an occasional spike of cardinal flower, and the river-gravel was mixed with Indian beads and odd petrifactions. The settler—and he was a genial old gentleman with long white beard and a cane—came out to improve acquaintance with his chance neighbors and complain about the raid some vandals unknown had made upon his Indian mounds. There were three high hills in his forest, containing bones and sacred relics of the Shawnee tribe, which the settler's father and grandfather had promised that tribe should never be disturbed.

"I wouldn't 'a' had it happen for

money," said the old man disconsolately. "I can't think who'd do such a thing, unless it was Stone. But he declares he never done it. He's got a collection down by the station. It 'ud pay you to stop and look at it. A good deal of Indian pottery and curiosities. He corresponds with some men at the Smithsonian Institute. I've seen the letters. But I'd like to know who broke into my mounds. It wouldn't be good for'm!"

In the evening two great camp-fires were lighted, one at the men's quarters and one in front of the family tents. We drew our camp-chairs close to the out-door hearth, and brooded over the beauties of rose-red logs. The great darkness outside this glow enclosed us like a shell. Overhead a sycamore stretched loops of grape-vine on its fingers. A voice from the men's quarters burst out with,—

"Injun-puddin' and a punkin-pie,
Hold the pass over Jordan!
Injun-puddin' and a punkin-pie,
Oh, Jerusa-lam!"

"Singing John," said the engineer's wife. "What a merry fellow he is!"

The engineer himself smiled.

"You'd think so if you had seen him dancing a break-down on a sand-bar in November, when the wind was cutting us like knives."

A figure drifted across the grave outside the rim of light, toward the men's quarters. It was Dan, the settler's youngest, a lad on stilty legs, but whose dark-eyed, oval face, in spite of the ague, was angelic in beauty. Studied in light or shade, before the chill came on, or while he was "chilling," it seemed celestial.

"Dan moves like the spirit of a Shawnee," I remarked.

"He's been helping to move Shawnee bones," said the engineer. "He told the boys he was in at the opening of those mounds."

"If his father knew it! But what did they find?"

"Bones."

"Nothing else?—no pottery or arrows?"

"Outsiders don't know. They left one skeleton standing against a tree, but it was taken away."

"Have you seen the excavations?"

"Yes; and there is nothing else to be seen."

I was not satisfied without exploring the mounds myself on the first cool day, piloted by the cook, and accompanied by one of the children. The ascent was nearly enough perpendicular to make bushes and logs conveniences to hold by. Dense ferny woods rose to the summits, where the digging had been done. Two trenches crossing each other at right angles were all that could be seen on the first; but ascending the second, we found bones,—plenty of bones: pieces of sutured skull, whitened ribs, and a hard polished tooth with a long fang.

"I want a tomahawk or Indian jug," mourned Rosa, digging her little foot in the ground.

Tomahawks and plenty of Indian jugs had been found along the river.

"Go to Bone Bank," urged Henry, when the desirability of aboriginal pottery was laid before him. "You git plenty. Oh, yes, ma'am. I got chugs and t'ings. I leave him on de flat-boat. I not know what to do wid him. I did not know you vos coming."

"Oh, Henry, if you had only kept them!"

"Yes, ma'am. But, you see, I did not know you want dem."

Bone Bank was declared by the civil engineer to be now a mere rift of bones. All the relics of value had been carried away.

We swung in hammocks, or searched the Posey county strand, or explored the high banks, finding dirty barn-yards and sleepy-looking inhabitants, the Southern gum-tree and the richly-loaded pecan, or descended into a boat-house moored to a stump. There was a coon chained to a ring on deck, disporting itself after the manner of coons. The boat-house consisted of two rooms, and its only ornaments were some illustrated papers pasted against the wall.

A strong smell of coffee pervaded the place, which seemed very clean. The

boat-wife had a dish face and sore eyes: still, she was happy and complacent.

"Do you like to live on the water?" we inquired. The Wabash lapped the sides of her residence.

"Why, yes, I do. I like to travel 'round from one place to t'other."

"Does your husband fish?"

"Yes; but he's got a job o' cuttin' wood now."

"You don't drink river-water?" I asked, with thirsty but wary lips.

"No: we git water from the spring up the bank. This bank's full o' springs."

She showed us a net-work of many liquid threads coming down to the river, now gathering into a pool, and now over-running that.

"But what do you do when the river rises?" asked one of the children.

"Oh, the boat just rises with it. In the spring of the year the river overflows everything. When all of 'em in the bottoms had to leave the'r houses, I had a good home."

Here was an Arcadian being, three hours' ride from civilization, whose wants and existence were bounded by the river. She knew nothing about the telephone, and her calico dress was cut without reference to the *Bazar*. Yet she knew herbs, and exclaimed at once over a purple, plummy tuft I offered her, "That's black nettle-bloom. The tea o' that'll cure the worst case o' bold hives." She called up the bank to us a few minutes after, "The woods in Posey is full o' paw-paws,—if you like 'em."

We did not like 'em, but, as her skiff was soon shooting across the Wabash in the direction of Posey, we supposed she did.

On the bluff, a few steps from the old settler's gate, were two or three ancient grave-stones, all that remained to show where a hundred and fifty older settlers' bones reposed. The slabs were stained and dark, and the inscriptions seemed to have been scratched on with a knife. One was,—

Sacred to the Memory of
GROOMBRIGHT BAILEY,
Born in Baltimore, Maryland,
May —, A.D. 1732.
Died, May, A.D. 1817.

The other bore a rude Masonic compass and totally-obliterated words, only a name, "Robert Boss," and a date, "A.D. 1820," being decipherable. Slabs of rock, without any mark, seemed to indicate other graves. But cow-bells sounded across them, and the pastoral, happy sighs of these bovine mothers are the only long breaths drawn over them now. Robert Boss's tombstone is broken, and leans against a tree. These burials were made when canoes covered the river and death lurked in the woods around the open grave. But to-day three barefooted juvenile natives, with the inevitable coffee-pot swinging between two of them, trudge past in the sunshine, eating red haws.

The settler's three daughters came and went like slim vests before us. They had all passed their first youth, and were dark-eyed and pale, with abundant locks. They watched the haze rise from the river and counted monotonous days in that old house, which was a shrine of wonders. The old cavernous fireplace was there, roaring with logs on chilly mornings; there also were the smoke-browned beams in the joists, the high-posted bedstead, the family portrait, fifty years old, with butterfly-shaped cap. Miss Betty brought out and showed the carved and pictured sword presented by a grateful State to her uncle for his gallant conduct in Mexico. Miss May had the lace sampler—a yellow treasure of intricate, web-like stitches—which their mother made at the convent-school. Miss Jennie was priestess over some rarely-engraved books. They thought reverently of the great world, and told you, with a complacent air, that they had an aunt "who writes." All their talk was of the past. Life moved slowly and imperceptibly with them, like the walnut and sycamore shadows across the yard. Dan, the young brother, whose delicate face haunted the camp, was the one object of their solicitude.

"I told my youngest sister what you said," he remarked in his deliberate way to Will, the youngest of the men, whose habits hinted of life on a higher

plane, though he was reticent about his past.

"What did I say?" asked Gentleman Will, startled. He had been guilty of a few asides about the susceptibility of fair creatures between thirty and eighty when the settler gave his consent to let the men pitch their tents, providing his girls were not annoyed. He looked uneasily at the angel-faced boy, wondering if the wind had carried anything.

"You said," continued Dan, in his indifferent drawl, "if she liked you—it was all right."

"Holy Moses! You didn't go and tell her any such nonsense as that? I didn't think you'd repeat that stuff."

"I told her," responded Dan, placidly resting his cheeks on his delicate hands; "and she said—it took three of 'em to bring *me* up,—and they can't—under-take—to raise another boy."

The settler was the great man of his neighborhood. He had money, but he clung to the woods and the Wabash because he loved them. "I took the girls and Dan down to Shawnytown one winter," he said; "but two weeks is as long as I can stay away from here myself. I've just been looking over my papers, and found this," continued the old man, producing a letter, which he allowed us to unfold and read. It bore the signature of "A. Lincoln." "Now, wouldn't you suppose Lincoln wrote a great big hand? But he didn't. That's one he wrote to my brother, about a case in the circuit court, when they were practising together. Oh, yes; I knew him a good deal better than I know you. His father didn't amount to anything. 'Twas his stepmother did what was done for him."

At dusk the swallows rose in clouds from the fireplace-chimney and danced in one swift tilted circle. They were silent, too, like bats, seeming to give their whole minds to the business and to throw their chatter for less exhilarating

"visions. Faster and faster the dance did turn—you could not say they were flying. Bonae circle all the time tipping the chimney-mouth, until one row?" a flutter, as if against his will,

dropped into it out of sight. Then two sunk,—under protest,—and two more, and three at a fall, the whirlpool of wings revolving all the time above. So the chimney swallows *them*; and when you think it must be choke full, the last fluttering creature adds itself, seeming to pull dusk in after it. The background of sky is left as if no sharp-winged silhouette had ever flashed across it.

After the dance of swallows, always the camp-fire. Musical John, just recovering from a chill, sang, by the glare in front of the farther tents,—

"Where did he come from?
Where did he go?
Where did he come from,
Cotton-eyed Joe?"

Some of the men, carrying a lantern, went to seine for minnows with which to bait the great line reaching half across the river. We wrapped ourselves and stood on a rock while the net came in. It was palpitating with life, and one or two fish darted like silver flashes over its side into freedom. But something else besides minnows was enmeshed, and plunging with snake-like curves, tearing the net at every movement. One of the men beat it with a stone, and threw out a great gar, three feet long: its armed bill was fully one-fourth its length, and in the throat were three double rows of saw-teeth.

"The boys," said the civil engineer, by the camp-fire, "have been playing a trick on Henry."

That any one could play a trick on Henry seemed incomprehensible. The humble, sweet-natured fellow, faithful and patient as a dog, watched only to do favors. He obeyed the most whimsical commands without a protest. One who could take advantage of his simplicity must be cruel.

"He is desperately in love with a German girl down the river," said the engineer, "and the boys wrote him a letter, saying she would be happy to have him call at a certain time. So Henry put on his best clothes, and went to the girl's house to see her."

"And what did she do?" we asked breathlessly.

"Oh, she just sent word she was particularly engaged, or not at home, or something of the like polite nature, I believe, and he found out the boys did it. He came to me to complain. 'I wants to git efen mit 'em,' said he. I told him, 'Yes, yes; all right.' Will was only a few feet off, and probably heard all he said."

"Poor fellow! it was a shame. And doesn't the girl care for him at all?"

"I don't know. Probably not."

Though the weather was of the love-liest, treacherous is the end of August on the Wabash. Both children got the ague from too much bathing, and the old settler became at once a grandfather and St. Nicholas to them, while his daughters adopted and petted them with jellies. While this state of things lasted, there was no amusement except courses of quinine, and we determined to leave the camp as soon as the small fry could travel. At last there came an evening when a row down the river was attainable. A light moving across it above the north island showed where the men were busy with their trot-line.

There was a heavy swell, and no moon to illuminate it. We women sat in the stern, and Henry rowed, cutting the water with a clean stroke. When we had gone a couple of miles, he made toward a light on the Indiana shore.

"We want to go up the mouth of Big Creek," said the camp hostess. "Does Big Creek come in here, Henry?"

"Yust above it does. But if you want a drink I git him to dis house."

"We don't want a drink, Henry."

"It is a very good spring: petter as you haf at de camp. I knock and git a cup."

"Perhaps there are dogs at this house."

"Oh, no, ma'am," with a chuckle, as if he knew whereof he spoke, "dare is no tawks."

"Well, turn around and take us up Big Creek," said the camp-hostess impatiently. "We don't want to stop here."

I thought he pulled away reluctantly from the high bank.

Big Creek, turbid and full of snags, caught us at the very entrance, and we withdrew into the river again.

For several days I had noticed Henry netting a hammock during all his spare time. He had already made me one, from pure goodness of heart, as consolation for some trinket I had lost.

"It make me feel pad to lose a present," he said. "I nefer had many. I tink it was nice to haf a present. Oh, yes, ma'am, it was a collar-button. I lost him, and nefer find him again. I wore him on all my foy'ges. It was in Russia I lost him."

"Have you been a sailor, Henry?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I ben all rount de worlt,—in Cuby, and de West and East Inties, and Patagony—"

"What lovely things you must have picked up!"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. Dese little shells, you wouldn't look at dem. In de Cheat Riffer is nice shells."

"And what did you do with all the pretty things you found?"

"I yust gif 'em away. Dare was no-pody to keep 'em for."

So, seeing the second hammock was nearly done, I inquired, "Are you making that hammock for yourself, Henry?"

"Why, no, ma'am." He looked toward me half persuasively, as if it were matter for argument. "You see, I haf de cord, and dare was a young latty—I don't know but she got a hammock; but I make dis and see."

"You kind fellow!" I could not help exclaiming.

But Henry pulled out a longer thread from his hammock-bobbin, and rejoined, "Oh, no, ma'am."

"There is just one thing more I want to do before leaving the Wabash," I said, after a moment's consideration. "You know we take the train to-morrow evening at the station. Can't you pull me across the river to that house where the good spring of water is, if you have nothing to do in the afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, with a

contented expression; adding confidentially, "You see, I go dare for putter after I git de mail. Oh, yes, I vill row in and carry your camp-chair down to de boat."

In due time he rowed in, and I noticed he carried the hammock also, tucked under the arm which carried the camp-chair. The children were able to go, and, their mother joining, we made a party across the placid river. It was a brilliant day, and the island toward the south looked like some abode of bliss; while the island toward the north, with a point as clean and fine as that of a shell, was glorious in foliage.

We landed at steps in the steep bank, and, after helping us all out, Henry took his hammock on his arm.

A pleasant American-German woman brought a cup to the spring, which was a short distance from the house. She and the camp-hostess negotiated for butter; but I saw no glimpse anywhere of the "girl" who had taken the sailor's fancy until we were seated in the boat and returning up-stream, when a very blonde and rather pleasing head, with a sun-bonnet pushed from it, looked over the bank at us. Henry did not see her.

"What did you do with your hammock?" I asked him, turning back after we landed.

"I got him in de boat. I haf to go back w'en de putter is churned. Dare is w'are de young laty lives I make him for; but she was not to de house."

The baggage went to the station in a wagon, but we were to row up-river and cordelle past the Grand Chain before primrose dusk faded into darkness, for the moon was new.

The settler and his daughters gave us

the kindest of good-byes, as if we were indissolubly mixed with their lives. He brought out a yellower paper than the autograph letter, stained with a wafer, and addressed to his grandfather at Post St. Vincent, Northwestern Territory, United States of America.

"That's what Vincennes was called when my grandfather first came from Ireland. Yes, it's an old place,—the oldest in the West."

John Burroughs says one always leaves a camp reluctantly, for bits of one's personality are left on every bush or haunting the place like tree-shadows.

There were four men at the oars, Henry among them. As our camp-chairs and the children were being handed into the boat, I noticed a pained look in the sailor's kind face, and wished him so much more good than seemed to fall to his lot.

"She *didn't* have another hammock, did she, Henry?" I asked, as it came my turn to be handed into the boat.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, she did haf a hammock. But," he added, "I gif her de one I made, too. De odder might preak, you know."

"I hope it will, Henry."

From the camp floated out the voice of John the musical, who was staying behind with the men off duty, to enjoy his third chill.

"He's singing 'Hold the parasol over Jordan,'" said Pearl.

It was like the aboriginal spirit of the Wabash shouting gayly over the changes and pains of the human race,—

"Shine on, shine on,
Hold the pass over Jordan.
Shine on, shine on,
Oh, Jerusa-lam!"

M. H. CATHERWOOD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

New York Politics.

IT is the privilege of New York to puzzle and bewilder outside observers by the mixed condition of its politics. The complications that arise in other States are occasional, temporary, and easy of comprehension; those of New York are permanent, inextricable, as obscure in their origin and extensive in their ramifications as the quarrels of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines. Most of the slang in our political vocabulary has come from that source, and the corruption which has overspread the land is supposed to have had the same origin. On the other hand, New York has never been the focus of any principle or sentiment that has taken a strong hold on the popular mind. It has no homogeneousness, no pure traditions, no historical continuity, so to speak. Hence, New Yorkers have never evinced any strong feeling of State pride, like that displayed by the citizens of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, of Virginia and South Carolina. There is a contrast between the rural population and the civic population which is not to be found elsewhere, the former, to a large extent, affiliating with that of New England, the latter, in its chief centre, presenting a greater diversity of elements than any other in the world. A vast field is thus offered for the workings not only of mutual jealousies and conflicting interests, but of intricate manœuvres, combinations, and intrigues. In national contests New York is the most "doubtful" State of all, not merely because parties are there more evenly balanced and the consequent oscillations more frequent than in others, but because it is always a matter of uncertainty whether some mysterious arrangement may not convert a prospective majority into a minority. The disintegration of parties which is slowly

going on throughout the country seems there to be virtually complete. Each party is split into factions more bitterly hostile to each other than to the nominally common enemy. The cause of dissension does not seem to lie in any difference of opinion regarding public measures, local or national. One cannot discover that Tammany and anti-Tammany, Stalwarts and Half-breeds, differ as to the means by which the prosperity of the nation or the State can be best promoted. What they are all engaged in is "practical politics" as defined by our New York President, and there is no pretence of appealing to the people on the ground that the general interests are involved. As mere spectators, however, the people would seem to watch every movement with a lively sympathy. The columns devoted to such matters by the metropolitan press furnish as exciting reading as the police reports or the regular revelations of domestic scandal. In the one case as in the other the flavor is due to the personal seasoning, and the high moral sentiment of the community finds itself agreeably titillated by a succession of shocks. What it is that finally brings the mass of the voters to the polls is a more perplexing question. Perhaps the mere amusement of arbitrating in disputes with which they have no real concern has a good deal to do with it. That their real condition of mind in regard to the result is that of heart-felt indifference may be inferred from the nature of the case.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

The Summer Boarder.

THE summer boarder, although not aiming at a crusade or even a mission, has created a revolution and achieved results of some practical utility in the rural world. It was not the work of a single season to open the primitive mind

to the fact that there was some method in the madness of these city people who came among them, took possession of their spare bedrooms for a season, and invaded fields, meadows, and sea-shores, carrying away weeds, stones, and unpleasant marine monsters as rare trophies. It was a thing to laugh over that "brakes" by the wayside were culled, pressed, and called "ferns;" that the name of a wild-flower was considered important; that crude questions about tides were put, as if even a child did not know about the ebbing and flowing of the sea; that staggering queries concerning the origin of local whims, prejudices, and traditions were asked, as if there was a cut-and-dried answer to every conundrum. The average New-Englander had had no time to think about these things: the primrose on the river's brim had been less than a primrose to him; it was a yellow flower, and nothing more. Considerations of profit, however, induced him to tolerate these vagaries, and the summer boarder, first endured, then pitied, was at last embraced as a beneficent and widening influence, bringing not only money, but clear ideas about the outside world, and novel suggestions concerning the uses of things which had lain dead and inert all about under their hands. The summer boarder now has it all her own way. The new paper on the walls of the boarding-houses is chosen with a view to her edification; an æsthetic touch is given to the mantel-decorations with a peacock-feather or two and a sunflower; concessions are made to her dainty whims at table, and oat-meal and soft-boiled eggs are found on the breakfast-tables, even if they jostle strange companions in the way of flap-jacks, pickles, and doughnuts.

The summer boarder is, in fact, a force. She is not to be confounded with the mere seeker of summer resorts. She is to be found occasionally at the most expensive hotels, but there she is not at home; style and fashion dwarf her powers and hinder the free play of her energies. In her own city and in her own home she may be super-elegant and the glass of fashion, but in the

country she likes a pork-pie hat, stout shoes, gloveless hands, and an alpenstock, unless she carries sketching-apparatus. Apparatus of some kind she is almost certain to carry. She is a seeker, and disdains the thought of any fatigues in her pursuit. She is on the alert to discover, examine, classify. She wants nature, and to live close to nature. A touch of humor in the aborigine charms her. She asks a man the way to Moses' Rock, and he tells her gruffly to go "down the road." "Which way is down the road?" she sweetly demands. "Why, *down* the road is *down* the road, darn it!" is the reply, and she would not have it otherwise for the world. She likes the griwness, bareness, hideousness, intimations of which she comes across in the lives with which her own is mingling for the time. She knows what she undertakes when she goes into the country,—that the days will be long unless she has pursuits,—and she cultivates all her tastes assiduously.

She sketches in sepia and charcoal; she paints in water-colors both flowers and landscapes. Nothing daunts her. She took lessons all last winter, and her teacher praised her work very highly; but she knows she still has something to learn: it is difficult, for instance, to get the exact lights on the sea; those tints are so elusive, and the reflections so misleading; and the lovely color on the mountains, like the bloom of a plum, is not to be reproduced in all its liquid loveliness. X——, a distinguished landscape-painter, was staying the other day at our house, where we have a young-lady artist, of whose work her friends are proud, and she modestly ventured a wish that the great man should criticise her picture of Mt. Moriah, and tell her how to get the atmospheric effects she aimed at: the lights and shadows were not easy, she confessed. This request was carried to X—— by a friend of his and hers, and he expressed such ample willingness to oblige the young lady that, lest he should be disappointed, it was thought best to warn him he must not expect too much from her.

"Her pictures are hard and crude,—in fact, pretty bad," the friend confessed.

"Oh, I knew that," said X—: "*they always are.*"

When he saw the sketches, the youthful artist said that she could not quite get the effect, and asked what she had better do.

"Work at it for thirty years," said X—. "Renounce society, friends, dress, everything except the task in hand, and, after you have given yourself to it, heart and soul and life, perhaps you will be able to do it, and perhaps you will not."

That was, in fact, what X— had done, and he could at last paint the mountains with the mists rolling off their summits. But our young-lady artist did not quite understand his meaning. She surveyed her work with some alarm, and remarked doubtfully afterward that she was afraid Mr. X— considered her picture faulty. Her firm energies did not falter, however: she was off next morning as early as ever, with her satchel and portfolio, and came back to dinner with a new sketch, of which she was sure she was going to make a great deal. And she did well not to be discouraged. What the summer boarder absolutely requires is not high art, but an engrossing pursuit, and it is perhaps well that the mists should not be rubbed off her eyes to enable her to see what execrable things she perpetrates under the name of pictures.

There is another species of summer boarder, less active in body, but equally alert in mind and anxious for interest and novelty. She has all the latest patterns in lace-work and crochet, she does Kensington and other stitches, and talks and listens to her fellow-boarders on the piazza. There is, too, the young lady devoted to tennis, whose first thought is for a tennis-court, and who, after finding the requisite ground, is always looking up somebody to play with her. There is, besides, the chilly boarder, who always wants a fire and dreads draughts; and the boarder who is a bore, and on whose approach every one recollects some important engagement,

or a letter which must be written to catch the mail. Lastly, there is, of course, the literary boarder, as bright-eyed and energetic as the rest, but less openly committed to her work. She does not proclaim her discoveries, nor show her "material," but she hoards it nevertheless. The country lanes, fringed with ferns, asters, golden-rod, and hardback, the perpetual murmur of the mountain-streams, and the dash of the waves upon the rocks in the cove, are to go into little word-pictures, and an old woman's tale, or a little by-play on the tennis-ground or the piazza, will form the basis of a story by and by.

As for the male summer boarder, he is too scarce to be generalized or given as a type of a species: he can only be treated as an individual, so we must omit him. L. W.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Types of Faces.

WHAT is the meaning of that fleeting yet marked likeness which we often observe between faces representing widely different conditions in life and social rank? It looks as if nature might have her whims and her freaks, her coy caprices, sometimes sweet, sometimes cruel, like any other woman. Look at her whichever way you will, she is past finding out, and her purposes never seem more inscrutable than when we are studying the facial peculiarities of her latest progeny,—man. In the midst of the slums and alleys where poverty and vice abide, she drops some heavenly-faced child, like a star from the blue vault above, whose shining—alas!—too quickly goes out. An ugly trick of leering eye or sneering mouth may skip past several generations of blue-blooded pride and carefully-guarded ancestry, and, lodging on the fine sensitive face of some cultured descendant, play havoc with all the rest, belittling and belying the entire countenance.

If the variety of facial types which we meet with astonishes us and defies

our power of analysis, the singular points of likeness which are found to exist between individual faces belonging perhaps to exactly opposite types of character, those accidental capricious resemblances in the faces of men and women which strike on our vision in our goings up and down, are still more difficult to understand. What am I to think when in the midst of the crowded thoroughfare there suddenly looms before my vision, like a wrathful storm-cloud, the dark lowering face of some escaped convict, it may be, and, while I shudder and pass by, I recognize, with an additional shock, in that brutal mouth and chin a copy of somewhat rougher pattern of the classic but heavy features of my fastidious friend Van B——, who lives in an aristocratic mansion, is the graduate of several institutions of learning, and holds himself too proud to own an ignoble impulse or father an unworthy deed? The beggar who whined at the area for a breakfast this morning, in spite of his soiled and slouching look, bore an unmistakable resemblance in that downward droop of the eyelid to a valued acquaintance who lives in the next street and devotes herself to the collecting of funds for the distribution of hymn-books among the unlettered tribes of South Africa. That ragged urchin who swept my sidewalk yesterday had a face as expressionless as a batter-ladle, except for a slight, sly uplifting of one eyebrow, reminding me forcibly of the impassive but shrewd face of my respected legal adviser, whom the credulous confidence of myself and other admiring clients has elevated to a comfortable competence, graced with the dignity of a seat in the State legislature.

But there are other likenesses, of more pleasant description, as that which I have discovered between the good-natured meat-man at the corner, who supplies my morning porter-house and noon-day roasts, and my favorite young friend Rosa Lightheart. The one is a big burly countryman, awkward and commonplace everywhere except behind his meat-counter, while the other is a piece of dainty attractive ladyhood, witty,

graceful, affectionate, and intelligent; yet the same pair of blue eyes seems to sparkle in both faces, and the dancing rays shed a glad content wherever they fall.

Dickens showed himself a perfect master in the art of delineating these soul-likenesses. Taking two characters far removed from each other in birth and external circumstance, he proceeds to show, with wonderful skill and insight, how one—the lower, coarser variety—acts as a kind of haunting shadow to the other. Thus, in "Dombey and Son" Mrs. Brown and Alice are the wretched prototypes of Mrs. Skewton and her daughter Edith, acting out the same ghastly farce in their daily lives, prompted by the same bad, dangerous passions, and urged by the same motives of selfish greed and revenge, the whole made the more hateful because of their wretched surroundings of wickedness and dirt. The reader remembers Mrs. Skewton, a kind of ancient butterfly, whose wings, having long since lost the power of flight, still serve to keep up a feeble flutter and gaudy display. Where Mrs. Skewton was mincingly affectionate toward her "dearest Edith," Mrs. Brown was dotingly fond of her "handsome gal Ally." Where the pride of Edith was cold and repellent, encasing her like ice, that of Alice was savage and defiant. Both daughters were beautiful and of the same type,—dark, proud, passionate, rebellious against fate and powerless to affect it. Both were trafficked away like a piece of merchandise, and then compelled to listen to the whimpering reproaches of the mothers who had reaped the profits of their unrighteous bargain. In *Nadgett*, the spy who figures in the disgraceful scenes which make up the history of the Chuzzlewit family, we have an example in both physical and moral attributes of the same type to which Tullingshorn, the respectable solicitor of the Dedlock family, whose story is told in "Bleak House," belongs. Both are silent and watchful as fate itself, and as omnipresent. Both have devoted their lives to the discovery of other men's

secrets. Nadgett is described as "a short, dried-up, withered old man, mildewed, threadbare, shabby," while Mr. Tulkinghorn's appearance everywhere bore testimony to the dignity and respectability of his calling. Mr. Nadgett haunted the by-ways and alleys, and was a kind of moral dustman. Mr. Tulkinghorn visited the houses of the great, and silently probed their hearts while he drank their wines and thrived on their munificent patronage. If destiny had obliged them to change places, each would have continued in the same congenial employment, and the world would never have known the difference.

There is a certain picture-game which children find very amusing, while their elders cannot help receiving some very plain and instructive hints from it. It consists of four faces on a card, all of them of the type of the villain, hypocrite, and sharper. Fold this card transversely once, twice across, and you have the portrait of a man standing high in the world's honor and esteem. Unfolding the card, and studying our four villains' faces more closely, we discover that none of them is more than three-quarters villanous, and it is the remaining quarters pieced together which make up the face of our hero. The children are puzzled and entertained. How to make one face out of four is the only problem suggested to them; but the older members of the household look at each other in dismay, reading new and unpleasant possibilities in each other's well-known countenances.

Perhaps the great lesson to be taught is that of charity, an old familiar theme, but not yet outworn. We are all made of the same poor, glorious stuff of human nature,—the prince and peasant, the fine lady and her servant, the petted idol of society and the degraded outcast against whom she slams her righteous doors. Say nature had several moulds in the beginning, one for the saint, another for the sinner, one for the hypocrite, another for the philanthropist,—some accident must have occurred in the days of her early housekeeping by which they

were broken all at once, and in the mending process the pieces became sadly and grotesquely mis-mated. The villain's eyebrow was plastered against the cheek of purity, and the philanthropist's forehead set above the thick protruding lips of the sensualist. Nature may have regretted it at first, not liking mended crockery any better than the rest of her sex; but when she saw how easily the poor human material with which she had to deal slipped into these distorted shapes, she may have become more reconciled.

But a better theory is that man is his own potter; that the shaping influences of character and destiny are within as well as without; that discipline is a stronger force than circumstance. Perhaps the best use of physiognomy is that, in so freely advertising our faults to the public along with our virtues, it also offers the highest inducement to our pride and self-respect to diminish the stock of the former and lay in a larger supply of the latter. C. P.

General Jackson's Old Servants.

VISITING "the Hermitage" not long ago, I found two old servants who had belonged to General Jackson and had never left the place where they were born. Not those of the old hero's own blood could feel greater pride of birth or a more religious reverence for his name.

The present incumbent at the Hermitage is a lady in feeble health, who never receives visitors. So "Aunt Gracie" was our *cicerone*. I should like to send you her picture. Little and wrinkled and upright, neat and dignified, with an even low voice, she is very much of a person indeed. That General Jackson was the greatest man that ever lived is as fixed in her mind as the eyes in her head, and she feels that his lightest word has a value demanding caution and dignity in her repetition. She took us through the house, showing us her master's books and sword and favorite chair; this last comfortably facing Washington's arm-chair, so that neither need be moved

an inch if ever the two great ghosts want to talk together in the dim old room. Then we went through the old-fashioned garden, neglected with a method, one might say, so pleasing was it in its wanton growth and neglected wealth of roses. We seated ourselves on the granite steps of the tomb, under the dome with its Corinthian pillars, planned by the restless brain it covered, and read the inscriptions on the two flat slabs,—the one long and of a pathetic eloquence, the other bearing only the name "Andrew Jackson" across its surface.

"He said if dar was mo' ter telli, history would tell it," said Aunt Gracie in a solemn voice.

By this time her husband, Uncle Alfred, ragged hat in hand, had joined us from the field. He was more voluble than Aunt Gracie, and I have no doubt she has reproved him in many a lecture for talking too familiarly of a master who was President of the United States.

"He was a great company-keeper, de general was," said Uncle Alfred: "he always kep' de front do' open. Never made no difference between rich an' po', pervided dey had behavior. You know dar's a heap o' difference betwixt jist a man an' a gentleman."

Uncle Alfred was evidently a tremendous old aristocrat.

"De general never got mad," he said, "unless you disputed him, an' he found you was on *de realities*; den his blood would rise."

This was rather obscure, but we inferred from it that the general only "got mad" when he perceived that his opponent was in the right.

"As for whippin' any of us, I ain't never seed him tech one o' de grown niggers, but sometimes he would twig de young uns,—hol' der heads between his legs, you know, an' twig 'em a little, jest as he mought one of his own chillen. Oh, he was a mighty *punctual, up-headed, strong-minded gentleman*."

In answer to an inquiry of how Christmas was spent at the Hermitage, Aunt Gracie, by way of impressing us with the general elegance of things under

the old *régime*, declared loftily that "it was Christmas all de year roun'," But Uncle Alfred came in with, "Den de *real* Christmas, dat was a time. We would all go up to de house jes' like a troop of soldiers. Mis' Rachel she would gib de women presents, an' de general would gib de men sto'-clothes, an' head-hankerschers, an' terbaccar. Den we would draw rations fur de week's holiday,—flour an' sugar an' coffee an' tea. An' we would walk roun' de house singin', de general a bowin' an' a-wavin' his hat at de front do'. An' by de time we had got roun' to de back do', dar he was to receive our greetin's."

"He didn't have a servant but would 'a' died for him," said Aunt Gracie softly.

The Hermitage is not paid for, and when an appropriation for the State debt was voted on, not long ago, old Alfred got all the negroes within his influence to vote for it "for the sake of General Jackson's home and honor." We felt great respect for the gray old head that the general may have "twigged," and were quite ready to invest in the hickory sticks Uncle Alfred makes and sells to visitors as souvenirs. When asked the price, he said "he did not want to fix a price, but hoped we wouldn't think ten cents too much"! S. B.

An Amateur General.

"YES, it was a cur'us war, takin' it all in all," and old Joe Johns crossed his wooden leg over the sound one and eyed it tenderly,—“a cur'us war, and I got up a battle all by myself oncet. 'Taint in hist'ry, though, 'cause I never told nobody. You see, I got tired, as we all did, a-lyin' there and waitin' with the enemy right before us. Why, it was just like two cats a-fightin', eyin' one 'nother, and nothin' hinderin' but just to pitch in. So I got to plannin' what I'd do if I was runnin' things. I looked it over like a game o' checkers, and as I studied it out I just put it down on a bit o' paper. I mapped out the enemy's camp near as I could guess at it, and I ought to knowed it purty well by this time, for I watched 'em close enough.

A big tree about midway between camps I called the pivot. First I moved the hull business over a leetle, with a piece here and a piece there, and another back a ways to command the road for retreat in case o' disaster. I throwed out guards, formed a line to the left, and massed the main body for to just sweep the board, as 'twere. To make things safer like for our side, I just marked reinforcements along a road to our right rear,—to be sure, I put 'em a good ways off, for I wa'n't sure about that,—and—and there we was all ready for an attack. To make it more real like, I dated it the 23d, though this was only the 21st. Then I copied it all keerfully on clean paper and throwed the old one away. I minded afterward that I'd seen a staff-officer stop and pick it up awhile after and twist it up like he was goin' to light his pipe, but thought nothin' of it just then. That night things begun to move, secret like, and maybe not noticeable to an unobserver; but a regiment would scud around to the left, a squad of cavalry to the right, infantry settled down like bees in a swarm till the foreground was black with 'em. But when I saw the artillery plant themselves I tumbled! Yes, I thought fust look I was dreamin'; then I knowed how 'twas: the general had stole my plan, out and out! I took out my copy and found the idea all carried out. The whole camp had—almost unbeknownst to themselves—got up and turned over. I was around purty general next day, and everywhere, so far's I could see, nothin' was omitted, but every detail follered to a dot. All of a sudden I got skeered and anxious like,—felt the responsibility, I s'pose,—and kept thinkin', What if I had made a mistake, or neglected some p'int or other? The suppressed excitement of the troops began to oppress me, and I had an awful feelin' of havin' their lives and the fate of the country in my hands.

"That night, when relieved from picket near the big tree, the pivot,—blest if I could help it, but I just stole off a ways to view the situation. There she

lay, just like a paneramer, only a better picture than I'd drawn myself. I was just carried away with enthusiasm, and went a little furdur and a little furdur. 'Golly, boys, you've got her down fine!' I hollered, and I—well, I went a leetle too fur, that's all, and got gobbled up by a reconnoiterin' party of the enemy that was pryin' around, mayhaps suspicious of the looks o' things. Of course they found the copy, and made out from it and from what they could see for themselves that our folks was ready to attack them just when the time come. They seemed particu'ly interested in the reinforcements which I had guessed at and marked as comin', and, to outwit them and surprise them before the looked-for aid arrived, an immediate attack was ordered.

"The charge which follered was just what I meant it should be, and just what I knowed our boys was ready for, if it was sudden. Thinks I, If I commanded the enemy in our own interest, I would order it just so; yet here I be, a poor prisoner, literally commandin' both armies! It was the purtiest game of solitaire I ever played.

"I couldn't tell much how things was goin' for a while, but when the retreat come I was there,—up to snuff, you bet! When they dashed one way I broke another,—hooked across lots, you might say,—and was soon at the big tree; but, blast my eyes! what did I see but our own army skedaddlin' pell-mell around the hill, both armies in full retreat, flyin' in opposite directions, like the deuce was in 'em! I alone held the field. Why not? Wa'n't it my fight?

"I larnt, after, that the enemy had only meant to give 'em a brush and fall back before the reinforcements came up; and to cover their own retreat they had sent out skirmishers to embarrass the supposed reinforcements; but our men, takin' it for a flank move of some sort, promptly fell back to the position I had suggested in the plan. I couldn't blame 'em. What! Lost *this* limb in *that* battle? No. Bless you, no! We lived to fight another day,—with them same fellers, too."

V. P. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Records of Later Life." By Frances Anne Kemble, Author of "Records of a Girlhood." London: Richard Bentley & Son.

THERE can be few memoirs so full and so frankly written as Mrs. Kemble's which could be brought out during their writers' lifetime with so little fear of offence or sacrifice of truth,—few which could meet like these Records at once the prohibitions of to-day and the demands of to-morrow. The very nature of the material would render this impossible in a large number of cases. Things necessary to the understanding of posterity are often unpleasant to contemporary ears, and the public is continually calling for erasures on the most characteristic and therefore the most truthful pages of biographies. On the other hand, a memoir which bristles with reserves is like an affectation of throwing the house open to the public after the rooms have been swept and garnished and every trace of the every-day life which goes on within its walls removed. It is the daily life, the actual character, which makes the value of a biography, and omissions can be best made where they least affect the truthfulness of the impression. Mrs. Kemble, to judge from the tone of the Records, has had few reserves to make. The main circumstances of her life are already familiar, and any more detail in regard to them would have been unnecessary. It is not the people who impart to us all their outside affairs whom we know or wish to know well, but those who converse with us most unreservedly. And there is nothing that can be called cynical in the frankness of Mrs. Kemble's conversation. She has no gossiping interest in people apart from her own relations with them, and within these relations she takes them very much for granted, without the uncomfortable perceptions of their motives which a less sturdy egotism or a closer observation of human nature is apt to give. There is no scandal here about Queen Elizabeth, the late Mr. Pierce Butler, or any one else; there is the utmost good taste, and, at the same time, an entire freedom of tone. "Records of Later Life" is a more genial and mellow book, to our minds, than its predecessor, "Records of a Girlhood." The anecdotes are, perhaps, not

more amusing, but the padding—we are forced to give it that name now and then—is of a more interesting nature. There are a good many pages in this book, as in the former one, which contain little that is of actual importance, but we have always found them readable and sometimes suggestive.

Undisturbed and absolute enjoyment is, however, impossible under the arrangement which Mrs. Kemble has seen fit to adopt throughout in her autobiography. A large part of her material, and that the most entertaining and the best-written part,—the reminiscences,—is enclosed between brackets, as the gist of a woman's letter goes into the postscript. The reader's ideas of time and place are confused again and again, and his sense of form outraged, by finding a short letter laid open for the insertion of a distended paragraph, perhaps several pages long, explaining or following up a chance allusion. We never feel quite sure whether what we are reading is in parenthesis or not; moreover, we occasionally find ourselves twenty years out of count as to the date of a transaction, and unable to guess whether it took place in London or New York, at Lenox or Butler Place. It is always pleasant in reading to have a clear sense of our whereabouts; and a somewhat more definite plan, which would have insured this and thrown the reminiscences into greater prominence, would have improved the book without detracting from its spontaneity. The correspondence might also have been sifted a little by the omission of letters which go over the same ground; but this is a matter of very little consequence. A reader is always at liberty to skip if he chooses: for our own part, we prefer, in reading a good biography, to exercise the reverse privilege and miss nothing.

If we began by skipping, we should have to pass over the letter to Mrs. Jameson, which is the first thing in the book, and which looks, and is, didactic to an alarming degree, but is nevertheless a curious and very characteristic production. It gives a lucid explanation of the writer's own marriage, and a compact homily on the institution of matrimony, all under one cover.

"I expected from it [matrimony] rest,

quiet, leisure to study, to think, and to work, and legitimate channels for the affections of my nature." These are sober expectations, if this were not a world which is apt to pay as little regard to our reasonable wishes as to our whims. When we read farther and find a strong plea for the union of dissimilar natures, on the ground of the exercise which it affords for "forbearance, toleration, and the sifting of one's own opinions and feelings and testing their accuracy and value by contact and contrast with opposite feelings and opinions," it needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us the *dénouement*. The tone of the letters would be actually unpleasant if it were not for a certain earnestness and the *naïve* ineffectiveness of the reasoning. It is characteristic only of one side of the writer. In the "Records of a Girlhood" we have already seen these apparently opposite traits lying side by side,—a passionate, romantic temperament, and a strong taste for logic. It was the case of an earnest young person constantly plotting against her own nature and continually giving way to it. Nature, we rejoice to see, gains ground as the memoir proceeds, and the whole impression which Mrs. Kemble leaves on her readers is that of a somewhat positive nature, but not a cold or calculating one.

Dogmatic as it is, there is something wholesome and invigorating about Mrs. Kemble's common sense, and many little things in her memoirs of small interest in themselves are interesting because viewed by a strong, clear intelligence and narrated in an admirable style. After some desultory stories about spiritualism, which coincide with everybody else's experience in that line, Mrs. Kemble goes right to the heart of the matter in a brief comment: "Belief in such supernatural agencies betokens, in my opinion, an absence of poetical imagination as well as of spiritual faith,"—a word which we would like to recommend, not to believers, but to the class of over-awed dilettanti. On another occasion she speaks of "a large assembly of our finest (and bluntest) people," summing up an artistic experience in a single phrase. Here is another bit which is suggestive and possibly true: "The latent expression of a face is a curious study for physiognomists, and is sometimes strikingly at variance with that which is habitual, as well as with the general character of the features."

Of Adelaide Kemble, when making

her first essays on the lyric stage, her sister writes with loving but careful criticism. Speaking of her "Norma," she says, "There is very little too much action, and that which appears to me redundant may simply seem so because her conception of the character is in some of its parts impulsive where it strikes me as concentrated, and would therefore be sterner and stiller in its effect than she occasionally makes it."

Each of the sisters had a little encounter with Lady Holland, and we cannot help fancying that there is an indication of their respective characters in these tournaments with the autocrat of Holland House. Her ladyship dropped her handkerchief, and transferred to Adelaide Kemble, who was sitting beside her, the honor of picking it up. After a moment's hesitation, looking at her antagonist's portly figure, and mindful of her years, Miss Kemble's native sweetness of disposition overmastered her pride, and she handed the handkerchief to its owner, to be met with the stinging rejoinder, "Ah! I knew you would do it." Mrs. Butler stood her ground more firmly. Commanded by Lady Holland to change her seat at a dinner-table for one next her own, she obeyed out of consideration for the hostess, but determined to hold her tongue "to spite her," and obstinately remained dumb throughout the meal.

Carlyle has somewhere pointed out that the best biographies are, or used to be, those of players, who were more indifferent than other people to the public gaze. The work before us would seem to confirm this statement. It is written in a large, easy style, and in its *abandon* and careless self-revelation there is something of the trained unconsciousness of the actor. Mrs. Kemble has delighted one generation by her acting, another by her reading, and we believe that lovers of biography for a long time to come will turn to her memoirs and find pleasure in them.

There has been a good deal of delay in bringing this book before the American public; but the American edition, when it finally issues from Mr. Holt's careful press, will be furnished with an index,—a convenience which the English publishers seem to think unnecessary.

"Kinley Hollow:" A Novel. By G. H. Hollister. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

SOME novelists—George Eliot is a con-

spicuous example—have drawn the material for their most popular stories from the recollections of their childhood. The scenes from which they received their earliest conceptions of human life, which called into activity their fresh powers of observation, and which they unwittingly studied with the keen interest of a traveller landing on unfamiliar shores among a strange people, are invested in the retrospect with a charm which is all the stronger for the changes that have made these memories relics of a bygone existence, exclusive and sacred possessions beside which the things of to-day are common and unattractive. Especially do such writers love to recall habits and characters that were survivals of a still earlier period, and were consequently quaint, picturesque, and associated with traditions that fed and stimulated the imagination of the youthful, perhaps unnoticed or unregarded, listeners who were to preserve and immortalize them. Hence in the class of fiction to which we refer it is neither an historical past nor an actual present that we find depicted, neither a kind of life known to the writer only through books nor one fully familiar to him from personal experience, but that of the generation immediately preceding his own, made vivid by direct report and by the vestiges it had left. "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "The Mill on the Floss," deal with a state of society of which the author had seen only the traces, but which had been revived for her by the talk of her elders when recalling their own youth. The "Scotch novels" of Scott, most of Hardy's stories, those of Erckmann-Chatrian, and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" are examples of the same kind, contrasting in this respect with the productions of Fielding, Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope, and novel-writers in general.

"Kinley Hollow" is a study of village life in Connecticut at the beginning of the present century, and owes its interest not only to the minute acquaintance it evinces with the subject, but to a feeling which has enabled the author to assume with success the tone of a contemporary. Like many similar books, it is autobiographical in form, and the verisimilitude is the more easily preserved that the narrator, Frank Everett, confines himself to the story of his youth, and introduces as the chief figures people already advanced in life and representative of a state of things that was passing away. The transition was not a very perceptible one, the era

of great and rapid changes being still far ahead. It was mainly apparent in the gradual relaxation of that stern discipline which the Puritans had imposed and against which nature was always inciting a revolt. Doctrinal strictness was yielding not to direct attacks, but to the effects of an insidious mildness of statement on the part of some, and of an intolerance that had become repulsive on the part of its more zealous defenders. A like softening of parental rigor and modification of the tone and habits of the community were going on, not without a struggle, but without any violent conflict. In dealing with these elements Mr. Hollister shows himself thoroughly at home. Several of the characters, especially the hero's father, Deacon Everett, and his maternal grandfather, Mr. Baker, are well drawn and life-like, and such of the incidents as have an intimate connection with the social aspects of the time and help to portray them are effectively related. But the love-story which is perforce inwoven with the narrative is disagreeable and unnatural, and the events by which it is brought to its termination belong to the weakest kind of melodrama. Mistakes of this kind show that the author had misconceived not so much his own powers as the taste of the public.

Books Received.

Sheaves: A Collection of Poems. By Harriet Converse. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Political Conspiracies preceeding the Rebellion. By Thomas M. Anderson, Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Outlines of Ancient History. By P. V. N. Myers, A.M. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Beauty in the Household. By Mrs. T. W. Dewing. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida. Edited by William J. Rolfe. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Look Before You Leap: A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Freckles. By Rebecca Fergus Rodeliff. New York: John W. Lovell Co.

A Garland from Greece. By George Francis Armstrong, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

THE CRUISE OF THE VIKING.*



THROUGH THE GUT OF CANSO, FROM HAWKESBURY.

YACHTING is a royal sport, and the true yachtsman, like the poet, is "born, not made." He can pace his quarter-deck and quaff potent draughts from the intoxicating cup of power, for he is an autocrat within the wooden boundaries of his realm. Yachting is a luxury which only the rich can afford, but, unlike most luxuries, the enjoyment of it combines the essentials for perfect

health with pleasures the most varied. The sailor breathes pure air, and malaria finds firmly barred the entrance to a yachtsman's home. The heat of

summer is tempered by the wave-creating breeze,—bracing by day and sleep-producing by night. An out-door, open-air life whets the appetite, and brings color to the pallid cheek. Ploughing the waters with a good whole-sail breeze keeps our whole being in a constant state of mild exhilaration, and enables the will to shake off the lethargy induced by the monotonous routine of daily work, anxiety, and

care. The restful peace of life on the water—with your time your own, your field of exploration practically unlimited, and the duration of your stay in any one place entirely within control—affords the alternations in life which nature demands, and the recreation which the jaded mind and body so eagerly crave. Every man upon your boat has but the single purpose of unquestioningly carrying out your will. Are you wearied of *this* anchorage? But a word, and your graceful bird's white wings are opened to the breeze, and by morning's light the entire scene has changed,—the grass-clad, rolling fields, at whose base the sea so gently surges, rocking the pebbles up and down the sandy shore, have vanished, and are replaced by angry waters madly venting their impotent fury upon the massive crags of old Cape Ann.

From the hills of home forth-looking, far beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the head-land of Cape Ann.
Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing town.

What more can man desire in his hours of leisure than to bound with swift courser's speed over the foam-crested billows of old ocean, or to rest at ease "in safety moored" within the protecting arms of any one of our countless beautiful harbors? The ideal yacht is not a mere racing-machine, any more than the ideal man is a champion pedestrian. It is not a *thing* of canvas and boards eagerly clutching after cups and trophies, as Gaspard struggled for gold. The yachtsman who treats his craft merely as an expensive toy fails to obtain the real pleasure appurtenant to its possession. For him "yachting" is but the synonyme of extravagance, another form of excitement, a pleasure most substantially enjoyed by proxy. As a lay figure for marine architects, the racing yacht has its uses and its proper field. But it is the cruising yacht—the stoutly-built, able, roomy boat—which best develops yachting and gives it practical use and precedence over other sports.

Owing to its insular position and the

stormy seas in which the yachtsman has to sail, the English yacht must be primarily a sea-going boat. We have no intention of discussing anew the much-debated question of keel or centre-board, or of favoring the cutter model in preference to the shallow, broad-beamed American type. A happy medium between the two will probably give the most satisfactory results. But it is a fact that in the English yacht safety and stability are *first* considered, and as a consequence English yachts have circumnavigated the globe, sailed around Land's End and Good Hope, cruised the length and breadth of the Mediterranean and the Baltic, explored the icy regions of the North, and wintered in the tropics. In 1852, the little Teazer, of but twenty-five tons' burden, went to the West Indies and back. The Vivid, of the same tonnage, went safely to Australia in 1864. During the Crimean War, the tiny Pet, of but eight tons,—“as long as a drawing-room and as broad as a four-post bed,”—sailed from England and cruised around the Baltic; while the still smaller Kate, of five tons' burden, went in safety around the British Isles. Records of long and venturesome cruises by English boats have been kept in the log-books of the Silver Cloud, Widgeon, Orion, Frolic, Elena, Leo, and others, while among larger yachts we recall the journeyings of the Sunbeam, Pandora, Northumbria, Lancashire Witch, Steire, Foam, and many more. Among American boats, the smallest of our registered yachts—excluding such boats as the Red, White, and Blue, the Nonpareil raft, and the dories—that has crossed the Atlantic was the sloop Charter Oak, of twenty-three tons, in 1857. Others to follow were the America, Sylvie, Chris, Columbus, Gypsy, Alice, Henrietta, Fleetwing, Vesta, Sappho, Dauntless, Intrepid, Meteor, Wanderer, Enchantress, Faustine, and Viking. Comparatively few of our boats have made long cruises,—excepting the Nettie and Josephine, none have left any record of long trips,—although some have made winter cruises to Florida and the West Indies.

It is of a long cruise, and in many respects of a novel one, that this article proposes to treat. And in briefly reviewing the leading incidents in the cruise of the *Viking* it is assumed that the reader has little acquaintance with large yachts or with their management. Experienced yachtsmen will therefore in all probability find the narrative too detailed to suit their taste. The "general reader" is the one for whom this account of a yacht-cruise has been written. The oftener similar voyages are undertaken, the better for the growth of a yachting spirit and the development of true yachtsmen.

The outside trip from New York to Chicago in a pleasure-boat had been made but once before our attempt,—by the *Idler*, in 1879,—the Countess of Dufferin coming to New York only from Coburg, Ontario. It offers those who make it every variety of ocean, gulf, strait, river, canal, and lake navigation. The course taken carries the sailor far from land upon the unquiet waters of the Atlantic, skirts the rocky, wreck-strewn coast of Nova Scotia, passes within a stone's throw of the coal-seamed hills of Cape Breton, leads by the lowlands of Prince Edward's Island, affords varied views of the beautiful scenery upon the broad St. Lawrence, transports you and your boat up mountains and around roaring rapids on the bosom of the "raging canawl," and gives a taste of fresh-water navigation to the extent of nearly one thousand miles upon four of the great lakes. In the case of the *Viking* the trip was undertaken at the close of one of the coldest and most inclement winters we have ever had,—when, on the last days of the second month of spring, Lake Michigan, at its southern end, was a nearly solid mass of ice, the Straits of Mackinac were still unnavigable, and the gulf and river St. Lawrence well filled with ice-mountains and drift-ice. Every variety of weather and climate was both anticipated and encountered,—snow-storm and summer heat, biting cold and wintry blasts, heavy seas and waters as unruffled as the mirror's surface. And yet I ven-

ture to say that no lover of yachting could have asked for keener pleasure, no similar journey could have been made more comfortably or have been more thoroughly enjoyed by those who took part in it. This is the record, then, of the cruise of the yacht *Viking* from Greenport, Long Island, to Chicago, Illinois, in the month of May, 1881, the distance being in the neighborhood of three thousand statute miles, and the time occupied, including delays and calms, twenty-nine days and five hours.



"CAP" WOOD, THE VETERAN TAR.

The majority of my readers have probably very little idea of the size and inner arrangements of a "yacht." The common idea of a thing with that name is derived from an occasional view of a small sail-boat careened over at a tremendous angle, and the apparent embodiment of all that is dangerous, wet, and uncomfortable. How a dozen or a score of people can live and be comfortable for days and weeks on such a craft is wholly mysterious. First, then, some description of the *Viking*—a representative American yacht of the centre-board type, which has twice taken her owner and his family to Europe in safety—is necessary.

The Viking was built for Mahlon Sands by Poillon Brothers in 1872, was sold in 1878 to F. H. Stott, of Hudson, New York, and in 1881 passed from his possession to that of Col. J. Mason Loomis, of Chicago, who was in early life a sailor, during the war a gallant army officer, and is now a wealthy lumber-merchant in the metropolis of the Northwest. The tonnage of the Viking, according to old measurement, is 154.09, or, by new measurement, 93.47; cubic contents, in feet, 10,368.04. Her length over all is officially given as one hundred and one feet nine inches; length on water-line, eighty-six feet; extreme breadth of beam, twenty-three feet six inches; depth of hold, eight feet; draught, six feet, or, with centre-board down, twelve feet. She is what is called a flush-deck boat, having, however, a roomy cockpit abaft her main companion-way. Under the cockpit is the sail-room, "lazarette," or boatswain's locker, entered by doors under and abaft the companion-way, or by a man-hole in the cockpit floor. A broad staircase terminating at a pair of mahogany doors leads below into the main saloon, sixteen feet in length and extending the entire width of the vessel. On the starboard side of the companion-way is the sailing-master's state-room, with wash-stand, table, lockers, chart-shelves, etc.; and on the port side is another room of equal size, for guests; forward of the saloon on the starboard (right) side is the owner's room, fourteen by ten, with large double bed, lounge and bureau, and communicating with a toilet-room having double wash-stand, closet, bath-tub, etc. Going out of the saloon forward, a gangway runs along the port (left) side of the centre-board trunk, and next to the saloon is the steward's pantry; then a large double-bedded room, with wash-stand, drawers, etc.; next a closet, then a single room for the mate. Running the entire width of the vessel is the large kitchen, with ice-box, store-house, sink, range, and all other conveniences; and forward of this again is the fore-castle, with berths for eight men. Even the merest tyro will

thus understand that we had plenty of room to move around in, and pleasant quarters, on our boat. Our crew was a picked one,—six men before the mast, cook, steward, two mates, and captain, the latter an old sailor and vessel-master as well as an upright Christian gentleman. Our first mate and navigator was the veteran whaling-captain James Wood, whose name is well known in all whaling ports,—a genial, weather-scarred, humorous old tar, filled to the brim with nautical experiences, a little addicted to the sailor's habit of grumbling, slightly bent by the weight of more than threescore years, and withal an experienced navigator and thorough seaman, whose endless sea-yarns whiled away many an hour in our cosy cabin.

Monday morning, May 2, at half-past nine, anchor was weighed, and with a fair wind the Viking started on her cruise. The quaint old town of Greenport, with its fleet of fishing-vessels, its busy ship-yards, its broad, well-shaded streets, its homes dating back to the last century, and its hospitable inhabitants, faded away in the distance. A right pleasant place in which to pass a few days, and not without its landmarks. Time was—say thirty years ago—when Greenport boasted its ownership of a round dozen of whaling-vessels. In one of the ship-yards still stands an old battered warehouse which in its day held thousands of barrels of good sperm oil. Not far distant is an old stone windmill, whose arms revolved and ground corn for the inhabitants of this part of England's realm many years before the Declaration of Independence was even thought of. In another direction is a frame building of the simplest architectural design, dating back to the year of our Lord 1641, and to about the same month in which Anne Hutchinson and Wheelwright, expelled from the colony of Massachusetts, received as a gift from Miantonomoh and Roger Williams the beautiful tract of land across the Sound now called Rhode Island. For two hundred and fifty years this old house has served the people as town hall,

court- and school-house, and private dwelling.

As we moved out of the harbor, a drizzling rain kept us company, and by the time we had weathered Gardiner's Island the long rollers had the effect of materially disturbing the equilibrium of several stomachs. Gardiner's Island, by the way, comprises about twelve thousand acres, and is owned in its entirety by one man, descending from father to eldest son, and being now the only real estate in New York State so entailed. During the war of 1812 the then owner of the island made considerable money by the sale of cattle to the British.* Through the thick mist we caught a glimpse of the rock geographically described as "Gull Island," upon which stands a noble light-house. As we press on, with all working sails set, we pass Plum Island and the narrow strait called "Plum Gut,"—which a fastidious lady passenger on one of the old-time sloops insisted on calling "*Plum Stomach*," to the unconcealed indignation of the unpoetic skipper. At eight bells (noon) the steward called us to dinner. The first bill of fare will give a good idea of how we were served during the rest of the cruise: soup, broiled fresh mackerel, porter-house steak, green peas, potatoes, plum-pudding, bread and butter, coffee and tea. For some peculiar reason, my cabin companion failed to appreciate these delicacies. He took a seat at the table, but when the soup refused to stay within the plate, and the mackerel attempted an aerial leap into his lap, concluded to go on deck and see if he could tell the nature of the sea-bottom! Off Watch Hill the sea was quite rough, the fog dense, and the wind not more than a light four-knot breeze, while the rain was cold and inclined to freeze as it fell. Under the circumstances, the "watch below" was quite content with its lot. A cheerful grate fire diffused warmth and comfort through the saloon; there were large arm-chairs

* Under the old colonial patent the lord of the island or his steward had the right to hold here "one court leet and one court baron;" but it is not known whether this right was ever exercised or not.

for the weary, with opportunity to read and smoke; while the sound of the pattering rain upon the deck served to increase the sense of comfort below. The second officer did attempt to disturb our peace by hearing the call of a loon and reporting a "fog-whistle close aboard on the weather bow;" but the attempt was unsuccessful. The first night we spent at anchor at Vineyard Haven. By eight the next morning the yacht was again under canvas, showing her mettle to a large fleet of coasters and vessels of all classes. The wind blew stiff from the southeast, with a chopping sea. Off Monomy Point the



A FISHERMAN.

Viking was put in sea-trim. Boats were swung in and lashed to the deck, davits unshipped, anchor-chains brought aft to lighten her by the head, everything movable secured or stowed below, and canvas coverings placed over the skylights. At 10.30 we "lost the land" and were fairly "out on the ocean sailing." Bowling along on our course, we sighted a number of whales, one about seventy feet long, spouting very close on our lee quarter. The weather was delightful,—cool, clear, bright, and bracing. Our first day's run was one hundred and twenty-five nautical miles, and our second one hundred and sixty-two. As I paced the deck with Mr. Wood, during his watch, he took occasion to

find fault with the sea-stories usually written, and added that he had never seen one he could *not* find fault with: "There was one, Three Years before the Mast,—Two Years, eh? well, Two Years,—and it was full of stuff. Interesting reading, no doubt, for landsmen, but no truth in it. The fellow talks about lying off Cape Horn two months, and then going round the world to get the other side! Fact! He says, steer for Magellan Clouds, and they will land you safe and sound in the straits! Why, I'm blest if they wouldn't carry you 'way to the south'ard, and when *you* got to the straits *they* would be to the south'ard still! . . . Some people are awful salts. I knew a young fellow who went to sea three months, and when he came home couldn't sleep until he got his little brother to stay in the room and dash water against the wall, so that he could feel the spray on his face! If I was to tell only what I know, people would say I was lying. Why, I've been so far north that you could climb the ratlines and keep the sun on the horizon, and if you went up high enough you'd get where the sun stopped and after waiting a while came back again. . . . Did you ever hear of the fellow who went to sea and wrote back to tell his mother of lakes of rum and rivers of molasses and flying-fish he had seen, and the old lady said she knew there might be lakes of rum and rivers of molasses, or milk, or honey, but as for flying-fish, there she drew the line: she did not believe *that*, anyway!"

The fourth day out we passed a fishing-schooner, her crew busily engaged in fishing on a shoal off the southern end of Nova Scotia. They stared at us as we swept by them, hardly recovering from their astonishment at seeing us in that latitude so early in the season in time to answer Captain Merrill's hail, "How does Cape Sable bear from you?" with a "Twelve miles north," before we had passed almost out of sight and raised the grim old light-house itself. From there our course was laid within ten miles of the low rocky shore of ancient Acadia,—our modern Nova Scotia. Its

coast-line and characteristics were plainly discernible with a glass:

The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

A belt of rugged, broken land,—of which the greatest height is but five hundred feet above the sea-level,—formed of granite and primary rock, extends from Cape Sable to Cape Canso. It was in the early morning of our fifth day out that we passed Cape Sambro,—marking the entrance to Halifax harbor,—where the White Star steamer Atlantic was wrecked a few years ago. Fog and bad weather had prevented her captain from obtaining observations for four days, and at the very moment the vessel struck he was in the chart-room endeavoring to ascertain his true position. Our actual running time from Greenport to Halifax harbor was seventy-seven and a half hours. The Viking made no stops: so we had to be content with a distant view of the Nova-Scotian capital and of the anchored shipping in the harbor. It was our captain's plan to go through the narrow strait inside Cape Canso, and then up Chedabucto Bay, thus avoiding the longer course outside the cape. To do that, we wanted daylight: so on we pushed, making the most of our time. The wind freshened. The atmosphere grew colder. Dark clouds were on the horizon, and the scud overhead flew fast. In came the light sails. The Viking was put in readiness for a nasty night. Sounding-lines were brought on deck, the best bower cleared away, and the men only waited the order to close reef. The sea grew higher and more impudent, passing at will over our bows as we forged slowly ahead. Night came on, with weather so thick that we could no longer make out the lights on shore. The rain turned to heavy snow, and we passed that night hove-to some twelve

miles from the coast, under storm-canvas, and pitching and rolling so that it was almost impossible to keep in one's berth. Toward morning the weather moderated. A fisherman was discovered feeling his way in, so we turned and followed him through a winding channel, between rocky ledges barely showing their heads above water, but any one sufficient, if touched, to send us swiftly

to the bottom. At eight o'clock we came to anchor in Canso harbor, and signalled for a pilot to take us through the Gut. Canso town is a mere fishing-hamlet, with a telegraph-station and possibly three hundred inhabitants. The surrounding country was anything but attractive-looking, and the few stray cattle were evidently intensely disgusted by their fruitless attempts to extract



A LITTLE "BREEZY" IN THE GULF.

nourishment from rocks. Our pilot was taken from a fishing-smack, and in order to appear presentable exchanged garments with different members of his crew, taking from each the best in his possession. With a fair wind we crossed Chedabucto Bay at a twelve-knot gait, making fourteen and a half miles in one hour. About ten we entered the Gut of Canso, wild, bleak, and desolate now, but a couple of months later undoubtedly very attractive and not unlike the Hudson River below West Point. The Gut averages nearly a mile in width, with deep water and a clear channel. About

noon we swept around Point Tupper, carrying every stitch of canvas, and came to anchor among a large fleet of vessels off the town of Hawkesbury, formerly called Ship Harbor, on Cape Breton Island. Port Mulgrave, in Nova Scotia, lies just across the strait. Our run from Greenport to this place—six hundred and forty two miles—had been made in ninety-five hours.

It required considerable faith in the veracity of man in his primitive condition to accept the statements made by the Cape Breton Islanders, that within a month this dormant, barren, ice-bound

region would bloom and blossom like the rose, that strangers would flock to it as to a realm of perpetual bliss, and that the locomotive-whistle would resound among the barren rocks. Hawkesbury itself is a straggling town of some eight hundred inhabitants, situated along the slope of a hill, on the very summit of which an enterprising mariner and shipwright was putting the finishing-touches to a fishing-boat. When he started to build, the way to the water was clear, but now a half-completed church stood directly across his path. There are several hotels in the place, a custom-house, and a weekly paper. Four counties come together within the town limits. Hawkesbury returns one member to Ottawa and two to the Halifax Parliament. When the delegate to the first place started to take his seat the preceding winter, the snow was thirty feet deep, and in places had drifted ten feet above the telegraph-poles. The honorable member was thirty-one days *en route*. Hawkesbury boasts the possession of a marine railway, and the customs-officer asserted that as many as three hundred vessels passed through in a single day during the summer. The Viking was an object of great curiosity to people here. Visitors were numerous, and most of them failed to appreciate Captain Merrill's remark that we were "a temperance boat and a temperance crew." One tall, broad-shouldered individual inquired our destination, and, being told, profanely wanted to know, "Where in h—ll is Chicago?" He was informed that he was some distance "off" geographically, and that our home port was really a very delightful and much-frequented summer resort.

By daylight Sunday morning we were again under sail, beating out of the strait against a strong head-wind and four-knot current. Our parting gun awakened the echoes from Porcupine Point, and brought the crew of an Italian brig near by on deck with unwonted celerity. The voyage through the narrowing strait, past snow-covered, ice-lined hills, was a tedious one; but on entering George's Bay our speed was measurably increased by the

strong north wind. In came topsails, flying-jib, and main staysail, and even then our gallant boat had all she wanted to carry. We had been warned that the gulf was full of ice, and so kept a sharp lookout for it. We stood well over for the low-lying shore of Prince Edward's Island, being summoned by Steward Peckham to enjoy some fine shad, stuffed veal, baked potatoes, peas, and apple-pies, just as we drew under the lee of the land and headed up Northumberland Straits. Our log for this date runs thus: "May 9, 1881. 5.50 A.M. Wind S.W. Threatening rain. Course N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. Passed narrowest point of straits at sunrise. Everything set, including jib, topsail, and balloon staysail. Passed Cape Tourmentine, N.S., 5.55. Cape Jourmain abeam at 6. Off Sea-Cow Head Light at 6.30. Crossing Bedecque Bay at 7.30. At 8.30 Cape Egmont, P.E.I., bore about north. Course changed to N.N.W. Watch passing coal forward from lazarette. Captain made out signal-station. Colors ordered set, and international code signals bent on halliards. Seen through glass, signal-station becomes tall, gaunt fir-tree, with three naked branches left on one side. Colors struck. Mr. Wood chuckles for half an hour at attempt to signal pine-tree."

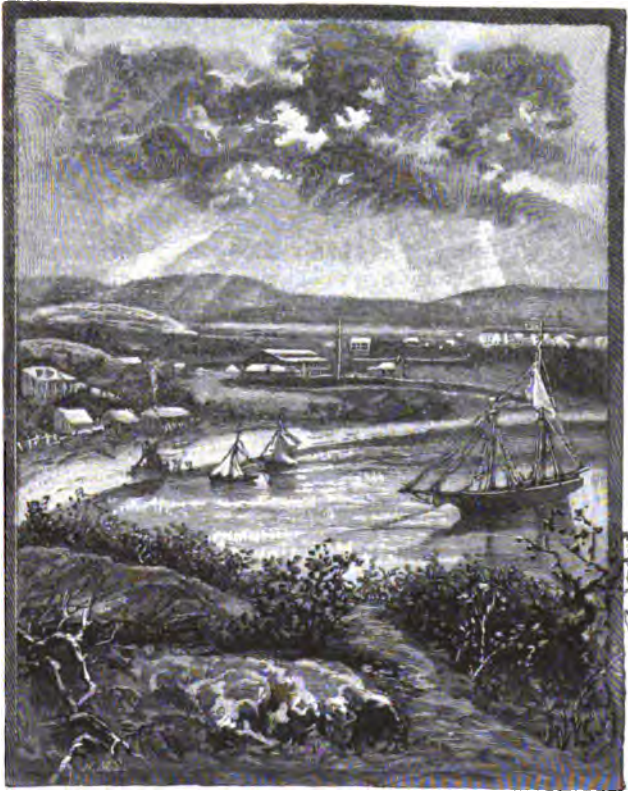
Coming out of the straits, and while making the one hundred and twenty-five miles between West Point, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Gaspé, New Brunswick, the Viking gave us an opportunity of testing her mettle in a stiff gale. It was raining, with a heavy south-westerly wind raising a mountainous sea, which, as it chased us, had the appearance every moment of being about to engulf us forever. But the saucy little boat leaped forward as the angry, curling wave broke into a mass of seething foam astern and frothed and fumed at being baffled of its prey. Still more violently whistled the wind through the rigging, more eagerly rushed the rising sea, more anxious seemed the elements for our destruction. The Viking, pausing a moment as the wave rolled under her bow, shook the water from her deck, and again darted

forward in mockery of the pursuing seas. We were under reefed canvas; at the wheel was the captain, clad from head to foot in oil-skins, his gray beard sparkling with the superincumbent rain-drops, his eyes watchful of every move of the boat, of every flap of the sail, of every comb of the sea, his voice clear and distinct amid the howling of the storm. Fit master, fit boat. Once again we lived among Vikings!

At 9 P.M. in this latitude it was still daylight and we were able to read on deck. By morning the wind had gone down, and we sighted in quick succession grim and rugged Point St. Peter, snow-covered Cape Despair, and the palisades of Gaspé. From the latter cape to St. Anne the New Brunswick coast is wild and the scenery striking. The shore-line goes off abruptly into twenty or thirty fathoms of water, and back of this rises range after range of deeply-furrowed, barren mountains, not a few of them hiding their heads among the clouds. Snow- and ice-glaciers hid their rocky slopes, while rapid rivers cut their way into the gulf through deep cañons in the hills. From our mast-head no houses were visible. A small bay now and then indents the shore, but there are no harbors for two hundred and fifty miles after leaving Gaspé and Rozière. At Point Percé a fishing-company has built up a small settlement composed exclusively of bachelors and childless widowers, no married men being

employed, lest family ties should render them less venturesome, less bold, than the service requires!

We made our highest Northern latitude— $49^{\circ} 30'$ —at 9.45 A.M., May 11, and at noon were one thousand and thirteen miles from our starting-point, and fairly within the mouth of the



TADOUSSAC, AT THE MOUTH OF THE CHICOUTIMI.

broad St. Lawrence. This wild region of Lower Canada has an interesting folk-lore of its own, which has been recently gathered together from the pages of Champlain, Le Moine, and others, by Edward Farrer. Weird and unearthly lights are said to haunt many a bay and headland in the gulf. In 1711 some vessels of Sir Hovenden Walker's fleet were wrecked near Cape Despair; and sailors tell how on calm nights off this cape a strange light appears, the sea becomes angry, and a phantom ship filled

with red coats comes in sight. The island of Miscon, at the southern entrance to the Bay of Chaleurs, tradition says, is inhabited by a strange creature called the "Gougou," "shaped like a woman, but taller than a mast," writes Samuel de Champlain, and provided with a huge pouch, into which human beings are cast. At the mouth of the Magdalen River—where our course first trends a little to the southward—a piercing cry is often heard above the storm, but the cautious inhabitants are not quite certain whether it is the voice of a shipwrecked sailor or the purgatorial wail of an unbaptized child! From time immemorial the inhabitants of the Isle of Orleans have been charged with sorcery and witchcraft, their incantations being chiefly directed to raising storms. Here lived Jean Pierre Lavallée, chief conjurer of gales and tempests. St. Anne is the patron saint of Lower Canada, and an old legend in rhyme tells of one of her responses to an invocation by a faithful adherent. The verse begins,—

All by the broad St. Lawrence, a hundred years ago,
The Angelus was ringing from the bells of Isle-aux-Reaux.

France, with her vines and olives, is in sooth a pleasant land;
But fairer than lily on her shield is this New-World colony,
Where the weary serf may stand erect, unmoved by tyranny.

On the Viking sailed, urged by favoring winds and followed by schools of milk-white porpoises. We had the privilege of sighting several seal and of watching the "spouts" of huge whales in every direction around us, as we sailed up the royal river, its bosom covered with island-jewels, past the entrance to the deep Chicoutimi and within saluting distance of the summer resort of Tadousac, where was built the first stone-and-mortar house ever erected on the continent of America. Here, too, lived for thirty years the Jesuit priest Father Labrosse, credited with having been a great miracle-worker, whose memory is still venerated by the few Indians left in the region.

During the night we took on board a Canadian pilot,—an odd little genius, nearly threescore years of age, short and very straight, no teeth, prominent nose, face deeply seamed with wrinkles, perpetually puffing at an old clay pipe,—in general appearance not unlike the familiar "Punch." He was very much impressed with the Viking, said they had nothing like her, and it took the Yankees to build such boats. The pilot's life is not "a happy one." He begins at about fourteen years of age, serves an apprenticeship of seven years, and then has to make four round trips to Europe before he can obtain a license.

The scenery on the Lower St. Lawrence is as fine as that on the upper part of the river, which is so much better known. The houses on either shore are small, the barns large. The settlements cluster about the churches, very much as the traveller sees in the villages upon the Continent. In fact, hearing constantly a foreign language, it is not difficult to imagine that we are far away from our own land.

Saturday, May 14, we came to anchor about eight P.M., under the guns of the Citadel of Quebec, where, on taking up the morning paper, we read of the shipwreck of a bark—the Gannaque—on an iceberg in the gulf through which we had just passed, while a coasting-steamer had her bows stove in, and put back, leaking, for repairs. At Quebec our salt-water navigation was practically ended. Our running-time from Greenport was eight days four and a half hours, during which we sailed one thousand two hundred and sixty-seven miles, as shown by this table:

May 2,	.	.	.	100 miles.
" 3,	.	.	.	53 "
" 4,	.	.	.	77 "
" 5,	.	.	.	125 "
" 6,	.	.	.	162 "
" 7,	.	.	.	125 "
" 8,	.	.	.	20 "
" 9,	.	.	.	142 "
" 10,	.	.	.	115 "
" 11,	.	.	.	91 "
" 12,	.	.	.	133 "
" 13,	.	.	.	64 "
" 14,	.	.	.	60 "

From Quebec to Montreal, and from there to Kingston,—through canals, around rapids, and threading our way among the beautiful Thousand Isles,—we were ingloriously towed, and it took the Viking from Monday afternoon until Friday to reach Lake Ontario, where we again spread our own sails and entered Port Dalhousie about nine on Sunday night, passing into the Welland Canal next morning. Navigation in the canals is not perilous, and becomes in time monotonous. Yet the sensation of climbing a mountain in a yacht is rather peculiar. The ascent in the Welland Canal is about three hundred and thirty feet, achieved by means of twenty-three locks, and requiring two days for the short journey of twenty-seven miles. From Thorold, on the summit of the mountain, looking back and *down*, the view was surpassingly beautiful. The canal itself was but a winding thread of silver extending far off into the distant woods, then lost until seen emerging again into the broad lake we had left. Below us were the spires and factory-chimneys of St. Catherine's, and around us the stores and homes of flourishing Thorold. On Tuesday, May 24, at 11 A.M., the Viking reached the light-house at Port Colborne, freed at last from tow-boats and canal-locks, and ready to enter on the third stage of her journey,—about nine hundred miles of fresh-water navigation. With the exception of nearly going ashore in a fog near the Manitous,—owing to the omission of the light-house-keeper to keep the fog-whistle in operation,—the lake-journey was made without any incidents worth recording. Our crew were all old salt-water sailors, and it was a novel experience for them to be able to get water to drink by merely heaving a bucket over the side and hauling it up again: the experiment was constantly repeated. The journey through Lake Ontario was made in continued fog and to the music of fog-horn and fog-gun. On Erie the

weather was superb, and we had the odd experience of having a good eight-knot breeze aloft while the surface of the lake was perfectly unruffled. Huron treated us kindly, and enabled the "boys" to begin putting the yacht in shape to meet her owner. Davits were swung, boats scraped and painted, decks holystoned, sides painted, brasses cleaned, and standing rigging overhauled. Below, the steward and cook were busy scrubbing, painting, oiling, and cleaning, and by the time Lake Michigan was entered the Viking looked like a new boat. Right smoothly did she glide over the waters, and on May 31, at 2.30 P.M., she rounded the Government Breakwater at Chicago, and returned the welcoming salutes of the Idler and the Cora. Colonel Loomis was soon on board, to congratulate those on his boat on their fast trip.

Early in June the Viking was formally put into commission and enrolled among the yachts of the Chicago Yacht-Club, the flag of the New York club—which she had twice carried to Europe, and under which she had sailed so many years—giving place to that of the Western club, to which her accession brought new importance. To complete the record of this gallant boat to date, we may add that since her arrival she has, in impromptu races, beaten both the Countess of Dufferin and the Idler, although not in any manner professing to be a swift-going yacht or more than a "middling sailer." This year she has been again in commission, with captain, mate, boatswain, quartermaster, and gunner on board. Trim and neat as she now seems, I shall always remember her with most pleasure as she appeared during her long cruise,—a remarkable one, considering the season of the year, the length of time occupied, the size of the yacht, the varying experiences, and the fact that it had only once before been made in its entirety by a pleasure-boat.

H. W. RAYMOND.

FAIRY GOLD.



"DON'T I LOOK HAPPY?"—Page 442.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. FOX had sent out invitations for a ball for Easter Tuesday. She did not often give balls, but, desiring to give an entertainment in my honor, she considered that this was the best way to please me. She consulted me about all her little plans, although they were admirably well laid at the outset, and were carried out with a brilliancy to which no suggestion of mine could lend anything. She gave me her invitation-lists to cut or add to at my pleasure, and finally presented me with the gown she wished me to wear, and which she had ordered from Worth six weeks before. This crowning touch had been suggested by her husband, who when he undertook the least enterprise was bound to do the thing handsomely. Lavish expenditure, in fact, seemed the object; it was the key-note, and was carried through

the whole harmony. Snow Morris and Fanny Burt treated the matter rather ironically, but pronounced it nevertheless a great occasion for me. Both of them took pains to mention any costly effect that happened to occur to them, and Henrietta at once made a note of it: she was ready to incline seriously even to the proposal of a roc's egg. I had only asked the privilege of sending a card to Mr. Harrold and one to Madame Ramée. I knew that madame would enjoy the ball in anticipation, feel its full zest in reality, and live it over for years in memory, giving the least detail of her toilet to her intimates, and connecting her presence with the magnificence and success of the whole affair. As to Mr. Harrold, my motives were a little mixed. I did not try to analyse them, nor did I venture to predict even to myself that he was likely to accept

the invitation. Many little incidents had confirmed my belief in his interest in Marion Hubbard, and hers in him; and by inviting him I gave myself a chance of seeing the two together.

Fanny and I went early to the party; not too early, because it was above all things essential that I should keep myself fresh.

Mr. Fox greeted me with a felicitous intimation that I appeared to advantage. "I didn't know the dress was so handsome," he remarked, examining it with the eye of a careful purchaser. "It cost enough to be handsome, it is true; but women sometimes pay surprising sums for effects of extraordinary ugliness. But I have got my money's worth this time."

There was something brilliantly lucid in this public explanation, and nobody could well be in doubt as to the giver of the gown or its costliness. It was indeed very pretty, besides being very splendid,—made of white, satiny silk, enriched with lace and pearl embroideries on bodice and petticoat, while the train was beruffled and beuffed with shining gauze. It made me a creditable part of Cousin Henrietta's entertainment, and I almost excited her enthusiasm. Her house was beautifully decorated with tropical plants, and the music was exquisite. The rooms, beginning to fill at ten o'clock, by eleven were crowded, and the toilets showed the desire of the guests to add *éclat* to the great event of Easter week.

There would have been extreme dullness in any want of zeal on my part. In fact, in those days, to act, to be doing something, was an escape and almost a remedy for the nightmare of consequences which haunted me. I stood between Mr. and Mrs. Fox in the little reception-room with a vaulted ceiling and hung with red, while the people poured in. Marion Hubbard came early with her father, who began at once to enumerate the trials and fatigues of a chaperon. Hildegard De Forrest followed her mamma rather listlessly, but was superlatively beautiful. Mrs. Newmarch and her brood of daugh-

ters swooped in, took possession of the party, praised it, patronized it, patting Henrietta on the back, as it were, for her creditable performance, asked Mr. Fox how much he paid his florist, then passed on, pleasantly conscious, no doubt, of having made the givers of so oversplendid a feast a little uncomfortable.

I was glad to see the portly person of Madame Ramée framed in the doorway. She came in brilliant and striking, broadly beaming with smiles, sailing toward us in a gorgeous gown of yellow brocade, her carefully-dressed hair surmounted by a sort of coronet. I had seen madame but once since I left the school, when she had been preoccupied and rather cold; but to-night she shone not only as brightly but as warmly as the sun. She greeted me with caresses; she exclaimed at my elegance, my beauty, my magnificence. Then, when she was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Fox, she faltered into her own language, with ecstatic murmurs of, "*Ah, madame! Ah, monsieur! Que je suis ravie! Quelle maison que la vôtre! Cet escalier superbe! Ces fleurs! Ces flots de lumière! Ah, madame! Ah, monsieur!*"

Mr. Fox was charmed, and his ill humor at the Newmarches' patronage vanished as if by magic. Madame's gestures, glances, and tones more than translated her words. Here was a proper tribute, and from a woman whose character for intelligence no one could impugn. Hospitality once more seemed a sacred duty. Fashionable indifference, proclaiming as the motto of its wearers, "*Point de zèle,*" and "*Cela va sans dire,*" and fashionable impertinence which cut the ground from beneath one's feet, left Mr. Fox sadly vacant of opportunity. But madame's genuine admiration afforded him ample occasion. "I am glad to see you, Madame Ramée," he replied. "I'm happy to make your acquaintance. A man of my age and experience has had a chance to make a good many acquaintances, and he knows where to find intelligence and appreciation,—the qualities which please him best. I know, too, you were a good

friend to Miss Amber, and we think a great deal of Miss Amber. She justifies any one's thinking a good deal of her. One feels easy in taking stock in her,—hey?"

Madame murmured a ravished assent.

"She wanted to see life, and she has got the chance, by George!" said Mr. Fox emphatically. "All the young men are going down on their knees to her; and no wonder. Look where you will to-night, you won't see a prettier girl, or a better-dressed one."

"*Une véritable princesse*," said madame.

"Seeing you, madame," I remarked, a little overpowered by these exaggerations, "makes me feel more than ever like Cinderella,—as if the clock would strike presently and my carriage would turn into a pumpkin and my coachman into a mouse."

"Here comes the prince," declared Mr. Fox, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Madame Ramée, let me take you about the rooms before the dancing begins."

"*Quel honneur!*" exclaimed Madame Ramée, with her finest courtesy; and, taking her host's arm, then kissing her hand to me, she sailed down the rooms. Cousin Henrietta looked after them with relief, glad to have her lord engrossed with an enthusiastic auditor, who if she were possibly bored would conceal it with the most elaborate pains.

The prince who had approached was Mr. Snow Morris, who stood at a little distance while madame's effusions were in progress, but now came nearer and asked me if I had to stay in that close little room all night. "Come and walk about a little before the dancing begins," said he.

"I don't like to hear dancing alluded to," I remarked. "Everybody has asked me to dance, and I have assented, quite reckless and careless of what promises I might break."

"You are to dance with me to-night."

"I feel like dropping my best courtesy, like madame, and saying, '*Quel honneur!*'"

"Frankly, I consider the idea of my

dancing rather ludicrous; but I am tired of watching you perpetually dancing with other people. Are you engaged for the german?"

"I generally am, but to-night I feel sure of nothing."

"You are going to be my partner. I am to lead it, and eclipse Charlie Newmarch."

"Very well."

He looked at me, perhaps astonished at my easy concession. "How lovely you are!" he said, as if to cover a sort of embarrassment.

"It is my new French gown."

"I know it is."

We were moving along with the crowd, who were finding their first excitement in the decorations of the rooms, which were novel and rather bewildering. Almost every window had been converted into an entrance to some fanciful bower, grotto, court, or pagoda. The endless diversity of fanciful effects belonged rather to a dream of the Thousand and One Nights than to every-day life. At every movement we encountered a group, and I was constantly felicitated on the brilliancy of the party. Mr. Charles Newmarch came up to me and asked if I were satisfied.

"Satisfied?" I retorted. "I see nothing in this to satisfy one."

"It would satisfy me very well to sit there with you by the fountain under the palm-trees. Let me see: you are to dance first with me, besides the german."

"Oh, Miss Amber has promised to be my partner in the german," put in Snow Morris.

"Oh, I say!" cried Mr. Newmarch, with a somewhat excessive surprise. "So you throw me over, Miss Amber? I took it for granted—"

"My sister asked me to lead the german," explained Snow, with his easiest air.

"I beg pardon. She asked me to lead off with Miss Amber," said Mr. Newmarch rather savagely. "I'll go and ask her when we are to begin."

"That fellow believes you belong to him," said Snow, turning to me. Our eyes met, and we looked straight at

each other for a moment. In spite of the direct gaze, probably neither of us saw the other exactly. Each of us had our imaginations and our reserves. His words had annoyed me, and it was evident to my perceptions that he was growing keenly impatient. "I told Henrietta I wanted to lead the german," he now remarked. "She was afraid Newmarch might not like it. But I insisted. However, if you wish to dance with him, I will give up the idea."

"I have no wish to do anything except what your sister desires."

"You do not care for my wishes?" This he said with a little bitterness.

I made no reply.

"Forgive me," he said rather humbly. "But there is something so indifferent, so sceptical, in your manner nowadays."

"You wrong me altogether."

"I wish I did. I am haunted by a dreadful dream, night and day, and I long to wake up and find it is all a mistake."

"What is your dream?"

"That you like me less than you did."

I looked into his face again: "Don't talk about it here. Don't look so excited, so eager. Somebody may be watching us."

"Good heavens! I feel excited and eager." However, in spite of this exclamation he overcame the temporary feeling which had changed his face, smiled, or seemed to smile, and glanced about the room. "Ah," he exclaimed, "there is your friend Harrold. He was watching us."

"I did not know he was here. He must have come in since I have been with you."

"The news brought the color to your face."

"You see, I was doubtful about his coming. He had neither accepted nor declined the invitation, and I felt rebuked for sending it."

"He is here, and is using his eyes. I wonder what he thinks of your success. If he were ever in love with you, as I have

fancied, how he must hate the new life you lead,—which shuts him off and denies him the summer roses he wanted,—the—"

"He wanted nothing, he wants nothing of me," I cried. I was conscious of some slight trepidation under the scrutiny of a pair of eyes I knew so well. I was glad to be shielded by the crowd between us. Had I been simple and frank, I should have turned and stretched out my hand in greeting; but when is a woman simple and frank at the right time?

Mr. Newmarch came back with orders to take me and open the ball at once, and I was led off to the picture-gallery, which was to serve as ball-room. Mr. Fox was there with Madame Ramée, whose eyes shone like round glass buttons as she gazed first at him and then at the paintings, absorbing his explanations.

"I was never so ill used in all my life," said Mr. Charles Newmarch, as we took our places for the square dance, for which all the couples had been chosen and were now assembling.

"I do not pretend to know what has happened, but I do not believe you were ever ill used in your life. One ought to rejoice if something has occurred to try your spoiled soul a little."

"I dare say you rejoice. But why should you dance the german with Snow Morris? You always dance it with me; and of all men in the world I hate him the most."

"Oh! oh!"

"But I do," insisted Mr. Newmarch. "He makes me feel so young. Young? Young does not express it. He makes me feel crude. 'Don't bring your green corn to market,' he always seems to say, with a pitying smile, whenever I make a remark."

"I sympathize with you, then."

"You feel that way about his con-founded airs of superiority?"

"I have been forced to believe in his superior knowledge of the world."

"I was afraid you admired him."

"I do. I admire nobody so much."

"Hang it," cried Mr. Newmarch artlessly, "I don't know whether you are

laughing at him or at me. However, at this moment Morris is jealous of me. See him standing under that portière, glaring. There! he looked away when I glanced toward him; but the iron entered his soul when he saw how gracefully I was bending over you, with what exquisite homage I encompassed you."

This fanciful idea pleased the light-hearted young fellow immensely, and he strove with painstaking efforts to throw the most particular meaning into all the little courtesies of the dance. He hung on my least word as if it decided his fate, and whispered back absurd nonsense in return. He seemed to keep himself to the demands of the quadrille simply by instinct, gazing at me incessantly, and making it apparent that he was trying to persuade all the world that he was engrossed by only one thought. He was so carried away by his voluntary rôle that I began to be afraid of being laughed at.

"Don't be so utterly foolish," I felt constrained to say.

"But it is so delightful to make Snow Morris jealous."

"In the first place, there is no possible reason for jealousy. Next, he would never be jealous of anybody, and above all of you; for he likes to see youth gathering its rose-buds while it may."

"That is exactly like him. But I know I am making him writhe. I'm roasting him alive,—I know I am." He stole a glance as he *chasséd*. "He's gone!" he exclaimed then, with an air of disappointment. "However," he added presently, "there's another fellow there glaring at me. I don't know him. Do you?"

"I see no one glaring."

"He is like a basilisk. He looks dangerous. Is he an admirer of yours, too?"

"I have no admirers."

"Poor Miss Amber! What do you call me?"

"So far as I should undertake to define you, I should say you were a happy, light-hearted, and rather light-headed

young man, almost unreasonably successful in amusing yourself and others."

"Now, don't talk about my youth," pleaded Mr. Newmarch. "Every man can't be forty all at once, like Snow Morris."

"Mr. Morris is not forty."

"Well, fifty, then. He's half a century, if he's a day. Far too old and too consummately wise for a mere young girl like you."

Having uttered this rather impertinent speech, Mr. Newmarch made a grimace expressive of mischief and petulance, intended to disarm me of anger, and then we separated for the grand chain of the final figure. Coming up to me half-way round, he said, with the most spoiled-child air, "Do make me happy."

I had no time to ask him what he meant; but presently, when the quadrille was over and we were waltzing and he reiterated this demand, I did beg him to explain.

"You know very well there is only one way of making me happy," he insisted, with a brilliant smile, and an audacious light in his eyes.

"You are so happy already, nothing could make you any happier."

"I'm miserable; I'm wretched. The moment my eyes fell on you to-night I said to myself, 'Unless that girl promises to marry me I must blow my brains out.'"

Such words in the full whirl of a waltz were certainly unusual, but he uttered them in the easy tone of a man who is an acknowledged master in his particular style of conversation. I was startled into instant gravity.

"From your face, I should say you were intending reproof," said he.

"I do intend reproof."

"But I want to marry you all the same, even if you do think me young and foolish. It won't last. By and by, if you take good care of me, I shall be old and foolish."

"You do not hold out sufficiently strong inducements."

"Many a time," he went on very softly, and flushing crimson, "I have

longed to tell you how I love you. But it is so hard to be in earnest outside,—to make others feel that I am in earnest. I've been a dreadful trifter."

"Trifling is your *métier*. Don't try being too much in earnest, where I am concerned at least."

"Ah, but I am in earnest. Unless I can have you for my wife, I want nothing else,—I care for nothing else: the world must go on without me."

There was a *laissez-aller* about Mr. Charles Newmarch when he arranged any scheme for himself which urged him on and made him blind to obstacles. We were still dancing. Twice I had made an effort to break off, but his clasp on my wrist had tightened into something which compelled almost like violence. Now all at once the music stopped, and when I turned I saw that I was within a step of Mr. Harrold, who still kept his place under the portière.

"Good-evening," I said, with such evident intention that he approached me at once. "How late you were in coming!" I added, speaking almost at random, and with a feverish feeling of relief. I was conscious of the gleam in Mr. Newmarch's eye, but I told him that this was an old friend, to whom I wanted to speak for a while.

"At your orders," said he, accepting his dismissal with his best air.

It had not seemed necessary for me to abate a certain joy in addressing Mr. Harrold. Perhaps he realized that the occasion was exceptional, and read my manner by the light of it, for he returned my greeting with a cold gentleness, which, having neither harshness nor defiance in it, seemed just sufficiently kind, and was like a cool touch laid on a burning hand.

"I was afraid you were not coming," I went on. "It was already eleven, and you had not made your appearance."

"When I spoke to Mrs. Fox, she said that you had just left her, and I saw you in another moment walking through the rooms with Mr. Morris."

"Why did you not come and speak to me?"

"I confess that at first I had that

intention; but I was not bold enough to intrude. Besides, I came to look at you, and it was no part of my expectation that I should find you disengaged enough to waste time on a man who does not dance."

As he said this, he drew back, for somebody came up to ask me to waltz; but I declined. I had already been dancing, I declared, and I should dance no more until after supper.

Mr. Harrold smiled a little furtively.

"I was willing to stand aside and watch you dancing," said he.

"I do not enjoy being watched."

"What would you rather do?"

"Let us go and sit down in one of the pretty little nooks. There was one I fancied so much, with palm-trees and a fountain, like an oasis in a desert."

"Those pretty places ought all to be filled with romantic lovers."

"They will be a little later: now everybody is too fresh and eager to care to sit down. Do you like balls?"

"When I was a boy I used to go to balls. This is the first experience of the kind I have had for eight years."

"Do you like this?"

"It gratifies a certain curiosity."

My arm was in his, and we were slowly making our way down the staircase toward the parlors. The ball was progressing as balls do: young men with anxious eyes were seeking their partners in the distance; girls were fanning, talking, laughing,—transferring their smiles and glances easily from one to the other of their little court. The married belles were surrounded six deep with their admirers. The chaperons stood talking in groups or sat on the sofas longing for supper. The music seemed the soul of it all, and if the band ceased for a moment a sort of loss of inspiration was evident, while the moment it recommenced every one experienced a relief, as it throbbed out the eagerness, the ecstasy, the frenzy of the young life to which it gave expression,—the love of excitement, the thirst for pleasure, the yielding to a kind of sweet passionate indulgence of the senses.

"You like it, I suppose?" Mr. Harrold remarked, looking at me.

"Now and then I feel the thrall of it, but I did not begin this life young enough to have it mean for me what it does for the girls who grew up in it and for it. Look at Hildegard De Forrest there! When she is under the sway of the music and the dancing and the excitement, she gains a terrible beauty which amazes and repels me."

We paused a moment and looked at the girl, who was absolutely dazzling as she waltzed with Charles Newmarch wildly and impetuously.

"He was dancing with you," said Mr. Harrold.

He glanced at me again with his half-sceptical smile.

"But is not the girl beautiful?"

"I should quote your words," he replied. "Her beauty amazes and repels me."

"No, I should not say that now. But later, when she is dancing the german, then I sometimes tremble as I look at her."

"A flushed, over-excited woman is my abhorrence. I have many nice and jealous distinctions for those I admire among your sex. I am a creature of inveterate prejudice."

"Marion, with her unspoiled tranquillity, must satisfy you."

"I admire her very much."

"Shall we go and find her?"

"Not yet. I have promised to take her to supper."

There was nothing very stimulating in all this. We had found the little corner, with its palm-trees and fountain, vacant, and had sat down on a low divan, screened from the rest of the room by tall ferns. Once there, my choice of such seclusion seemed a mistake. I was not sufficiently at ease, nor happy enough, nor gay enough, to carry such an interview off with any spirit, and Mr. Harrold, on his part, had never been less expansive. He seemed to read my foolish embarrassed consciousness, for he said presently, "I ought to change places with somebody. That is a part of the world's tiresome jumble

of cross-purposes, that the best rôles are constantly offered to people who have not the wit or the wish to play them."

"Oh, I don't offer you any rôle."

"You suggest it. Now, as a looker-on I do very well; but sitting here by your side I am a clod. If I had anything to say, I could not expect to talk to advantage in a place like this. It requires training for a man to give the actual outcome of his heart and mind while waltzing or jostling a crowd. Of course now I ought to entertain you."

"I have no wish to be entertained."

"I might flatter you."

"Do not try. I know very well, Mr. Harrold, you have no wish to flatter me."

"No, I have never tried to flatter you. Heaven knows I never needed to. The thing has been to hold my tongue,—not to speak, not to look, not to feel."

He said this without the slightest vehemence. He was looking at the fountain, and it was I who was flushed, startled, moved.

"There is something fabulous in this splendor," he exclaimed presently.

"If I had the wealth of Croesus I should think twice before I wasted all these elaborations of poetic taste and prodigal magnificence upon a ball. However, I am glad so splendid a ball is given to you. How little I used to fancy you would become such a brilliant personage!"

"You know exactly how much my brilliancy is worth,—on what sort of a foundation it stands."

"Don't let that thought intrude to-night. Be happy. I want to see you happy. I need to remember you as happy."

"Don't I look happy?"

He looked at me with a straight gaze.

"No, you don't."

"Well, I am not particularly happy."

"Why not?"

I glanced at him rather helplessly. It seemed hardly worth while to tell him that I was a little despondent, lonely, and sad, because, after all, I hardly needed to be the victim of any such feeling.

I could not understand, however, why

my look should have disturbed him. He suddenly started up.

"What is it?" I cried.

"You seem to want something of me, —to need something I can give you," he exclaimed, in a tone of indignant reproach. "Don't mock me with your little foolish pleadings. I can't live in this dream-land. I like hard, familiar realities better."

"So do I."

"No, you do not know what reality is, and I pray God you may never find out." Mr. Harrold was standing before me, looking down. "If you were drowning," said he, "I would throw myself into the sea and drown with you. As it is, I am going to do the utmost I can to make you secure and happy."

"And what is that?"

"Not much," he answered, "and until it is done I did not mean to boast of it. And I will go away now. Here is Mr. Morris coming for you. I knew that I was keeping you too long."

The two men nodded, and each looked at the other with an air of considerable interest. I had never seen them side by side before with a chance of thus comparing them. My cousin Snow was the broader, the heavier, and the handsomer. Mr. Harrold's slim height, keen eyes, and powerful mouth gave him the look of carrying a finer spirit sheathed in his clay. He would never try, like Snow, to serve two masters,—nor would he acknowledge a higher law to believe in and build his imaginations upon, and a lower one to live by. Snow showed more knowledge of the world, but his coquetting with experiences of various sorts had written its inexorable story in a mortal fatigue of spirit which showed in his eyes at times and the curves about his mouth. But they were both strong men, and looking at them now I wondered which would be likely to win in a contest that roused their impulses and mastered their intellects and ambitions.

"So this is the way you treat your ball?" said Snow to me. "You run away from it."

"I feared I was eclipsing Miss Am-

ber's gayety," observed Mr. Harrold. "But I leave her to you."

He nodded to me and vanished at once. Snow sank down beside me, and looked at me with a smile.

"Off with the old love and on with the new," he said. "Fanny says that man is engaged to Miss Hubbard."

"I have the same idea."

"Fanny likes the notion. It simplifies her own course, if she makes up her mind to accept the father."

"I confess I am certain of nothing: everything seems to me enigmatical."

"I don't see why you need have enigmas. There is nothing, for instance, very puzzling in this ovation to-night."

"Certainly nothing could be more of a puzzle than this."

"Oh, the matter is simple enough. You are young, and you are beautiful; you are, besides, rich, and you have the charm of it all, which transmutes your money into a spell as potent as youth and beauty, and infinitely more seductive."

"Oh, my money! my money!" I exclaimed. "Do you know, Cousin Snow, what I have made up my mind to do with it?"

"I fancy I know what you will do with it."

"I have decided to give it all up if that woman proves to be the person she assumes to be."

"How can you give up what is not yours to give, my dear child?"

"Do you mean—"

"I mean that until you marry I have control of your property. I shall not give it up to any interloper unless the law compels me."

He laughed as he spoke.

"You will have to marry in order to gain control of it," he added.

He looked at me smiling and serene, and something in his tranquil strength impressed me. "When you are my wife," he went on in the quietest way, "I will not hinder any reasonable schemes of yours."

I had risen, and I now turned and looked at him. There was a new timidity and deprecation in his manner. "I

shall never be your wife," I said, not at all defiantly, but with decision.

"You must be."

"Do not say such things."

"You, too, can't afford to have it on your conscience that you have made me miserable."

"One cannot think about other people's misery in these matters. There is a certain right and honesty which must govern a woman in the critical moments of her life."

"Look here, Millicent," cried Snow with eagerness, "you have at times been ready to love me a little."

I felt a curious little pang: "I do not deny it. I used to admire you and believe in you very much."

"And now you admire me and believe in me no longer."

"I do not say that. Indeed I do not," I insisted with vehemence.

"You mean that you do admire me and believe in me?" he asked, with a look half of amusement.

I rallied my powers for an answer: "Admiration is one thing, and belief is another. Neither of them has much to do with such a sentiment as you seem to demand."

"But you confess that you have loved me a little."

"No, I have hardly confessed so much as that."

"You liked me at first. Naturally, however, as you saw more of the world and found others who could offer you more than I had it in my power to offer you— I understand all that very well." He broke off abruptly.

"That has nothing to do with it. I liked it best that I had it in my power to give."

"That was love."

"No, it was not love. It was an anxiety to justify the money to myself, and it seemed, besides, rather a pleasant thing."

"Surely the pleasantness of it is not all gone. You believed then that you were going to love me,—that you could love me. I believe, on my soul I believe, that you do love me. No, do not force yourself to deny that. I take it back.

But you will love me. Be generous. There was a time when it amused me to find that I was in love with you; that day is over: it is torture, supreme torture, now. I told myself then that you were a rich girl, and that I could at last afford to fall in love. Now I care for nothing except you. I am used to thinking of you as my wife; I cannot bear your denial. I shall not let you absolutely refuse me."

The quiet of his manner and the low pitch of his voice lent a force to his words which shook me. Now and then he paused, and the music and voices filled up the interval.

"Have we not been here long enough?" I asked him, averting my face.

"Yes," he returned, as if with a sense of relief in finding a definite groove of action presented at a moment when he had lost his reckoning. "I am a fool for going on in this way to-night. But I want you for my wife, and the wish puts me outside my old defences. I used to like to watch you in society, happy, triumphant, getting everything out of life. Now it makes me miserably angry and jealous that you have anything but what I can offer you." He said this lightly, and there was a certain force in his not only having illusions, but seeing beyond them and overcoming them. "Once," said he, "the world had a good many elements of interest for me. Now everything is summed up in you. Nothing else matters much."

We had left the little corner behind the palm-trees, and were moving about with the crowd again. I had been given a thousand stimulating, turbulent suggestions, but I thought of nothing at all; a succession of images had crossed my mind, starting fragments of ideas which halted on the threshold of my actual consciousness and did not cross it. It was almost the stroke of midnight, and Mrs. Fox told me when I went up to her that she was about sending for me. Her husband was to take me out to supper presently, and Snow was despatched to look up his host, who, after a short delay, appeared with Madame Ramée still on his arm. Madame was jubilant. "*Quel*

honour !" she exclaimed to me in lively confidence, and went on enumerating his claims to her admiration. He was a Mæcenas ; he was indeed Apollo himself who led the Muses.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FANNY BURT was in the habit of saying, "I know my world;" and when, the day after the ball, she told me that she had taken advantage of a quiet half-hour on a sofa with Mrs. Newmarch to enlighten her concerning the claim set up to my uncle's estate, I felt that she must have had very good reasons for undertaking so disagreeable a task.

"I wanted to retain her on our side," said Fanny. "She carries half of society along with her, and it is the half of society which counts, for they have opinions and prejudices, and lay down the law. Other people may have perception and insight and fugitive fancies they call sympathies, but they are too many-sided, and nobody listens to them, and nobody believes in them. All New York will know in a week or two that there is to be a law-suit, and I wanted Mrs. Newmarch to spread the news, and have it come down, not up."

I asked Fanny what she had confided to Mrs. Newmarch. She had told her, she declared, all that was necessary, —had made it clear that the claim was founded on imposture, and that, annoying although it might be, it in no degree threatened my substantial interests. In return, Mrs. Newmarch had asked a great many questions, some of which might have puzzled any one with less ease in answering interrogatories than Fanny possessed. She had not, she confessed, proceeded a single step without making it clear to herself exactly in what shape the new ideas were likely to gather force in the great lady's mind. Fanny had an artless vividness in description which carried conviction along with it, and I could readily understand that she had suited her information to the exigencies of the situation. Mrs.

Newmarch was a woman of the strictest views, and regarded with such horror the least derelictions on the part of her own sex that such enormities had finally grown to possess a morbid fascination for her. She would listen to a good deal for the sake of holding up her hands, and there was a burning pleasure in repudiating all wickedness. Thus Mrs. Newmarch's sympathies were gained not only for me, but retrospectively for my poor uncle, whose character Fanny had painted in pure white without blemish.

It distressed me keenly that there needed to be any subterfuge, and especially where my uncle was concerned. I realized that it would have needed more insight and magnanimity than Mrs. Newmarch possessed to see his case clearly. She flattered herself that she was a very large-minded and just woman and regarded nothing but the sovereign truth ; whereas in all her life she had probably never accepted any single fact which was not well wrapped up in mistake, illusion, misconception, and exaggeration.

I was not surprised to hear that she was coming to see me soon, and I found myself dreading the interview a little. It did not occur to me that she was likely to touch on the little episode at the ball, but in a vague and general way I felt that I was likely to have a great deal of advice. Mrs. Newmarch was always a little inclined to lament that I had grown up outside of her circle, but was freely disposed to make up to me for all past deficiencies by fresh opportunities. Now, when she came she went to the unusual length of kissing me, calling me her poor dear child, and telling me how complete her sympathy was. "But it will come out all right, no doubt," she went on consolingly. "I sent for Snow Morris, and he spent an hour with me yesterday. He says the case will come on in May, and that there is but one possible decision."

I knew all this very well, and with an amplitude of detail which Mrs. Newmarch could not easily attain to ; but she had taken possession of the law-suit,

as it were, and treated my own knowledge as something insignificant and inadequate, meeting me on every point with promises and assurances.

"It would have been a sad thing if the claim had been well founded," Mrs. Newmarch proceeded, after giving me the points she had learned. "There are cases where, in spite of right, justice, and decency even, the law has to be carried out. Now, it might have happened that your uncle really did leave a wife, and that your money would have gone to her and to her child."

"I do not feel altogether certain that he did not leave a wife, and that my money will not go to her now," said I. "At times I feel sure of it, and discover a little hoarding propensity in myself, like Mr. Dick's, who put bits of bread and cheese in his pocket as a provision against future famine."

"Mr. Dick's?" repeated Mrs. Newmarch, puzzled. "Oh, Mr. Charles Dix? He is always doing such droll things. Pretending a hoarding propensity,—that is exactly like him. But do you mean seriously that you have any fears about your money?"

It was quite evident that I had kindled her curiosity, and she looked at me with a startled inquisitiveness which quite changed her face.

"My fears about my money do not so much concern the losing of it," said I. "I often dream that it is all gone and that I feel as if a terrible burden of responsibility had dropped from me. If the woman has any claim to it, I would rather a thousand times let her have it all than withhold a penny from her."

"But if she is an impostor—"

"Even in that case the money might do her good," I rejoined. "It might make her a better woman."

Mrs. Newmarch looked at me with intense surprise and some disfavor. "It is quite evident," she remarked gravely, "that you do not exactly understand what you are talking about. You do not realize the obligations of a rich young woman. Of course if these claims were an actual menace it would be right and meet that you should be prepared to

resign your fortune. But those who have the best knowledge of your affairs insist that there is no such danger. You ought to think a great deal of your money. It has given you an immense opportunity. It was very fortunately placed: we all felt that. It might have been given to some one who would not have become an ornament of our circle as you have. You have been a real gain to us: your clear glance, your sweet voice, your pretty movements,—we have admired them very much."

Her kind flatteries did not stimulate my appreciation. I felt a little impatient and a little perverse, and was inclined to disavow any gratitude for my opportunity to share the competitions, the gayeties, and the *ennui* of her coterie.

"Think what a prosaic life you would have had if you had not come into your inheritance," she said, very softly but clearly. "The benefits you have gained appear to me enormous, and the forfeiture of them would be a terrible reverse."

She spoke with a trenchancy which was not without its effect. I had said the same thing to myself many times, but I felt humiliated that she should utter such warnings to me. I waited to see whether they were kind or impertinent.

"My son Charles has spoken to me about you of late," she now said, without further preamble.

I exclaimed, "Indeed!" and looked at her with a resolute determination to be as frank as she.

"I heard that he was very attentive the night of Mrs. Fox's ball," she proceeded; "and when I saw him yesterday I inquired what it all meant. I suppose I hardly need to tell you what he replied." She smiled at me very kindly.

"I assure you," I exclaimed, "I attached no importance to any of his words."

"He told me had asked you to marry him," said Mrs. Newmarch, with vigor. "That seems to me of very great importance."

"I considered that he was carrying

the joke very far, but I took his words as a joke."

"How can you say such things?"

"I wondered how he could," I returned. "We were dancing, and I thought it quite unsuitable nonsense, for anybody might have heard him."

"He was deeply in earnest,—deeply," insisted Mrs. Newmarch, with an almost tragic force. "He told me he would marry nobody else. I confess to you, my dear Miss Amber, that this declaration gave me deep solicitude. Fanny Burt had been telling me about your perplexities regarding your property, and it did seem to me that, under the circumstances, this news ought not to have been kept in reserve."

"Under what circumstances?" I asked.

She glided over the point I pressed. "Just think, if you had fairly engaged yourself to my son Charles," she said very sweetly, "how trying the position might have proved if it came out that this money was not your own, after all."

"But there has been no question of my engaging myself to your son Charles," I returned.

"My dear girl, you have conceded the fact that he asked you to marry him," Mrs. Newmarch insisted, her smile growing more kind and her manner more tenderly gracious all the time.

"But I had no intention of accepting him, even if he had been in earnest."

"He would have come to see you yesterday," she went on, "if I had not interfered. My son Charles is very determined, but he gets his force of character from me, and when I argue the matter with him long enough he generally yields. He finally agreed to leave the matter in my hands. He realizes that his marriage is a matter of importance, and an engagement by a young man placed as he is in the world cannot be entered upon hastily. He promised me to wait until the matter of your title had been fully tested. He felt as I did,—that it would be very embarrassing for you to be forced just now to commit yourself too decidedly to any course of conduct."

"I ought to be very grateful to you," I said, looking fixedly at Mrs. Newmarch. "You give me credit for certain assumptions which do not belong to me; you are frank enough to let me perceive that you do not believe me capable of acting with discretion and delicacy on my own part, and, taking all this into consideration, I feel how much I have to thank you for."

"I was sure you would see it in that light," said Mrs. Newmarch. "Charlie himself would have been very precipitate, and it really seemed very much better to get him out of the way at once."

She said this very smilingly.

"And did you succeed?"

"My dear Miss Amber," she answered, with a little low laugh, "he sailed for Liverpool this morning at eleven o'clock."

She sat looking at me with some inquisitiveness as to the way in which I was likely to take her news.

"That is very nice," I said tranquilly.

She had an acute desire to know exactly what I was thinking,—a desire which made her fidget as she sat in her chair.

"I hope you do not mistake my motives in doing this?" she said deprecatingly.

"Not in the least."

"If it all comes out right,—if this woman's claims and pretensions turn out to be nothing at all,—why, then," she went on, with a burst of enthusiasm, "I shall have a scheme to propose."

"And what is that?"

"I will take you to Europe in June with me."

This was something brilliant, and I felt that she was actually generous. The intensity with which she would have disliked the alliance if I were divested of my money found its equivalent in her wish to secure me as a daughter-in-law if I turned out an actual prize. I understood very well that I was being treated with a consideration unusual among the Newmarches.

"This was the only way I could bribe Charlie to consent to go away without seeing you," she confessed, beaming broadly, "and it finally answered. You

would go with me, would you not, Millicent?"

"It is impossible to predict anything, but I don't think I am likely to go with you," I replied.

She stared at me earnestly.

"I can't doubt," she now observed, "that you are fond of Charlie."

"I like him very well."

She gave me one of her quick looks.

"He seemed persuaded that he had almost won you."

"Please don't hold me accountable for anybody's mistakes but my own," said I. "It seems to me he makes a great many."

Mrs. Newmarch was puzzled. She liked to manage affairs without committing herself, and it would have been a considerable lapse from consistency for her to press upon me too strongly the desirability of falling in love with her son, when, a few weeks later, she might be eager to make me forget that I had any claims on him. But at the same time she did not like my attitude; there was something appalling in the glimmering of a suspicion she could not avoid,—that I was not taking the situation so seriously as she herself did. In order to impress me more strongly, she began to talk to me about marriage, and her generalities gathered focus upon the subject of Snow Morris, concerning whom she proceeded to warn me. He was too old for me, she declared,—not alone in years, but in heart; in fact, he had no heart to give me or any woman. He might do his best to persuade me that I inspired feelings which roused youth and passion in him; but it would save me from endless misery if I refused to believe him. Some fires once burned out can never be rekindled.

"Are you thinking of marrying him?" she finally asked a little sharply, finding me unresponsive.

"Dear Mrs. Newmarch," I replied, "I am not thinking about marrying anybody. I am not thinking about anything. I have had too many things pressed upon me: I can decide nothing. Everything must take its own course."

"That," declared Mrs. Newmarch, "is a very dangerous conclusion."

CHAPTER XIX.

ONE Monday afternoon toward the 1st of May, a dozen people had dropped in, and a lively talk was going on respecting everybody's summer plans. The day suggested a change from town, for it was warm as June; awnings shaded the wide-opened windows, and the balconies were full of roses and azaleas. The ladies wore delicate spring toilets, and an unusual air of freshness and spirit pervaded the little party. Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Newmarch had each announced her intention of going to Europe for five months, and the latter, who had already crossed the ocean twenty-two times, was bestowing advice upon the former, who had been only once abroad. Mrs. Fox, having command of resources which made Mrs. Newmarch's dwindle into insignificance, naturally felt aggrieved by this insistence upon superior claims to knowledge. It was of no use for her to have seen Rome, because she had missed the view from the vestibule of the belvedere in the Vatican, which Mrs. Newmarch preferred to anything in the Eternal City; and when Mrs. Fox would have claimed some acquaintance with Switzerland, her Alpine excursions there were condemned as cheap, because she had not stood on a certain rock and looked down the gorge under the "Devil's Bridge." It was of no use trying to compete with Mrs. Newmarch, who had to be accepted as one of the natural forces, indomitable and irresistible, against which it is useless to contend.

"I am trying to persuade Millicent to join us," Mrs. Fox finally remarked, conceding complete European knowledge to the other. "I tell her we will go wherever she pleases."

"I flatter myself," replied Mrs. Newmarch, "that Miss Amber will accompany me.—We have some little arrangement of that sort, have we not, my

dear?" she added, looking at me with a broad and suggestive smile.

"I thank everybody very much for their kind suggestions," I said. "Don't think it is morbid perversity which makes me decline all such delightful schemes, but I shall have to wait a little longer before I know what I am to do this summer."

"Any person who can tell our fortunes in our teacups will confer an inestimable advantage upon us at present," said Fanny.

"I can tell Miss Amber's," said Mr. Hubbard, who was always equal to small emergencies, and now, taking my cup and saucer, he pretended to find indications of people coming and people going, to all of which everybody listened, making merry over their suggestions and surmises as to the personality of these interesting makers of my good and bad fortune.

While this talk was going on, easy, good-humored, with an occasional stroke of malice, Selina, the maid, who opened the door of the reception-room as the visitors came up, advanced toward the portières of the parlor with a gesture indicating a fresh arrival. I stepped forward, my heart giving a little premonitory leap. I had often said to myself that this thing might happen, and now it had happened. We were open to all the world on Mondays, and anybody who called herself an acquaintance might come in, and now, among others, had come the woman who called herself by my uncle's name. She met me half-way as I entered the outer room with her good-humored, rather insolent smile. She wore a gown of rich, delicately-tinted silk, which swept the floor a yard behind her; her hands were encased in cream-colored gloves, and a plumed hat adorned her head. She was a startling vision, and she was a handsome one, carrying her rich trappings with an air of triumph and with some grace. The same elf-like child followed her as before, and she too was richly dressed.

"Well, Millicent," exclaimed my visitor, "you see I have come again."

I had but a moment in which to decide by which handle to seize the situation. It was easily in her power to be very disagreeable. I had before found her an unmanageable force; the repulsion she inspired was not less than at first, but it no longer governed me. Her existence had become one of the imperious facts of my life, and had taught me a needed lesson. My fear of her had resolved itself into an anxiety to have nothing to fear, to be done with possessions which kept me alive to the necessity of running away from something or protecting myself from something. Vague impressions which had filled my mind for the past few weeks had left me with unformed but still powerful resolutions about my duty, which agitated me now that I was face to face with the woman. "You have not done ill to come," said I. "I have often wished to speak to you again; but just now I am very particularly engaged."

"I shall not go away, and you cannot send me away," she asseverated.

"All I ask is that you will sit down quietly and wait for me."

"Oh, I see: you have some of your grand friends inside."

"Yes, there are visitors."

"Let me go in and see them. I am as well dressed as any woman in New York. I won't disgrace you. I give you my word I'll behave myself. I'd like to hold my own once with the New York upper ten."

To consent to this suggestion was the furthest thing possible from my will or my wish, but the matter settled itself without me. Fanny, hearing voices, had left her seat, and now peeped through the curtains, and, seeing the impressive-looking stranger, ran toward us at once.

"This is Mrs. Burt?" the woman inquired, assuming an exaggerated suavity of manner. "I am Mrs. Darcy. I came to see Millicent. Do not let me interfere with your duties to your guests. I will sit down anywhere."

"I am sure I am most happy to see any friend of Millicent's," said Fanny,

a little puzzled, but evidently taking the new visitor to be somebody worth knowing. "Come in, Mrs. Darcy." She led the way back, followed closely by the strange pair, while I brought up the rear, startled, not to say a little alarmed, at this bizarre discord,—like the clang of a kettle-drum among our dulcet flute harmonics.

It was quite evident that "Mrs. Darcy's" object in coming was not a serious one. No doubt she regarded any visit she could force upon me as a valuable chance for reconnoitring the field, but this struck her humorous perceptions. It was a capital joke that she was in a sense recognized, having forced me to huddle up difficulties by any safe expedient. I confessed in myself at the moment an absolute inability to strike out any line of conduct. I was compelled to sit down and wait for some turn of events, feeling that the results of this incursion defied prediction.

It was evident that she stirred surprise and some admiration in the group as she swam forward and sat down in a chair between Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Newmarch, bowing with smiling ease as Fanny named her to each, then, lolling back, half closed her eyes, only opening them when Mrs. Newmarch made some remark upon the heat of the afternoon.

"It is the first day I have not shivered," Mrs. Darcy replied, with a shrug. "A pestilent, an abominable deceit I have found this Northern spring."

"Ah, you are from the South?"

"From New Orleans."

"I'm afraid you are hardly prepossessed with New York."

"I do not know New York. All I have known here is impatience, fatigue, ennui. The name of the place makes me yawn."

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Darcy," said Hildegard De Forrest, laughing.

"I have been like an actor with a part to play which burns in his heart and on his tongue, but whose cue has not come, and who has had to fret his soul out behind the scenes."

Everybody's attention was arrested: all other conversation dropped lifeless,

all eyes were turned toward the stranger.

"Another winter you may find New York more agreeable," observed Mrs. De Forrest. "It takes some little time to get acquainted."

"Another winter!" ejaculated Mrs. Darcy, with a sort of fierceness: "another winter I hope to be in Paris, with plenty of money. In Paris one may amuse one's self, is it not so? Everywhere else one merely tries not to be too much bored."

She had turned to Mr. Hubbard, and addressed these words to him. There was a vivacity, not to say audacity, in her manner, a fire in the glances she darted from beneath her heavy eyebrows, which began to startle the women, and now that she turned toward the gentleman with a bold, brilliant side-glance, their surprise grew. Mr. Hubbard was helping Fanny, who was making fresh tea, but came nearer at once, evidently roused and interested.

"Did we ever meet in Paris, I wonder?" he said, drawing a chair beside her.

"Never; oh, never," replied Mrs. Darcy quickly. "I was there once, but it was long ago. How domestic! How charming! What a picture!" she went on rapidly, with little vehement gestures toward the pretty hostess at her tea-making. "That goes to the heart of man, does it not?"

Mr. Hubbard assented gayly. Something in the smothered fire of her eyes seemed to attract him. He brought her a cup of tea and lingered beside her. She pretended to sip it, laughing at it all the time as a bloodless Northern beverage which sucked the color and life out of the women's faces. He allowed himself to be a little carried away by his devotion to her, and his attentions were not only charged with a certain *laissez-aller*, but were a bribe to abandon on her side. She was drawn out: she laughed gayly; she mimicked; she gave her impressions with a childish *naïveté*. Fanny kept vigorously to the work of entertaining the other guests,

but it was evident that the attention of each was a little strained to catch the flow of sparkling impertinences that issued from the stranger's red lips.

As for myself, I felt benumbed. Her presence fettered me and cramped the free play of my faculties. I had the sensations of a prisoner bound in chains and expecting condemnation every moment. The clock on the wall, whose gilt pendulum flashed incessantly to and fro, seemed not to move its hands. It was five o'clock when she came in; all these people were on their way to the Park: would they never go? Each moment I had dreaded more and more lest the strong animalism of the woman should burst forth in some escapade that might stamp her to the perceptions of every woman present. But it became gradually evident that, having it in her own way,—in fact, carrying off all the honors,—she gained discretion in spite of her high spirits over her effective trick, and was ambitious to achieve it picturesquely and leave an appeal to the imagination behind it. The thought crossed my mind more than once that she was a professional actress. There was a certain exaggeration, a distinct intention in her holding this attitude of successful ease straight through without swerving, besides a pitch in her voice and laughter, that suggested training for the stage.

At the stroke of six the visitors reluctantly rose. Their perceptions were alert; they felt that something was about to happen, and, had it been possible, would have waited for the event in the air to develop. Mr. Hubbard lingered for a moment, then followed Fanny into the next room, and I closed the door upon them both. I was alone at last with my visitor, and began to wonder how much courage and good sense I should find, left face to face with her. She sat quietly, her arms folded, and a smile on her lips. The little girl, crouching in a corner, watched us both sullenly, anxious for her mother and suspicious of me.

"I flatter myself I did not do it badly," the woman remarked presently,

with her rollicking, derisive air. "What was the gentleman's name? Mr. Hubbard? He seemed glad of a little entertainment."

I made no reply, but waited a little for her excitement and elation to be over. She began to talk loudly and strangely concerning herself and her powers, contrasting them with those of the other women she had seen. Then after a time, perhaps gaining some consciousness that she was over-loud and blustering, she turned to me. "I thought you had something to say to me," she exclaimed.

"Yes," I replied, "I have often thought of late that I should like to talk with you."

"Well, say what you have to say; but do not argue. I can fight it out with anybody, but my foolish wits have no chance against your coolness."

"I want to know about you," I said. "I want to understand who you are and what your actual claims are. It may be, and it may not be, that the law will entitle you to rights over the property my uncle left. But behind all the legal subtleties there is a right and a truth, and I should like to know it. Those who best understand the matter tell me that even if you can prove yourself to have been my uncle's wife you still have no legal rights. But if you ever were his wife I should not like to have you lose everything. Ever since I have had this money I have had a wish in my heart to make it useful in the best way. And if by your sharing it you could be a better woman,—stronger against temptation, purer in effort and example,—I would rather—a thousand times rather—give some of it up to you."

She gave a sort of cry, and began to stamp with fury and utter forcible ejaculations. "I will not be preached to! I will not!" she screamed.

"I do not want to preach to you. It makes me sorry to look at your little girl. If there was something I could do for her,—to soften, to sweeten her,—to give her some of the spirit of bright childhood."

"All that either of us need is money," she declared.

"Money you shall have, if you were really my uncle's wife. Tell me something to convince me that the little girl is yours and his."

But she did not seem to hear me. She was looking at the little girl, who gazed back with an ominous frown and shook her head.

"Poor thing! she has known me only in my dark days," she said. "I have been disgraced, solitary, mad with her and with all the world for my own failure. But I'll make it up to her yet."

"Tell me about your experience."

She burst into loud laughter.

"This is a bold stroke of yours," she exclaimed. "You want to force me into confessions. My lawyer has told me to hold my tongue."

"That may be good advice in a certain way. But, I assure you, if you could make me understand you and believe in you you would gain a great point. Make me your friend and your child's friend."

She glared at me with an evident uneasiness in her position growing upon her. She could not or would not respond.

"Do you mistrust me?" I asked.

"I mistrust everybody. Are we not enemies?"

"Not necessarily. And you do not know what is urging me. You cannot guess how little I love my wealth. I have not begun right: I have not justified its possession to myself. I should like to do a little good with it. I wish I might begin all over again, and it would be something to have made a sacrifice." I was speaking with haste and agitation. It did indeed seem something to do to touch this woman's heart, to awaken her conscience. A foolish, passionate longing had come over me to effect a miracle, but I pleaded with her in vain. While I looked at her, I saw that her mind would never open to let in these strange new ideas, or any realization of these impulses of mine, impossible for her to understand or to define.

"Do you mean you want to get rid of your money?" she asked, with a movement of her black eyebrows.

"I want to use it well, and it would to my mind be using it ill not to help you if I could."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You are talking about your money:—my money you might better call it. I will show you how to use it. And you say you want me to be good. Now, the only difference between me and those women who have just gone out is that they have found what they wanted within reach, while I have had to climb for and clutch at and tear mine down." She looked ardently alive; her eyes burned and her face glowed.

"When I was a girl," she went on, "I had a longing to live a free, large life. I hated bonds, coercion, rules, that held me tight and made everything I did cramped and mean and poor. I kept looking for an outlet; but there seemed to be no chance of my reaching the currents of the great moving world. But do you think even if I were chained I would submit always to be pent up? Not I. When I was fifteen years old I was free."

Her confession had a strangely agitating effect upon her; her own words seemed to intoxicate her, and while she spoke the little wizened child came up and put her hand warningly on her mother's arm.

"The lawyer said you must keep quiet," she urged, in an excited expostulatory way. Her mother shook off the grasp of the slight wrist.

"I never was free," she pursued, some angry feeling surging to her face. "I was always hindered,—always driven and overworked by something. If by nothing outside, then the restless devil within me was sure to goad me on to spoil everything I undertook." Her face showed the strife of feelings which had urged her. The sort of fierce glee in her eyes and smile was made ominous by the passionate heavy mould of her mouth and chin.

"Where I have done one wise thing in my life," she rushed on, "I have

done a thousand foolish things,—wicked things."

"Stop and think before you do another foolish and wicked thing."

"I shall do what I choose," she affirmed. "I am not the sort of poor, tame creature other women are. I haven't many scruples, and I have no fears."

"Did you really ever know my uncle?" I asked abruptly.

"Know him? I will tell you so much as this about him: he was made to marry me, and for months after our wedding-day I could turn him round my finger."

She gave me a triumphant glance and nodded once or twice, then added, with a shrug, "I could have kept him my slave always if I had not been the one idiot of the universe. I wanted to test my power over him by making him jealous; and his jealousy was something beyond what I had imagined. Then I grew afraid of him and ran away. I gave him no chance to play the last act of Othello."

This seemed not only natural, but what I had expected all along. I was so impressed by the belief that what I heard was truth, that it seemed worth while to try to verify her statement. The dire dismay and confusion which had come with the first tidings were things of the past. This was reality. I could readily make out the story of what their two lives had been. I looked wistfully at the woman who had survived the tragic failure of an attempt at married life. I could see no good in her. I felt for my poor uncle, whom evil and good had both so strongly urged, and who had no doubt taken in self-defence stern means to accomplish a needed end, his jealousy making him fulfil what he looked on as a duty.

"Tell me all you can about my uncle," I said, in a low voice.

She put her head on one side and burst out laughing. "I might tell you too much," she exclaimed,—*"things you wouldn't like to know. You have fine taste,—you're delicate, you're fastidious; you can spend his money, but*

you wouldn't like to know how he got it. You wash your hands of his business, for it revolts your fine-lady susceptibilities, but you ain't afraid of his gold; gold is a high-toned metal,—nothing sticks to it,—it carries no infection. I'll tell you just so much as this: he had the devil's own luck at times, and then the tide turned. He gambled,—gambled in everything. He loved to put everything he had at stake on the turn of a card, the fluctuations of stocks, the running of a horse. I like a man who dares do that,—who is strong enough to do it, then to bear his luck afterward. Your uncle could. He laughed when he won; but he laughed louder when he lost. He was a thorough-bred in his way: no matter how much he was hurt, he never cried out."

I began to be weary of her and of the clear, gross reality of these revelations. In the first sentence she had uttered, as in the last, I now told myself, I had learned all I needed to know. She had been my uncle's wife. She had belonged, as I had never belonged,—never could belong, by association, sympathy, or love,—to his actual life. With her clutch upon the money he had left me, there could be nothing of comfort, dignity, or peace in my life. I could never for a moment forget her; and in remembering her, what was left to me? All the superficial charm of my prosperity vanished, and left a void of emptiness in place of the glamour and dazzle of my brief experience. I said to myself that it was as Mr. Harrold had told me,—my wealth had brought me no real happiness, no assured strength, no quietness, no purpose, no sustaining belief. If it were mine, it was a thing too cheaply gained; and if it were not mine, my position in holding it by main force would be more tragic and hopeless than the direst poverty could make it. Oh, I said now within myself, if the money were only all gone!—if I had never had it! Or if, having it, there were only some kind, wise counsellor who would show me what to do! I was, in fact, so powerless,—so involved in the meshes: I could not

act without Snow Morris's help, and Snow was certain to laugh at any impulse which was not to hold on to every advantage I possessed until it was snatched from me. To go on frozen and saddened by this feeling of wrongdoing which was neither to be reasoned away nor controlled, was to keep up a lonely fight I hated to endure. If only I had not yielded at first!—if I had not accepted the money when it came! There had been the temptation of a new and wider life answering my crude longings for excitement and change, so I had closed my eyes and opened my hands. The right way, Snow Morris would have told me, would have been not to have opened my eyes at all,—to have taken the goods the gods provided, and never to have questioned morbidly and over-curiously such unique good fortune. Without this perpetual, remorseful stirring, I might have conquered in this encounter with the woman I now found so terrible: as it was, she conquered me.

"I think," I said wearily, "you had better go away. If you have told the truth, I cannot deny your rights. Still, it must all wait, I suppose. A few weeks will tell the whole story of it now."

"I shall not go away," she declared, with decision, "until you give me some money. You ought to give me money. As a woman, you can see my need of it. Money I must have; and, with all your fine sentiments, you ought to help me to get it honestly."

I regarded her with dreary doubt. It might seem a poor and paltry way of getting rid of her, but it was the simplest. If it were entirely a mistake, it was my own, and I must take the consequences of it. There was some justice, too, in her demand. It was an experiment, but I declared to myself impatiently that in this weary, hopeless interval of waiting nothing mattered.

I went to my desk, took from it a little lacquered cabinet, and brought it over to the table. My month's allowance of money was there, and I was willing to

show the woman that I was ready to be generous to her. But, as I sat down, I was struck by the change which had come over her face as she watched me. A leap of color like flame had risen to each cheek, her eyes blazed, but at the same time they had grown smaller and looked more closely set together. She bent forward, and her hands moved restlessly and rather fiercely, as if she longed to grasp something.

"I will give you what money I have," I said briefly.

I pressed my fingers upon the little drawer and took it out. In it lay, as was usual, the horseshoe of diamonds my uncle had given me, and she caught sight of it. The expression of covetousness on her features grew still more intense, and startled me at last into full realization that I was dealing too carelessly with a dangerous enemy.

I put my diamonds out of sight, and drew forth the roll of bills my guardian had only that morning given me. "There," I said, "take what I have. It is all I can call mine at this moment."

She snatched the package from me with the spring of a wild beast, then ran the notes over, with a little laugh at the result.

"Now please go," I said: "it is getting late, and I am very, very tired."

She was already on her feet. "Oh, I'll go now," she retorted. "I'll go now, but I shall come again before long. I would have gone before, if you had paid me for it. I like money," she went on, with her rollicking air. "The feel of it is good to my hands. It is the only thing I love; it's the only thing worth loving; it is the key to all I want in the universe."

I sat perfectly still, looking at her with a painful revulsion of feeling. There rushed upon my remembrance a throng of thoughts I had for the time forgotten. It suddenly seemed to me that I had done very badly thus to harbor her, to encourage her, to recognize her. I had been greedy of knowledge; but better far, perhaps, was the

dim shadow and gray silence of doubt than any knowledge she could impart. It was too late to repent. She was in haste to get away. She stood before me a single instant more, her smile	lighting up her crimson lips, swarthy cheeks, and bold black eyes; then, when she found I did not speak, she called the child and went out.
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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEFORE DAWN.

LONG is the night, and we ride
 Into the east, it seems,
 Friend and foe at our side,
 Through a land of shadows and dreams.

Voices to left and right
 Out of the darkness call,
 "Travellers, what of the night?"
 —Wayfarers, wanderers, all!

From magical gardens behind,
 Songs and sweet echoes enthrall:
 "Lo, here are your idols enshrined!
 Return for the flowers you let fall!"

Ah, never!—forever away
 Through the dark and the mist we speed,
 Borne on to the unknown day,
 And the echoing songs recede.

Loometh a watch-tower tall:
 "Watchman, what of the night?"
 For, behold, in the windowed wall
 Surely there shineth a light.

But dumb is the oracle, cold
 Is the window empty and high,
 And the light it seemeth to hold
 Is a star in the eastern sky.

Prophet, poet, and saint
 Have said that a dawn will break;
 But, chilled by the darkness, we faint.
 Will those who are sleeping awake?

They have slept so long and so deep!
 Our hearts are weary, our eyes
 Are heavy: we too must sleep.
 Shall we wake with the Day in the skies?

ANNA BOYNTON.

DOM PEDRO'S DOMINION.

IN front of the Hotel Bragança, at Petropolis, the summer court of Brazil, there is a beautiful stream of water, flowing swiftly by in its paved channel. Upon its bank large willow-trees are growing, and around the foot of each of these a rustic bench is built. The rippling of the water and the waving of the willows make this a true land of drowsihead, as every summer resort should be. To think or speak evil of one's neighbor in these soft shades would seem little short of a crime; and yet it was done.

An elderly man, with a soured and cynical face, was occupying one of these seats. He had lived long in Brazil, and it was whispered of him that he had a grievance against the country in the shape of a broken contract, an unpaid claim, or something of that sort. In the course of the morning he was joined by a young compatriot,—they were both Americans,—whose expression, though haggard, was not unkind.

"Good-morning, Sir Malcontent," was the young man's greeting. "Let's have a friendly growl together while our breakfast is digesting: I feel just in the mood for it."

"Why, what ails you?"

"I don't know whether it was the boiled cucumbers or the fried bananas that I ate for dinner last evening. Which do you think would be the more likely to make a man wish he was dead?"

"You have been ill?"

"All night long; and when at break of day I rang for brandy or some other medicine, it was of no use. I called, but my quarters are out in one of those garden chalets, and my outcries had no effect except to arouse my neighbors. Then I took my cane, and, lying back in my bed, I punched the bell-push again and again, and played a tattoo upon it until I had used up enough lightning to strike a barn with. When at last the laggard varlet of a servant did come, I

heaped reproaches upon him, and told him that I had rung for him five times. What do you think the fellow said?"

"That he didn't hear?"

"No. He said there was another man who had rung seven times, and he *had* to be attended to. It seems that the first six rings don't count at this hotel. They are merely preliminary,—to bring the servant *en rapport* with you, as it were. So I am inclined to think that a little foreign enterprise in the hotels at these summer resorts would not be amiss. What a barn of a building this is, anyway! And those chalets in the garden are not bigger than chicken-coops. And the servants appear at the seventh ring. Do you wonder that I am in a growling mood?"

"Not I. Live here as long as I have, and you yourself will be a confirmed malcontent. I was as light-hearted a boy as ever you saw when I first came to this country to make my fortune. Look at me now. I've lost contentment, health, ambition, and character."

"You don't seem to like Brazil," said the young man.

"I never attempt to disguise my dislikes," was the reply.

"But it's a rich and beautiful land," continued the young man, leading his companion adroitly on.

"Yes," the cynic said, "as Florida and Louisiana are rich and beautiful; that is, in the plant and animal life of swamp and jungle. But it is not rich in men, and never can be. And, after all, true and honorable men are a nation's best riches. Has not cold and barren Massachusetts added more to our national glory than a dozen Louisianas could have done?"

"Then you wouldn't advise your friends from Massachusetts to come here?"

"No, indeed. Why should they? What can they do when they get here? Let them go to Louisiana, where the

English language is spoken, and where return-tickets are cheaper. This country is flooded with young American adventurers possessed with the idea that they are going to get rich in some indefinite way. They stay a few weeks, use up their money, and return at the expense of the American colony here. It seems to me that every vessel brings half a dozen of them, and that they all bring letters of introduction to me."

"You astonish me," said the young man. "Why, at home this is considered the fairest field for American enterprise."

"You are badly mistaken at home, then," answered the cynic. "American or any other enterprise is welcomed here at first with some empty rhetorical display, and then it is hampered and finally crushed out by national jealousy. If, as a sop to the Cerberus of Brazilian pride, the foreign innovator takes a Brazilian partner, the impracticability of the latter ruins the firm. An American capitalist, for instance, contemplates the erection of a planing-mill in Rio de Janeiro. To secure the favor and good-will of the native people, he takes as an associate a Brazilian of equal means. When their establishment is completed, and they are ready to receive orders, the American finds that there is a demand for window-blinds, lattice-work, and, perhaps, for poultry-cages and bar-room screens. Since the avowed object of the enterprise is to make money, he proposes to fill these and any other lawful and lucrative orders which may come to them. But the Brazilian objects. He is proud of their planing-mill, and would confine its services to the realms of high art, allowing it to produce nothing more gross than cornices, picture-frames, étagères, and ornamental brackets, for which, however, there proves to be no sale. So there is dissension, the Brazilian calling the Yankee a mercenary clod, while the latter says that the former is a shiftless and æsthetic fool.

"Shiftless!" continued the cynic, with vehemence: "I should say they were. The upper classes of Brazil are shiftless, proud, and poor. All of these yarns

which you read at home about immense Brazilian wealth, diamond kings, barons living in palaces, and planters rolling in luxury, are the work of enterprising novelists and journalists. This is a poverty-stricken country if ever there was one. They tax both imports and exports, and yet they can't pay their debts, or even the interest on them. The aristocracy are too proud to go into business, and so they scheme for employment under the government. The fathers persuade the government to buy up the railroads and take control of the telegraphs, in order that they may make easy and respectable positions for their idle sons. In that manner both railways and sons become spoiled for any useful purpose. You probably thought that you saw some office-seeking when you were in Washington; but, let me tell you, it will not compare with the pressure that is brought to bear down here. They do not seem to realize that a people should support its government, and not a government its people. First its young men are educated under the auspices of the empire, and then, when they are graduated, they immediately clamor for official positions of honor and emolument. 'For,' they ask of the State, 'what is the use of educating us if you are not going to use us?' If they secure the coveted places and are requested to do some work, they shrug their shoulders and are indignant at the very idea of such a degradation, which would reduce them to the level of the unfortunate private citizen."

"Then," said the young man, "there must be a fine opportunity here for foreign talent in the shape of professional men from abroad, such as physicians, engineers, and scientific men generally. The government is surely liberal on that point. It imposes no protective tariff on brains. There are—or have been—many foreigners in the public service."

"And a homesick crowd they are," was the reply. "As soon as one is installed, the petty persecution of national jealousy begins. Some officeless and penniless native *sabio*, with nine small children to support, ventilates his

wrongs in the daily papers, and deplores the injustice of a nation which feeds the foreigner and lets its own subjects go hungry. He never fails to have a large family of small children. That is the one thing essential for success: fitness for the position he demands is a secondary consideration. If I were an applicant for a government position, I would immediately begin to accumulate a family of small children, even if I had to break up an orphan-asylum to do it."

The young man mentioned the case of the French physician who had come over from Paris to attend the emperor's daughter through the perils of childbirth. "He got a twenty-five-thousand-dollar fee and expenses paid," added he. "Such treatment as that would not be despised by some doctors of my acquaintance."

"But," said his companion, cynical as ever, "see how he was received by his professional fraternity in this country. Not content with a dignified criticism of his acts and ability, the jealous native physicians descended to scurrilous abuse, and even published doggerel poetry against him in their medical journals: all forms of thought take to verse in this land of poets. And in those discussions of theirs even the person of their sovereign princess was not treated with that sacred respect which is due from all gentlemen to the woman in affliction for whom we, in our litany, especially pray,—the innermost secrets of her sick-room being bandied from one column to another of their daily papers."

"There must be some native *savants*, however, in a country of this respectability."

"I will tell you an anecdote about them, such as they are," replied the cynic, whose stock of this ungracious information seemed inexhaustible. "The directors of the Museo Nacional are the most important body of scientific men in Brazil. They publish a periodical bulletin containing the results of their researches and discovery. In one issue of this magazine there appeared an elaborate account, accompanied by finely-drawn plates, of a very peculiar zoological speci-

men, new to science, which one of their number had discovered, dissected, and described. This was a treasure-trove to the Museo Nacional. It was the event of the year. If the fortunate discoverer had found the North Pole, or the source of the Nile, he could hardly have received greater honors. When the emperor went to the United States he took with him the description of this interesting creature and showed it to a prominent scientific man of Boston. The Bostonian glanced at it and said it was a tadpole, an animal which had been known to science ever since the Batrachomymachian War, or thereabouts. The emperor was astonished, grieved, and silent for a moment, and then he asked the Boston man if he could procure him a few specimens of the animal. The scientist, with the aid of a small boy, responded with a jarful, which the emperor laconically labelled 'Tadpoles,' and sent, with his compliments, to the directors of the museum of Rio de Janeiro."

"After all," suggested the young man, "perhaps the professional men of Brazil are good enough for their country."

"As long as the country knows no better it will probably find them good enough; and the natives seem determined that no better shall be known if they can help it. But the melancholy truth remains that their learned professions are in their infancy. Why, if a young Brazilian engineer has to stake out a railroad from point to point across the level prairie, he does not run it in a straight line, which is the shortest distance and in this case the most economical route between two points, but he winds it around through all the curves, simple, reversed, and parabolic, that he has ever read about in his text-book. This action, he argues, proves that he is a civil engineer; for, while anybody can lay out a straight line, only an engineer can put in a curve. Such boyish foibles as these seem characteristic of the Brazilians."

"Nevertheless," the young man ventured to say, "I find them a very pleasant and polite people."

"Oh, I am heartily tired of these

stereotyped praises of Brazilian politeness. Civility is mere policy with them, as with the rest of the world, while rudeness and boorishness come from the heart. I will give you an instance of Brazilian politeness, just to show you that I do not go by general impressions alone, but have some statistics to back me up. I remember once," continued the narrator, "when I was about to leave this country for a time, that I found it necessary to go to the police-headquarters to have my passport duly examined and prove that I was not an escaping criminal. I entered the room. It was dirty and desolate, and looked like a barn. The secretary, with whom my business lay, and who should have been at his desk, presented his back to me as he leaned out of the window and gossiped with a friend. I will confess that under these circumstances I did not take off my hat, as, with hands filled with baggage, I stood patiently waiting before the hollow majesty of a police-official's empty chair. I don't think that I am naturally an impolite man, for I observe that I instinctively uncover my head in crossing the threshold of a church or in entering a lady's presence, even if only in an hotel elevator. But here I saw no reason for exercising any action of respect. At last the secretary looked over his shoulder, saw me, and called out, in what were probably intended to be tones of thunder, 'Take off your hat, sir!' Then he resumed his broken conversation, and, passing his hands behind his back and beneath his coat-tails, he flapped those appendages in the air for full another two minutes before he turned to see what I wanted."

"I hope you didn't obey him," said the young man.

"Oh, yes, I did. I'm not fool enough to beard a police-mogul in his den in a foreign land. I bit my tongue and took off my hat. It galled my soul; but a case of wounded pride is better than a postponed journey when your ticket is already bought. You see, he had every advantage on his side. He knew that he had it in his power to embarrass and delay me, and he loved to practise all the

insolence that his little office would allow him. Here is his name," said he, drawing a well-worn passport from his wallet. "'Francisco José de Lima.' He writes like a gentleman; it is sad to think that he acts like a bully. There was Brazilian politeness for you."

"He thought you were an Englishman," said the young man. "The English are the Jews of this country, and the Brazilians are not fond of them."

"Perhaps so," admitted the cynic. "The brute did seem to soften a little when he saw that I was bound for New York."

"I say, Mr. —," exclaimed the young man, abruptly changing the subject, "I want to ask you a question."

"Fire away."

"At the ball which we had in the skating-rink the other night I was introduced to the pretty Donna Tagarella, and had a dance with her. What do you think she said to me?"

"She probably remarked that the weather was warm, or inquired if you had heard Fricci sing, or if you liked *feijoada*. I believe those are the standard topics of ball-room conversation down here."

"No; she asked me at what hotel I was staying."

"Not a surprising question."

"Then she asked me if I had brought my *amiga* with me. Now, I want to know just what *amiga* means."

"What does *amiga* mean?" repeated the cynic. "What does the French *amante* mean? Or, in plain words, what does 'mistress' mean? That's what *amiga* means."

"I thought and feared as much, and I blushed and stammered when I attempted a reply. She laughed quietly, seemed to enjoy my confusion, and turned the conversation by asking me if I was a married man. Now, I may be just from the country and a little green, but it does seem to me that that question was a very outspoken one. Either the young American gentlemen who have been here before me have not led the most blameless of lives, or else there is a

remarkable freedom of action and speech in the best Brazilian society, for Madame Tagarella is assuredly in the first rank."

"It does sound rather free," said the ungallant cynic; "but then, as far as I can learn, these young Brazilian matrons are not over-prudish when their husbands are out of sight,—a position in which the discreet spouse rarely places himself when there are handsome young men around. Nothing personal intended."

"Sure enough," said the young man thoughtfully. "Now I understand and appreciate at its true value the distinguished courtesy extended to me yesterday afternoon by the husband in question. I met him on the street, and casually remarked to him that I was on the way to call on his wife, and he kindly volunteered to accompany me."

"More cautious than kind," observed the cynic. "Still, social morals in Brazil are no worse than business morals or political morals. The fact is that no morality that has ever yet been discovered can stand the crucial test of a hot climate. As the Brazilians are light in love, so they are tricky in business and faithless in politics."

"That is rather a sweeping denunciation."

"Yet it is true. I will give you instances. I know of a *fazendeiro* from the interior who came down to Rio to make some purchases, among which was included a sewing-machine for a friend. He bought it and paid for it, and then coolly requested the agent to give him a receipt for a sum considerably larger than he had paid, the excess being the margin of profit that he would allow himself for his friendly offices. This, the agent said, was but one case out of a thousand that had fallen under his notice.

"Again, in politics," continued the cynic. "A distinguished member of the party out of power was once making a speech in Rio, in which he was bringing the thunders of his indignation to bear upon the government in which he had no share. In the middle of his philippic, some one from behind slipped

a piece of paper into his hand. He opened it and read that his son had just been appointed consul to somewhere by the government. He resumed his discourse, but the storm of his wrath had subsided, and on the disappearing clouds he painted a rainbow of hope and promise for his beloved country. In other words, he changed his political principles as quickly as you could shift your clothes."

"It cannot be a very substantial government that will bribe its enemies into co-operation," said the young man.

"It is not a very substantial government. Imperialism in Brazil is but a name. It is neither respected at home, where they print republican newspapers, nor abroad, where the Brazilian court is considered a convenient place in which to shelve the diplomatic riff-raff. It is not long since the people here saw the strange spectacle of a foreign minister unable to attend on a certain state occasion, because a notorious prostitute had retained his official dress as forfeited collateral. At another time a hardened member of the demi-monde persuaded a young European secretary of legation that he had done her the greatest wrong that the libertine can do to a young and innocent girl. He, simple, credulous fellow, being a good Catholic, went and did a week's penance for his sin, much to the amusement of the jade and her companions."

"I hope that the representatives of our country are not of that stripe."

"No; the worst traditions that have come down from them are that one of them chewed tobacco, another walked the streets in his shirt-sleeves, and a third was in the habit of carrying his luncheon away from the hotel in his coat-tail pocket. But you must remember that, in diplomatic circles, such actions are crimes far more heinous than any deed of libertinism or excess of debauchery."

"Does the emperor receive such men?" the young man asked.

"Certainly. And they laugh in their sleeves at him and his Yvetot of an empire. I have seen a group of them

walking up to the palace on some ceremonial visit, and I have noticed them laugh, and wink, and poke each other's ribs as they criticised the private linen of the emperor's household spread out in rural fashion to dry upon the grass of the palace front yard, through which their path lay. And, more discourteous still, there was a foreign minister here once, who, being about to sell out, advertised the emperor's portrait under the heading of 'Stable Furniture.' Will such an empire last, do you think?"

"You don't think it will?"

"No. The future of Brazil is the same as the future of the rest of the world,—republicanism. Can't you read it in the signs of the times? Don't you see it in the constant dissatisfaction of the provinces remote from the capital, which pay their share of the taxes without receiving their portion of the public improvements, and are officered by favorites from court, on the plea that only governors from a distance can govern impartially? Did you notice, on the emperor's recent arrival here from abroad, that he landed first in Pernambuco, away in the north? But the people of that city voted not to celebrate his return, because the times were so hard. At Bahia, nearer to the court, they gave him a faint display of welcome. But at Rio, the centre of this centralized government, enthusiasm and fireworks were unlimited. If you will interpret these signs aright, you will see that devotion to the emperor means love for the empire.

"If you go on south, now, to the temperate zone of the lower provinces, where the people possess stalwart bodies and energetic souls, raise wheat instead of coffee, and own horses and ride them, you will find more hopes and prayers for the republic, which is sure to come. The bold spirit of Garibaldi, who in his youth roamed these plains, yet burns in the hearts of his former comrades. Once, in the province of Rio Grande, I attended a dinner, at which all classes, including government officials, were present. I was called upon for a toast,

and, just to feel the public pulse, I gave them 'The Republic—when it shall come!' I expected some applause from the few who were too drunk to be discreet, but I was not prepared for the outburst of approval with which all present, drunk or sober, greeted my sentiment."

"And when will the Republic come?"

"At the emperor's death, when, as I firmly believe, the Amazonian provinces will combine together to elect a president of their own, and the South of Brazil will also organize itself into a republic. As for Rio de Janeiro and the territory in its vicinity, which is the home of the aristocracy, the empire may live there for a term of years longer, until the leaven of republican principles shall have had time to complete its work."

"But, if dissatisfaction is so prevalent, why does not this general disruption occur now? Why wait for the emperor's death?"

"Because revolution to-day would mean trouble and bloodshed, and such a state of affairs is repugnant to the indolent Brazilian heart. Besides, it would seem ungenerous to the present emperor, who, on the whole, is liked by the people, having had their interests at heart for the last half-century. But when they do change they will change for the better. We wear an old coat sometimes after it has gone out of fashion and has ceased to warm us, simply because we are accustomed to it and entertain towards it the affection of long acquaintance, and because it is a bother to go to the tailor's for a new one. But when we get a new suit we change for the better; and as with clothes, so with governments. Besides, the Brazilians have no plausible excuse for unseating the present emperor. In the eyes of the outside world, for whose opinion the Brazilians have a profound reverence, Dom Pedro is a great and good man, a just ruler, and a wise statesman, and to depose him would be to bring down upon their sensitive heads the reproach and ridicule of all nations, the United States included. Therefore they don't do it."

"Do not his subjects also consider him a great and good man?"

"Ye-es," was the reply, with a doubtful drawl,—“a very respectable old gentleman, with good common sense, a desire to do right, and a hobby for asking questions. But they do not find in him the paragon of all imperial virtues that the world at large does. They are better acquainted with him, and intimate acquaintance is fatal to hero-worship. They laugh when they read in the American papers that Dom Pedro is doing this or that great thing in Brazil, introducing from abroad measures for national improvement, effecting great reforms, and with a sweep of his pen revolutionizing the whole social fabric. The fact is that Dom Pedro does not own this country, nor does he even rule it autocratically, for he is helpless if opposed by that power behind the throne,—the people and their Congress.

"How you folks up in the United States did flatter his majesty! Whatever he did was right in your eyes. Is it any wonder that he has become the conceited monarch and *poseur* that he is? He ran over the earth and inspected museums and manufactories much more rapidly than any American tourist ever did, and yet what is considered ridiculous and vulgar haste in the American citizen is praised as wonderful energy in the Brazilian emperor. He gathers a library, geological collections, and a telescope at his palace, and his visitors and future biographers are amazed at his wisdom, which, however, is the wisdom of silence. Let him write his book of travels in three or four different languages, as he has promised to do, and let him accompany it with an affidavit that his secretary did not write it for him, and then we can get some idea of his mental powers. There is nothing like writing a book for bringing out a man's weaknesses, as the patriarch Job remarked."

"He certainly governs well, however," the young man persisted. "His recent change of the ministry was certainly the proper thing to do."

"Yes, six months after every honest

and intelligent person in the empire demanded the reform he accomplished it. Why couldn't you or I or any other dunderhead do as much? It doesn't take much of a brain to preside over a nation. All a man has to do is to take the papers and allow himself to drift on the current of public opinion. And yet the emperor permitted his prime minister to hold the reins of power for half a year after he was caught Belknaping and proved a defrauder to the government. Have you seen him yet,—the man with the Panama hat and the nose like an eagle's beak, who comes and sits on these benches of a pleasant afternoon and bids farewell to his greatness?"

"What was his fault?"

"He was a silent partner in a commercial house which was in the habit of modestly importing silks under the name of calicoes, gingham, or some such cheap stuffs."

"And so you think the Princess Isabella is not destined to become an empress?"

"Not of Brazil as it is now, though she may hold a portion of it for a time. She is not popular with the Brazilians, except, perhaps, with the priesthood, who kiss her hand with a great show of fervor. She does not seem to be one of them, but appears more Teuton than Latin. She is wanting in the personal magnetism, the sweet smiles, the gracious affability, the Latin tact, and the general *savoir-faire* which would make her a favorite here. Moreover, she is too much of a Catholic for the present age in Brazil. Her father is Papist enough,—or, at least, he appears to be, although it is doubtful if he believes in the mummery that he practises,—but she is still worse. Why, when he imprisoned those bishops for their misdemeanors a few years ago, she, as amends for the injury which he offered to Holy Church, took a broom in her white hands and swept the imperial chapel daily during the time of their incarceration. Now, that is more than religious devotion,—it is nonsense and bigotry, and will not be tolerated long in this country."

"I have observed that she has not very

agreeable manners," said the young man. "I noticed it last evening when the imperial household were walking down the street four abreast, she with her father the emperor, while her husband, the Count d'Eu, convoyed the empress. In my capacity of American citizen and monarch in my own right, I took off my hat to the party. The emperor gave a right courtly bow in return, the empress stumbled a courtesy, the handsome young count, with his red cheeks, debonair manner, and claw-hammer coat, answered my salute, and I think he winked at me, as much as to say that their parading was all imperial nonsense, and he would rather be punching a game of billiards with us ordinary mortals; but the prin-

cess,—ah, the princess!—she never turned her haughty head to look at me. No, I don't think she will make much of an empress, either. Down with the empire! *Viva a Republica!* When princesses snub American citizens, the times are ripe for revolution."

Thus ended the conversation. The like of it can be heard any day by the traveller in Brazil, who has but to scratch a foreigner in order to find a cynic. Although the words of cynicism may not be the most pleasant to hear and to read, they possess at least as much truth as the language of the flatterer, by whom most of the descriptions of Brazil have been written.

FRANK D. Y. CARPENTER.

NOT AS THE ROMANS DO.

I.

THE most important fact about Mrs. John Hale was her health, or, to speak more accurately, her lack of it. It is hard to see what pleasure she would have had in life but for this affliction. It must be understood that she was not one of those persons who have painful and annoying diseases,—who wear out the patience of friends and neighbors and endure so much that it is common to speak of death as a mercy. Mrs. Hale did not have dropsy, or inflammatory rheumatism, or spinal complaint, or even acute dyspepsia. Her malady was called by the doctor a combination of nervous weakness with irregular action of the heart. It was properly refined and lady-like, and yet it was dangerous enough to keep her family in entire subjection. She must not be excited,—that always affected her heart,—and she must be amused, since melancholy always brought on nervous attacks. So she did quite as she pleased, and had the entire devotion of a husband who, as she herself pathetically put it, knew only too well how brief these delights might be for her. Another man might have tired

of this wife, perpetually threatening to leave him, or at least have grown callous and failed in sympathy. Mr. Hale had shown signs of this some years before; whereupon the doctor discovered that her lungs were seriously affected. And when his poor wife had two deaths hanging over her, he would have been a brute indeed had he failed in sympathy.

Since it was plain now that the lengthening of her days must be somewhat a matter of climate, it was his task to provide means for a continual change of latitude. It took a good deal of money, and he gave himself therefore entirely to his business, and was usually so occupied that he corresponded with his wife by telegraph. The one on whom more personal devotion fell was Mrs. Hale's niece, a young girl worse than orphaned by a step-mother. She had been taken into the house, and, in return for board and clothes, Helen Keith served as nurse, companion, courier, and business agent. She conquered for Mrs. Hale all the difficulties of railway-connections, extra baggage, and imperfect service. She wrote her letters, she combed her hair, she gave her the

medicines, she read her to sleep. "I don't know what would have become of her if I hadn't taken her," Mrs. Hale sometimes said. But most people wondered what would have become of Mrs. Hale without Helen.

Having exhausted her own country, the invalid pined for Europe, and when their friends the Calhouns decided to go abroad, she insisted on joining them. Mr. Hale protested all he could, for the trip seemed to him full of risks; but his wife was sure they would get on well enough if Helen only had a few French lessons. So many ladies went alone, and she was such an experienced traveller.

"Well," Mr. Hale said finally, "the Calhouns will leave you in London, and you can stay there till fall. Then I'll send over Raymond—our confidential clerk, you know—to see to our business, and he can take you down into Italy and settle you there for the winter, and in spring perhaps you can find company home."

But Mrs. Hale had not the patience to wait Mark Raymond's arrival. By September London was a weariness to her, and so, starting south, late October found them settled in a pretty apartment in Rome. It seemed a pity that Helen had all the arrangements for the new life to attend to alone, and that exactly when they were settled, connections made with butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, and the restaurant from which dinners were to come in a tin trunk on a man's head, when all the Bohemian housekeeping was in order, Mark Raymond arrived. He had hurried all he could, but it had been impossible to catch up with Mrs. Hale. But they were very glad to see him, and Helen was specially glad to put a part of her cares on his strong shoulders. He took rooms at a hotel near, coming in every day for Mrs. Hale's commands, and in a week Helen and he felt like old friends. She carried her weekly accounts to him; she consulted him on all manner of things. For no cares could be breathed to the invalid, and it was the hardest of Helen's to keep them to herself. Mark's suggestions might not

be worth much; Helen, who was the soul of housekeeping thrift, could rarely make use of them; but he laughed and jested over her difficulties, and that seemed to make them lighter.

The first fury of sight-seeing was on them when he came, and in the bright November days they made the usual round,—the baths of Caracalla and St. Agnes beyond the Walls, the Palace of the Cæsars and the Catacombs,—that curious mingling of ancient splendor and mediæval tradition which only Rome can show. But they were always home for five-o'clock tea, and that twilight hour when the fire warmed the dark room into ruby-red, and the odor of tea mingled with that of the flowers he had brought, when Helen served the cups and Mrs. Hale lay at ease on her sofa,—all this grew to mean a good deal to Raymond. He brought them home news, which they talked over lightly; he carried Helen books. Sometimes he played and she sang, for she had a voice like a bird's, and music was this young fellow's key to Arcadia. But all these delights were embittered by the constant presence of Mr. Roger Courtney.

And yet that gentleman was in Mrs. Hale's eyes a delightful person. He was an Englishman; but there was a large amelioration in the fact that he had travelled much in America and knew some of the best people in her own city. As she had said to Mark in telling him of Mr. Courtney's attentions to them, this made all the difference in the world.

"For, if they've seen us at our best, at home, they take quite a different tone with us, you know. One really can't wonder at their looking down on us if they judge only by what they see over here. It's such a mob and a mixture that comes to Europe now. And even the nice ones seem to leave their manners at home,—with their best clothes."

"He seems pleasant enough," Mark answered, "and he has very good manners for an Englishman. But who is he, and what does he do, and what is he here for? There's the Yankee catchism."

"Oh, he's a gentleman; and he has an estate somewhere,—in Devonshire, I think. As for doing—well, he's looking up something about Roman antiquities. We met him at Florence," she went on,—“made acquaintance properly, I mean, for we had met before. He knows the Calhouns and the Archdales. His sister lives in Florence, but we didn't see her.” There was a vague touch of injury in the tone of the last sentence; but then the sister had never been in America.

“He's very kind,” Helen put in, looking up from the letter she was writing, “but he does make me feel that the most important thing in life is behavior. And, what with the wandering life we've led, I have none to speak of. I feel like a Bohemian with him; and I find I have often to translate my ideas to him. Besides, he takes it for granted that I always agree with him; and I don't. But I'm ashamed to tell him so; and then I'm ashamed of being ashamed.”

“You haven't told me yet how you made his acquaintance,” Mark said.

“It was in Genoa,” Helen answered, “over a trunk-trouble. I don't know how it happened, but the official interpreter had gone, and I had three or four guards and a policeman about me, but not one could understand any French. We had just come, you know, and I didn't know what to do. He was passing, and he lifted his hat and spoke to me. I think never did English sound so sweet to me. Of course he straightened everything, and then put me in the carriage with auntie as if—as if I'd been a duchess. That was what pleased me, for of course he didn't know us at all, and the English are so—so particular.”

And here, to prove again the old saying, the little maid announced Mr. Courtney. He had come to propose an excursion for the next day, and he accepted willingly enough Mrs. Hale's invitation to the cup that cheers. Presently the tea came in, and Helen busy over the tray, and all on hospitable thoughts intent, made the prettiest possible picture of herself. She had lit the

candles, and the yellow gleam mingling with the glow of the fire made a radiance of color about her. The lights glanced on her golden braids as she bent to pour the tea, and her color deepened with the heat. Mr. Courtney could afford to pardon her lapses from the foreign standard of behavior for a young girl. She might say what she thought without first consulting a chaperon as to whether she ought to think it; she might be a trifle more self-reliant than seemed to him quite feminine, and show a frank independence as to the looks of things. But one pardons a good deal to a beauty, and Helen was that; and, however common her previous surroundings, he could see that she was fine-grained. A man of the world, of forty years' experience, he was yet more than half in love with this unknown acquaintance of travel, indifferently chaperoned by an aunt of whose antecedents he was blissfully ignorant. It was certainly generous in one who could trace his own ancestry a long way back, who had a comfortable income and was not disagreeable in person. He was short and stout; a fringe of pale hair circled his bald head, and his complexion was florid. But he had pleasant eyes, and an excellent manner, and, though not talkative, he had a way of looking at one that expressed a benevolence too wide for the limitations of language. He had been nearly everywhere, and everywhere done the proper things. He had found buffalo-hunting on the prairies good sport, and he had first won Mrs. Hale's heart by telling her so. She had indeed a sense of personal gratitude when he spoke well of her poor country, praised the palace-cars and the check system; and she was not a little flattered by his attentions. He kept himself now at her elbow, sipping his tea slowly, as if it were a mysterious domestic rite. Mark, meantime, swallowed his quickly,—he did not like tea, and the refreshment offered therewith seemed to him a hollow mockery,—and then, at some one's suggestion of music, moved to the piano. For this alert youth, the soul of business energy, had a gift and a passion

for music. Five years before, he had been on the point of coming abroad to perfect himself in it; but the death of his father, leaving him with little money and younger sisters dependent on him, had changed all that. He had been glad to take the place his father's old friend offered him, and he had gradually resigned his vague dream of being the great American composer.

"I don't like to sing for you," Helen said shyly, as, at her aunt's word, she joined him at the piano. "You are too severe on my poor attempts."

"I like your voice very much," he answered simply, "but I don't like your music, you know."

"I have had almost no training, you see. I hoped to take lessons when we came abroad and find out if I really had any talent. But it has been impossible, like so many other things."

"Do you mean that you thought of fitting yourself to sing,—in public?"

"Perhaps so,—if I had proved to have voice enough. I should so like to be a little independent." She did not add that the farthest stretch of her ambition was choir-singing, nor could she tell him that her aunt did everything for her but give her a penny. She bought her dresses, paid her carriage-hire, and stamped her letters; but Helen found it hard never to have a cent of her own. She was not worse off than many a wife; but there are supposed to be conjugal compensations for such bondage.

"You would not like it," Mark said emphatically. "It would be too hard a life for you."

"There's no chance of my having it," she answered, with a laugh that seemed to him a little sad. "It's like the books I meant to read and the pictures I hoped to study. I'm sorry, for I think I should enjoy things so much more if I knew a little something."

"You have too much care on you, I'm afraid. Mrs. Hale's health—"

"Oh, she is so much better now that that doesn't trouble me. Last summer, when we were going about, I worried a good deal. When she gets tired she's always melancholy, and when she's

melancholy she always thinks she's going to die. She was continually threatening that if the hotels weren't quite right."

"At least," he went on, "while I am here you are not to worry. I only wish I could stay more than the month."

"It's very good of you to give us all your holiday; but you ought to have a glimpse of Florence and Venice."

"Oh, Rome deserves a month, and I don't care to mix things. And one has always the hope of coming again, you know." He smiled at her as he spoke. He had nothing,—this tall fellow, with his dark eyes and air of alert energy,—nothing but the common American chance of being one day a millionaire. It was plain that he counted on this luck.

Here Mrs. Hale interposed, and, having by this time found her book and place, Helen began to sing. Mark had told the truth as to her music. However sweet and sympathetic the voice, it showed lack of training, and the songs were not of a high order.

"You should sing these," Mark said, taking up presently a book of Scotch ballads. "They will suit your voice." Was it with intent that he had chosen

An' ye sall walk in silk attire,
An' siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride
Nor think o' Donald mair?

Mrs. Hale, at least, thought it in bad taste, and would have no more music.

II.

ON one of the most perfect of November days they went out to St. Paul's beyond the Walls. Mrs. Hale, who found it hard to admire faded frescos and ancient mosaics as she ought, met here a splendor entirely to her taste. Its gorgeous newness, its excess of color, called out her unqualified approval. Certainly the view from the entrance up the long vista of columns to the great arch of the transept, the stately shrine, before which the circle of votive lamps gleam like stars, the rich mosaics of the Tribune dimly seen beyond, make a vivid impression on most travellers. Mrs. Hale declared it the most elegant

church she had seen in Rome. "It's finer than St. Peter's," she said to her niece. "It's ever so much nicer than the Florence cathedral you're so fond of, and that I always thought so dark and pokey. One can see something here. And, oh! what do they polish that floor with? It's a mirror of marble." She glanced, as she spoke, from the gleaming pavement up to the line of mosaic portraits of the Popes, which, on a background of pure gold, runs along the top of the columns; and then her look went higher, to the stained windows and the glaring frescos between, to the panelled ceiling, all white and gold. Sunlight was falling through the windows and flecking the marble pillars with rose and violet and amethyst. Everywhere was a flame of color, a glitter of gold, an excess of decoration. The immense nave seemed to swim in a sea of rainbows.

"I don't like it," Helen answered. "It's too new, too gorgeous. It tires my eyes. It's not at all dim religious light. I prefer the warm darkness of Florence. That's a colored twilight; and the lamps before the shrines, and the censer-smoke, and the sun through the windows,—oh, it's all more impressive than this to me."

"Ah, yes," Mr. Courtney said approvingly. "You're quite right to prefer Florence. This is all modern, you know. If it was the old church, the one that was burnt fifty years ago, it might be better worth seeing. But they saved very little from the fire."

"Only the façade," prompted Mrs. Hale, whose guide-book was open. "And some old frescos," she added, sighing as she foresaw the tax that would presently be laid on her admiration.

From the church they went out into the monastery garden. About a little square ran the cloister walk, the slender pillars carved and twisted in every fashion, with bits of the old mosaic in bright reds and blues still clinging to them. Above the arches was a band of mosaic ornament, and of old there had been, still higher, frescos illustrating St. Paul's life. Sunlight was falling on all its

faded brightness; against the wonderful sky that domed it the white Campanile rose like a stately flower. There was a quaint old fountain in the centre, and about it were roses and golden-fruited orange-trees. A great gray cat sprang out of an old sarcophagus against the wall and sped across the garden. It was the only touch of life, for the monk who had admitted them had left them quite to themselves.

"Oh, how lovely! how lovely!" Helen burst out. "Fancy living here, seeing every day this exquisite garden, making these faded frescos a part of your life, you know them so well—"

"Ah, but the priests don't do that," Mr. Courtney said, as she stopped, vaguely conscious of his disapproving such raptures. "It's very unhealthy, you know. There are months of the year when it's fatal to remain."

"That only makes it more enchanting,—to think that it's a paradise of death." And therewith Helen seated herself on the steps and declared she meant to stay at least an hour in so lovely a place.

"In that case," Mr. Courtney reminded her, "you'll not have time for the frescos. And the mosaics of the Tribune must be studied, if you mean to do your duty by the place."

"I don't want to do my duty. I want simply to enjoy it. But, Mr. Courtney, do you think it would be wrong to steal one—just one—of those roses?"

"Ah, I fancy we can arrange that with the monks afterward," he answered, picking a couple.

She sighed with satisfaction as she clasped them, and declared herself perfectly happy.

Mrs. Hale laughed, moved about a little, read a little in her guide-book, and finally proposed to Raymond to go back for the mosaics. She always monopolized his attentions on these excursions, but to-day he had an instinct of something more than meant the ear in her invitation. "You will come in soon," she said to Helen: "we must be starting before long, you know." And there-

with she carried the young man off, and presently, as he had expected, spoke more plainly. She had need of a confidant, and for lack of a better she was fain to choose him. "Mr. Courtney spoke to me last night about Helen. He was anxious, of course, to find out her—her feeling at once, and I thought it simpler this way. A set visit for the purpose might frighten her into a refusal."

"You mean," Raymond said slowly, "that he—wishes to marry her?"

"You must have seen that yourself. If it had not been so plain, I should not have mentioned it. But I know you take a—a brotherly interest in her; and of course Mr. Hale will want full particulars, and will value your opinion."

"On Mr. Courtney?" he said dryly. "I infer that you think it as good as settled."

"One can never tell what a girl will do," Mrs. Hale answered cheerfully; "but I know she has no other attachment, and never has had. In the vagabond life we've lived, she's had no chance of society. She's quite unformed."

"Mr. Courtney wishes to form his wife, then?" Mark said, finding that intention detestable in any man as relating to Helen Keith.

"Well, it's an advantage of the situation that she is so, and it's a wonderful chance for her. She's pretty, of course, but she has nothing, actually nothing, except what we give her, and worse than no expectations from her father. I'm very fond of her, and of course as long as I live she will be with me. But that's so uncertain. I'm a little better now, but I dare say that when the rains begin I shall be worse again. And she would be penniless without me, for of course—there's no use expecting the impossible of men nowadays—Mr. Hale would marry again."

It struck Raymond that Mrs. Hale's statement of the case was a cool one. He reflected that the price of the diamonds gleaming in her ears and on her fingers would make her niece independent of a mercenary marriage.

"Of course, if Mr. Courtney were not what he is," she went on, "I would

not urge it. His position is the least part of his advantages; though I can't deny that it weighs with me. It seems he has a lovely home in Devonshire, one of those nice country-houses, not at all showy, but perfectly comfortable. And the climate there is delightful. If—if it comes about, I shall count on spending next winter with her."

Was it as a new invalid's retreat that she thought of this settlement of her niece? Not precisely; but it had weighed with her, Mark felt sure. "But," he said hesitatingly, after a moment's pause, "if she doesn't care for him,—and I have never noticed that she did—"

"You don't fancy she would let you see it?" Mrs. Hale answered airily. "But if she doesn't now, she can learn to. Very likely it may never have entered her head. That's the way of girls. They never believe a man's attentions mean anything. But how cold it is here! I think we must go outside and wait for them there."

But at the door of the cloister they met them entering. Helen looked grave and troubled, and Mr. Courtney's florid tint was a little deepened. The situation was plainly not idyllic. In the drive home the brunt of the conversation fell on Raymond, and Helen gave but a wandering attention to his talk.

He puzzled not a little that night as to Helen's answer, and he found himself compassionate over a girl's surprise when her pleasant companion and friend turns into a lover and presents an account of past favors to be settled in current coin of affection. She finds herself suddenly his debtor, and the payment asked seems a little exorbitant,—nothing less than a life-long devotion. But Helen had a will of her own. She was an arbutus, but that frailest of all flowers is yet no hot-house darling.

"I may as well tell you," Mrs. Hale said plaintively to Raymond, the next day, when, calling, he found her alone. "In fact, I must explain the situation, or you'll make mistakes. She's behaved as I might have expected, only I confess I didn't expect it. She was very much surprised,—so she says,—and she asked

time to consider it. And of course he couldn't but agree to that, when she made it lie between that and a direct refusal. And everything is to go on as usual while she's making up her mind. It's too absurd! To make it worse, his sister may come any day, and I am sure he wanted it settled before that. It complicates matters awkwardly, for if she shouldn't be nice, or should dislike Helen, it would put an end to the whole thing. And of course I am worse to-day: care always works on my nerves. I may be able to go to the Borghese to-morrow, as we planned, and I may not. I shall make a great effort, of course; for the more she sees of him the sooner she'll decide, I suppose."

It seemed to Mark that the situation was more than awkward; but the one on whom its difficulties would weigh most was plainly Helen. He could imagine, knowing Mrs. Hale as he did, the kind of wearing persuasion to which she would subject her niece. She wanted this marriage, and she usually got what she wanted, without much regard to other people's feelings. To give her less time for this private torture, it was advisable to fill the days with excursions and to sacrifice himself to the invalid. If she spent part of her vexation on him, there would be the less for Helen to endure, and it was the only way in which he could help her. But meantime Mr. Courtney's sister came. She was older than he, a widow, and she travelled, as became a lady, with a maid and a man-servant. She had keen eyes, a self-satisfied mouth, and a heavy jaw. One might suspect Mr. Courtney of too great simplicity, but Mrs. Blanchard had worldly wisdom enough for both. Mark disliked her at once, partly because, after the full explanation Mrs. Hale had given her as to his position, she did not seem able to place him properly. Was he a kind of American courier, or was he a gentleman? There were lapses in Mrs. Blanchard's politeness to him which indicated this doubt in her mind.

But, on the whole, she conducted herself very well. It was safe to presume that her visit to Rome was in her

brother's interest, and that these unknown and unrecognized Americans did not meet her approval. But she was plainly struck by Helen's beauty. It was no justification for Roger's extraordinary conduct, but it offered a partial excuse for it, men being always victims of pretty faces.

Mrs. Blanchard's carriage was at once placed at their service for excursions, and Mark found himself quietly dropped. He was not sorry, considering this, that he had but a few more days to stay. He gave himself up to solitary wanderings about the city, to those last glimpses of the familiar and beloved places which make the pleasant pain of farewell days in Rome. But the historic associations of the old city contended in his mind with memories of how Helen had looked here, or what she had said there. It was absurd how the thought of her tangled itself with his historic emotions and artistic enthusiasms, how her shy preference for certain pictures in the galleries drew him to them, and her dislike of others made them seem to him also not worthy the stars given them in the guide-book.

Mark remembered always his last evening in Rome. They were alone, and Mrs. Hale was in rare good humor. She had spent the afternoon at Castellani's and at certain lace-shops known to Mrs. Blanchard. Mrs. Hale might be uncertain over the Forum and doubtful as to Michael Angelo, but she had emphatic opinions as to jewels and lace, and the two ladies had found more points of agreement than in all their previous intercourse. She lay back now in her chair, pensively sipping her tea and giving Mark endless commands for America. Mr. Hale really must come over in the spring. She should never again think of travelling without a gentleman. In vain Helen suggested that, as they had come alone, it would be still easier to return so. Mrs. Hale answered that the only excuse for that first lapse from good taste was their ignorance. It certainly looked very bad, the fashion American women had of running all over Europe alone. She wondered she had never

before seen how highly improper it was. "But you must tell Mr. Hale how much better I am," she said at the last. "Italy is doing everything for me, I am sure."

And they had music, and Mark went away, to be haunted all night by the ringing sweetness of Helen's voice in an old ballad.

His train left early, and he was just quitting the hotel in the dim dawn, when a small boy, whom he recognized as the son of the *concierge* at Mrs. Hale's palazzo, came rushing down the street. "Signore, signore!" he cried, holding aloft a little note; "the poor signorina!"

Mark tore it open, expecting some last order from Mrs. Hale. Its single sentence told him that Mrs. Hale was dead.

III.

AFTER all, Mrs. Hale had disappointed everybody, and proved—at her own expense—the truth of her favorite statement, that her life hung by a thread. It appeared from Helen's account that the brightness of the evening before had been a false excitement, and that, in the reaction after Mark left, she had fallen into one of her turns of hysteria. Helen had called no one: she was too used to caring for her aunt to think it needful. After an hour it had passed off, and she had dozed for a time. Once she woke, said a few words indicating her fear that this was more than a passing turn, and gave a few faint directions as to what should be done if the worst came. "She went to sleep again," Helen went on, "and I sat holding her hand till near dawn, and then—there came another spasm, shorter than the others, and before I could even call any one to help me it was all over."

When they came to consider matters, it appeared that Mrs. Hale had wished to be buried in the Protestant cemetery. They had visited that place soon after their arrival, and she had found a certain pleasure in its peaceful seclusion and very mixed society. So, two days later, one wild, wet afternoon, a little procession moved thither. As they drove out of the Porta San Paoli, Mark could not

but recall the last time they had traversed that road. It seemed impossible that it was but ten days since that excursion to St. Paul's. Then, in sunlight, the lonely Campagna had had a pathetic charm; now the treeless waste dimly seen through the driving rain was an image of desolation.

Mark had made all arrangements; for Helen had left everything to him in a passion of grief and helplessness. The acquaintances they had made had been thoughtful, and the pastor's wife, Mrs. Burns, more than kind. Mark had found her constantly with Helen in these sad days. She was a gentle lady, with a sweet and motherly face. She had usually a child clinging to her, and perhaps it was the instinct of her maternal sympathy that made Helen turn to her. But in fact she had only the choice of Mrs. Burns or Mrs. Blanchard, and sympathy was hardly the latter lady's strong point. But when Mrs. Hale was at rest, and they drove back to Rome, then began the real difficulties of the situation. What should Helen do now? She would give up the apartment, of course, and Mark would arrange that for her; but his power to help did not go beyond that. And she, usually so quick to decide, so self-reliant, seemed to have lost all this spirit in the shock of her aunt's death. She looked up at Mark with eyes of helpless appeal; but she hardly answered his suggestions as to the need now of considering her future. It was a heavy burden on him. Here was this young girl three thousand miles from even the semblance of a home, with little money, and with only the vaguest personal impression as to the embarrassments of the situation. She was almost too good an American, perhaps. Certainly she seemed to feel her difficult position less than her friends did.

One lady who came to see her—an American whom Helen had laughingly characterized to him a little while before as a "gallery acquaintance"—proposed that she should go to an English *pension* and remain till the chances of the house gave her company for the homeward voyage. There would be sure to be

some party she could join, and meantime her mind would be distracted. She could recommend one *pension* in particular as being "full of amusing people."

She had gone back to the apartment after the funeral, despite the protestations of her acquaintances. She wished it so decidedly, and it was so evidently the one thing she did wish, that she carried her point. The padrona, whose light sympathy was lightly touched by her trouble, agreed to take the best care of her, and Mrs. Burns promised to be with her as much as possible. But this could be only a temporary arrangement. The apartment was already in negotiation, and in two days more Mark must leave Rome. And he could not go till Helen was provided for.

So it came about that one morning three days after the funeral he took the familiar street for a final consultation. He stopped on the way at a little flower-market, for some roses, small white ones, with the sweet odor of those he remembered years ago at home; and then, as he turned away, he saw on the opposite side of the piazza a familiar figure. He felt sure of the tall and slender shape, all in black and deeply veiled; but before he could cross the square and meet her she disappeared in a little church there. Then he disbelieved his eyes and went on; but, finding on inquiry that she was really out, he hurried back. It was that church of San Lorenzo, with its quaint campanile, notable only for Guido's Crucifixion. He recalled, as he lifted the heavy curtain and stepped into its incense-scented gloom, that Helen had once expressed to him the deep feeling this picture had caused her; and indeed that powerful figure extended on the cross and seen against a wild and stormy sky has a grandeur that moves the heart. But it was not before the picture that he found her. She was kneeling near one of the side-altars, her face in her hands. While he stood watching, uncertain still if it were she, and troubled by the sudden memory that Mrs. Blanchard was a Roman Catholic, she slowly rose, cast a timid glance

around, and perceived him. Her face changed instantly; an almost childlike pleasure seemed to look out of her eyes as she gave him her hand.

"I was thinking of you," she said simply. "I wanted to see you."

"I was on my way to you when I saw you come in here," he answered. "I doubted my eyes, and followed to convince myself that I was wrong."

The church was nearly deserted. A priest was in a confessional in one corner. Two or three old women were praying at the shrines. Except for the Guido, the church attracts no sight-seers, and it was too early for these. Mark walked with her to the entrance, but suddenly she turned to one side and sat down on a rude wooden bench that might well have reminded them of the country school where they learned their letters.

"Can we not talk here?" she asked timidly. "It seems to me I can speak more freely here than at home. Everything there reminds me—is so sad. It will not be—improper, will it?"

Mark assured her that it was at least no worse than to talk alone together in her own apartment.

"So many things are improper that seem to me quite natural," she went on, lifting her wistful eyes to his. "I have heard so much of that lately. I suppose I am fearfully ignorant. I went out to Mrs. Burns alone this morning. I dare say that was not right; but I wished to see her, and there was no one to go with me. And coming back I wanted a quiet place to think, and so came in here. There's no harm in praying anywhere,—is there?—when one needs light. And certainly I do."

He could not help smiling at the childishly frank explanation. "You wanted light,—as to what to do," he said, after a moment. "I hope you got it."

"I don't know yet. Perhaps you can give it to me."

"I'm a very poor oracle, I'm afraid," he said gently. "You had better try again." Her trust in him made him distrust himself.

"I don't know," she repeated. "I

hope you can help me. I suppose I ought to decide for myself, but I can't. There is so much to be considered. You know Mrs. Mack wants me to go to an English *pension* and wait for company home; and if I am going home perhaps that is the shortest way,—unless I take a shorter and go on alone."

"Heaven forbid!" the young man said quickly.

"Annie Holden did it. Her father died in Naples, and she made the journey till she reached London quite alone. She had no trouble, she said. And Mrs. Mack told me of a friend of hers who did the same thing. She made me feel quite a coward to hesitate. Only—only, it would be so desolate. But, after all, I should like it quite as well as to be with strangers who just took care of me out of pity. And I am sure I could manage it. It would be no harder than our coming, when I had aunt as well as myself to take care of."

Raymond recalled that he had himself heard of American girls abroad doing such things, and that he had approved of their spirit and independence as properly national. It was another question applied to Helen Keith. "It is not to be thought of," he declared fervently. "You don't know the risks, or you could not speak of it. And your uncle would not approve."

"I don't think he would care," she said, her instinct divining the implicit faith most Americans have in the women belonging to them. "He would believe that I knew best, and that it must be all right if I did it. And then—he does not know how such things are considered here. Poor uncle!" she went on, the name bringing back the stinging memory of her grief. "I have never told you that—that night—it was partly my fault that aunt had her first attack. We had been talking, and I—I had vexed her very much. It seems to me now that I had done nothing but vex her for two weeks before. She was worried and anxious on my account. Of course I did not mean to do it; but I have blamed myself so much since.

I can't forgive myself for my thoughtlessness."

She turned away her head suddenly as she finished, and he saw the tremor of her throat. Was this, then, the reason of her pallor, her forsaken look, all these days?

"You have no right to blame yourself," he said gently. "You could not know. And it was inevitable. You know what the doctors said."

"I had been with her so long, I might have known," she answered, hurrying to get the words out before a sob should choke her. She kept her head turned away, struggling to compose herself.

"My poor child," he said, compassion mastering him so that he hardly knew what he did, "don't try to keep from crying. It may do you good."

And at that the hardly-repressed sobs burst forth. She put her head down on the hard pillar by which she sat; her slight figure shook with the passion of her tears. After a moment he rose and left her. It seemed an intrusion even to be near her just then. When, five minutes later, he came back, she had conquered it. Her dark eyes looked up at him with a smile like a child's after tears, and the drops still clinging to her lashes made her glance still more infantine.

"You think me very weak and foolish," she said, as he sat down again, "but—you are very good to let me—"

"For pity's sake," he burst out, "don't talk of my being good to you. You know that if there is anything—anything in the world—I can do for you, I shall be glad to do it. The trouble of it is that there is so little. It angers me to be so helpless when I want most to help. All I can do is to talk over these various plans, and tell you what I think of them, and probably my judgment isn't worth a straw."

"You know," she said, after the moment's silence that followed this outburst,—a moment in which she had only looked at him with a pathetic surprise in her eyes, "you know that Mrs. Blanchard has offered to take me with her to Florence. She is very kind,—

she means it for the best, I am sure; but, if I go, of course it will mean—a great deal.” A slow color flushed her pale cheek as she went on. “I am not ready to let it mean all that. It is so hard to decide things,—for one’s self, I mean. I used to decide everything for my aunt, and it was easy enough. I think it always is, for any one else. You have only to consider her happiness.”

“And in this case you have only to consider your own.”

“Ah,—my happiness! But there are so many other things to be taken into account. One rarely likes what is for their best good,—at first, I mean. So aunt said, just the day—before. I’ve thought of it so often since. And perhaps she did know better what was the right thing for me to do. I remember all her words now, you see, when it’s too late to please her by attending to them.”

It was plain that, dead, Mrs. Hale had far more authority than living; but that Helen was capable of letting her words influence the decision of such a matter, struck Mark painfully. He could not know that the very vigor of resistance she had shown before was reacting on her now.

For the time being she had lost all confidence in herself. Doubtless, too, Mr. Courtney’s patience and generosity were working on her. He was too thoroughly kind-hearted not to show every consideration for her now, and his behavior in these last days had been perfect.

“You know, of course,” Mark said, and his pained surprise made his voice blunt and harsh, “that nobody else can decide such questions for you,—least of all I. I don’t suppose you meant to ask it. Only,” he added, growing incoherent in his wish to be impartial, “I can’t help thinking that all these hesitations are not—are not in favor of—of your having the right feeling. But perhaps I’m mistaken. Have you any other plans in mind?”

“Yes; there is another,—a plan I wanted specially to ask you about. It came to me last night: it was that

made me go to Mrs. Burns this morning. You know, if I were to go back to America I have no home. My father is poor, and there are all the little ones. And I should not feel that I could be dependent on Uncle Hale. He has been very good to me these five years, and as long as I could be a comfort to auntie I thought it right to let them take care of me. But I can’t think of any way to earn a living if I go back there. I can’t do anything: I’ve never had time to learn. All my ignorance comes back on me now and overwhelms me. But, you know, auntie told me to keep her diamonds,—the pendants and rings. I am almost sure Uncle Hale will let me have them, and if they were sold—for I could never wear them—it would not count for much in America; but here, with cheap ways of living, it would be enough to support me for several years. Now, I might study music,—fit myself to teach, if not to sing. I talked it over with Mrs. Burns this morning, and she thought it not so wild a project. She has friends in Milan. She said she would take me there herself and put me in their care. But—that is what you must decide for me—is my voice worth it? You have praised it, but when once I spoke of doing something like this, I remember, you discouraged me. That was what I was thinking when you came in here; for, if you don’t think best, there’s an end of it, of course.”

He did not answer for a minute. He turned his head and looked up at the horrible wax Christ over the side-altar, at the tall candles and the stacks of cotton roses and lilies under it. He hardly saw them, and yet he looked to them for help. For Helen’s words went to his heart. She trusted him so utterly, she waited so humbly for him to decide her future. If he told her to go to Milan, and so put an end to her marriage to Roger Courtney, and if afterward he let her find out the truth, that her voice was not worth the effort,—that he only did it to keep her for himself till he could be free to speak! He might perhaps win her so,—by a lie. He would at least win what was then of

most importance,—time. It was impossible for him to speak now. It would be taking base advantage of her innocence, her helpless position, her gratitude to him. And yet delay might mean defeat. Here was a way out of the difficulty; only it was not a straight way. The sad-eyed Christ looked down on him as he thought, and perhaps some memory came to him of another temptation, and that all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them had been as nothing in the balance against truth.

"I could not advise it," he said at last. "You have a lovely voice, but there is nothing remarkable about it. You won't mind my being perfectly plain with you. It's the best kindness I can show you. It's like a hundred other voices: there's not enough of it for public singing. And it would be such a hard and lonely life for you."

"But it isn't for that you discourage me?" she said, with a flash of her old spirit. "You don't think me so weak that I couldn't endure a little loneliness and hard work? I know I've been weak lately; I can't blame you if you think meanly of me."

"I don't; you know I don't. My opinion was solely on your voice. But it is only an opinion, you understand. I'm no authority. If you wanted that, you might go to some master here. Perhaps that would be best."

"I don't care to ask any one else," she answered, drooping again. "If you think it's not worth while to try, there's an end of it. Only, now there seems no alternative but to go with Mrs. Blanchard."

He said nothing to this, and after an instant she rose and moved toward the door. "I've got my answer, you see," she murmured forlornly.

"I'm sorry you made me speak," he said. "You must know how I want—to help you. But I can't do the impossible. There are risks in everything. Could not Mrs. Burns keep you till some chance of having company home came? You would wait longer, of course. She hasn't the advantages of a *pension*,—a multitude and a mixture. And it's a

bad time of the year. But I don't presume to more than suggest it."

And, once out of the church, he persistently turned her attention to other things,—to the sights of the Corso, the rich and picturesque life about them. "I shall see you again to-morrow," she said, when they parted, "and I will try to have a decision by that time. You are right; and you are very kind. I am only sorry to be such a trouble to—everybody."

IV.

LEFT to himself, Mark Raymond turned his steps he hardly knew whither. He wanted to think in quiet, but no dreaming on the Pincian would suffice him now. He went down past the Coliseum, out beyond St. John Lateran, to the Campagna. It was a mild day, the first sunshine they had had since Mrs. Hale's death. There seemed even a breath of new spring in the air. A soft green covered the vast plain before him, and the Alban Hills rose at the horizon into a heaven of palpitating blue. He walked on aimlessly, seeing nothing of the beauty about him, thinking only of Helen Keith. For almost the first time in years he thought bitterly of himself and his position. If he were only rich! If he could only ask her to trust herself to his hands! But he had very little, and he had never before cared specially about it. He had been content with his work and his music, and had not wanted to give himself up, as he saw other men do, to the demon of money-making. But now he felt his poverty another barrier between him and Helen. There were enough without that, he said bitterly to himself.

How the feeling had come on him he hardly knew. The bud had ripened fast in these last days; but he was sure of himself,—sure that it was no feeling of pity, no brotherly impulse to help, that was working in him now. She might think so; she might misunderstand him if he spoke. But, in fact, how could he speak now, when she was so alone and unprotected? Unless she

thought of him as he of her, the revelation would only make the situation worse. It would be all the harder then for her to accept his help. And she was sufficiently embarrassed with the offer she had.

No, he was bound in honor to be silent, to help her all he could, and to trust to fortune for a chance later to tell her the truth. And just as he reached this decision he lifted his eyes and saw a carriage driven rapidly past him,—not so rapidly, however, but that the lady seated in it had seen and recognized him. In another minute it turned, came back slowly, and Mrs. Blanchard graciously greeted him.

"So glad to find you, Mr. Raymond. I have been wishing to see you these two days, and I began to fear you would leave Rome before I had the opportunity. Will you not let me drive you back to the city? and then I can ask my questions on the way. There are a good many of them."

It seemed to the young man that Mrs. Blanchard had never been so elaborately polite to him before; and when he was seated opposite one might almost say that she beamed upon him. But her inquiries as to his plans were of course not dictated by any interest in him. It was in relation to Helen that she wished information, and she came around to it easily enough when he said that he could not yet tell when he should leave,—it depended somewhat on Miss Keith's decisions.

"Ah! I dare say you feel in some sense responsible for her," Mrs. Blanchard said, a little rigidly. "And is she any nearer a decision than yesterday, do you know? I saw her then, and she seemed strangely unsettled. I hardly knew what to make of her. Of course you know I wish to take her back to Florence with me?"

"She spoke of your kind proposal," Raymond said briefly. "I think she is considering the matter."

"I don't see that she needs very long to consider it," the lady answered, with a slight frown. "Her position is as bad as possible. She ought to be glad of any chance of escape."

"Perhaps she has never thought of it in that light."

"But she can't go home alone," cried Mrs. Blanchard; "and she surely doesn't propose to go to a *pension* with a view to company. Really, Mr. Raymond, I confess I don't understand Americans. What do they mean by coming over here unaccompanied, travelling alone in this hap-hazard way, trusting to luck and fellow-travellers to get over all difficulties? How could Mrs. Hale take such a risk for herself and her niece, with the disease she had? It seems to me tempting Providence."

"But Mrs. Hale had no expectation of dying, you must remember."

"She told me herself that her life hung by a thread," cried Mrs. Blanchard.

"Only, as she had been saying that for the last ten years, no one thought of believing her,—least of all, perhaps, her husband."

"It's a most embarrassing position," the lady went on. "I certainly wish to do my duty by Miss Keith, who is really a nice little thing. She's quite unformed, of course, but that is rather an advantage. A few years of travel and study under proper care might do a great deal for her."

"Ah! It's very kind of you to think so," murmured Raymond ironically.

"But I can't understand her now," the lady went on, unheeding him. "Every one says she's remarkable for decision of character; but she's not showing it now. She surely can't expect to keep us all dancing attendance on her much longer."

Raymond did not say what he thought,—that a little less attendance from Mrs. Blanchard would suit Helen admirably. He defended her as best he could, and the lady presently turned her questions to other things. She wished to know more of Helen, of her relatives in America, of her antecedents, of her expectations from her uncle. She frowned at mention of the step-sisters; she frowned again at the statement that Helen had absolutely no expectations from her aunt's husband. Carefully as she put her ques-

tions, the underlying thought was evident. The girl was well enough. She accepted her. But were there dubious relatives who might make after-claims, impossible connections for Mr. Courtney, of Devonshire? One would like a bride to come, like Undine, from the sea, with no troublesome family behind her. Especially a proud Englishman wedding an unknown would like that.

A sense of disgust suddenly took possession of Raymond. These people could not take Helen simply for what she was in herself. What kind of a life would they give her, hampered by tradition and etiquette and all the things her free girlhood had so little known? He had to confess to himself that Helen's family were not uncommon people. It would not have struck him at home, since she belonged to the democratic majority. Brought face to face with the opposite minority in the person of Mrs. Blanchard, the hopeless lack of taste, the touch almost of vulgarity, in these details, was clear to him. As for the lady herself, it was plain that the situation did not grow more agreeable as he talked.

"It's worse than I thought," she sighed at last. "It seems to me as bad as possible, and the trouble is that one can do nothing,—nothing. If she were not an American,—in that rank of life,—one could perhaps arrange matters. But as it is,—with my poor brother's—infatuation—" Her sentence fell helplessly into a long-drawn sigh. Perhaps she had forgotten to whom she was speaking; perhaps she was too self-satisfied to know how her words sounded.

But Raymond felt all their sting, and chance helped him to make his answer effective. They had entered a narrow street, and the carriage had paused for a passing procession. He let himself out deliberately, and then turned to Mrs. Blanchard. "You are doubtless right, madam. Miss Keith's family is painfully common, and her past very much out of taste. But the way in which you regard it—and her—is much more vulgar." And therewith he made a profound bow and left the amazed lady.

In the dusk he went again to Helen's

street. He did not mean to enter. He told himself that he only wished to see if she were still there. A pale gleam came to him through the parted curtains of the *salon* window; and then, as he stood beneath, something floated down to him,—the notes of a piano touched by trembling fingers. A voice joined it an instant later, and the song she sang was the old, old one they knew so well,—

An' ye sall walk in silk attire,
An' siller hae to spare.

Raymond never knew what madness entered into him at the sound; he never knew just how he went up the stairs and, on the padrona's invitation, into the room. He was not definitely conscious of anything till he saw Helen's surprised face, till he felt her hand in his and breathed the perfume of the sweet white roses clasped in the crape at her throat. And then he was telling her everything,—his love, and hope, and despair, the cruelty of his speaking so to her now, and the impossibility of his keeping silence longer. He had no right to ask for an answer then, he said; but at that the lifted eyes suddenly revealed to him the whole truth, and the trembling hands were laid in his outstretched ones.

"But I had decided," she said, when, five minutes later, he began again incoherent explanations of his regret at forestalling her decisions, his purpose to leave her quite free. "Mrs. Burns left me only a few minutes ago, and it is settled that I am to go to her and wait till spring, and then go home with them. And—and I saw Mr. Courtney this afternoon; and I was so glad to have it settled—I felt so much more like my own self—that I could not help singing. If I had known you were listening,—since you have so poor an opinion of my voice,—I should not have done it, but—"

"But it was your singing that brought me to you," he finished. And it seemed to him at that moment that her music had opened his eyes to the truth. He wondered at his scruples of the last few days, his fears for their future. What mattered poverty, since they were young and strong and loved each other?

EMILY F. WHEELER.

A DAY WITH EMERSON.

IN the winter of 1866 Mr. Emerson lectured by appointment in Davenport, Iowa. He had other engagements in the State, and his plan was, after speaking in Davenport, to go to Clinton by way of the railroad that connected the city of Rock Island with Fulton, on the same side of the Mississippi. As night fell, on the evening of his appearance, the weather, which had been previously mild, rapidly changed, and a severe snow-storm, with a high wind, set in, which continued till the forenoon of the next day. Much pleasure had been anticipated by the citizens in hearing Mr. Emerson, but the storm was so violent that only a small audience attended the lecture, which was delivered in a dreary hall used sometimes for theatrical performances, as well as for public meetings. Mr. Emerson's subject was "Resources," and I well remember how, as the cold draughts of air swept on him from the windows behind, he stepped back, and, seizing his long cloak, wrapped it about his shoulders, and as his discomfort increased he began to skip pages of his manuscript together, giving us, I suppose, the most marrowy portion of his discourse. He spoke in his charming way for about an hour, and after he had finished I rode with him in a sleigh through the blinding snow to the "Burtis House," where he was a guest. After escorting him to his room, the manager of the Lyceum course—a young lawyer—paid him part of the sum agreed for the lecture, promising to hand him the remainder in the morning, and left him with me. Mr. Emerson expressed regret that he was not in circumstances to give the balance that was due him; "but then, you know," he said, "that one must pay his debts." His sincerity in this wish to be generous had ample confirmation, for the next day, early in the forenoon, through snow-drifts and whirling snow he hunted up the manager and gave him a receipt

in full for the lecture, surrendering, I suppose, some thirty or forty dollars. As he would be obliged to remain in Davenport until the evening following that of his lecture, having a whole day to spare, it was agreed, at my suggestion, that we should spend a part of it in driving together about the city and suburbs. At a little after ten o'clock I left him, with pleasant anticipations of the morrow, carrying with me his cordial "Good-night." But our sleigh-ride the next day was prevented by the severe weather and the unbroken roads: this, however, did not hinder a delightful visit within-doors at the hotel. As I recall it, after an interval of sixteen years, the picture that I look upon seems as fresh and vivid as of yesterday,—the comfortable room with its open glowing coal fire, the poet and philosopher in his best spirits, and nothing in the world to annoy us or distract our attention. Our talk naturally dropped on topics that were nearest: at first about the place,—its people, schools, churches, business. He inquired with much interest about a young gentleman of the city whom he had met somewhere years before, and whom he remembered for his bright parts, and when I told him that he had died in his country's service the tone of voice in which he expressed his regret was singularly sweet and sympathetic. In speaking of the characteristics of the inhabitants, he seemed to be seeking to learn what was deepest and most representative in their intellectual and spiritual status. With his peculiar intonation he asked, "Are there any mystics in Davenport? any Quakers? any Swedenborgians?" as if looking for a key to certain questions that were occupying his mind concerning the undercurrents of the community. On my incidentally mentioning the fact that I had lately lectured on "The Utility of Beauty," his face at once grew

luminous, and he exclaimed, "What an interesting topic! what a field is here for subtle thinking! This subject of beauty is rich, many-sided, inexhaustible, wonderful. There is beauty, rare and glorious beauty, where no mortal eye beholds it,—in the sea, for instance, with its multitudinous splendors. What is the use of all the beauty of the marine world that is concealed from our enjoyment? And in the Arctic solitudes, in the bowels of the earth, in the depths of wildernesses, what the utility of the lovely shapes and hues that are never seen?" He dwelt on this point in a half-playful way, putting questions that I did not attempt to answer. "Then, too," he continued, "how various are the notions as to what beauty is, and the impressions that it produces! Washington Allston told me once that he thought nothing was so beautiful as woman's hair. He admired its flowing masses, its rich lustre, all the suggestions of its relations and grace. But woman could get along without her abundant locks. What do you say of those who are devoid of the capacity to discern beauty? What benefit is it to them? Where does beauty reside?—in the object, or in the mind that admires and loves?" At this late date I cannot recall much that he said in relation to the subject; but the impression made upon me by his gentle manner and sympathetic tones and deep insight I have always carried with me.

The conversation drifted to late authors, and I referred to Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," which I had just read, and which I ventured, with considerable emphasis, to characterize as the most Greek in conception and treatment of anything that I had ever read in English. Emerson had not seen the poem, but the mention of a young writer recalled to mind a number of gifted young Englishmen, like Matthew Arnold, Froude, Clough, and Patmore, whom he had met on his visit to England in 1847, and who had since then made names for themselves in the world of letters. The tender and appreciative tone in which he spoke of these gifted

persons was very beautiful. What specially touched me was his deep, natural, affectionate sympathy with spirited, eager, scholarly youth just ready to plunge into life's struggle and ambitious of its best gains. His appreciation of its freshness, its sincerity, its high aims, its courage, its enthusiasms, was so warm that his spirit was contagious. I was thrilled with it. I could not admire too much his quick recognition of merit and the generous praise that he bestowed upon it. While speaking, he collected the magazines and weeklies that he had purchased on his trip and presented them to me. In doing so he called my attention to certain productions which had pleased him, and especially to a little poem in *Harper's* written by some one in Rome,—I have forgotten whom,—but evidently a young man of a fine poetic gift. I have often thought of the pleasure the writer of those verses would have felt had he known how Emerson admired them and how favorably he interpreted the character of their author from their fragrant spirit. Emerson seemed to be on the lookout for whatever indicated genius and the best aspects of the inner life. In all this conversation his voice softened and played with a lingering charm over traits and promises that make youth lovely. One felt the grace of his large, rich, amiable, childlike nature, utterly free from dogmatism and conceit. He carried this sympathy with youth to his grave.

By some natural association he referred to his life in the Adirondacks, where, in company with Lowell, Agassiz, Holmes, and others, he had spent a portion of the summer a few years before. Each member of the party followed the bent of his own inclinations as to the use of his time while in camp, and a good deal of admirable thinking and some valuable contributions to science were a result of this withdrawal into the wilderness. I suppose that it was because we had been speaking of the brave and resolute spirit of youth, that Emerson told the following story about Lowell, which so happily illustrates it.

"As several of us," said Emerson, "were returning to camp toward evening, after our various pursuits of the day, a crow's nest was discovered on an upper limb of a lofty pine, and the question was immediately broached whether or not it could be reached and secured by the most expert climber. Lowell declared that the feat could be accomplished, and, on being challenged to attempt it, immediately made the trial. He did some wonderful climbing, and showed a venturesomeness that was actually alarming, but, with his most strenuous efforts, failed to reach the nest. Of course he was made the butt of some lively jokes, and it was the conclusion of the rest of the party that the nest was entirely safe from the grasp of human hands. After our amusement at his discomfiture was over, Lowell said, 'Well, gentlemen, you've had your laugh, but perhaps a little too soon. I shall get that nest.' Some derisive smiles followed, and the subject was dropped; but the next morning, as we assembled for breakfast, there, in the middle of the table, stood the veritable crow's nest, whose lofty perch we had supposed was unassailable. It seems that Lowell had risen early, while we were asleep, climbed the tree in the inspiration of his morning vigor, and secured the trophy." Those who are acquainted with the character of our accomplished minister to the Court of St. James will not wonder at this illustration of his pluck and resolution.

It was easy for Mr. Emerson to speak of Carlyle, whose character and genius he so well understood; but it was on the blunt and cynical features of the philosopher that he dwelt, as if he enjoyed their huge naturalness. His own intimacy with Carlyle was but just touched upon, modestly and as if of little interest, but he fairly laughed aloud as he related some of the great Scotchman's obstreperous idiosyncrasies. He told me several stories of his brusqueness and ill manners, some of which have since found their way into print; but the one which impressed me most was of a prominent railroad official and capital-

ist of Central New York, who had taken great pains to get an interview with him. He was full of enthusiasm for the Seer, whom he deeply and sincerely revered, and, on being admitted to his presence, said to him, "Mr. Carlyle, I have come from a long distance, and am beyond expression happy to meet you. Your writings have been a great joy to me, and I wish to tell you that I am under infinite obligations to you."

"I do not believe a word of it," growled the cynic. "I don't believe that you care for me or for what I've written."

"Imagine the effect of such a reception," said Emerson. "The gentleman seemed stunned, and retreated as soon as he could recover from his bewilderment."

It is doubtful whether his hero-worship continued after such a cruel rebuff. It is only fair to remark that Mr. Emerson did not apologize for Carlyle's bearishness; but it had its comical aspects, which amused him exceedingly, and he told his stories with a charming *naïveté* which made them doubly agreeable to me.

Naturally, in the course of our conversation we drew nearer and nearer to some of the deep questions of life and the soul that always have perplexed and always will perplex the human understanding. I did not venture to be inquisitive as to his religious belief; and, while all that he said in this part of our interview was interesting, I do not remember that he uttered any positive statement that could be regarded as expressive of his individual faith. Whether to divert me from attention to the track that I wished him to pursue, or to direct my attention to an author who has powerfully influenced philosophic thought, he went to his portmanteau and took out two stout octavo volumes, "The Secret of Hegel," by Stirling, with some remark concerning the value of the doctrines of this great German thinker. He confessed that he was studying the work on his travels, and that he supposed few men living had actually mastered the subject. He did not read to me a single sentence nor refer to

any particular part of it, but, with a volume in his hand, which he held in a sort of caressing way and opened here and there as if it contained a treasure, kept on his rhythmic talk. He seemed to be disturbed by no apprehensions of any real failure in the great system of things, and the serenity with which he contemplated human life and destiny was unruffled.

While I can recall so little of what Mr. Emerson expressed on this occasion, his manner left upon me an impression that is uneffaceable. He treated me with the frankness and friendliness of an old acquaintance, and his gentleness and simplicity and entire lack of assumption were very charming. He was in perfect spirits, buoyant and elastic, with soul shining all over his noble countenance. This is the picture, above all others, that I prefer to keep in memory as most expressive of the man.

At about sundown the time came for his departure. The Mississippi was firmly frozen, and travellers who went north by rail were transported across the river by an omnibus that started from the hotel. I saw Mr. Emerson aboard this vehicle,—the only passenger. He urged me to visit him at Concord, and, with a warm farewell, departed. I did not meet him again till the winter of 1873, in Chicago, and then the change in his appearance was clearly perceptible. Next, and for the last time, I saw him in Concord, in 1878, but he did not recognize me at all nor remember anything of our day together in Davenport. Only a little of the Emerson that we admire, except his sweet manner, was left of him; and it always seemed to me unkind to bring him forward on public occasions, after the glory of his mind had suffered such eclipse.

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

QUARTERLY MEETING IN THE WEST.

AUNT RACHEL NEWCOME sat in the kitchen door, shelling peas, and looking, with the benevolent expression of countenance habitual to her, out into the apple-orchard which extended to the back of the lot. About her were the beauty and freshness of the early summer, and in her house reigned order and perpetual peace. The kitchen floor was white with innumerable scrub-bings, the cook-stove seemed never to have lost its original polish, and on the wall a row of bright tin pans reflected the gazer's face in a series of broad grins. In the family sitting-room beyond, the plain and solid furniture looked incapable of getting out of place or of gathering dust or harboring spiders. On the floor was a rag carpet, woven "hit and miss," and before the fireplace lay a large oval braided rug.

There was not a vestige of ashes in

the fireplace; the bricks had been freshly reddened, and between the polished andirons stood a glass fruit-jar, which held an immense bouquet of red and white peonies and feathery asparagus.

A book-case with eight small panes of glass in its high narrow doors sat on a small table against the wall, and by one of the front windows was a square stand with two drawers in it, one above another, and a white oil-cloth cover. On this stand was a willow work-basket, lined with green glazed muslin, and containing spools of thread, balls of yarn, an emery strawberry stuck full of needles, an iron thimble, some buttons, a small gourd which Aunt Rachel used when darning stockings, and a ball of beeswax criss-crossed with thread-marks. Six wooden chairs stood in couples against the wall, and in the middle of the room was a large wooden rocking-

chair, and near the stand a smaller splint-bottom one, both comfortably cushioned. This completed the furniture of the room, with the addition of a string stretched across the corner near the fireplace for holding newspapers, and a clock on the mantel with a looking-glass in the lower half of its face. The door which opened into the strip of front yard that bordered the street, and indeed every door in the house, had an old-fashioned latch with a handle for the fingers and a thumb-rest for the thumb, instead of a modern knob and lock.

An open door on the left of the sitting-room afforded a glimpse into the bedroom, with its rag carpet, its bureau with brass handles on the drawers, and in one corner the bed, covered with a blue and white quilt pieced in the "rising-sun" pattern and furnished with a long slim bolster and two small pillows. The feather bed was made up so high and smooth that it lacked only a foot or two of reaching to the level of the round wooden balls which decorated the tops of the four bed-posts. Various gray and snuff-colored garments hung on a row of wooden pegs against the wall, and by the window, on the candle-stand, lay a large and much-worn family Bible, with a pair of iron-bowed spectacles to mark the place in the Psalms where Aunt Rachel had been reading.

But the door on the right of the sitting-room was closed: it was usually closed. It led into the sacred best room, which was only opened at Quarterly Meeting, or when travelling Friends came to stay over-night, or on other rare social occasions. Its aspect of severe decorum was calculated to strike a chill to the heart of levity, if the footstep of levity had ever presumed to cross its threshold. The floor was covered with a plain wool carpet, a long wooden settee with rockers and a cushion sat in front of the fireplace, now hidden by a papered fire-board, and half a dozen chairs stood ranged by twos around the room.

On the wall was a large glazed map of the United States, and on the high

mantel-shelf were the following articles: an osage-orange stuck full of cloves, a large piece of crystal quartz, a bead basket made by a blind girl, a glass candlestick with glass prisms hanging from its upper rim, and a double daguerrotype,—on one side Aunt Rachel, with hair combed low over her ears, a long-waisted dress and wide embroidered collar, and with her hands crossed at a stiff angle, on the other side Uncle Silas, with wide necktie, the ends of which stuck out to his shoulders, his hair combed straight up from his forehead, and his hands disposed in what he had endeavored to make an easy and natural attitude: one was pressed flat against his stomach, the other lay on the table by him.

A round table with a green and black felt cover stood between the windows, and on it were disposed two or three piles of daguerrotypes, a copy of Cowper's Poems, and an autograph-album dating back to the time when Aunt Rachel attended Friends' boarding-school, and setting forth in characters of faded ink the affectionate regard of her school-mates, and their desire to be remembered by her when they were in distant foreign climes.

Back of the parlor were two small bedrooms, exactly alike, which had the air of being seldom occupied, and then only by the elect. Each had a four-posted wooden bedstead, with cords instead of slats for a support to the straw-tick and feather-tick; each wore a full white curtain as a decorous covering for its legs, and was furnished with snowy sheets, light quilts pieced in intricate pattern, and small pillows and bolsters. A strip of wool carpet like that on the parlor floor lay in front of each bed, and on it stood the wash-stand and one chair. A small nine-by-twelve looking-glass hung over the stand, and there was a row of wooden pegs high up on the wall. The windows of parlor and bedrooms were darkened by green paper blinds, which could be rolled up and tied with strips of dress-braid, and had, in addition, long, full white muslin curtains.

Aunt Rachel's children were grown up and married, and had gone with their minor children—as their certificates of removal read—to settle within the limits of other meetings. One son lived in Rocky Creek, and one in Maple Grove Quarter, and the daughter had moved to Iowa and settled near Lynnvillle, a Friends' neighborhood, Aunt Rachel was glad to know, though it seemed a strange, far country.

So Uncle Silas and Aunt Rachel lived alone, in the exception of Bounce and Cynthia, a dog and cat which had grown gray, so to speak, in their service. However appropriate the dog's name may have been in his young and frisky days, it had long ceased to be so, for Bounce was old and decrepit, and no longer bounded in front of his master or made war upon real or imaginary foes. Like the Gothic king who declared that he was at peace with stone walls, Bounce had established a truce with all squirrels in high trees, all rats in deep holes, and contented himself with standing on the front door-step and barking feebly at any predatory cow who put her head over the fence to take a mouthful of leaves from the lilac or snow-ball bushes. He dozed at full length in the sunshine in warm weather, but spent the greater part of the time on a mat behind the kitchen stove. There was another mat there for Cynthia, the yellow and white cat, who had lost the tip of one ear in some ancient battle, and they reposed peacefully side by side, having long ago forgotten their natural animosity and become, if not friendly, at least neutral. In cool weather, when the fire went out in the cook-stove, they migrated together to the sitting-room and lay down on the braided rug, though the cat occasionally, with the dislike of her race for floor-draughts, jumped into one of the cushioned rocking-chairs. But she always jumped down again as soon as Aunt Rachel, seeing her there, exclaimed, "Now, Cynthia, thee knows better!"

Bounce was stretched on the flag-stones in front of the kitchen door where Aunt Rachel sat at work, sound asleep apparently, but raising one ear occasion-

ally to shake off a fly. He partially unclosed his eyes as he heard footsteps, but shut them again as a little old woman wearing a sun-bonnet and carrying a basket on her arm came around the corner of the house. "Howdy?" said she curtly. "Howdy?" responded Aunt Rachel, rising: "won't thee come in?"

"No; I've only got a minute to stay, and I'll just sit down here on the wash-bench and rest a bit. I've been up town to get some white sugar, and it's hot walkin' in the sun, so I thought I'd step in and rest before goin' on home."

She sat down, and, untying the strings of her gingham bonnet, pushed it back from her forehead. "Fixin' for Quart'ly?" she asked, seeing the yellow bowl in Aunt Rachel's lap.

"No," said Aunt Rachel; "I'm just shelling some peas for our dinner to-day. I'll pick another mess this evening or early in the morning for the dinner to-morrow. Our vines are full this year, and I guess there'll be enough for Seventh-day and First-day both."

Asenath Owens, the caller, though satisfied on this point, relaxed none of the querulous vigilance of her manner. Aunt Rachel, having known her for thirty years, understood her foible, and generally gave full explanations to satisfy her curiosity.

"Well, we hain't fixed much for Quart'ly yet," continued Asenath. "Hannah Jane wants to make the cakes and pies, and I've left them for her to do. Eli's goin' over to Shady Run to bring her home from her school this afternoon,—he always goes after her Sixth-day evenings,—and I'll have the sugar and eggs and butter ready, and she can do the bakin' after she gets home. I've got bread baked and coffee browned, and there won't be anything to do in the morning but kill the chickens and get the peas and potatoes ready. We made a lot of preserves and pickles last fall, and I thought I'd open a can of pears and a jar of preserved quinces, and Hannah Jane will want some of her sweet-pickled peaches set on. But what's thee goin' to have?" she asked,

as if suddenly realizing that she was imparting more than she was receiving.

"Well," Aunt Rachel replied, "I'm going to have roast beef, and chicken with dressing and gravy, and potatoes, and peas, and white hominy, and mince and custard pie, and jelly-cake, and gold cake, and pear preserves, and honey, and mango pickles, and tea, and coffee, and light bread."

"And who's thee expectin'?" asked Asenath, with an inquisitive sniff. All these items were of interest to her: they were something she could think over at leisure and retail to others with comments of her own. Mild gossip had been her mental food for a lifetime.

"Well," said Aunt Rachel, beaming with hospitable anticipations, "I expect Cousin Jacob and Rhoda from Deer Lick, and Silas's sister Peninah and her husband and two of their children from Locust Grove, and John James Peacock, a minister from Ohio, and his travelling-companion."

"I don't see where thee'll put 'em all to sleep," said Asenath.

"Why," replied Aunt Rachel, "thee knows we expect to be a little crowded at Quart'ly-Meetin' time; but I can arrange it very well. I'll put Friend Peacock and his companion in one of the parlor bedrooms, and Cousin Jacob and Rhoda in the other. We'll give up our room to Peninah and her family, and we'll sleep in the little bedroom off the kitchen. And if anybody else comes," continued Aunt Rachel, who had evidently considered the subject well and forecast emergencies, "I'll put them in the little room, and make down a bed on the settin'-room floor for ourselves."

"Yes," said Asenath, who found everything explained to her satisfaction and no chance to cavil, "we often have to make down beds at Quart'ly-Meetin' time." This subject being disposed of, she began on another. "Thee's a-goin' to wear thy black velvet bonnet, I s'pose, instead of thy plain one?"

"Yes," said Aunt Rachel placidly; "I've laid aside my old one for good; though, as to plainness, I think my vel-

vet one is plain too: there's not a bow or ribbon on it."

"But it's not the kind our mothers wore, and we have worn all our lives, and FRIENDS wear," said Asenath, warming to the controversy, which was not indeed temporary or incidental, but of long standing. "We must keep to the ancient landmarks; we have no testimonies to lose."

Aunt Rachel laughed, a good-natured, forbearing laugh. "That's just what Gulielma Patton said to me when I first got my new bonnet; but in less than six months she had one like it. I expect thee'll be getting one before long."

"No," said Asenath, with asperity: "I'll never compromise with the follies of the world or depart in any way from Friends' principles. When I am called away and my relatives write a notice of my decease to be printed in the *Friends' Review*, I want them to be able to say that I was a consistent member of the Society of Friends, and belonged to Buckeye Ridge Quart'ly Meetin'." And she sniffed mournfully, unconscious that some vanity mingled with her contemplation of an ideal obituary notice.

Before the conversation could be resumed, Uncle Silas Newcome came up from the garden-patch below the orchard, with a bag of potatoes on his shoulder. Setting down his burden with a sigh of relief, he took off his hat to wipe his forehead, and, seeing Asenath, greeted her with the usual form of salutation: "Howdy?"

"Howdy?" responded Asenath: "is thee gettin' ready for Quart'ly?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Silas; "I've dug enough of new potatoes to last us, I reckon, through Quart'ly. I have to attend Selec' Meetin' this afternoon, and to-morrow mornin' I have to go down to the train to meet some Friends who are comin'; so this was the only time for gettin' the potatoes. It's warm work grabblin' down in the garden-lot." And he wiped his face and neck with a bandanna handkerchief he took from his pocket.

"There'll be some new elders at Selec' Meetin', I guess," commented Asenath.

"Yes; Ruth Perkins has been made an elder since last Quart'ly Meetin', and Joseph Peaseley."

"I s'pose thee is in unity with them?"

"Ruth Perkins is a very suitable person for elder, but I can't say the same of Joseph Peaseley."

"Why, I thought thee and Joseph saw eye to eye. He believed as thee did about seatin' the meetin'-house."

"Yes, he was all right about seatin' the meetin'-house, but—he is not sound on the Atonement." Uncle Silas's brow gathered sternness as he spoke, and his lips tightened: unsoundness in doctrine, in his mind, tainted all one's moral nature and could not lightly be discussed.

Aseventh realized that she was on the verge of a subject too deep for her, and, pulling on her sun-bonnet, rose, saying, "I must be goin'." Eli'll want an early dinner, for he has to go out of his way this afternoon, when he drives to Shady Run, to see a man who's owin' him some money." And without more ceremony she departed.

Uncle Silas deposited his bag of potatoes on the smoke-house floor, washed his hands at the pump, and, going into the kitchen, took down his shaving-apparatus from the little shelf above the towel-rack. The thoughtful frown lingered on his face as he sharpened his razor and mixed the lather in the brown earthenware cup, but was presently succeeded by grim contortions of the whole face as he shaved himself before the little square looking-glass, stopping now and then to wipe his razor on a bit of paper. Uncle Silas is ten years older than Aunt Rachel, and has not taken the inevitable frictions of life so placidly as she has. There is hardly a gray thread in her abundant brown hair, and her face is still smooth and fair; but he shows every year of the sixty that have passed over his head. His spare and sinewy frame is still vigorous, but there are deep wrinkles in his face, and his hair is iron-gray. He has worked hard in his time. Coming to this State when it was new and "all in the woods," as the early settlers say, he cut down trees,

cleared and fenced his farm, and won his way by long years of honest labor to a position of comparative ease and prosperity. He has sold his farm, bought this place on the edge of Buckeye village, and put the rest of his money out at interest, and one might think, considering his worldly affairs, that he would now take life restfully. But there are other things to vex his soul,—the state of the Society, the unsound doctrines held by some of his neighbors, the spirit of Antichrist, as he terms it, which is abroad in the land.

A chance visitor, or indeed a resident with unanointed eyes, would pronounce the neighborhood to be an eminently peaceful and moral one: there are no drinking-saloons, no brawlers, no palpable wickedness. But Uncle Silas sees three causes at work to effect the spiritual destruction of the people; and these three are,—not the traditional plague, pestilence, and famine,—but false doctrine, heresy, and schism.

He is not a well-read man; he knows little of the history of his own country beyond its discovery by Columbus and some facts relating to the Revolutionary and civil wars, but in Bible history he can trip a doctor of divinity. He has not only read it for himself, but he has read various commentaries on it in the shape of Friends' writings,—those books in sober binding which fill the book-case in the sitting-room. His mind is full of weighty matters relating to church polity as he changes his working-clothes for his "meetin'-" suit, as he eats his dinner, and as he takes his way, later, toward the meeting-house, half a mile away.

On the hill-side slopes beyond are fields of red clover and swaying green wheat, rows of young corn-blades flash like lances in the sun, white farm-houses are nestled here and there amid orchards or shade-trees, ramparts of majestic beech and maple and oak woods stand all around against the horizon, and over all bends a sky of tender blue, such as June alone can show. But Uncle Silas does not take note of any of these as he walks along the edge of the pike to Select Meeting. He is thinking how one

neighbor is unsound on sanctification, how another is shaky on water baptism, and still another has a tendency toward dangerously liberal ideas and doctrines.

Next morning the scent of cooking rose upon the air from all the kitchens of Buckeye. There were sounds of the vigorous beating of eggs, of stirring and mixing and grating, of the anxious opening and shutting of oven-doors, of the squawking of chickens as they were dragged forth from the coops to have their necks wrung. Then, toward ten o'clock, carriages began to come into the village, drawn by heavy farm-horses on a ponderous, unequal trot, denominated by irreverent youngsters "the Quarterly-Meeting trot."

There were people from the immediate neighborhood, from the monthly meetings comprising Buckeye Ridge Quarter, and even from other quarters, —from Rocky Creek and from Blue Water. Then from the front doors of houses facing the street appeared the inmates, in couples and in groups,—the father, with his best broadcloth plain coat, neat and speckless, though a trifle wrinkled in the back from having hung so long on the row of pegs in the spare bedroom; the mother, wearing a gray dress, a light shawl, and immaculate bonnet-strings, which contrasted with her flushed face, so lately bent over the cook-stove; and the sons and daughters, well and quietly dressed, but bearing no marks of Quakerism in their outward appearance. The sidewalk leading to the meeting-house was thronged as the hour for meeting to "set" drew near, and the carriages drove along the pike in a procession, turning in at the big gate that led to the meeting-house yard, driving up to the steps arranged for the women and children to step out upon in alighting, and then around to the hitching-racks and sheds, where the horses whinnied notes of recognition to old acquaintances as the men tied them, and the small boys stood around meanwhile, feeling stiff and uncomfortable in their new boots and good clothes and much impressed by the importance of the occasion. The boys went in with their

fathers on the men's side of the house, and the girls with their mothers on the women's side, and soon the house was full, and a hush succeeded the bustle of gathering: meeting had "set."

After a silence of ten minutes or more, broken only by the entrance of some late-comers, a man of powerful frame and commanding presence rose from his seat in the upper row of the three elevated seats facing the congregation and began to speak. The venerable man with silver hair who sat at the head of the meeting beckoned him to come thither, and he moved forward a few steps, still addressing the meeting, and took his stand on the dividing-line between the men and women. On his right were the placid faces of "the mothers in Israel," as he called them in his sermon, old women, who wore plain bonnets of the regulation Quaker pattern and spotless white handkerchiefs and drab shawls across the shoulders of their drab dresses, and who were beautiful in their old age with the serenity of habitual goodness and the calm of holy living. On his right were the "fathers in Israel," men whose lives had been blameless and full of kindness and good-will to their fellow-men. Most of them had removed their hats, and only the plain vests and coats with straight collars proclaimed the uniform of the followers of George Fox and William Penn.

The speaker's voice gathered volume as he proceeded, until it could have been heard half a mile, and with impassioned eloquence he poured forth the thoughts burning in his soul. The congregation listened with rapt attention, and a small crowd of late-comers, who could not obtain seats inside, gathered under the open window near him.

He spoke three-quarters of an hour; and when he concluded and took his seat it was as if a strain of stirring music had ceased. Even the children who were too small to understand what he said were sorry when he was done. A little girl said afterward to her mother, "I like to hear that man preach: he makes the cold chills run down my back."

Then a woman of saintly aspect and trembling voice rose in her place, untying her bonnet and laying it in her neighbor's lap, and in a few well-chosen sentences portrayed the beauty, the peace, the eternal blessedness, of the Christian's life. Then another woman among the audience knelt and prayed. Two or three others, men and women, spoke or supplicated. Then another silence fell upon the meeting, which was broken by the old man who sat at the head of it saying, "If Friends' minds are easy, I think we may now proceed to the business of the meeting." Thereupon there was a rustle, a changing of places, and the clerks took their places together at the clerks' table and laid upon it their papers. At this juncture many of the young people and children withdrew, and a few matrons upon whose minds household cares pressed hurried home to look after the dinner.

Aunt Rachel Newcome was not among this number. She had arranged her dinner so that it could be left; for the business was of interest to her, and she wished to hear it all: besides, she was a member of a committee, and had to hand in their report.

Then the usual business of a Quarterly Meeting was conducted: the concern of a woman Friend—a recommended minister—to visit in gospel love the Yearly Meetings of Iowa and Kansas was heard and united with, applications for certificates of removal were received and committees appointed to prepare the certificates in case no obstruction appeared, the reports of committees appointed at last meeting were heard, the queries and answers were read, and all the decorous routine usual on such occasions conducted to a decorous end.

When the concluding minute was read and the meeting "broke," the people did not immediately disperse, but lingered to shake hands with friends and acquaintances, and many of the villagers to extend hospitable invitations to Friends from other meetings. "Won't thee and thy family go home with us to dinner?" a Buckeye matron would ask another from Blue Water Quarter or from

Shady Run Monthly Meeting; or, "Just drive right over to our house," a hearty voice on the men's side would say. "I'll walk home through the fields, and be there in time to put up thy horses."

Aunt Rachel's expected guests were all at meeting, and, after shaking hands with them and making them feel the sincerity of her welcome, she left them to follow at their leisure, and hastened home to change her dress, to see to the dinner, and to open the front door leading to the parlor, which, by reason of being seldom opened, stuck fast at the bottom and only yielded to repeated pulls and jerks. Soon Uncle Silas appeared among the moving company on the sidewalk, bringing with him the minister and his travelling-companion, and, a little later, the buggy containing Cousin James and Rhoda, from Deer Lick, drove up, followed by the heavy carriage of the relatives from Locust Grove.

Uncle Silas went out with the men to put up the horses, and Aunt Rachel invited the women into one of the parlor bedrooms to "lay off their things." Then she put on a large gingham apron and hurried back to the kitchen, her sister-in-law Peninah following soon after and offering her services.

The dining-table was pulled into the sitting-room, and all the extra leaves put in, then Aunt Rachel's best table-cloth and napkins were brought forth, and from the upper bureau-drawer in her bedroom the silver spoons wrapped in doeskin. Savory odors soon penetrated to the parlor where the guests were sitting,—Cousin Rhoda by the table, looking at the autograph-album, Uncle Silas and the men talking of the incidents of the day, the two children rocking in the settee as hard as they could and eating doughnuts. Presently Aunt Rachel opened the door, her face beaming with hospitality and the warmth of the cook-stove, and said, "Friends, please walk out to dinner; and, Silas, just bring two chairs with thee." Then they seated themselves around the table, Uncle Silas at the head, the preacher on the

right hand and his travelling-companion on the left, next the husbands, and by them their wives. The children, a boy of seven, just getting his second teeth, and a girl of five, were told by their mother to wait, but showed signs of bursting into loud lamentations, and Aunt Rachel said, "Let them come to the table. Lemuel can stand up, and I will fix Martha a place here between me and thee." So she brought a chair from the kitchen, and, taking "The Life of Joseph John Gurney" and "The Memoirs of Maria Fox" from the book-case, made a seat high enough for the child.

When all were seated, a silence of a full minute ensued, during which the elders looked fixedly at their plates and the children betrayed signs of restlessness.

When the bowed heads were lifted, Lemuel burst out, "Maw, gimme some of that in that high glass dish," pointing to the pear preserves.

"Maw, I want some honey," piped Martha.

"'Sh!" said their mother, mortified at this display of every-day manners. "Wait and have some chicken first."

"I'm goin' to have the gizzard," shouted Lemuel.

"No, he ain't! is he, maw?" responded Martha. "I'm goin' to have it."

"I expect this chicken has two gizzards, and you can each have one," said Aunt Rachel, as she poured out the coffee and tea.

The children, appeased by the prospect of a division of the spoils, were silent, and pondered for a moment on this phenomenon in natural history.

In the mean time, Uncle Silas was carving the roast fowls and beef and filling and passing the plates. When all were supplied, he said, "Just help yourselves, friends." And all took up their knives and forks and began to eat.

"How did thee like the first sermon to-day, Silas?" asked Cousin Jacob presently.

"That was good sound doctrine," answered Silas. "I only wish we could

have preaching like that every meetin'-day."

"You've got plenty of preachers down here," continued the first speaker. "You ought to have good preachin'. Now, up at our particular meetin' we have only got two,—Peleg Harvey, he's old and feeble and don't get out often, and Jane Patton, she spoke every meetin'-day for a while, but lately she hasn't much to say; she's preached all she knowed, the children say. Sorter rough on preachers, ain't it?" half in apology, half in joke, to the minister.

"Oh, we preachers get a good deal of rough handling nowadays," that person responded: "we're used to it, and it doesn't hurt us." He was a hearty, jolly sort of man, whose manners displayed a free-and-easy carelessness, and whose clothes showed neither the cut nor the color of the Quaker uniform. His companion, on the contrary, was quiet in manner and plain in dress, and was evidently a close follower of ancient guides.

He seemed on this occasion to be exercised about something, and presently spoke: "I see that Buckeye Friends, in building their new meeting-house, have failed to put in shutters to divide women's and men's business-meetings, and that the business is now conducted in common."

Then a discussion ensued on this subject, followed by another on the customs of ancient Friends; then a talk about the first settling of this neighborhood and the first meeting-house built, which led to reminiscences, half serious, half comic, of the primitive customs and rude fare of the pioneers.

In this time they had eaten the various courses of Aunt Rachel's abundant and excellent dinner, and were lingering over the dessert, when they were roused by the sound of loud crying in the orchard. The children, having eaten their fill of everything, including all the "p'serves" and honey they wanted, had left the table and gone out to play. Lemuel had boasted to his sister that he could show her where the honey came from, and in tampering with one of the bee-hives had been stung. He now came

toward the house, roaring with fright and pain, and disclosing two large red spots, one on his forehead, one on his chin, rapidly swelling. The women set to work to soothe the pain and comfort him, and soon he appeared in the parlor, where the men were talking, with his face tied up, and displaying an old pocket-knife which Aunt Rachel had given him, the only blade of which was loose. Aunt Rachel had told him that it would be as good as new if it had a rivet put in it, and every five minutes for the rest of the day he said, "I wish I could get a *raret* put in this knife," or, "Paw, couldn't thee put a *raret* in this knife?" or, "Uncle Silas, Uncle Silas,"—interrupting a weighty discussion on doctrine in which that worthy was absorbed,— "couldn't thee put a *raret* in this knife?"

The women, after clearing off the table and washing the dishes, sat down in the sitting-room to exchange household experiences and to give each other recipes for making preserves or for coloring carpet-rags.

The Sabbath dawned serene and bright next morning, and the landscape that lay bathed in the glow of sunrise was the picture of rural loveliness. Big dew-drops glittered in the grass that bordered the smooth white roads, fragrant odors were distilled from the fields, meadow-larks perched on the fence-rails and sang, and the tall old beeches and maples, clothed with the rich green foliage of early summer, waved their innumerable leaves and whispered that language, old as the earth, yet unknown to most men, which only a poet can understand and interpret.

But the people of Buckeye had no time to notice the subtle beauties of the morning. It was an important occasion to them,—Quarterly Meeting First-day,—and their minds were occupied with providing for the guests they had and for those whom they expected. Breakfast over, the house had to be set in order and the details of dinner planned; then the best clothes were brought forth and donned,—the silk dresses which only saw the light a few times in the year,

the finest and sheerest muslin neckerchiefs, and all the subdued finery of a Quaker toilet.

The morning was not without small vexations to Aunt Rachel, but she preserved her sunny temper unruffled. First, Lemuel, roving about in the back yard with the restlessness of an ill-trained child, lifted a wash-tub which was turned bottom up on the ground, to see what was under it, and let out two chickens which Aunt Rachel had taken from their roost the night before; and when she came forth, after washing the breakfast-dishes, to wring their necks and prepare them for the oven, they were walking around among the other chickens, looking longer-legged and longer-necked than usual. So the flock had to be led into the wood-house, by means of corn-meal dough, and, after some time and trouble, two others were caught.

Then Uncle Silas mounted one of his doctrinal hobbies, and maintained a long and close discussion, lasting till it was time to go to meeting, with Friend Peacock, and took down divers volumes of Friends' writings from the book-case to prove to that individual that some of his views were unsound. Aunt Rachel, in whose simple creed "joy was duty and love was law," deprecated such wordy warfare, and was always sorry to see Uncle Silas begin it. But, as her mild expostulations on the subject had failed to influence him, she had ceased to speak about it. Uncle Silas had some of that stern religious zeal which led people in past ages to burn heretics at the stake or cast them into caldrons of boiling oil, and he spared neither friends nor strangers when, to his view, their orthodoxy was doubtful. But Aunt Rachel looked over her favorite psalm in the open Bible in her room, as she dressed, and was able to start to meeting in a serene frame of mind.

The meeting was much larger than on the previous day, the additional number being composed principally of "world's people" from the surrounding country and neighboring towns. They came in fashionable attire, and held little

levees among themselves under the tall old locust-trees that shaded the meeting-house yard. Some sat in the buggies that were hitched all around the racks as thickly as the horses could stand: these were mostly young men and women in couples.

The meeting-house was full to overflowing; there was another congregation in the school-house near by, and still another in the shade of the trees. The ministers distributed themselves about equally between these places, and labored earnestly, exhorting and teaching, raising their voices in the endeavor to attract the attention of the idlers who moved from one crowd to another or sat in the buggies. The majority of the people present had come to listen to the preaching; to the others it was a gala-day,—the beauty of the weather and the prospect of a large crowd had attracted them. On this day even the renegade Quakers, as they were called, were present,—people who had a birthright membership in the society and had been brought up according to its rules, but who had, after they attained to years of responsibility, ceased to attend meeting, and who regarded its special tenets somewhat as the Roman augurs did their religious rites after faith had departed from them. When meeting at last "broke," the crowd filled the grounds, and, despite the many sober costumes, it was a gay and brilliant one. The chatting and hand-shaking were prolonged, and it was nearly an hour before the last buggy left and the grounds were deserted.

Aunt Rachel, in common with the other matrons of Buckeye, had hurried home to look after the dinner. Besides the guests she already had, a carriage-load of "world's people" were coming to dinner, folks who had been neighbors of her and Uncle Silas on their farm years before, and who still preserved a friendship for them. There were meats in abundance for all, and Aunt Rachel opened her stock of canned fruit and preserves with a lavish hand. The dining-table was twice filled, the relatives waiting till the second table. Lemuel, after showing his rivetless knife to each

of the new-comers and asking them if they thought a "raret" could be put in, was coaxed, with his sister, to the back yard, where they sat on the wash-bench while the elders were at dinner, cramming themselves with bread and butter and raspberry jelly. Aunt Rachel's old neighbor, Mrs. Ross, was about Aunt Rachel's age, but she looked much older, and had an expression of chronic discontent on her sallow face. She was dressed in a striped summer silk with many flounces, wore long ear-rings, a bow of ribbon and lace on her thin hair, and a large breast-pin containing a miniature of Mr. Ross. There was occasion for moralizing on the difference between the two women and the causes of it, but probably no one present thought of doing so. The life of one had been preserved and beautified by the atmosphere of simplicity and peace in which she dwelt; that of the other had been consumed in a struggle to keep up appearances, to gain a higher social standing, and to dress according to the latest fashion.

The Rosses sat awhile after dinner and chatted of common acquaintances, then said they must be going, and departed, to spend the remainder of the afternoon driving about. Some Friends from Blue Water called to take the preacher and his companion with them to their neighborhood, and soon after Cousin Jacob said, "Well, Rhody, I guess we'd better be goin'." So their horse was geared and backed into the shafts of the buggy, and with affectionate farewells, and invitations to come soon, this pair took their departure.

Peninah and her husband lingered latest, but when it was "about an hour by sun" they "lowed they must start, if they expected to reach Locust Grove by dark." So the lumbering family-carriage, drawn by two patient farm-horses, was brought round to the door, and, after much hand-shaking and kissing, the family got in and drove off. The last words Aunt Rachel heard as she stood in the door watching them were, "Paw, if I only had a raret in this knife!"

LOUISE COFFIN JONES.

SOME AUTHENTICATED GHOST-STORIES.

IF from all the rubbish of ghost-literature, folk-lore, and tales of spectral illusions which has been heaped up by the universal tendency to superstition we could carefully sift out and collate those mysteries which rest upon unquestionable testimony, we should have the materials for some deeply-interesting investigations. That *some* truth underlies the all-pervading belief in such marvels is doubtless as absolutely certain as that *some* fire is at the bottom of every smoke, and it is probably a safe prediction that at no very distant date the attention of science will be turned in this direction, and the mystery which now shrouds the entire subject be clearly and rationally dispelled. It is perhaps quite as safe to predict that when the simple solution is finally attained it will be found to lie in the heretofore poorly tilled field of psychological research. Certainly no theory has yet been advanced which can even pretend to meet all the requirements of the case, and this for the simple reason that no *logical* investigation of the subject has yet been attempted. It is impossible to reach a sound conclusion from false or unsound premises; and hitherto all the premises have been of this character. The writers who have dealt with the subject have set out with a strong tinge of either superstition or incredulity, or they have been biassed by some crude preconceived theory. Psychology is scarcely in its swaddling-clothes, because of the Sadduceism of modern materialistic science; but its phenomena may be subjected to the same processes of analysis which have been applied to those of the so-called physical world, and with equally satisfactory results. In this age of seething thought and accurate investigation, all *facts* must eventually go to the crucible, and psychology will yet have its turn. Certainly nothing can be more arbitrary, and therefore more unscientific, than to accept testimony when

it coincides with our individual experience and condemn it the moment it ceases to do so. When a man of unimpeachable veracity, high character, cultivated intelligence, sound judgment, and, withal, entirely free from superstition, tells us of an experience which *he* does not profess to explain, *we* have a perfect right to explain it, if we can, by any theory which will reasonably fit the facts and do violence to none of them. But, if we are unable to do this, our only resource is to place the occurrence upon the list of unexplained—and, if you please, inexplicable—facts. The following contribution to that list is made in the firm belief that some day all such materials will be invaluable helps to the labors of some practical scientific psychologist. It will no doubt be observed that of the incidents here narrated only one comes fully up to all the above-mentioned requirements. The others, while thoroughly authenticated, are all more or less capable of some possible explanation. All occurred in Maryland, and all are attested by persons now living, of the most undoubted reliability and disclaiming any bias of superstition. They were related to me personally at various times in the course of private conversation, and without the least idea that they would ever appear in print. By way of introduction, the following letter of Cæcilius Pliny may be of interest, as showing how these matters were regarded by a Roman gentleman who entered his twenty-first year exactly eighteen hundred years ago. Pliny was a man of the world, refined, intelligent, and eminent no less for his practical good sense than for his large and varied erudition. He was evidently devoid of superstition, and, being compelled by the character of the testimony to accept these things as facts, he invokes the scientific assistance of his learned friend Sura to settle his doubts and help him to an explanation:

"The leisure, my dear Sura, which we now enjoy affords me the opportunity of learning, and you of teaching me something which I am exceedingly anxious to know,—namely, whether you think that apparitions are real existences, possessing actual form and supernatural power, or the mere empty and delusive offspring of our fears. I myself am induced to believe that there are such things chiefly by what happened, as I learn, to Curtius Rufus. Hitherto poor and obscure, he had attached himself to the staff of the governor of Africa. While walking for exercise in the portico one evening, there appeared the form of a woman of superhuman size and beauty. He was very much alarmed as she announced that she was Africa, the prophetic of future events,—that he should go to Rome, enjoy high honors, return to this same province as commander-in-chief, and there die. All this was fulfilled. Afterward, on arriving at Carthage, upon leaving the ship the same figure is said to have met him on the shore. Being afflicted with disease, he at once, forecasting the future by the light of the past and auguring misfortune from his prosperity, abandoned all hope of recovery, though none of his friends had given him up. Is not what I am about to relate as I heard it, however, more terrible and no less marvelous? There was a house in Athens, large and commodious, but unhealthy and of bad reputation. Through the silence of the night there would come a sound as of iron, and, if you listened more attentively, the clanking of fetters, at first distant, then close at hand. Presently a spectre would appear,—an old man enfeebled by emaciation and filth, with long beard and unkempt hair. He wore fetters upon his legs and manacles on his hands, which he shook as he walked. On account of this, the occupants had no rest through the sad and terrible nights. Want of sleep produced sickness, and death followed the increasing terror; for, although during long intervals the apparition would be absent, the memory of it would still wander before their eyes, and fear

outlived its cause. Deserted on this account, and condemned to solitude, abandoned entirely to the spectre, the house was, nevertheless, advertised, since by chance some one ignorant of the trouble might be willing to buy or hire it. The philosopher Athenodorus visits Athens: he reads the advertisement, hears the price,—trifling because of the suspicious character of the house,—inquires and learns all about it, and, notwithstanding,—in fact, for this very reason,—hires it. As evening approaches, he orders a bed to be prepared for him in one of the front chambers, demands writing-materials and a light, sends all his attendants within, and addresses his thoughts and his hand to writing, lest his unoccupied mind should frame for itself the image of which he had heard, and beget groundless terrors. At first, as everywhere else, the silence of night: then iron clangs, and chains are rattled. He neither lifts his eyes nor checks his pen, but becomes more resolute and listens attentively. Then the noise increases, approaches, and now is heard as if on the threshold, now as if within the room. He looks up: he sees and recognizes the appearance as described to him. It is standing beckoning with its finger as if calling him. He—as would scarcely be expected—motions with his hand, and proceeds with his writing. The spectre rattles its chains at the writer's head. He looks up again, and sees it beckoning as at first. Without further delay he takes up the light and follows. The spectre moves with a slow step, as if heavy with chains. Upon turning into the court-yard it suddenly deserts its companion and disappears. He, left alone, places grass and gathered leaves upon the spot to mark it. Next day he goes to the magistrates and advises them to give orders that the place be excavated. Bones are discovered, inserted into fetters and bound with chains, the body, decomposed by time and the earth, having left them bare and dry. These bones are collected and given public burial, and thenceforth, the rites of sepulture having been obtained, the house

is disturbed by the ghost no more. Now, these things I believe upon the word of those who affirm them. This (which I am about to relate) I can myself affirm to others. I have a freed-man (Marcus) who is not an illiterate man. His younger brother was sleeping with him in the same bed. He thought that he saw some one sitting on the couch and flourishing a pair of shears about the young man's head, and even cutting the hair from his crown. When daylight came, he was found with the crown of his head shorn and the hairs lying around. A short interval elapsed, and another similar occurrence gave confirmation to the first. A boy was asleep in the dormitory, together with a number of others. Two men, it is said, clad in white tunics entered through a window and sheared him as he lay. Then they left by the same way which had given them entrance. The daylight showed this one also shorn, and the hair lying scattered about. Nothing worthy of note followed, unless, perhaps, the fact that I escaped proscription. I should certainly not have done so had Domitian (under whose government these things occurred) lived longer, for in his writing-desk was found an indictment drawn against me by Carus. From this it may be conjectured that the shearing of my servants may have been an indication of peril threatened to myself, since it is customary to clip the hair of those accused of crime. Apply your erudition, I beg you, then, to this subject, as a matter worthy your long and careful consideration. Nor am I altogether unworthy to enjoy the advantage of your scientific attainments. Perhaps you may discuss the question, after your custom, from both sides. Do so, however, more earnestly on the negative, so as not to leave me in suspense and uncertainty, since my reason for consulting you is that I may be relieved of my doubts. Farewell."

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cruċ have heard, in my time, as many its tt-stories as most men, and not a more a-lich were as well authenticated scientific, above narrated, and less easy of

explanation; but none have ever caused the least disturbance of mind except this which I am about to relate. I confess that it has left me very much in Pliny's position, and I should be grateful to any erudite Sura whose scientific ratiocination might suggest a solution of the mystery. It occurred to a clergyman of the highest standing, a man in vigorous health and as utterly devoid of superstition and sensationalism as any one I ever knew. I shall tell it in his own words as nearly as possible, simply changing to the third person and using fictitious names of persons and places.

The Rev. Dr. Baker is, and has been for thirty years, the rector of a prominent parish on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. He is a resident of the town of Camden, and has—or had, some twelve years ago, when this happened—a mission charge in the village of Venice, sixteen miles distant, and between these places he was constantly on the road. About six miles from Camden was the country residence of Judge Silverton, a well-known and venerable parishioner of the worthy doctor. This gentleman had been dead about six weeks when Dr. Baker happened to be returning from Venice to Camden one afternoon in a carriage with a Mr. Alden, a prominent citizen of the former place. It was in broad daylight, just about sunset, and not far from Judge Silverton's gate, when a carriage, drawn by a white horse, passed them rapidly from behind, and was soon out of sight.

"That fellow must be in a hurry to reach Camden," remarked the doctor.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about that vehicle?" inquired his companion.

"Only that it moves very quietly. I heard no sound as it went by."

"Nor did I," said Mr. Alden, "neither rattling of wheels nor noise of hoofs. It is certainly strange."

In a few minutes the matter was forgotten, and the two drove on, conversing about other things. They had proceeded about half a mile, when suddenly the same horse and carriage again passed them from behind, and

again in the same absolute silence, notwithstanding the hardness and narrowness of the road. Nothing could be seen of the driver except his feet, the carriage-curtains hiding his body. There was no cross-road by which a vehicle in front could possibly have got behind without making a circuit of many miles and consuming several hours. Yet there was not the least doubt that this was the same conveyance which only a little while previous had passed on before, and the two gentlemen looked at each other in blank amazement, and with a certain suggestion of awe which prevented much discussion of the matter, especially as the horse was to all appearance the well-known white habitually driven by the deceased judge. Another half-mile brought them in sight of Judge Silver-ton's gate, when, for the third time, the ghostly team dashed by—again *from behind*—in the same mysterious silence. This time, however, it turned, in full view, into the judge's gate. Without a word of comment the doctor quickened his horse's speed, and reached the gate only a few yards behind the silent driver. Both Mr. Alden and himself peered eagerly up the long, open lane leading to the house, but neither carriage nor wheel-track was visible, though it was still clear daylight, and there was no outlet from the lane, nor could any vehicle have possibly, in the time occupied, accomplished half the distance. In the simple language of Pliny, "nothing worthy of note followed." The peculiar features of this strange incident are that it was equally and simultaneously evident to *two* witnesses, both entirely unprepared for any such manifestation, and differing widely in temperament, habits of life, mental capacity, and educational attainments, and by mere accident making this journey together, and that to this day both of them—witnesses, be it noted, of the most unimpeachable credibility—attest it, and fully corroborate each other, but without being able to suggest the slightest explanation. The case is respectfully submitted to Surrogate, who, having been dead these eighteen

hundred years, may be able to account for it.

The following was related to me by the gentleman to whom it happened, and whom I shall call Mr. Kennedy. It was mentioned in the most commonplace way in the ordinary course of conversation,—not as a supernatural occurrence, but simply as a singular and puzzling experience.

"How do you account for it?" asked a third party who was present at the relation.

"I do not account for it at all," replied the narrator: "there are a great many things which no doubt have some explanation, but which I do not understand; and this is one of them."

There is a long and very narrow strip of wooded land, known as "Peg Alley's Point," situated between the main stream of Miles River and one of the navigable creeks which flow into it. This little peninsula is about two miles long, from fifty to two or three hundred yards in width, bounded by deep water and overgrown with pine and underbrush. There is a tradition that many years ago a party of Baltimore oystermen encamped on the point, among whom was a man named Alley, who had abandoned his wife. The deserted woman followed up her husband and found him at the camp, where some words passed between them, the result of which was that the man induced his wife to follow him into a thicket and there murdered her with a club. The point has ever since been known by Peg Alley's name, and her perturbed spirit has been supposed to haunt the scene of her untimely taking off. Mr. Kennedy had lived from boyhood on the place, and had never given a serious thought to the story. Two or three years ago he had a party of rail-splitters at work on the point, the foreman of whom finally refused to go back, declaring that queer things happened down there, and that he had seen a ghost. His employer laughed at him and dismissed the matter from his mind. Some time after this, Mr. Kennedy had occasion to ride through the woods one afternoon to look after some sheep, there

being but one road, and the water on either side. As he approached the point, his horse started violently, and refused to go on, regardless of whip and spur. Looking about for the cause of this unusual fright, he saw a woman rise up from a log upon which she had been sitting, a few yards in advance, and stand by the road-side, looking at him. She was very poorly clad in a faded calico dress, and wore a limp sun-bonnet, from beneath which her thin jet-black hair straggled down on her shoulders; her face was thin and sallow, and her eyes black and piercing. Knowing that she had no business there, and occupied in controlling his horse, he called to her somewhat angrily to get out of the way, as the animal was afraid of her. She turned and walked slowly into the thicket, without a word, looking back at him as she went. With much difficulty he forced his horse to the spot, wishing to find out who the intruder might be, but no trace of any one could be found after a careful search, although there was no place of concealment and no possible way of escape, for which, indeed, there was not sufficient time. Mr. Kennedy declared that the thought of Peg Alley never entered his mind until that moment; but, upon finding that no one was on the peninsula besides himself, he turned his horse homeward without looking further after his sheep, and with a decidedly sympathetic feeling toward the recusant rail-splitter.

Admitting the undoubted credibility of the witness, it may be said that this case is easily explicable under Sir David Brewster's theory of the objective projection upon the visual organs of a subjectively conceived image. But it is scarcely possible that in sound health so powerful a mental impression could exist without the individual being conscious of any such impression, and without his having ever heard a description of the dress and features which he yet remembered afterward with all the vivid accuracy of reality.

Not far from the scene of the above-mentioned adventure is the old family-seat of the Tolmans, one of the most

prominent names in the community. Its site is one of the most beautiful in all this region of lovely situations and charming water-views. The ancient brick mansion stands on an elevated lawn, around which winds the silvery thread of a landlocked stream, over the farther bank of which dance the sparkling waters of a broad estuary, flashing its blue wavelets in the glance of the summer sunshine, or tossing its white-capped billows in mimicry of the angry sea. The gleam of white sails is never wanting to give variety to the picture, and the sunset glories are unsurpassed by any that the hand of nature ever painted on the skies of Italy. In the dead calm of an August evening, when the lifted oar rests on the gunwale, unwilling to break with its dip the glassy surface, one has a strange, dreamy sense of being suspended midway in space, the gorgeous sky being exactly reflected in illimitable depth by the still water, until the charm is broken by the ripple of a school of alewives or the gliding back-fin of a piratical shark. In this lovely home the family was wont to assemble on the occasion of certain domestic celebrations, and it was at one of these that the following incident occurred. All were gathered except a favorite aunt of my informant, who was detained by serious sickness at her residence, some fifteen miles away. It was in the early afternoon when one of the ladies, who was standing at an open window, suddenly exclaimed, "Why, there is Aunt Milly, crossing the flower-garden!" The rest of the party approached the window in great surprise, and there, sure enough, distinctly seen and recognized by all present, was the lady in her ordinary costume, slowly walking among the flowers. She paused and looked earnestly at the group, her features plainly visible, then turned and disappeared amid the shrubbery. No trace of her presence being discoverable, a gloom overshadowed the party. Note was taken of the exact time, and a few hours later a messenger arrived on horseback with the news of her death at that hour. My informant, a lady now somewhat ad-

vanced in years, was a well-grown girl at the time, was present, and has a perfect recollection of the circumstances.

In the neighboring county of Dorchester, not far from the broad mouth of the Choptank, stands "Castle Haven," an old residence around which cluster many local traditions of the war of 1812. It is a quaint old brick mansion, the various additions to which at different periods have made its style of architecture decidedly composite, and was at one time the residence of Bishop Kemp, who married a daughter of its owner, Colonel Noel. During the invasion of the Eastern Shore by the British in 1813, when Sir Peter Parker was killed at Caulk's Field, in Kent, and a royal cannon-ball embedded itself in the old oak near St. Michael's, in Talbot, giving name to the village of "Royal Oak" (neither oak nor cannon-ball being extant at this present writing), a foraging-party landed at Castle Haven from one of his majesty's ships. Upon entering the house, however, they saw upon the walls two handsome paintings of King George III. and his royal consort, Queen Charlotte, and, loyally respecting the Hanoverian *numina*, they left without disturbing the property. The portraits are still preserved by a descendant of the family in Baltimore. Of course such a house must be haunted; but, as we are concerned only with authenticated ghost-stories, I will give but the one which alone meets the requirement. The old house, being vacant, was rented for the summer by a family desiring to enjoy the refreshing breezes and beautiful outlook of the broad water. The lady who related to me the experience,—a woman of high and cultivated intelligence and strong character,—upon arriving with her young infant, was told by her brother, who had been there for some time alone, that the only objection he had to the house was the fact that he could get no light to burn later than one o'clock A.M. However well trimmed and full of oil, precisely at that hour the lamp would invariably go out. She laughed at the idea, but noticed upon waking in the early morning

that her night-lamp was not burning. The next night, the baby being, as babies will so often be, very restless, she was kept awake until long after midnight. At the stroke of one on the clock downstairs the light went suddenly out. It was immediately relit, but she was scarcely in bed before it was again extinguished. At the same time, though the door was locked, there was the sound of a woman's footfall in the room, accompanied by a distinct rustling, as of one of those heavy brocaded silk gowns which ladies wore in the olden time. The footsteps approached the bed and paused for a while, then they stole softly away toward an alcove in which was a low rocking-chair near a window that looked out on the river. A moment after, the motion of the chair was plainly audible, and with it the regular jingling of keys, as from one of those chain-bunches which housekeepers in the ancient days were wont to carry at their girdles. Presently other footsteps crossed the room toward the alcove, and then a whispered conversation began, one of the voices being apparently that of a young lady, who seemed to be giving her elder friend an account of a visit just made to Baltimore. Incidents were recounted of the voyages by packet to and from the city, names were mentioned of people prominent in local history over a century ago, questions were asked and answers given concerning the price (in sterling currency) of many long-obsolete articles of domestic economy and wearing-apparel, all called by their quaint old-time names. This continued until near daylight, and then ceased. The unwilling auditor dragged out a most uneasy night, and positively declined to occupy the room again without a companion; but the experience was never repeated.

There is one more, which does not properly belong to the class with which we are dealing, but the substantial consequences of which appear to be sufficiently well authenticated to establish a connection. At "Plain Dealing," on a fine creek of the same name which empties into the Third-Haven, stood an

old residence, now replaced by a modern house, where a blood-stain was shown in the passage near the foot of the great stairway. Three generations or more ago it was owned by a wealthy English gentleman, who had an only daughter, whose grave is still to be seen there. There was bad blood between him and a neighbor, the ancestor of a still prominent family. One night at an entertainment this gentleman was present, and, when the wine had flowed quite freely, the guests were horrified by their host falling headlong over the balusters from an upper floor. He was instantly killed, and left the inevitable, ineradicable stain above mentioned. So much is veracious history. It was whispered, however, that the fall was no accident, but the result of a scuffle in which the hostile guest got the upper hand. The house was long unoccupied, and the farm was let to tenants. Not very many years ago one of these told a strange story. His young son, while driving home the cows one evening, was accosted near the grave-yard by a gentleman in quaint and unfamiliar attire. On the next evening the same thing occurred. The boy's

description was so accurate that the idea was suggested of taking him into the old house to see the family portraits, when he immediately pointed to that of the gentleman who had met so tragic a fate long years before, declaring that he was the man whom he had seen. The shock brought on convulsions and deranged his mind. On the next evening the father met the apparition as he was performing the duty heretofore intrusted to his son, followed him into the grave-yard, and received instructions from him where to dig and find a large sum of buried money. He did dig as directed, but never revealed the result to any one. Now, the *authentic* part of all this is, that, being a poor man, he very soon after purchased a farm and paid for it, and became independent from sources which no one could trace. The ghost-theory is accepted as satisfactory by the majority, but there are some who hint at the possible discovery of certain valuable old papers which were shrewdly turned to account, and which suggested the supernatural adventure as a plausible explanation of the fortunate result.

ROBERT WILSON.

FOREST WORSHIP.

WE sat within the shadow of the wood,
 In nature's own cathedral. High in air
 Hemlock- and pine-tree met in arches fair,
 And at our feet, as if they understood
 The forest Sabbath's hushed, expectant mood,
 The waves flowed back, till in the mid-day glare
 The gray rocks stood like monks with foreheads bare.
 Suddenly from the inner solitude
 A choir of sparrows, in long, sweet refrain,
 Intoned a litany. There was no room
 For priest nor psalm nor any spoken word,
 For here the Spirit, often sought in vain,
 Brooded at peace, and in the tranquil gloom
 We almost heard the footsteps of our Lord.

FRANCES L. MACE.

MARK BUSHMAN'S ROMANCE.

MARK BUSHMAN read "The Hoosier School-master" when he was himself just budding into authorship, and was so delighted with that faithful history that he resolved to make a sally into the Butternut State and see if he could not collect material in that rich field for another romance of a like amusing character. Leaving the railroad at a convenient point, he took passage in a wheezy old stage-coach, and penetrated some twenty miles into the heart of Hoosierdom, landing at sunset in what he decided at once was a characteristic village, called Bodson's Creek,—so named from a tiny rivulet that crept along under a natural hedge of willows bordering Mr. Bodson's "back lots." Mr. Bodson was the proprietor of the village tavern, an edifice which struck our young author as promising much for his purpose, but not desirable viewed in any other light.

"By Jove! What a picture!" he exclaimed, as the coach drew up in front of the long, low, covered porch. "But not an ideal picture; decidedly of the realistic school, which is happily now in vogue!"

The roof of the porch was supported by half a dozen crude wooden pillars,—too massive to be called posts,—ornamented with a great variety of pen-knife carvings, the work of village loungers. A young girl with brown, dreamy eyes and pale complexion leaned languidly against one of the pillars and gazed at the stranger, or beyond him,—he could not tell which,—with an air of abstraction and total lack of interest. Bushman had chosen the fall of the year for his adventure, and, although it was Indian summer and a haze was in the air, it was quite chilly at that time of day, and he wondered how so fragile a creature could stand there so long and so listlessly, with no protection for her "slim brown hands, and round, slender stem of a neck on which the small head

was set with a dainty poise." (I quote from his own description.) As he followed his trunk up-stairs, he heard a shrill female voice call, "Evangeline!"

"Yes, mother!" answered the young girl, and went in.

The room assigned to him was very small and exceedingly comfortless; but it was unique and suggestive, and he meant to get a good deal out of it. The one window, looking westward, commanded a view of the "back lots," which had been converted into a cow-pen, chicken-yard, and pig-sty, on the co-operative plan. It was feeding-time, and a great quantity of corn had just been pitched from the crib into the midst of the promiscuous company. The pigs squealed and fought among themselves; the chickens fluttered greedily around, to the imminent danger of their lives; and the cows snatched an ear here and there and retired peaceably to one side.

Bushman noticed that the lower branches of the willows, naturally so drooping and graceful, were broken and scraggy and bespattered with mud from the wallowing of the pigs in the shallow stream. But beyond was the magnificently-tinted foliage of a great forest, glorified by the mellow sunset-light,—a spectacle so grand and beautiful that the young man lost himself in an ecstasy of admiration, and started when the landlord called at the foot of the stairs, "Hello! Supper's ready."

He drew in his head and let down the window, observing that it was not very far from the ground, and that in case of fire he could easily escape by jumping down.

By the light of a single oil-lamp on the long supper-table he could distinguish the faces of the company. At the head of the table sat the host himself, eating with great apparent relish, and monopolizing the conversation. On his right was the stage-driver, a person

of importance, and opposite him a young man of rather stylish air and dress and an intelligent but not prepossessing countenance. Bushman's delight was unbounded when he discovered, in the course of the meal, that this young gentleman was the village school-master.

"Why," thought he, "my material all comes to my hand without seeking! I will begin my romance to-morrow."

Evangeline brought in a plate of hot soda-biscuits, and in setting it down near the school-master carelessly brushed his sleeve, at which he looked up furtively and met her eyes. Bushman, being an adept in the knowledge of the human heart and the wiles of youth, read volumes in the glance. So, it appeared, did the girl's watchful mother, who, catching her eye in an unguarded moment, gave her a meaning and savage look, which, however, had no visible effect.

Not caring to go into the bar-room,—as the landlord designated his tobacco-stained office,—where a promiscuous company had assembled during supper, Bushman found himself drifting off in an opposite direction with the school-master, who introduced himself as "Penrose, from Connecticut." He led the way into the parlor, which was furnished with a rag carpet, an unpolished stove, a wooden settee, and half a dozen chairs. In the course of a very few minutes he had made himself as much acquainted with Bushman's past history as he cared to do, and also fathomed to some extent his present plans and intentions; for the candid young man saw no necessity for reserve, and in fact was rather proud of his profession.

"I'd be willing to lay a wager," said Mr. Penrose, "that you've read 'The Hoosier School-master.'"

"Why, yes. Who has not read it?" replied Bushman, with some embarrassment.

"Ha, ha! I read it: that's why I am here!" laughed Penrose. "I wanted to study some of these quaint characters, and amuse myself."

"You *are* amusing yourself, I suppose?" said Bushman dryly.

"To the best of my ability," answered the school-master.

Bushman, not finding his company particularly agreeable, excused himself at an early hour and went up-stairs, bearing in his hand a slender tallow "dip" in a brass candlestick. The light of this feeble illuminator was so flickering and unsteady that, after a few attempts to scribble a little in his note-book, he became exasperated, blew it out, and seated himself on the edge of the bed to meditate. At this moment he was undecided whether to make a hero of Mr. Penrose (which would require his utmost license as a writer of fiction) and allow him to carry off Evangeline, or turn him into a villain and side with the girl's mother.

While the question was pending, he thought he heard the patter of a few big rain-drops on the roof, and, pushing up the window, he leaned out, turning his face skyward. It was pitch dark, but there was no rain. Simultaneously another window on the same floor and in his near neighborhood had come up, whereupon a voice from below asked guardedly, "Is that you, Eva?"

"Yes," came a soft response from the window.

"I will put a letter on the end of a stick and hand it up to you," said the voice from below. "There; have you got it?"

"Yes; all right. Now go away quick; I am afraid somebody will hear you."

"Haven't you got anything for me?" asked the voice.

"Oh, yes; I forgot. There it is. Don't let it blow away."

Bushman's eyes had become so well accustomed to the darkness that he could easily see the white missive fluttering down, and distinguish the dark figure below which intercepted it and immediately moved off with a stealthy tread. He listened for the school-master's step on the stairs, but it did not come.

"I suppose he has some other mode of ingress and egress," he thought contemptuously. "It strikes me he magnifies his difficulties: at all events, he

is not as shrewd as he pretends to be, or else he could manage to slip a letter into the young lady's hand in the day-time without attracting observation. But perhaps she is romantic, and he plays upon her imagination."

His final conclusion, before dismissing the subject from his mind for the night, was that Mr. Penrose was playing a decidedly base and underhand game; in which case he resolved to participate in the romance himself, in an unobtrusive way, to prevent mischief.

But it became evident to him in the course of a day or two that the school-master's admiration for the pale Evangeline was not feigned, and also that Mrs. Bodson's dislike of Mr. Penrose was equally genuine. As for Evangeline herself, she was unreadable. Nothing could exceed the immobility of her Madonna-like face. Bushman resolved to cultivate her acquaintance and try to understand her: he could not believe her to be simply apathetic, after what he had witnessed that night. One morning something was said at the breakfast-table about nutting.

"Did ye ever gether butternuts, Mr. Bushman?" inquired the landlord, on whom his young guest had made a very favorable impression. "Mother,"—addressing his wife at the foot of the table,—“can't ye have ole Fanny hitched up in the buggy an' you an' Sissy go 'long with this young feller an' gether some nuts? This 'ud be a mighty good day, I reckon, fur the wind blowed strong las' night, an' there'll be right smart on the ground. I'd go myself, but I can't leave the business."

"An' how d'ye expect me to leave my business?" demanded Mrs. Bodson sharply. "A dozen boarders, besides comers an' goers; an' it bakin'-day, an' nobody to do a hand's turn but Aunt Lib an' me!"

"Don't ye count Sissy?" asked her husband, with a chuckle and a sly wink at Evangeline, who stood a little in the background, ready to fill up the empty coffee-cups or to pass the bread-plate around the table.

Mrs. Bodson deigned no reply, but,

having finished her breakfast, left the table, and, going to the mantel over the fireplace, took down a discolored clay pipe, which she proceeded to fill with fine-cut tobacco.

"Well, then," said the landlord, brightening with a new idea, "ef Sissy's no 'count here, let the young folks go by theirselves! I reckon ye kin drive a hooss, can't ye, Mr. Bushman? Ef ye can't, my gal kin. Bob,"—to the hostler, who was still breakfasting, though the others had all finished, crossed their knives and forks on their plates, and pushed back their chairs,—“git Fan out when ye're done eatin', an' drive roun'."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Evangeline, blushing with embarrassment. "Let us wait until to-morrow, and then perhaps mother can go."

An ominous frown that had darkened the school-master's face began to disappear. "And to-morrow is Saturday, and I could offer my services too," said he blandly.

"By that time the nuts'll all be gone," interposed Mrs. Bodson from the chimney-corner, where she had seated herself in a low splint-bottom chair, with her elbow in her hand, enjoying her morning smoke and soothing herself into better humor.

"So they will," said the landlord. "The boys'll be after 'em to-day. Better strike while the iron's hot. Never you mind, Sissy; don't look so scar't: Mr. Bushman'll take good care o' ye, I'll warrant."

"Indeed I will," said Bushman, honestly and earnestly. "And I shall be very much obliged to you, Miss Bodson."

Evangeline blushed again, without raising her eyes.

Bushman left the table and went upstairs with alacrity to equip himself for the excursion. He put on a light overcoat, hunted out his oldest pair of gloves, and, before going down, took a look in the glass, touched up his hair, straightened his necktie, and so forth. These preparations occupied several minutes, and when he stepped out into the porch in front of the house he found Evan-

geline already seated in the "buggy," and holding the lines, which was a mere formality, as it required a vigorous use of the whip to induce old Fanny to make a start. Mr. Penrose came out with a rueful countenance to see them off, but Evangeline did not vouchsafe him a single glance from under her broad-brimmed sun-down. Her mother stood in the door-way, with a good-humored smile, and the landlord encouraged Fanny by a sharp nudge with the toe of his boot. Finally, when they began to move, Bushman, who was in fine spirits, looked back with a laugh and raised his hat. He was very much amazed when his companion broke out with, "I hope you will excuse my father for getting you into this, Mr. Bushman. I should not have come if I could have avoided it." Her cheeks were crimson, and the languid eyes shot a brilliant flash at him.

Bushman slackened his lines, and old Fanny came to a dead stop. "I—I beg your pardon," said he. "Shall we turn back?"

"No; we must go on, now that we have started." She caught up the whip and struck Fanny a sharp blow, which sent her forward at a lively pace.

"I hope, Miss Eva, you don't think I did not wish to come," said Bushman earnestly.

"I suppose you thought that it would be *amusing*," she answered, with a peculiar inflection.

"I *did* think so," said he. "But you have spoiled the charm of it."

His seriousness disarmed her suspicion that he might be laughing at her, or at the horse and the little old wagon filled with baskets and sacks. "I did not mean to hurt your feelings," she said in a low voice. "If you really wish to gather butternuts, I am willing to take you. There is a very good place about half a mile from here."

He protested with a touch of indignation at the implied doubt of his desire to pick butternuts, and added, "I wish, Miss Eva, you would try to believe me sincere in all I say and do. Will you?"

She looked up frankly, and said, "Yes, I will."

He changed the lines into his left hand, and held out the right with its soiled but shapely glove. "Let us shake hands upon it," he said, smiling, and pressed the little brown bare palm she gave him. "I hope," he added, "that I am not such a villain as to care only to *amuse* myself at the expense of my entertainers."

Evangeline looked up shyly. "Mr. Penrose says you came down here to write us all up in the papers," she said.

"Well, do you know," answered Bushman, flushing, "that a great many people go to Washington to 'write up' the President of the United States and his family? There's no harm in it. And, besides," he added, with a happy inspiration, "I wish to write up the scenery also. I never saw anything more beautiful than the foliage of this very wood we are driving through. Such gigantic trees! and such magnificent coloring! Just look ahead of us there: see how the road is carpeted with leaves. This must be an unused road, by the way, is it not?"

"Yes," said Evangeline: "it runs through my father's timber, and is not a surveyed road. We used to go to Pipton this way, but they've opened another shorter road."

"Where is Pipton?" asked Bushman.

"It's eight miles down the river."

"Oh! is there a river near here?"

"Yes; we're coming to it. Yonder, you can see it now. And here's the butternut-grove."

"What! Already?" exclaimed Bushman, looking up at the great trees standing silent and majestic in the autumn haze. "Sure enough. What a short ride it has been! I should like to drive miles and miles on such a day as this. Really, I should like to go on to Pipton. What do you say?" He had stopped the horse, and sat holding the lines loosely in his hands.

Evangeline laughed. "You would be ashamed of your conveyance,—and of your company," she said, making ready to get out.

He sprang to the ground and assisted her. "You have broken your promise already," said he, smiling. "Is Pipton really so fine a place that our good old Fanny cannot be driven into its sacred precincts?"

"It's a very nice town," said Evangeline. "A branch railroad has just been completed there."

"Do you ever go there?"

"We do all our marketing there."

"Then suppose you and I do the marketing next time," said Bushman, taking out the baskets and canvas bags.

"Should you like to sell butter and eggs and stocking-yarn?" asked Evangeline mischievously.

"Yes. Why not? They are all excellent commodities, I am sure. The only drawback is, I might get cheated."

"You would, if you were not sharp," said Evangeline, laughing. "The storekeepers are all Yankees."

"Oh, then I should be right at home, you see," answered Bushman, "and stand a better chance. I know all the Yankee tricks."

It did not take long to get all the butternuts they could carry home. The ground was literally covered with them, and Evangeline's industry compelled Bushman to what he considered herculean exertions. He took off his hat, when he got through with the task, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Evangeline sprang into the buggy preparatory to taking the basket.

"Before we load up," said Bushman, "had I not better loosen the check-rein and drive old Fanny into the river for a drink? I see there is a good ford here."

Evangeline assented, and he took his seat beside her and drove over a white sand-bank into the clear shallow stream, calling her attention to its beautiful windings and magnificent borders, and to the sleepy depths of blue overhead.

"What a glorious day!" he exclaimed, as old Fanny, standing knee-deep in the transparent water, bent her head to suck it up in her leisurely way. "Really, I have fallen in love with this climate: it seems to me almost Oriental."

"You ought to be an artist," said Evangeline quietly, "you admire everything so much."

"Oh, not everything," laughed Bushman: "you cheapen my admiration. I am a sort of artist. I make pencil-sketches to illustrate the articles I write. I will draw a picture for you some day."

It was not yet dinner-time when they reached home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bodson came out and congratulated them on their success; and Bob, before unharnessing old Fanny, emptied the butternuts out on the roof of a low shed to dry.

"We'll remember ye when we set roun' the fire next winter crackin' 'em," said the landlord, with his peculiar wink and chuckle.

Bushman described their drive in eloquent language, and praised the country and the weather with the greatest enthusiasm, to the infinite gratification of the worthy couple. "Some day," said he, "I want to drive to Pipton and do the marketing for you, if you will trust me with old Fanny and your daughter."

The landlord winked and chuckled again, and his wife's puckered lips wreathed themselves with a smile of great complacency.

"Ye'll git the school-master arter ye with his ferul', I reckon, ef ye don't look sharp," said the old man.

At which Mrs. Bodson gave her shoulders a violent shrug, uttered an indignant "Huh!" and went in. Evangeline had gone in at once, to get herself ready to wait on the table.

"I hope they won't think I am smitten with the girl," thought Bushman, as he went up to his room. "I suspect the school-master has been trying to slander me to her. If we are antagonists, the fault is his."

Mr. Penrose was very stiff and reserved at dinner, but in the evening contrived to have half an hour's conversation with Evangeline in the parlor, which restored him to his usual self.

Bushman had a habit of walking out after nightfall to commune with himself

and the stars and whatever silent influences prevailed around him. This evening he came back earlier than usual. The parlor was deserted. The school-master had betaken himself to the bar-room, and Evangeline had gone up-stairs. He heard Mrs. Bodson's metallic voice issuing from her room as he entered his. There was only a thin partition between them, and her words were very distinguishable. "I jist can't bear that 'ere school-master, an' I don't want ye settin' roun' evenin's a-talkin' with him. Ye might as well 'a' married Walt an' done with it."

"Why didn't you let me?" asked Evangeline's soft voice.

"Ye know very well why I didn't, ye sassy vixen! 'cos he's as pore's a church mouse, an' so's all his kith an' kin; an' they'll never be any better off, either. But the school-master!"—witheringly. "I dunno what yer father means by lettin' ye galavant roun' with him. An' ye show mighty pore taste yerself. When I was a gal I wouldn't 'a' looked at as humbly a face as his'n, to say nothin' else. Here's this other young feller, smart an' han'sum, an' a gentleman. Why don't ye set yer cap fur him?"

"Mother! do you suppose he would look at me?"

"I dunno why he wouldn't. Folks has al'ays said ye was purty enough to look at. Though, goodness knows, ye ain't much account fur anything else."

With this parting compliment she left the room and stalked down-stairs.

"Poor girl!" thought Bushman; "I don't wonder she finds even the school-master's company agreeable. But if she allows herself to be persuaded to marry him, I am afraid she will find him more intolerable than her sharp-tongued mother."

The thought strengthened him in his resolution to act as a sort of Providence in the girl's life and save her from evil. "I will interest her in something outside of her little tread-mill," he said to himself. "The more her mind expands, the less influence Penrose will have over her."

Finding that she was fond of reading,

he brought out a quantity of books for her, and was a little disappointed when she told him a friend of hers had given her all Scott's and Dickens's novels, which she had read and enjoyed very much indeed. He not unfrequently read to her himself in the afternoons, and she listened demurely and with a quiet interest, showing that she understood and appreciated. Her mother never interrupted them as they sat together in the homely parlor. It struck him that she was improving very much in her physical condition. Her cheeks grew rounder and brighter in color, and her eyes were not so languid.

"I knew she needed something to wake her up," he said, and added, as a doubting after-thought, "It can't be that she is getting interested in me."

Possibly the suspicion would have flattered his vanity, open and honorable as he was, if he had not witnessed the continuance of the nocturnal visits under Evangeline's window and concluded that the school-master had not abandoned the field of his romantic operations. It troubled him that so charming and frank a girl had been led into so deceptive a course, and he often took occasion to point out to her the evils of concealment and duplicity. Many times his counsels were so urgent and his allusions so pointed that she started and turned pale, but she never opened her lips in reply.

One glorious October morning he was informed that it was market-day. Mrs. Bodson was "out o' sugar an' coffee, an' ef he was a min' to go to town 'long with Evangeline, he was welcome to do so."

He assented eagerly, and this time Evangeline was as delighted as himself. She put on her Sunday finery, and made herself as pretty as might be, which he thought was very charming indeed as he helped her into the wagon. He persuaded her to let him take the old road, though she protested that it was a mile longer, and they drove down and forded the river, following its windings on the other side to Pipton. Mrs. Bodson had declined to trust them with the butter and eggs. She said she was going to town

herself in a few days, but she gave them a due-bill for the overplus of her last "marketing," which they were to exchange at a certain grocery-store for the required commodities.

After all their business was transacted, including the mailing of some letters and Bushman's purchase of some newspapers and magazines, he drove to a hotel, ordered Fanny to be unhitched and fed, and took Evangeline in to dinner, though she protested that she was not at all hungry. After dinner he asked if she would like to walk round the town.

"I—I have a friend here," she answered, "whom I should like very much to see."

Bushman wondered why she hesitated. "All right," said he. "Do you wish to go alone?"

"No; you had better go with me," she said. "You will be lonesome here."

"Oh, never mind me," said he. But she insisted, and he went.

Her friend, whom she introduced as Mrs. Wrayburn, proved to be a very pleasant, trim old lady, living in a pretty little frame house, with a neat white fence around it, much more tasteful and better kept than the neighboring residences of more pretensions. The old lady kissed Evangeline cordially, and appeared very much surprised as well as delighted to see her. She also gave her hand to Bushman in a friendly manner, looked at him narrowly but not unkindly through her spectacles, and bade him "take a chair." She and Evangeline had a great deal to say to each other about mutual friends and acquaintances, for it appeared that Mrs. Wrayburn had once been a resident of Bodson's Creek. In the midst of their friendly gossip she turned to Bushman and said politely, "I am sorry my son is not at home. I am sure he would be glad to make your acquaintance."

Bushman acknowledged the courtesy and regretted the gentleman's absence.

"There is a good deal of sickness in the country just now," continued the old lady, turning to Evangeline, "and he has a long drive to-day."

"Then your son is a physician?" said Bushman.

The mother assented a little proudly, and explained that he had only just begun to practise for himself, his late partner, with whom he had studied for several years, having recently moved away.

Evangeline asked for a glass of water, and followed Mrs. Wrayburn out into another room, where the two carried on a low-voiced conversation for some seconds, and Bushman occupied himself with looking about and inspecting the dainty appointments of the little parlor. When they re-entered, Evangeline intimated that it was time to go, and Bushman expressed himself ready.

"Don't you find Bodson's Creek rather dull?" inquired the old lady.

He assured her he did not.

"Pipton is a much livelier place," she continued. "There is going to be a grand ball here next week."

"Oh! is there?" exclaimed Evangeline, with a sudden interest and animation quite unusual with her.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Wrayburn, with a smiling glance at Bushman, "you could persuade your friend to bring you down, Eva?"

Bushman said nothing could give him greater pleasure; he was extravagantly fond of dancing, and so forth.

"I believe you only say that to please me," said Evangeline, with a touch of coquetry. "And I think I had better let Mr. Penrose fetch me."

Bushman made some gallant rejoinder, and the old lady laughed heartily.

"I guess, between the two, you will get to come, Eva," she said, "and, if you do, you must drop in to see me again."

On the way back, Evangeline surprised Bushman by requesting him not to mention the visit at home. "Because," she explained, "my folks don't like the Wrayburns: they differed in politics, and fell out in the war-times, and have never been friendly since. They are Northerners, you know, though they have lived here a great many years."

"The Wrayburns are Northerners?" asked Bushman.

"Yes; don't you see she doesn't talk just as we do?"

"And how is it that you two chance to be such great friends?"

"When they lived at Bodson's Creek," explained Evangeline, "their house was close by the school-house, and Mrs. Wrayburn was very fond of me, and used to have me there a great deal. She taught me how to crochet, and a good many other things. And so now, whenever I have an opportunity, I run in to see her."

"You mean," said Bushman, "when none of the folks at home are with you?"

Evangeline blushed scarlet.

"Well, never mind," said he, smiling: "every rule has exceptions. And in this case I can't see any harm. Mrs. Wrayburn appears to be a very estimable old lady. What about that ball? Do you think your father will let us have old Fanny for such a festive occasion?"

"I really think I had better go with Mr. Penrose," she answered gravely.

"Why so?" asked Bushman, resolving that she should *not* go with Mr. Penrose. The tone and manner in which she spoke convinced him that the school-master's influence over her was weakened.

"I cannot explain it to you," she answered with hesitation. "You will understand afterward. I—I am afraid you would be sorry if you took me!"

Bushman turned and looked at her: actually there were tears on the long black lashes shading her cheeks. "What a strange, sensitive little creature it is!" he thought, and felt strongly tempted to encircle her slender form with his disengaged arm and make her confide in him as he would have done a little child. But of course she would not allow that, and, instead, he clasped the small hands that lay folded in her lap, and said gently, "I am not afraid of consequences, Evangeline; I try to do what I believe to be right, and therefore am not responsible for what follows. You say I shall be sorry if I take you: allow me to assume all the risks, will

you?—providing, of course, that your parents are willing you should go with me."

For answer she burst into a flood of tears. And now what could the young man do but draw the pretty head down upon his shoulder and try to soothe her? She raised it again very shortly, dried her tears, and made some remark widely divergent from the subject which had been so disastrous, and which was not referred to again.

On Sunday morning Bushman went to the village church and walked back with Evangeline. "Have you forgotten about the dance?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said she. "There are a good many people going from here,—young folks."

"Indeed! Is Mr. Penrose going?"

"I think he is."

"Did he invite you?"

"Yes; and I told him you had asked me. But if you have changed your mind he will take me."

"I never change my mind," said Bushman, frowning. "What night is it to be?"

"Thursday night."

"Very well. I must see your father about the horse; unless it is possible to hire one somewhere else?"

"I don't think it is," said Evangeline. "There is no livery-stable here."

The landlord and his wife both gave consent to the ball-going, and Mrs. Bodson even helped Evangeline to prepare an elaborate toilet. The school-master was extremely moody, and treated Bushman with a rudeness which raised that spirited young gentleman's mercurial temper to an occasional high pitch that threatened danger.

A night or two before the ball, Bushman was again attracted to the window by a sound as of heavy rain-drops, and saw another letter hoisted to Evangeline on the end of a stick, immediately upon the delivery of which the dusky figure hurried away without waiting for an answer.

"The contemptible scoundrel!" was Bushman's inward comment. "He is doubtless abusing her with his pen.

Never mind; he will soon be gone: he has made himself decidedly unpopular in this community, I understand, and is not likely to get the school another term."

Mr. Penrose dressed himself with extreme care and neatness, and set off for Pipton on foot an hour before old Fanny was brought out for Bushman and Evangeline.

"The school-master's purty plucky," remarked one of the regular frequenters of the tavern, looking after him as he strode away. "I reckon he can hoe it down with the best uv 'em when he gits there, ef his walk don't tire him too much."

The other gentlemen sitting round the room with clay or corn-cob pipes in their mouths smiled approvingly, and one of them wondered "ef he furgot his pumps!"

The ball was a more brilliant affair than Bushman had anticipated, and he became deeply interested in the "figures" danced, and in the manners and style of the company assembled. He danced once with Evangeline, and then lost sight of her. It seemed that she was quite a belle; one after another of the Pipton clerks and other young swells about town solicited her as a partner, observing which, Bushman retired a little to one side, and, taking out his note-book, jotted down a few things which struck him as being peculiarly "characteristic" and likely to work up well in his romance. A conversation between two young men evidently from the country attracted his attention because it referred to Evangeline and one of her admirers.

"Jim Turner 'pears to be makin' up to Ev Bodson," one of them remarked. "Wants some o' the old man's money, I reckon."

"Bodson's purty well off, ain't he?" asked the other.

"Owns half a county, shouldn't wonder!"

"Well, I wouldn't have the old woman fur a mother-in-law ef he owned ten counties!"

"That school-master up thar would, though," said the first speaker. "They

say he's gon' to marry Ev. Heard o' the old man's money, an' went thar a purpose to cut round his daughter."

"Did he fetch her here to-night?"

"Dunno; reckon he did."

"Didn't Walt Wrayburn used to fancy her?"

"Does yet, I reckon. Look thar: he's a-waltzin' with her now. Wouldn't the old lady spin 'em around ef she was here? She gev' Wrayburn his walkin'-papers once."

Bushman turned his attention to the dancers. A good many fair forms and smiling, flushed faces swam and circled before his eyes, and then came Evangeline, most radiant of all. Her partner was a fine-looking man, very young, and, even at the first glance, singularly attractive. "That is the best face I have seen in Pipton," thought Bushman. "He may lack something in education and culture, but he has both character and intellect."

When the waltz ended, Evangeline brought him up and introduced him with smiles and blushes. "You remember our visit to his mother?" she said. "She wants him to take me over there a little while. It is only a step: would you mind if I went?"

"Not at all," said Bushman, who had shaken hands with the "doctor" in a very cordial manner.

In half an hour, or thereabouts, after they were gone, a note was put into his hand by a strange young man, which ran as follows: "Will you please come over to Mrs. Wrayburn's as soon as you get this? Evangeline."

He lost no time in obeying the summons. When he knocked at Mrs. Wrayburn's door, that good lady herself opened it cautiously and then let him in in a great flutter. Two or three strangers were in the room, among them a clerical-looking gentleman, the sight of whom gave Bushman a shock that opened his eyes to what was going on. Evangeline, in her white ball-dress, came in through an opposite door, leaning on the doctor's arm. The clergyman stood up and repeated those few solemn words that have united so many lives for weal or for woe, and Walter

and Evangeline were pronounced "husband and wife."

As soon as the few friends had offered their brief but heart-felt congratulations, Bushman rose, and was approaching the bride, when she dropped her husband's arm, rushed up to him, and caught both his hands. "You will forgive me, will you not?" she cried, her bright eyes brimful of tears. "I told you you would be sorry if you brought me! Are you not sorry?"

"Not if I have been the innocent instrument of happiness to you," said Bushman, and added, with a smile, "But indeed you have treated me with scant courtesy. Why did you not make me a party to this interesting romance?"

"Oh, I did not dare tell anybody!" said Evangeline. "Not a soul knew but his mother and the young man—there he is—who carried the note to you, and who has brought a great many from Walter to me."

"And handed them up to you on the end of a stick?" asked Bushman, smiling.

"Why, how did you know?" exclaimed Evangeline in amazement.

"Your room is next to mine, you know," said he, "and sometimes the pebbles struck my window instead of yours."

The whole company burst into a laugh, in which the faithful letter-bearer joined most heartily.

"Lucky it wa'n't the school-master's window," said he, "or we wouldn't 'a' had no weddin' to-night."

An elegant little supper was spread in the next room, of which Bushman was urged to partake. After that he shook hands with the young couple and said good-by, remarking, with a rueful smile, "I shall have a lonely ride home to-night."

"Perhaps Mr. Penrose will go back with you," said Evangeline mischievously. She followed him to the door, leaning upon her husband's arm, begging him to come and see her whenever he was in Pipton,—an invitation warmly seconded by young Wrayburn.

So happy a pair Bushman had seldom seen. And he was himself so happy in

thinking of them that it never occurred to him that his own position in the affair was rather suspicious and likely to be a trying one. He returned to the ball-room to look for Penrose, but, not finding him, ordered old Fanny to be brought out, and drove home alone, reflecting that Bodson's Creek had few attractions left.

In the morning when he went downstairs he found the household in a terrible commotion. Penrose had just come in, pale and haggard, with the startling news that Evangeline was married.

"An' it was all your doin'! Oh! you villainous, blasted critter!" shrieked Mrs. Bodson, shaking her fist at Bushman as he entered the breakfast-room. "To think how we've harbored you in this house! Last week you took her down to Pipton an' made a visit at ole Mrs. Wrayburn's, an' las' night tuk her thar agin to git married! An' you was at the weddin', an' you helped eat the weddin'-supper. Oh, my! oh, my!"

"You have been very diligent gathering up information," said Bushman to Penrose. With the utmost patience and calmness he set himself to work to dissipate the storm. After which he began to feel indignant at the part he had been compelled to play.

When he had made it clear to all present that he had been duped as well as they, the school-master's exultation became so apparent and insulting that he turned upon him fiercely and struck him a blow that sent him reeling against the wall, to the great diversion of the company, whose excited state seemed to require some such climax.

Penrose, though quivering with rage, did not openly resent the indignity, and a minute later Bushman said contemptuously, "I beg your pardon; I was hasty," and started up-stairs to pack his trunk for the nine-o'clock coach. He had no motive for remaining longer. The romance which he had come to seek had been developed to his hand, and had not even lacked the merit of an unforeseen *dénouement*.

ALICE ILGENFRIEZE.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE eyes of the world of late have been once more fixed on Africa. As Rome looked across the Mediterranean to that narrow strip of green along the Nile that makes up Egypt, and watched with almost breathless interest the lights and shadows playing there on desert and delta and sea, in the days when Cæsar and Antony were caught in the wiles of the fitful Cleopatra, so all Europe for some weeks stood gazing, like devout Parsees, toward the rising sun, toward the land whose destiny hung on the caprice of an adventurer as reckless and as changeful as the beautiful queen herself. The city of Alexander and Hypatia became again the centre of the world's thought. Out of the sands of the desert, out of the white foam of the Mediterranean, out of the blue sea of oblivion, the land of the Pharaohs lifted itself anew into unenviable prominence. Africa for the hour overshadowed Asia and Europe and America.

When we first saw the low yellow coast, and sailed past the Khedive's palace—now in ruins—on the Ras-et-Tin promontory, something over a year ago, the war-cloud hanging over the fated city was not even as large as a man's hand. All ears were intent to hear the roar of Krupp's guns at the Piræus or along the Bosphorus. Athens thought she could almost feel the flame of the Turkish torch; but Alexandria seemed as safe from shot and shell as Bombay or Yokohama. The disappointment we shared with all travellers at finding so little of great interest in the city is now, since the larger part of the town lies in ruins, a source of much consolation. No library of nine hundred thousand volumes, as in Cæsar's day, mingled the smoke of its invaluable treasures with that of burning huts or palaces; no museum was there to be destroyed, such as now at Cairo entrances all enthusiasts in Egyptology and caused

all European scholars to tremble for its safety. Neither art nor archæology suffered greatly in the burning of Alexandria. Nothing was destroyed except some rows of most commonplace European houses, for whose restoration European gold will be quite adequate.

In a month after the restoration of peace the boatmen that shrieked themselves black in the face the morning we landed will be yelling with all their old-time vigor under the port-holes of every newly-arrived steamer. The donkey-boys will be as thick on the dock as when we tried to crowd our way along, and will shout as lustily as ever, in English, French, Italian, or modern Greek, "Very good donkey. My donkey best donkey in Alexandria. My donkey he named Beaconsfield,"—or Sir Garnet Wolseley, or General Grant, or Gambetta, or Garibaldi, or Tricoupis, according to the supposed nationality of the new-comer. Guides from all the hotels will join with the donkey-boys in making the tourist's life a burden, as they did ours,—will cringe one moment before the foreigner, calling upon Allah or all the saints to commend them to his lordship's favor, and the next, screaming like troopers, will fetch a blow upon the skull of some native with sufficient emphasis to make sad havoc of the average European cranium. Crowds of the same heterogeneous sort that excited our wonder will swarm through the streets, making them brilliant with all the variegated colors of nearly every costume worn on earth and resonant with a monotonous babel of tongues. Irreverent Englishmen and Americans will plunge their donkeys' heads again, as we did, full against the Falstaffian stomachs of stately Turks, marching unconcernedly down the very centre of the street, and expecting, apparently, that the whole world will make way for the warlike followers of the Prophet; and the Oriental will be profuse in his apologies, while

the European, with proverbial impoliteness, will laugh. The sight-seer will ride on, as all other sight-seers before him have done, toward the great square of Mohammed Ali; and the grass will be as green, and the fountains will be playing as lustily, and the famous Ali will sit as calmly on his bronze horse, as if the shops around the square had not been pierced with English shells and fired with Arab torches and looted by rebellious Egyptian soldiers. And the one Alexandrian antiquity, Pompey's Pillar,—so called,—to which he will make his way as speedily as the gait of the sober animal he bestrides will permit, will stand there as erect and throw just as long and straight a shadow on the yellow sand as if the silence of the centuries had never been broken by the rude sounds of war.

He will take the train a day or two after his arrival, as we did, for Cairo. He will roll slowly on over the Delta, and find it, possibly, as green as a wheat-field in spring, or it may be, if Arabi's troops interfered radically with the annual irrigation, as bleak and barren as the merciless desert that for untold centuries has waited tirelessly to devour this rare tidbit of luscious fruitfulness. He will see from the car-window, if the canals are not all dry, many an Egyptian, the color of bronze, with only a cloth about the loins, dipping hour after hour the basket-like bucket of his *shaduf* into the stagnant water, to send it coursing along a narrow channel among the trees and plants of his garden. Or, as he comes nearer the Nile, if the country has not been wholly desolated by the war, he will hear a mournful groaning, as if a hundred Arabs were bewailing the dead; but the source of these mysterious funereal sounds will not long remain a mystery. He sees now among the palms yonder by the river's bank an immense wheel—a *sakiyeh*—turned by a patient ox or cow, or a pair of donkeys, it may be, and at each turn, almost with every groan, bringing up scoopfuls of yellow water, that flows sluggishly out into some thirsty field.

He approaches Cairo. Thanks to Sir Garnet and his soldiers, he will find it

what it was as we saw it. He catches his first glimpse, far ahead to the right, of

The mighty Pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert air.

He wonders that his sensations are not more remarkable,—that his heart, as far as he can tell, does not throb wildly. He need not expect it in Egypt, or in India, or anywhere, for the photographer has gone up and down upon the earth. He has destroyed all surprises; he has stolen all the treasures of every land and made them so familiar that we look upon them as calmly as we should gaze into the face of an old friend. Then to the left he sees the dome and the minarets of the mosque of Mohammed Ali, in whose court, at Ali's command, the Mamelukes were massacred, and he is in Cairo,—not the Cairo of Ahmed ibn Tulem, or of Johar; not the Cairo of Mohammed en Nasir, or even of Mohammed Ali; not the Cairo of picturesque narrow streets, arched by carved lattice windows, through which as you pass you may see the gleam of a white jewelled hand or the flash of black eyes; not the Cairo of the bazaars and the mosques, but the Cairo of modern palaces, and opera-houses, and European hotels,—an Oriental imitation of Paris, the Cairo of Ismâ'il Pasha.

The first Khedive did for his capital even more than Napoleon III. did for the French metropolis: literally he might have said of a large part of it "that he found it, not brick, but mud, and left it stone." But it costs something to put up European buildings in Asia; it costs something to cut a canal across the desert large enough to float European men-of-war. The Khedive made great improvements, but they cost the people dearly, they cost him at last his khedival throne. He had plunged his country so deeply in debt to Europe, especially to England and France, that they combined in a somewhat undefinable and elastic control or protectorate for Egypt; but things went from bad to worse, skilful organizer and financier though Ismâ'il undoubtedly was, till

at last, as Mr. Waddington, the then president of the French Council, said to an American, as they were driving past the ex-Khedive's palace at Naples, under the shadow of Vesuvius, "There was no help for it: we had to give him his walking-papers."

Ismâ'il's son Tewfik, who was put in his father's place, had none of his father's extravagance and but little of his strength. He at once cut off all unnecessary drains on the public purse. No more gorgeous palaces were built at a fabulous expense. No more beautiful Circassian slaves were bought for their weight in gold. For a royal personage, Tewfik was remarkably economical; but the interest on his father's debts was to be paid. A little army of European officials was sent to Egypt, largely by the English and French governments, to help him collect the taxes, and to keep his bank-account; but, unfortunately for Egypt and the Khedive, the enormous salaries of these officials had of course to be paid out of the public treasury. Besides the regular sums guaranteed these foreigners, they enjoyed, in common with all Europeans, privileges of a very substantial nature; they paid no taxes on any property they might happen to own; and they were not under the jurisdiction of the Egyptian court, but of a bench of foreign judges. This was quite an ideal state of things for these "spoilers of the Egyptians," as they began to be called; but though in a dollars-and-cents point of view it was probably, for the time, the best possible arrangement for Egyptian as well as European,—for the country was far better governed than ever before,—it was certain, from the outstart, unless public spirit was wholly dead, that a national party would be born sooner or later, the main plank of whose platform would be the replacement of European officials by Egyptian, and of Turkish colonels and generals by native officers.

The last question came first to the surface. When we returned to Cairo from a trip up the Nile, in February, 1881, rumors of the most varied sort were circulating freely among the Euro-

peans of a mutiny or revolt among the soldiers. At first we supposed that it was only a "strike," or perhaps a demand for the payment of the wages promised them; but gradually it was noised abroad that it was not a matter of money, but that the Minister of War, a Turk himself, had dismissed, without cause, several Arabs from the War Office, to make room for Turks, and had made changes of the same sort, and with as little reason, among the officers of the army. A certain Arab colonel, then but little known, but soon the most famous man in Africa, named Arabi, who had already begun to be somewhat prominent in the anti-foreign party, protested against this action on behalf of his associate officers. Their request was not unreasonable: it was merely that promotion should be made according to grade, irrespective of nationality. The Minister of War chose to consider this remonstrance an act of insubordination, and ordered Arabi to report for discipline. He obeyed, but told his men, who were devoted to him, as he started for the palace, if he did not return within a few hours they might know that he was being tried by a court-martial. The time fixed upon expired; Arabi did not appear. His regiment formed, marched to the War Office, broke open the doors, drove out the Minister of War, and carried their colonel back in triumph. This was why, on reaching Cairo in February, 1881, we found the Europeans at the New Hotel and Shepherd's so excited. It was thought at first that this was an uprising against the foreigners, and we were only reassured by a bulletin from the Minister of War.

As might have been expected, it was impossible, after such a meeting, to restore harmony between the Minister of War and his soldiers. An armed truce, broken by occasional conflicts, was kept up till September, 1881. Then Arabi and the colonels acting with him were sentenced—at least so they believed—to be banished to the Soudan,—the Siberia of Egypt, only it's a furnace instead of an ice-house. The time had come, they thought, for decided action.

Arabi marched with three regiments to the Khedive's palace, demanded an audience, and then placed before his highness his ultimatum,—the dismissal of the Riaz ministry and the formation of a new government.

The Khedive was opposed to such a radical measure, but Arabi had the troops behind his back, and he got even more than he asked: he became himself Minister of War.

All through the winter there was a semblance of peace; but early in the spring a plot was discovered for Arabi's assassination among the Turkish officers who had been superseded. More than fifty of them, some belonging to the principal Turkish families, were by Arabi's order placed under arrest. They were court-martialled, and sentenced, some to death, some to banishment, and a few, against whom the proof was not so conclusive, to comparatively light punishment. The Khedive was frightened. He is a Turkish vassal, paying for his title and his semi-independency some three million dollars a year to the Sultan. Such a wholesale condemnation of Turkish subjects might lose him his throne. He commuted all the sentences, and kept the Sultan's favor, but turned Arabi into an implacable enemy. After that the all-powerful Minister of War practically ignored the Khedive, and in his bulletins after the bombardment of Alexandria proclaimed him unworthy to be the ruler of Egypt.

But, as all the world knows, it was not this misunderstanding alone between the Khedive and his Minister of War that brought English iron-clads into the harbor of Alexandria and that threw English shells into the heart of the city. England has almost as great dread of any disturbance to the *status quo* in Egypt as in India. She is the largest holder of Egyptian bonds, and any trouble in Egypt means a failure in payment of interest. She has also the largest interest in every way in the Suez Canal, and whatever might cause a possible suspension of traffic from Port Said to Suez is a matter of the greatest moment to the English government.

For some months England had been afraid that both of those interests were in peril. Either of them would have furnished motives strong enough for sending a fleet to Alexandria. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone himself could not tell which one of these actually had the most influence in bringing his vessels of war before the city. Once there, all that has since followed was the natural sequence of events,—riot, anarchy, bloodshed in Alexandria, fortifications thrown up by Arabi's order, endangering the safety of the fleet, a demand from the English admiral that these should be dismantled, the work continued, the bombardment of the city, its destruction by Arabi's retreating soldiers, and inhumanities of the most horrible sort perpetrated on Europeans and native Christians. Europeans and Christians,—they are associated together by the Mohammedan, whether Arab or Egyptian. He hates the Copt quite as intensely as he hates the Englishman. Arabi even muttered threats of raising the standard of the Prophet and proclaiming a *Jehad*,—a holy war. Had he gained one decided victory he would probably have thought the hour ripe for such a movement. The Egyptian question claimed an amount of interest wholly beyond its legitimate right because of this possibility to which it might have opened the way.

A *Jehad*,—a holy war: who can conceive what that would have meant? Arabi had but to secure the co-operation of the Sheriff of Mecca, and his voice might have reached and aroused to war the one hundred and seventy-five million Moslems of the world. Arabi was not the only one who has built on this possibility; the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid, is a bigoted Moslem. He has done all in his power to consolidate the hordes of Islam under his caliphate. He has encouraged the sending out of Moslem literature among the disciples of the Prophet to stir up their fanaticism. He sees as clearly as any European the dangers that surround his throne; and, next to the playing of one European power against another, his

hope is in Pan-Islamism. He holds, he thinks, all the threads of the movement in his own hands; but Arabi's defeat will intensify his caution. The Moslem at least is as wise as the serpent, if not as harmless as the dove: a Jihad can only

be proclaimed lawfully when there is a good prospect of success. After this new proof of the prowess of Occidental arms, the Sultan will be very slow in rushing voluntarily upon the sword of the infidel.
CHAS. WOOD.

AFTER THE STORM.

ALL night the storm raged wildly; in the morning
I walked my garden-path: the radiant sun
Shone bravely out in undisguised scorning
Of what the night had done.

Yet there the tender grapes lay, beaten, broken;
Lily and rose were prone upon the ground;
In sweet small nests full many a tiny token
Of summer song was drowned.

The promises of bread and wine and beauty
Never to be fulfilled were round me strewn.
Where were the gods, that they so failed in duty?
Could they not shield their own?

Was Bacchus sleeping off a drunken revel?
Were Flora and Pomona gone astray?
In careless mood unto the powers of evil
Did they their trust betray?

So questioned I, with skilful kindness binding
My cherished vines, upbraiding the storm's wrath:
Hurt with my prostrate flowers, saddened at finding
A dead bird in my path.

But if in any realm the gods were listening,
No faintest whisper came to me from them,
And no response save the bright signals glistening
On leaf and bud and stem.

Only the fragrance of some beaten blossom,
Only the rare breath of the wounded vine:
Of any grief in mother Nature's bosom
I saw no single sign.

Above this wreck and loss and wild disaster,
Whereat my soul was sick and sore afraid,
With a great faith that never man may master,
She smiled all undismayed.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

AN ISLAND WEDDING.

"THE sky betokens a pleasant day:
Whither roam we, captain gay?"

sang Helen Arnold merrily, as we flitted out of Bar Harbor, a party of six, one lovely morning after a rain, when a thin veil of fog lurked in a corner of the blue sky, as if nature were drying her eyes on lace handkerchiefs.

"Why, I thought we would sail at the wind's will; but if any one of the party wishes to reach any particular point, I can steer in that direction."

"Don't let us try to go anywhere in particular: when we do that we are always obliged to beat," said Helen earnestly.

"Oh, no, no! I've always heard that yacht-racing was terribly dangerous," echoed Mrs. Whittier, who had only tasted sea-life from the prosaic deck of a steamer, and who seemed to understand that the word "beat" was used only to express victory in a sailing-match. And she grasped the railing with a terrified expression of countenance, as if she already felt herself in the wild arms of danger.

Then the captain said we would go nowhere. And some one played a soothing strain on the flute, and we almost flew over the water in the fierce, fresh breeze. After an hour's sail or so, it was agreed that we should run in and take a glimpse of Southwest Harbor, the most charming of sea-side villages. It looks over its green shoulder at beautiful Lomi's Sound, which stretches like a silver roadway between the rugged mountain-walls. But the wind would not allow us to sail up this lovely sheet of water, so we took a swift look at its beauties and at the hills around, and the pretty little coves which scalloped the bright, pebbly shore, and then flitted away to other scenes.

It was one o'clock, and some one proposed that we should land on an island and eat our lunch under the trees, as

several of the party were exceedingly unhappy if they were obliged to stay in the cabin away from the fresh air, and each one of these little islands that dotted the bay seemed more attractive than the other. This proposition meeting with general approval, it was not long before we were all deposited on a sandy beach, the hot sun beating mercilessly on our heads, and a green bank, which seemed mountains high, to climb before we reached anything which cast a shadow. There was no dwelling to be seen from the point where we had landed; but a party of men, stationed on the hill above us, were evidently much interested in our movements. As we stood on the shore considering which direction we should take, an old sea-captain, evidently in holiday attire, came hastening down to meet us.

"Lor' bless us!" said he, seeming to be seized with sudden amazement, as he stood regarding us with wide-open eyes. "The wimmen folks kinder run of an idee that 'twas the parson a-comin' over in your boat; but I says to 'em, says I, 'That's too highfalutin' a craft to b'long anywheres round here;' but they wouldn't hear to nothin' till we come down to see. The parson 'd better make haste ef he's comin' at all, seein' as the folks 't hev come to the weddin' can't many of 'em stay over-night, as they most of 'em live off the island, 'n' some keep light-houses, 'n' some has cattle to feed, 'n' one thing 'n' another."

"Oh, are you going to have a wedding here?" asked Helen with eager interest.

"Wall, yis; my darter Lizbuth she's took up with John Baker after all. Should be pleased to hev ye all come up ter the house: the more the merrier on a 'casion like this. Don't see no prospect o' the parson's comin', though, 'n' without a parson there can't be no weddin', as I see. You hain't got a

jestice o' the peace amongst yer, hev yer?"

"Why, we have a parson," said Phil Otis, with his eye fixed merrily on George Earles, who had not long since been ordained to preach.

"Sho, now! Which one is it?" taking a critical survey of the party.

George, who is by no means clerical in his appearance at any time, wore a decidedly underclerical yachting-suit, with a rather jaunty sailor-hat the worse for wear, and as he came up to us, having lingered behind to assist the captain in some matter concerning the yacht, he was singing a rollicking college-song with great zest and *abandon*.

"No jokin'," said the old man earnestly. "When the time fur a weddin' is sot, 'tain't good luck not to hev it come off, ter say nothin' of hevin' the victuals git spiled a-waitin', 'n' all that. P'r'aps the parson 'll come, after all. He promised sartain true to start early this mornin' frum Deep Cove. Don't see fur the life of me what the mahter ken be, onless somebody wuz took sick all ov a suddint. The wimmen folks kinder lay it to his wife, fur she wuz a-comin' too. She's a dretful bigoted sort ov a woman, 'n' hain't never ready to go nowhere, 'n' he hez to wait fur her whether or no. Got belated to a funeral once while he wuz a-waitin' fur her to comb her hair."

"I am not joking, I assure you," said Phil, who made haste to explain the situation to George.

"Wall, if this here chap ez a parson, et beats me. When I see a parson I most gen'rally feel like creepin' into a pooty small place 'n' a-makin' up a dretful pertickler 'n' solum face, 'n' chewin' my words dretful fine. But here's this one, lively ez the fust mate ov a two-top-master, 'n' (beg his parding) not dressed over-pertickler, neither."

"Sho! Uncle Jake," said a resplendent young sailor in a flowered-satin vest, who had been listening to the conversation from his post on the bank above us, "John says if there ez a real bony fidy parson here he wants him asked to tie

the knot right away; he ain't a-goin' to wait for Parson Hutchins no longer."

"I should be very happy to be of service," said George, endeavoring to reduce his countenance to an appropriate solemnity. "But, as the captain suggested, my dress is hardly suitable for such an occasion."

"Oh, Lor'! I didn't mean to hint that 'twouldn't do to hitch folks in, only that 'twa'n't jest o' the pious cut that a parson commonly wears; that's all. I hope you don't take no offence, sir. Walk up ter the house, ladies 'n' gentlemen, all on ye. The folks 'll be pleased ter see ye, anyhow."

It was suggested by some one that we should partake of our lunch before repairing to the wedding-festivities; but we finally decided to wait for this until after the ceremony, for to keep a bridal party waiting under such circumstances would be barbarous indeed.

The house which sheltered this happy group was a little weather-worn cottage, which, facing the sea, had something of the pathos of an aged human face, with the gray lichens growing over its small, peering windows and decaying door, with its scarred and roughened walls, so suggestive of lonely years and beating storms. A great pile of driftwood was situated on one side of the door, and perched upon this structure, like birds upon a rail, were various men, some old and some young, all engaged in whittling and smoking while they waited for the wedding. A group of young women were laughing and chattering like magpies upon the door-steps. A silence fell on all around as we appeared upon the scene, however, and every eye was turned toward us with an expression of great curiosity.

"City folks thet's boardin' over ter Bar Harbor," explained Cap'n Jake, as he escorted us into the house. "They come over in a schooner, 'n', as good luck would hev it, a parson amongst 'em, though I'll be bound he don't look much like one. He's altogether too pleasant 'n' harnsom-favored for that, I tell him."

And he gave a loud laugh, and tipped

a merry wink in the direction of George, who had exchanged his yachting-jacket for Mr. Dudley's coat, which was of sufficiently serious cut.

"Lor', Jacop! you don't orter speak agin parsons, if they be kinder holler-cheeked 'n' sober. Religions must be wearin' ter the lungs, folks has to holler so in meetin'," remarked the captain's buxom wife, who greeted us with great cordiality. She was a jolly, good-natured-looking soul, with twinkling gray eyes, a skin which resembled a harvest-apple, and an abundance of iron-gray hair, which, confined in a cart-wheel twist at the crown by a huge ornamental comb, gave her head the appearance of a windmill. She wore an old-fashioned flowered delaine dress, which would have put the rainbow to shame in point of gorgeousness, and, either for ornament or protection, several calico aprons, each in a shining state of newness. She introduced her daughter, the bride, a pretty girl of twenty-two, with eyes that seemed to have stolen their color from the sea,—*"the greenest of things blue, the bluest of things gray,"*—and a deep blush like that of wild roses on her brown cheek. She wore a blue woollen dress, a wreath of white artificial flowers around her small, shapely head, and a knot of white ribbon fastened the lace at her throat. She seemed entirely free from self-consciousness, and did the honors of the house in a manner which charmed us all, especially the gentlemen of the party. The groom was a manly-looking sailor enough, attired in a vest of many colors and a lavender necktie. He was thin and pale, however, and uttered not a word unless there was some special reason for doing so.

"Mis' Spurlin' she didn't favor the match noway, seein' John's kinder sickly, 'n' gits ammonia most every winter of he's out coastin' in rough weather; 'n' Lizbuth hain't the kind uv a gal thet would ever hev ter live single fur the lack of a beau. But he's sot up a grocery-store over on the main ter Sedgwick, now, 'n' Marthy she give in, the gal was so dretful sot on hevin'

him, 'n' the cap'n he couldn't never hev hed the heart to interfere, fur John's a good, stiddy, likely feller, 'n' worships the ground Lizbuth walks on."

This bit of information was given us confidentially by a neighbor, a tall lady in a gown wonderfully fashioned of a combination of figured cambric, black alpaca, and changeable silk. She also assured us that *"the cap'n's folks were tickled ter death ter hev us there ter the weddin', 'n' wouldn't never git tired o' boastin' on't as long as they lived. But we mustn't run of an idee that all the women in that region were such dretful poor cooks as Mis' Marthy Spurlin' was. She wouldn't hev no help in bakin' up for the weddin', 'n' now t'warn't likely she'd git half her victuals eat up."*

The guests had all assembled in the *"settin'-room,"* a low, square apartment, its clean, yellow-painted floor wellnigh covered with bright braided and hooked rugs, and its small windows half covered by green paper curtains thickly bespattered with huge yellow, red, purple, and blue roses as large as cabbages. A decorous silence prevailed, and all was ready for the ceremony. When Cap'n Jake approached the astonished clergyman, and whispered loudly in his ear, *"See here, sir! Mrs. Spurlin' 'n' John don't feel quite easy in their minds about the pay, seein' as it hain't been spoke about. Parson Hutchins he was a-goin' to take his pay in mack'rel; we poor folks don't very often hev ready cash, you know: would you be willin' to take the same?"*

George, with a great effort toward maintaining a calm expression of countenance, explained that he should accept no compensation whatever,—that he was delighted to be able to assist at such an interesting occasion in any case. And the old man, seemingly satisfied that he need not feel *"obligated"* to any one, conferred with the other members of the family on the subject with a beaming expression of countenance.

The guests sat in rows against the four square walls of the large, low room. The flies buzzed drowsily on the window-

panes. A fresh sea-breeze stole in at the open door and shook the fragrance from the pine boughs which filled the wide old fireplace. The tumble of the waves against the rocks outside, and the ticking of an antiquated clock, rang loudly on the stillness. Upon a highly-ornamental hooked rug in the centre of the floor stood the bridal couple, who comforted themselves with great dignity.

The ceremony was short and impressive, and the final words which bound the two together were about to be spoken, when a panting pair came climbing up the bank and presented themselves at the door with red and startled countenances.

Without heeding the interruption, George quietly proceeded with the ceremony.

"Too late, Parson Hutchins. We got tired o' waitin', 'n' got another parson ter do the business," said the cap'n as soon as it was completed. "You promised ter start in this direction early this mornin', ye know, 'n' as there's been a fair wind since sunrise, we thought suthin' must 'a' happened ter pervent yer comin' over."

"'T seems ter me you was in a great hurry," said the parson's wife, regarding our whole party with a wrathful countenance. "I hed Miss White, the dress-maker from Day's Cove, this mornin', 'n' as the wind was likely to keep jest about so; husban' thought there wasn't any partickler need o' hurryin' right off. As long as Mr. Hutchins was engaged to perform the ceremony, I should think you was bound to wait. The comin' over was considerable expense, to say nothin' of the time 'n' trouble spent in the undertakin'."

"There, now, Marier, 'tain't no use ter say anything, but I hope the couple are married lawful. If you'd 'a' got ready a little sooner 'twould 'a' been better, p'r'aps," remarked her husband quickly.

"You'd better 'a' come without your wife, Mr. Hutchins," said the bridegroom, his cheek reddening angrily.

"That's so," agreed Cap'n Jake; "'n' if you hain't satisfied we can't help it.

We shouldn't ha' waited so long as we did if another parson had come along before, I kin tell ye that. But come, don't let's hev no trouble about it, ole neighbors ez we are. The wimmen folks hev got dinner all ready: in fact, it's been a-waitin' a long time now."

We were about to take our leave at this period, and I made haste to offer our congratulations to the newly-married pair. The captain was anxious to seize the right time of the tide for his homeward journey, and, though the moon was full, and it was likely to be a bright night, it seemed desirable that we should reach the harbor before midnight. The old captain and his wife were so anxious that we should remain and partake of their hospitality, however, that we had not the heart to persist in our determination to go. And then we had not a little curiosity concerning the wedding-feast, and the final settlement of affairs between the family and Mrs. Hutchins.

"Come, Josiah, let's us go home. Cap'n Jacop hez got enough company without us," said this still unpacified lady. "Ef Elder Norton did get up an awakenin' on this island, he didn't convert the people so's 't they'd show anything like gratitude!"

"There, now, Marier, as the cap'n says, old neighbors as we are orter put up with each other's failin's, 'n' fur my part I feel ready to forgive. 'Tain't Christian-like not to forgive, yer know. Besides,"—in a low tone intended for the conjugal ear alone,—"that spell o' rowin' give me a good deal of an appetite. We shall get something good to eat, if nothin' more."

"I ain't a-goin' to set down to any table on this island, or any other one about here, where city folks is placed 'n' helped above me. I'm used to bein' fust; 'n' if you ain't got pride enough not to 'low your holy office to be stole away from you in this mahner, to say nothin' of other things, it's my duty to resent it for ye."

"Don't pay no 'tention to her," said Aunt Marthy, who knew that I had overheard this awful resolution, whispering in my ear, "Nobody don't pay no

'tention to what she says. The parson has a dretful trial with her, let him be what he is. I know the gospel's a genteel business; but folks don't feel like bein' imposed upon by parsons 'n' their wives no more'n by anybody else."

Nobody did pay any attention to the lady, and we were soon seated at a long table which was spread in the kitchen,—a room with dingy rafters overhead and creaking boards in the floor; but the view of mountains and water from its wide-open windows was glorious. The table groaned with picturesque plenteousness. A great platter of crimson beets faced another platter which was piled high with yellow turnips cut in thick round slices, and in the centre of the board beautifully-browned roast chickens kicked up their crisp legs from a huge yellow pan. Plates of steamed brown bread were placed at intervals, and dishes rounded full of tempting blueberries. Cream trickled from glistening tin pails, pies of various kinds were set in a row which reached nearly across the table, and a milkpan full of cookies which were thickly bespattered with caraway-seed occupied one corner.

The parson, whose long, cadaverous countenance brightened into an expression of peace and good will toward all men as his eye wandered over this array of good things, made haste to ask a blessing upon them before the clatter of drawing up chairs was fairly over. His wife still tarried in the sitting-room, however; and it was not until the good old Cap'n Jake rose from his seat and went to give her a special invitation to dine that she condescended to appear at the table. With an expression mingled with awful dignity and injured innocence she seated herself beside her husband.

"Now, fall right in 'n' help yerselves," said the old man, after he had carved the chickens with a great exercise of muscle and evident perturbation of spirit. "I shan't show no partiality, 'cos I hain't a-goin' to help nobody fust."

Mrs. Hutchins tossed her head and unfolded her handkerchief with great asperity.

Each one followed the captain's suggestion with alacrity; and when did food ever taste so good as on this particular occasion? Whether it was our sea-appetites that gave it such a relish, or it was in reality fit for the gods, we never knew.

"Captain Spurling, I never tasted such roast chicken in my life!" said Mrs. Whittier, finishing the last morsel on her plate with an air of intense satisfaction.

"That's right," said the pleased old man. "We raised 'em ourselves. They wuz these air cropple-crowns. Marthy thinks there hain't nothin' like 'em fur eatin'. Here, have some more." And he helped her to a generous slice of the breast.

At this moment a loud and agonized sob from the other end of the table greeted our ears, and the parson's wife pushed back her chair and rushed behind her handkerchief into the other room.

"There, there, bear up, Marier: Christians have to put up with things in this world," said her husband, rising from his seat to follow her.—"You jest let my plate be as 'tis, if you please, Mrs. Spurlin'. I haven't finished yet; but she needs a little 'tention. I s'pose her feelin's are very much hurt."

"Oh, Lord!" remarked the captain, leaning back in his chair.

The young people tittered. Mrs. Spurling's face was a study for a painter.

"Ef that woman wuz my wife, I'd emigrate to Australy pretty lively," said the bridegroom, forgetting his diffidence in his anger.

"Tain't no use to say anything," said Mrs. Spurling. "She's spiled the weddin', anyhow; 'n' everything would 'a' went on so favorable. They say she cuts up jest so alwez if everything don't jest suit her 'n' everybody don't bend 'n' bow before her everywhere she goes. She spiled a beautiful funeral over to Deer Isle, 'cos she warn't called exactly when she thought she'd orter be in the percession; 'n' she never will let him go off without her. He hes to wait, ef 'tis

a dyin' bed he's called to, while she curls her hair with curlin'-tongs. I s'pose I've got as much charity as most people, but I declare I'm all out o' patience with Mis' Hutchins."

"What is the matter with her now?" inquired the bride, opening her pretty eyes very wide.

"Why, didn't you understand? She thought I waited on one of those 'tother ladies better 'n I did on her, 'cos I give her a little piece o' chicken myself," said the captain. "Let her kerry on as high as she wants ter: I hain't a-goin' ter hev my company inconvenienced by her bigotry."

"Nor I neither," agreed the bridegroom. "I hope you strangers won't feel a mite put out by her tantrums; they ain't worth noticin', nohow. I s'pose she expects the cap'n 'll go 'n' 'pologize to her; but I ruther think she's mistaken."

But it was impossible that we should not all feel a mite put out by such extraordinary behavior, and all was not quite as merry as a marriage-bell during the remainder of the feast.

The parson soon reappeared at the table, and plied his knife and fork deftly but in deep silence and with a severe and solemn visage.

"Ain't Mis' Hutchins a-goin' to hev nothin' more?" asked Mrs. Spurling unconcernedly, when we were all ready to rise from the table.

"No, marm; her wounded feelin's won't admit her partakin' any more food." And upon that he turned to George, saying that "he felt it to be his duty, as the shepherd of the flock in this community, to inquire into his religious belief 'n' standin'."

George answered his questions respectfully enough, but the poor parson looked

more and more bewildered and suspicious as the conversation went on.

"I hope you won't think as we hain't perfectly satisfied thet it's all right," said the cap'n, taking George aside. "An' we're gretly obleeged to you, sir, all on us, 'n' to the ladies 'n' t'other gentlemen fur lendin' their company. We shan't never forget it."

"If you are not satisfied," replied George, "I can send you abundant proof that I am what I say I am."

"Sho, now! don't think of it. 'N' ef you don't object, as t'other parson is a-goin' to take his wife home, thank fortin! we are goin' ter hev a little dance in the field here, right back o' the house, —Joe Roberson brought his fiddle."

But, however much we should have liked to do so, we were unable to remain for this part of the entertainment, and were compelled to take leave of the wedding-party just as the fiddler was commencing to tune his instrument and the young people in their gay attire to gather in circles on the green, looking like a May party in an old English picture.

On our way back to the harbor we passed the parson and his wife, who were sailing slowly homeward in a funereal-looking sail-boat. We saluted them with courtesy. The parson condescended to favor us with a severe and awfully solemn nod, looking after us with indulgent pity, while he cooled the wind with his sighs. But his wrathful wife, who had spiled the weddin' and had even been known to spile a beautiful funeral, spoiled all the dignity of his farewell by a toss of her ringleted head which seemed to threaten decapitation, and the plainly audible, "Well, I never did! There ain't no end to the impudence o' some folks!"

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

The Coming Election.

THE great—we may even say supreme—importance of the present political contest in Pennsylvania is no longer doubted or denied. The Independent movement has not only assumed such proportions and been carried forward with such vigor and determination as to excite open alarm and undisguised dismay in quarters where it was at first regarded with real or affected contempt, but it has concentrated upon Pennsylvania the chief interest felt in the approaching election by thinking men throughout the country. It is everywhere recognized as bringing for the first time to a practical issue and a crucial test the question whether there is any means of instilling a new spirit into our political system, of throwing off the incubus that has so long stifled every expression and rendered doubtful the existence of a public sentiment adverse to corruption and misrule, of rescuing the control of parties and of legislation from the hands of unprincipled schemers, and of thus raising the political life of this great and free people from that degradation into which it has so notoriously sunk. Especially have the sympathies of real Republicans in every State been attracted toward a movement which, far from aiming, as its opponents have pretended, at the destruction of the party, offers the sure and only means of saving it from defeat and ruin. Nothing is more evident, or stands less in need of argument, than the fact that the Republican party has been steadily losing ground during the last decade, or the further fact that this has been the direct and inevitable result of the mismanagement and incompetence of its leaders, their absorption in the petty tactics of party warfare and in plans of selfish gain and aggrandizement of which the party was made the instrument,

their connivance in the disreputable practices of their chosen tools, their open disregard of any high motives or principles of action, and, above all, their utter inability to frame any policy suited to the new conditions, growing needs, and possible perils of a population which is constantly expanding and a social state which is constantly changing. They could not even conceive the necessity for any activity in this direction, and in reply to all demands for some such exhibition of life and capacity could point only to the records of a former prowess and of past achievements in which their own share had been of the slightest. But the discontent at this prolonged stagnation deepened into disgust in presence of its accumulated slime, till at length the reign of weariness and apathy was broken by the perception that there was a present duty for those who found this state of things intolerable,—a means of ultimate redemption from thralldom, a way of emerging into a clearer and purer atmosphere. It was seen that the system of patronage—a monstrous abuse, of oligarchical origin and utterly adverse to the spirit of democratic institutions—was the main source and support of the dictatorial powers usurped by a few pretended leaders and wielded for corrupt ends. The overthrow of this system became, therefore, the great and immediate object to be sought and labored for. The consequent agitation for a reform of the civil service had its origin in the Republican party, and has been carried on mainly by those who had the best interests of the party, as well as of the country, at heart. They succeeded, after a long struggle, in securing the adoption of the principle of reform as an article of the party creed. But in practice they still see it violated on every occasion, and it has become evident that the obstructions can be removed only by a reorganization of the

party and the deposition of those who use its machinery for the purpose of defeating its will. Hence the present appeal to the mass of the party by the Pennsylvania Independents. In no other State has the tyranny of the "bosses" risen to such a height or been so flagrantly exercised as here. In no other has a strong opposition been organized and arrayed in readiness for action. Here the first battle is about to be fought in a contest which cannot fail to become general, and in which the deepest interests of the whole nation are clearly involved.

The single argument that could by any possibility deter intelligent Republicans from joining in this effort to emancipate the party from its disgraceful servitude is the opening afforded by its disruption for the success of the Democratic ticket. In answer to this, one reply seems to us sufficient: there is no longer any chance of preventing that result except by the election of the Independent candidates. The disruption is already complete, the defeat of the machine candidates is certain. The Independents have faced the contingency which has been held up before them *in terrorem*, and have justified their persistency on grounds which have not been and cannot be impugned. They can also congratulate themselves on having compelled the nomination of a Democratic candidate for Governor whose probity and capacity are universally admitted, and whose administration, if he is elected, can hardly fail to be an improvement on the present state of things. This, however, will not lead any true Reformer to vote for him. The Democratic party is, by its very nature and constitution, the enemy of reform. Here and there in its ranks are to be found men who have sincerely adopted the principle, and who would gladly abide by it; but the great mass of the party have, it need hardly be said, very different views and aims. Had it been otherwise, the Democrats would long since have recovered their old position in the country and secured possession of the government. For nothing

is more certain than that the Reform movement has but given a definite direction and fixed aim to tendencies and aspirations that were already gathering force and consistency, breaking the bonds of party, and struggling for some effective realization. The coming election will decide how far these sentiments have already spread, and what hope and prospect exist of their becoming dominant.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Social Life in California.

SAN FRANCISCO is by no means the social centre of California, nor do Californians so regard it. There are there two sets,—the Knob Hill and the Professional coteries. Knob Hill is geographically exclusive, for one has to be drawn up on an endless-chain street-car. There dwell the bonanza kings and millionnaires. When they want to go up or down, they drive around a circuitous route; but access to the heart of the city can be had in ten minutes by the cars, which run in trains of two. One of these is open, and in this the seats are placed back to back, giving the occupants a good opportunity to view the palatial residences they are passing. Perhaps the handsomest is the mansion of Mrs. H——, said to have cost three millions of dollars. It is a wooden house, but the extensive foundations are of stone, and, as there is an immense deal of terracing and a superfluity of hot-houses and conservatories, the estimate may not be too high.

The routine of fashionable life in San Francisco is an early breakfast and drive in the Park and to the Cliff House or Woodward's Gardens, an hour or two's shopping at the White House, lunch, visiting, dinners, and a ball, frequently preceded by the theatre or opera. Every lady has a reception, and invitations to festivities are easily obtained for strangers visiting the city.

Professional circles draw their lines a little closer. Their members entertain hospitably, and one who has a talent

for society may easily obtain the *entrée*; but wealth, as mere wealth, is ignored. Small dinner-parties are much in vogue with these, and the regular reception-day is of course maintained. Indeed, a reception-day is a necessity, for many of the residences of the families of San Francisco professional men are outside of the city,—on the bay, at Oakland, or any of the attractive points, even as far as San Rafael.

The real centre of California society is at San José, one of the oldest settlements in the State, and a point to which Americans flocked long before they began to settle in San Francisco. All through California one hears San José referred to as the high seat of wealth, culture, and refinement. It is quite an introduction to respect to say of a lady, "Her family came from San José." This is not because there is really more money in the Santa Clara Valley, of which San José is the chief city, than in other sections,—indeed, there are very many richer places,—but here the capital is anchored. It is in tangible things like lands and cattle, it has been in families for several generations, and it is accompanied by social and educational advantages. There are not the same fluctuations of family circumstances that are seen elsewhere, and in a perfect climate and amid the luxuries of life the young women of the Santa Clara Valley develop into the most charming specimens of their sex. They escape all the irksomeness of housekeeping, for the Chinese were introduced early and have become habituated to the routine of living. Another thing that facilitates this comfortable experience is that in the matter of clothing there are no changes of seasons to provide for, and the burden of shopping is lessened in geometrical proportion.

California ladies are never in a hurry; their time is always at their own disposal; they are naturally luxurious, and gather around them things attractive and beautiful. But they are not idle. Their energies are expended in art and similar matters, while they are totally devoid of the pedantry that oppresses

the uninitiated. Mrs. Y—— had every panel in every door in her house painted with some beautiful design, all the work of her own hands. Some one asking how she had found time to accomplish such a task, she replied, "It was not a task, it was an amusement." On one door the panels were of black, with shaded gray margins, and on each was some one of the bright wild flowers of the season. Mrs. L—— devoted herself to flowers. She had one hundred and fifty varieties of roses in her garden. Miss R—— spent her leisure in collecting and arranging shells, and, as she lived at Santa Cruz, on the shore of the Pacific, this afforded a pleasant pastime and an excuse for strolling to the numerous admirers who occupied her time. There are also deep-sea ladies, who indulge in sea-weeds and can show you twenty or thirty folios filled with their preserved marine treasures; and then there are those who spread their pinions and fly to ranch interests. But all these things are not subversive of, but secondary to, society. Ladies dance in California until they are sixty, and, what is better, they always have plenty of partners even at that mature age; and, as though to equalize things, a party of girls only fifteen or sixteen years old will go off to the foothills and camp by themselves.

"Are you not afraid?" the Eastern tourist inquires.

"What should we be afraid of?" they reply.

"Oh, tramps, or snakes, or bears."

"We should give the tramps food, kill the snakes, and there is no such good luck as meeting a bear." And thus for three or four weeks they live in the open air, sleep on buffalo robes spread on the ground, and, with no shelter but a tent, spend their days face to face with nature.

E. S. B.

ART MATTERS.

The Production of Gounod's "Redemption," August 30, 1882.

THE Birmingham Musical Festival is always an event of great interest

to the musical world, and was especially so this year, in view of the production of M. Gounod's great work "The Redemption." The real history of this magnificent masterpiece is worth notice. It was first imagined in 1867, a few months after the production of "Romeo and Juliet," and while the composer was on a visit to the painter Hébert at Rome. At Rome Gounod wrote the whole of the poem and two of the musical numbers,—that is to say, that extraordinary piece, the "March to Calvary," and the prophetic chorus in the "Pentecost" section, the latter being a hymn in praise of the Millennium.

It was completed in 1873 and offered to the Birmingham Festival authorities, who refused it: first, because it was "the custom to choose texts from the Bible," and M. Gounod had made excerpts from the writings of the early fathers of the Church; secondly, because the text was in verse and not in prose; thirdly, because the great number of recitatives were dangerous. M. Gounod was very angry. He replied, "If my text does not suit the members of your committee, I shall feel myself obliged, with great regret, to decline the offer made me to write a work for the Birmingham Festival of 1876,"—a threat which he kept.

But M. Gounod has lived to disprove the celebrated axiom that "procrastination is the thief of time." It has paid him handsomely to procrastinate, and it may be deemed a special irony of fate that the revised "Redemption" should be produced at the Birmingham Festival of this year by the direction against whom M. Gounod nine years ago wrote so bitterly; furthermore, that its copyright is now owned by Messrs. Novello, the great composer's most particular aversion in former days; but time and four thousand pounds sterling are wondrous salves—luckily for music.

The festival opened on Tuesday night, 29th of August, with "Elijah," according to the usage which, with one exception, has prevailed ever since its production. A new cantata by Sir Julius Benedict, called "Graziella," was the

event of the day. The words and plot are derived from Lamartine's well-known story, and Sir Julius has wedded dialogue and lyrics to some of his most charming music. The melodies are very catching, and New York's old favorite, Mr. Maas, sang "Deeper still," and "Waft her, angels, to the skies," magnificently.

On Wednesday "The Redemption" was produced, and the intense interest taken in it was manifested by a crowded and highly representative audience, including, among others, the Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Denbigh, Cardinal Newman, Countess Grosvenor, Lady Manners, etc., etc. Punctually at half-past eleven the illustrious composer ascended the conductor's platform, and was received with an enthusiastic welcome.

M. Gounod has divided the work into an introduction and three parts: Prologue at the Creation; Calvary, from the Resurrection to the Ascension; and Pentecost. The scriptural extracts were selected by the author, and doubtless many persons will object to M. Gounod's formulation of the central figure in the world's sublime tragedy, for it compelled a direct portrayal of the Saviour by Mr. Santley, who, however, was studiously impressive and guarded in his delivery of the words and music. Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. F. King gave the utterances of the penitent and the impenitent thief, and the section came to an end with the finale of the first part, "For us the Christ is made a victim." In this part the grand "March to Calvary," depicted by the intermezzo in A minor, had its episodic character wonderfully brought out; and the pendant choral for sopranos only—"Forth the royal banners go"—was masterly in the extreme.

The opening number in part two, "Saviour of men," was rendered very telling by the skilful manner in which the horn and trumpet parts were given. The interview of the women with the angel had for its distinctive feature a trio in A minor,—“How shall we by ourselves,”—most magnificently rendered

by Madame Albani, Madame Marie Roze, and Madame Patey. Then the scene moves with startling rapidity, and M. Gounod brings all his resources to illustrate the tumultuous gathering in the Sanhedrim. The bold, crisp phrasing of "Now behold ye the guard," initiated by voices in unison on the tonic of the minor key C, was electrical in its effect. In this part there is a finely-placed soprano solo, "From thy love as a Father," and in it Madame Albani won an unmistakable triumph. The peroration of the second part is in the grand chorus, "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," and the tenor solo, "Be thou faithful unto death."

The pastoral chorus, "Lovely appear over the mountain," starts the short third subdivision of the oratorio, and the remaining part contains a truly grand "Hymn of the Apostles" after the descent of the Holy Ghost in the upper chamber. Altogether, the work is a distinct departure from the time-honored form of oratorio-writing; but no one can deny it a superb breadth and grip of conscious power. At the same time it must be admitted that the work is impossible except to an organization of the most perfect kind. It demands a large chorus and a colossal orchestra for anything like a satisfactory rendering; but in these respects M. Gounod was peculiarly fortunate, while the assistance given by Madame Albani and Madame Marie Roze and Mr. Santley was of the finest and most artistic character. The uniformly splendid effect with which the choruses were given was a noticeable feature.

At the conclusion of each part M. Gounod received an ovation, the last one occupying at least five minutes, the audience, band, and chorus alike waving hats and handkerchiefs, and seemingly either overcome or carried away by the profound enthusiasm and delight the work had caused. The receipts for the single performance were two thousand seven hundred and eighty-one pounds. Every seat was already reserved for Friday night, and many hundred applicants turned away.

A. E. B.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

A Day at Green Harbor.

TRAVELLING Bostonward from historic Plymouth by the Old Colony Line, we were set down in twenty minutes at Webster Place, the nearest railway-point to Green Harbor, the former home of Daniel Webster. The Place is only a flag-station, and its sole building the shed that serves as a waiting-room for passengers: all about it is a dreary East-Shore wilderness. A thick forest is on one side, and on the other waste sandy fields covered with cedar scrub and ghostly white birches. In answer to our inquiry for the Webster farm, the boy who acted as station-master pointed out a broad, dusty highway leading eastward through the wood, and told us we were to go up that a mile until it forked by a school-house, and that then half a mile by the left fork would bring us to the farm. The country is level here, and as we emerged from the forest upon cultivated fields we saw across them the blue line of the ocean. We easily found the fork in the road, and the school-house, and were shown, on the corner directly opposite, the quaint, mossy, low-roofed house that once sheltered Governor Josiah Winslow of the Plymouth Colony. Leaving this relic, we followed a beautiful country road through the farms, between several neatly-painted farm-houses, and past the pretty country-seat of Adelaide Phillips, the singer, to the smoothly-laid walls and well-kept fields of the Webster estate. The old family mansion, burned in 1878, stood some distance back from the street, on a little knoll, in the midst of a park of thirty acres, well shaded by forest trees. It was a long, low, rambling structure of the colonial era, and had achieved a history before Webster bought it, having been occupied by the British troops in the Revolution, at which time it was the scene of some rather tragic incidents. But a fatality attends American historic houses, and this structure, dear to all Americans from Webster's connection with it, was burned to the ground ~~on~~

the morning of the 14th of February, 1878, and with it nearly all the objects of interest and art that had been gathered by its former owner. The present mistress of the estate, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, rebuilt, last summer, on the former site, but with no attempt to reproduce the farm-house of her ancestor's day. The present dwelling is a modern-built, two-story country-house, with the broad piazzas, bay-windows, and general air of newness peculiar to American country-houses. It is not open to visitors, as was the old dwelling, but on our presenting ourselves at the door we were kindly invited in, and a member of the household was deputed to introduce us to everything of public interest which it contained. A few relics intimately connected with the great statesman were saved from the flames that destroyed his house. His study-table of mahogany, veneered, and covered with green baize worn and ink-stained, occupies a prominent position in the entrance-hall. Near it is his library-chair, a huge affair, with leather-covered arms and seat and fitted with a foot-rest and book-holder. Here, too, are the fire-screen and andirons from the fireplace of his study. Stuart's portrait of Mr. Webster occupies a good position over the mantel; and Ames's portrait of him, as he appeared in farm-costume, nearly faces it on the opposite wall. Above the latter is the great white wool hat that always protected his head while fishing or walking about the farm, and with it his favorite walking-stick. The walls of the wide stairway and of the hall above are adorned with portraits of Grace Fletcher, Mr. Webster's first wife, and of his friend Judge Story, and with busts of his last wife, Caroline Le Roy, and of his daughter Julia. In the parlor is a rosewood table from the old house, covered with the china in daily use by the family during his lifetime. This table is of rosewood, marble-topped and brass-bound. Another interesting object here is a table presented by the mechanics of Buffalo, in 1855, "in testimony of their respect for his distinguished services in defence of a protec-

tive tariff and of our national union." The material is of black walnut, the first ever used in furniture-making. A very pretty memento is a case of Brazilian beetles and butterflies presented to him by the Brazilian government. A beautifully-embossed leather arm-chair, with gilded frame and top, the gift of Victor Emmanuel, that stands in the music-room, and an album containing signatures of Jefferson, Everett, and other famous men, are the only other mementos of note spared by the flames. Most of these relics, it is said, Mrs. Webster will shortly present to the Webster Historical Society.

Out in the park we were shown two elms standing near together, their branches interlocked, which were planted by Mr. Webster himself, one at the birth of his son Edwin, the other at the birth of his daughter Julia, and which he called brother and sister. Another interesting object here is the great elm that sheltered the old house, half of it scorched by fire, the other green and vigorous.

Green Harbor River, or rather Inlet, comes up to the boundaries of the park in the rear of the house, and at high tide is navigable for small boats to the ocean, some two miles distant. Beyond this, over bare, brown uplands, one sees the white tombstones of a country graveyard. The yard is perhaps a quarter of a mile from the house, and the same distance from the highway, access to it being had by a rude road winding through the fields. It is one of the district cemeteries so common to New England, and holds the dust of perhaps a score of the families of the neighborhood, obscure and titled,—for what was our surprise, in strolling among the tombs, to find, on a great table of brown-stone supported by four pillars, inscriptions to the memory of some of the first magistrates of the Plymouth Colony! The yard is enclosed on three sides by a mossy stone wall, and on the fourth by a modern iron fence. There are no trimly-kept walks here; low stunted cedars, sumach, wild rose, and other bushes grow luxuriantly, and it

has in general a neglected air. The Webster lot is in the southwest corner of the yard, near the entrance, and is enclosed by a heavy iron fence. The tomb of the statesman is a great mound of earth surmounted by a marble slab, at the north end of the lot. The stone has this inscription: "Daniel Webster, born January 18, 1782; died October 24, 1852. 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief;'" and beneath this, "Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, compared with the apparent insignificance of the globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depths of my consciousness. The whole history of man proves it. Daniel Webster."

The plot is well filled. Grace Fletcher the first wife, and Julia the favorite daughter, are buried at the left of the husband and father. At their feet are three daughters of Fletcher and Caroline Webster. Near his father's right rests Major Edward Webster, who died of disease at San Angelo in Mexico, in Taylor's campaign of 1848. The most interesting grave, however, next to the Senator's, is that of Colonel Fletcher Webster, the gallant soldier who fell at the head of his regiment in the war of the rebellion. The inscription on his stone is so eloquent that it should be given in full: it reads, "Colonel Fletcher Webster, 12th Massachusetts Volunteers, son of Daniel and Grace Fletcher Webster; born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 25th July, 1813; fell at the head of his regiment on the old battle-field of Bull Run, Virginia, August 30, 1862.

"And if I am too old myself, I hope there are those connected with me who are young and willing to defend their country, to the last drop of their own blood.'

"Erected by officers of the 12th regiment Massachusetts Infantry to the memory of their beloved colonel."

Webster was fond of this old yard, and chose it above all others for his last resting-place. I could not but be struck with the unique—almost weird—view presented from its summit.

To the eastward are marshes and the sea, the latter flecked with sails. On the south is a pleasant country of farms, with a hamlet of white cottages set in its midst. On the west one sees a stretch of bare, undulating down, bounded by a dense forest. Northwest across the fields is seen Marshfield village and spire, and on the north lies a wild country of pastures and downs. The spot seemed designed for meditation, and in fancy we pictured the bent figure of the great commoner among the tombs, communing with his dead, or drawing inspiration from the scene about him.

Leaving the Webster plot and going for a little ramble among the other graves, we made a discovery that ought to commend us to the Society of American Antiquaries,—that, namely, of the Winslow tomb. The grave is marked by a great table of brown-stone supported by four stone pillars. The Winslow arms, in slate, are set into the stone, and beneath are the inscriptions. Several of the famous persons of the name whose portraits one sees in Pilgrim Hall are here commemorated: Governor Josiah Winslow, the first native-born Governor of Plymouth Colony, who died in 1680; his wife Penelope; the Honorable John Winslow, a major-general in the British army, and the officer who removed the French Acadians from their country; the Honorable Isaac Winslow, Esq.; with later and less distinguished members of the family.

On our way back to the station we called on Porter Wright, formerly overseer of the Webster farm, and almost the only person still living who was on intimate terms with Mr. Webster. He managed the farm for some twelve or fifteen years preceding the latter's death, and readily consented to give us some details of his stewardship, as well as recollections of his employer. He first saw Mr. Webster on the occasion of the

latter's second visit to Marshfield, and was at once struck with his appearance. "He would have been a marked man, sir, in any company. He had a powerful look. I never saw a man who had such a look. He had an eye that would look through you. His first purchase here was the homestead, comprising some one hundred and fifty acres; but he had a passion for land, and kept adding farm to farm until he had an estate of nearly eighteen hundred acres. The farm extended north and south from the homestead, and to tide-water on the east. When I became his overseer I used to see him daily when he was home, which was as often as he could get away from public duties. He loved to walk about the farm in his plain clothes, with a great white wool hat on his head, and oversee the men. He usually gave me my directions for the day in the morning. We spent the latter part of the summer making plans for the next season's work; and when he was in Washington I had to write him nearly every day how things were at the farm; and I received instructions from him as often. He cared little for horses, but had a passion for a good ox-team. We had several on the farm, the finest in the county, and I have known

him on his return from Washington pay them a visit before entering the house. At home he was an early riser, generally completing his writing for the day before other members of the family were up. He breakfasted with the family at eight, unless going on a fishing-excursion, when he took breakfast alone at five. Fishing was his favorite amusement. He had quite a fleet of sail-boats and row-boats, and fished along the coast from the Gurnet to Scituate Light. He caught cod mostly, but took also had-dock and perch. When company was present, he invited them to go with him; but if they were averse he generally fitted them out with some other amusement and went his way alone. He entertained much company,—governors, statesmen, and the like,—but was averse to giving balls or parties or making any display. He attended church at Marshfield regularly, sometimes going with the family in the carriage, and sometimes on horseback alone. He often spoke to me about retiring from public life and spending his days quietly on the farm; but that time, as you know, never came. He died in 1852, and the farm was divided to the heirs,—his son Fletcher, and the children of his daughter Julia."

C. B. T.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Under the Sun." By Phil. Robinson, Author of "In my Indian Garden," "Under the Punkah," "Noah's Ark," etc., etc. With a Preface by Edwin Arnold, Author of "The Light of Asia." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

It is not an easy matter to review a new humorist. To begin with, it is always dangerous to take exception to a joke: it lays one open to the imputation of being in need of a key. Then it is with humor as with poetry: we have drunk of the old vintage so long that the wine of the year looks thin and unpromising. A new volume of verse or a new book calling itself humorous never fails to rouse in the mind an instinctive an-

tagonism. We step into it over a threshold of prejudice,—a prejudice which appears ungenerous, but which is nevertheless the reader's safeguard, doing more than anything else perhaps to preserve intact a literary standard. Add to this that true humor is so delicate and intangible a thing that where it is at its best we may often be puzzled to give a reason for our enjoyment or to define exactly where the point lies. It is bound by no rules, and cannot be judged according to rules. The best way to get at it is to open the book without foreknowledge and let ourselves be surprised into smiles, to abandon the mind to its paces and be carried hither

and thither at the author's fancy, only to measure afterward by a backward glance the distance we have travelled.

The publishers of "Under the Sun" have not allowed us to pursue this course. They introduce the author in a number of notices in which he is heralded as "the new English humorist" and compared over and over to Charles Lamb, White of Selborne, and Izaak Walton. Without these notices we should have discovered for ourselves that the book was the work of a clever and very agreeable essayist with a good deal of humor; after reading them our discoveries partook just a little of the nature of disappointments. But we could very well have left Elia and Izaak Walton out of the question, for Mr. Robinson, much as he may have studied older humorists, is in all respects a writer of to-day, and is not unacquainted, we conjecture, with the works of Mark Twain. There is an alloy of facetiousness in his humor, and when that is uppermost he trespasses on the heath of the American jester, without, however, rivalling him. Mark Twain could be very funny in proving that the cub of a lion could not be a giraffe, or in suggesting that the river-horse would have looked better in a suit of pea-green, or in analyzing the motives of the burglar who excused his forcible entrance into an upper window on the plea that he was in search of a lost cat. But when Mr. Robinson devotes several pages to each of these subjects he does not do it in a sufficiently broad manner to raise a laugh, and his finer treatment seems hardly warranted by the subject. He repeats himself, and becomes a trifle wearisome.

There is plenty of humor, however, of a better and more genuine kind in "Under the Sun." The table of contents is in itself something more than a *menu*. There is a foretaste of the dishes to come in the quotations so happily applied as to acquire new meaning, and in absurd and suggestive headings, such as "The Physical Impossibility of Taxing Cats," "Man not Inferior to Dogs in Many Ways," "Delightful Possibilities in Cuttle-Fish," and a number of others. Mr. Edwin Arnold has written a preface in which he speaks as one having authority of the fidelity of Mr. Robinson's descriptions of the Indian fauna and flora; but just as we recognize truthfulness to life in a novel even when it deals with a society remote from our own, so we feel sure of the truth of these sketches by the mere vividness of the touch. There is, besides, a

general nature common to each species of animal, as human nature is to all classes of society, and we can recognize by such tests the excellence of Mr. Robinson's account of the Indian crow, the myna, and the dāk-bungalow fowl. Here is the latter bird painted with an intimacy to which a daily acquaintance would never have given us the clue: "*Suspicion* is the fungus that, taking root in the mind of the dāk-bungalow fowl, strangles all its finer feelings (though fostering self reliance) and makes the bird's daily life miserable. . . . His whole life is spent in strategy. Every advance in his direction is a wile, each corner an ambuscade, and each conclave of servants a cabal. With every sun comes a Rye-House plot for the wretched bird, and before evening he has had to run the gauntlet of a Vehmgericht. His brother, suspicious yet all too confiding, would trust no one but the wife of the grain-dealer who lived at the corner: and this single confidence cost him his life. So our bird trusts no one."

The natural history of Mr. Robinson's book consists chiefly in characterizations of this sort. He studies animals less as a naturalist than as a painter, or rather a thinker, seeking a word which will describe them, and speculating on the idea, the mood or motive which is behind their motions and expressions. His metaphysical study of a cage of monkeys is very ingenious, and so plausible as almost to make us look for a solution of the insolvable mystery.

It is on this border-land between the actual and the fanciful, in a region just within or just without the bounds of possibility, that Mr. Robinson's vein lies. Two stories in the volume before us—"The Hunting of the Sako" and "The Man-Eating Tree"—are the best of their kind we have come across. The minute description of forest-scenes helps to give charm and plausibility to the narrative, and Mr. Robinson's scientific knowledge combines with his ingenious fancy to produce a creature which, if it does not exist, might almost have lived at an earlier period or may come to life at a future one. The sako is a fascinating creature, a thing which seems to have been reconstructed from a bone, like Professor Owen's mammoth, and then endowed with life, like *Galatea*; while the man-eating tree is only a natural conclusion on premises furnished by Mr. Darwin.

If we have not had the penetration to see in Mr. Phil. Robinson a humorist

like Charles Lamb or a naturalist like Gilbert White, we have found him a very pleasant and diverting writer. He is always suggestive: even the period annexed to his Christian name suggests hints of emancipation from an uncounted burden of syllables.

There has sprung up within the last few years in England a group of young writers with out-door tastes, good spirits and a mirthful way of regarding things, a good deal of cleverness and a poetic delicacy of expression. The author of "Wild Life in a Southern Country" is one of these writers; another is Mr. Stevenson, who travelled so pleasantly with a donkey through the Cevennes. Mr. Robinson is not the least talented of the group.

"Look Before You Leap." By Mrs. Alexander. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

MRS. ALEXANDER'S latest novel lacks the reality of most of her other books, and, with a plot resembling some old-time play, carries its characters through the various scenes with a little of the swagger and tone of old-fashioned comedy. Nor has she compensated her readers for this lack of fidelity and truth by offering any types of character which we find especially prepossessing either as regards charm or high-mindedness.

Marie Delvigne, the heroine, is a young French girl, who fills the post of French teacher at a boarding-school, and is mistaken by a very magnificent but needy hussar for an heiress of the same name who is both her friend and her pupil. Mr. Neville, the hussar, is eminently simple and straightforward in carrying out his design to entrap a rich girl into marriage. He persuades Marie to meet him in the Park, wins her affections, and finally, without finding particular reluctance on her part, such as we should have anticipated from a young girl with French antecedents and traditions, marries her without the knowledge of her nearest friends and family, and carries her off as his bride. At Dover Neville suddenly becomes acquainted with the facts to which he has heretofore been wilfully blind. Instead of having gained a rich woman with ample means to pay his debts, he has encumbered himself with a wife both penniless and obscure, and whom besides he suspects of having made him her dupe. He taunts her with a course of systematic deceit, and, with-

out a sign of tenderness, takes the next train up to London, leaving her alone in the extremity of humiliation and despair. Marie's course from this point has the merit which we must deny it previous to her unfortunate marriage. Mrs. Alexander's heroines rarely fail in good sense and energy, and Marie wins strongly upon the reader's sympathy. The book may be said to end happily, and Neville, under the discipline of suffering, is made worthy of his wife's devotion. What we generally like in Mrs. Alexander is her wish to go straight at her subject and tell her story simply and honestly. We regret to see in a book like the present one, which her reputation will make currently regarded as readable, a sentence like this, where she describes Marie at work: "*The general public of the work-room little thought what weary metaphysics of feeling revolved behind that pale brow.*" That English writers should fail to possess the most rudimentary ideas concerning the geography of our continent we long ago conceded to be our misfortune and no fault of theirs; but Mrs. Alexander, not content with making a mistake, apparently piques herself upon it, and repeats it over and over. The rich Miss Delvigne is a "South American,"—that is, she is from New Orleans, Louisiana,—and her friends the Lacordeilles are "Southern States people,"—that is, they are from Illinois. But we could forgive these blunders in a writer of Mrs. Alexander's real excellence in certain directions, if she maintained a safe standard of good sense and good taste, eschewed trite quotations, and allowed her literary methods to rest upon her simple processes of insight and sympathy.

"Beauty in the Household." By Mrs. T. W. Dewing, Author of "Beauty in Dress." New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is generally conceded now that the chief object in life is to enshrine beauty in our homes at least, if not in our lives; and Mrs. Dewing's graceful arguments in its favor are almost unnecessary to her readers, who are sure to be on the civilized footing of appreciation of friezes and dadoes, panels and screens. It must be confessed that a great deal of the talk going on at the present day concerning household art and life sounds as if we were no longer to be ourselves, but to take up the part of some fictitious and

elegant personage, to be unfaithful to the common lot which gives men and women hard work to do, to try to get on with no share of the universal trouble and pain. "The household," writes Mrs. Dewing, "is too commonly the synonyme for all that is wearing and commonplace,—the altar upon which two people who have dreamed of happiness sacrifice their faith and hope to the sordid and realistic." But then, alas! the sordid and realistic is what confronts so many of us all the time,—a burden and a sadness not to be uplifted by the sweetest thing in panel or dado. Mrs. Dewing speaks, however, with good sense when she says, "We want a system in our households fitted to our individual needs, and whose laws are capable of fulfilment." The real needs of a household should be the tally for expenditure and the test of beauty.

Mrs. Dewing writes, apparently, for dwellers in the very heart of a city when she suggests that the cooking, besides the washing and ironing, should be done outside the house. Few domestic cooks, she argues, are capable of making a fine omelet, for instance, and it is better to have meals cooked at a first-class restaurant and served at your door than spoiled in your own kitchen. Thus dismissing laundry and culinary work to some beneficent outside system, she offers the emancipated woman an opportunity for the more graceful duties of life, declaring it an outworn prejudice that women "have special talent for the practical portion of the household." To attend to the ornament and beauty of the household, to give a charm to every-day existence, to serve meals gracefully, to educate her own children,—these are the true duties of woman. The book contains pretty suggestions for dinners,—one idea of which is a meal with courses and services in a single color: a white course with white china and crystal, red with Kaga ware and pink salmon, a salad course of green, etc., etc. Speaking of the dinner-table, the author remarks, "It adds much to the beauty of the scene if the chairs on which the ladies sit are high-backed, and have velvet, or plush, or satin, forming a background for each lady's head. . . . The hostess should gracefully choose for each of her guests the chair of that color most becoming to her." We could multiply extracts of equal suggestiveness; and we have no doubt that the little treatise will be widely read among those to whom prettiness

and elegance are things to be consistently aimed at. The elegance and prettiness of a house do not, however, depend upon these effects and details; and the evil to be guarded against by our clever and painstaking army of decorating women is a loss of simplicity or substantial good taste and good sense.

Books Received.

How to Keep a Store. By Samuel H. Terry. New York: Fowler & Wells.

Robin. By Mrs. Parr. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Elfinland. By Josephine Pollard. New York: George W. Harlan & Co.

Christmas Rhymes and New Year's Chimes. By Mary D. Brine. New York: Geo. W. Harlan & Co.

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THE ISLAND OF MANISEES.



THE FISHING-FLEET.

THIRTY miles off the Rhode Island coast-line lies a little speck of land in the midst of the wide ocean, isolated, lonely, the rallying-point of fogs, the target of vindictive surges, the terror of mariners, and the seat for generations of a brave, thrifty, and enterprising people. Practical folks speak of it as Block Island; to lovers of poetry it is better known by its softly-flowing Indian name, Manisees. Few bits of land nine miles long by four miles broad possess such varied elements of interest. The geographer notes its position at the mouth of the Sound,—midway between Montauk Point on the south and Point Judith on the north,—its curious sur-

face-formation, the swift currents that sweep its shores and are depositing it piecemeal in the deeper parts of the Sound. The geologist discovers it to be a geological invertebrate, a mere bank of sand thrown up by the waves of some Devonian sea. Its fertile farms, and its cod-, mackerel-, and shell-fisheries, interest the student of industrial science. The historian gathers here details of the first serious collision between Puritan and Indian, together with not unimportant annals of colonial piracy. The antiquarian discovers quaint and primitive conditions; the novelist, odd characters and situations; and stories of wreck, ghostly legends, and weird tales

of the sea reward the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

Verrazzani, the worthy Florentine navigator, first discovered it in 1524, while coasting along the North-American shores, and named it *Claudia*, in honor of the mother of Francis I., King of France. He described it as being "full of hills, covered with trees, and well peopled." Ninety years after Verrazzani, in 1614, came Adrian Block, the stolid Dutch navigator, creeping down the Sound in a rude yacht made by himself at New Amsterdam the winter before and very appropriately named the "Unrest." He was the first European that explored the island, and found upon it a numerous tribe of Indians, who called themselves *Manisees*, but were of the family of the *Narragansetts*, who inhabited the adjacent mainland. The natives, he tells us, received them kindly, and regaled them on hominy, succotash, clams, fish, and game; in return for which the captain on his departure substituted his own harsh and barbarous patronymic for the beautiful and poetic name of *Manisees*,—meaning "Little God's Island." Six years later came the Puritans, and began the settlement of New England. They were everywhere,—at Portsmouth, Boston, Plymouth, Providence, Saybrook, New Haven, Hartford,—wherever their pinnacles could effect a landing and be used as a means of intercommunication. It was natural that they should come into these waters, and that one day the trading-shallop of Master John Oldham, of Boston, should anchor abreast of the island for the purpose of trading with the natives. But the latter, instead of trading, killed the merchant and all his company, "to the end," as the quaint old chronicler of the affair observes, "that they might clothe their bloody flesh in his lawful garments."

This event, together with the punishment of the *Maniseans* by stern John Endicott, which quickly followed, directed public attention to the island, and led to its settlement in 1661 by a company of sixteen people, chiefly from Roxbury and Braintree.

From this point until a comparatively recent date there is little in the history of the island worthy of record. It was haunted by pirates in the old colonial days, and much treasure is said to have been buried along its shores. It was ravaged by the British marines in the Revolution, and in the war of 1812 remained neutral and turned a pretty penny by furnishing British men-of-war with water and provisions. Its normal state for two hundred years was that of complete isolation. Its inhabitants had little intercourse with the mainland. They tilled their farms, followed the cod to the fishing-banks, intermarried, buried their dead, sustained their own churches and schools, and formed a sturdy, self-sustaining little republic, independent of their neighbors and careless of the great world without. But within the last decade a new era has dawned upon the island.

A breakwater was the rude iconoclast that shattered the old order of things. Although surrounded by deep waters, the island has no natural harbor; and previous to 1874 communication with it could be had only by means of small boats, and was both difficult and dangerous. At length some of the more progressive among the islanders, dissatisfied with this isolation, began to agitate the question of an artificial harbor by means of a breakwater. Congress was petitioned to aid the scheme; tardy and meagre appropriations were obtained, and in October, 1870, a sea-wall was begun on the eastern or Atlantic side of the island, at a place used by the fishermen from time immemorial as a landing for their boats. The wall—only recently completed—extends into the sea fifteen hundred feet, and forms an admirable protection against the waves of the Atlantic. It is built of heavy blocks of granite, brought from the mainland and heaped carelessly in the peculiar form of construction known as *rip-rap*. By 1874 the work had so far progressed that steamboats could come in and land passengers and freight at a temporary pier which had been constructed, and a rill from the stream

of summer travel was diverted islandward. A regular line of steamers for the summer months was established between the island and Newport on the east and New London and Norwich on the west. A pioneer summer hotel,—the Ocean View,—first-class in all its appointments, was opened the same season and quickly filled with guests. Others of varying grades followed, and the isolated little community suddenly awoke to find itself one of the most popular resorts on the New-England coast.

Almost every watering-place has its peculiar features: our island has its: it is quaint, cosy, home-like. Its patrons seek it for rest and quiet pleasures, not for gayety and excitement. They walk and drive and row and bathe, study its quaintness and simplicity, climb its thousand hills, each one yielding a varied view of sea and sky, follow the cod and mackerel in one of Captain Rose's trim yachts, or angle for the gamy bass in the still waters of the Great Pond, and return season after season to enjoy the same round of simple pleasures.

One may spend many a summer here, however, and yet gain no complete and satisfactory idea of the island. In summer it is comparatively tame. Then the fishing-boats lie idly on the beach, the long, low fish-houses are deserted, the fishermen lounge idly on the strand instead of daring the wild elements. The farmers are prosaically busy; the wreckers doze in the shade of their boats; the ocean roars but tamely. It is not until autumn that the island appears in character,—in autumn, when the schools of codfish, moving south, call every craft to the banks; when the fish-wives turn their gaze from the little sails on the sea-line only to scan the clouds on the horizon; when equinoctial gales have laid scores of wrecks on the sands, calling out the wreckers; when night and mists come quickly, and the sun looks coldly down on a gray and sober landscape. Then the easiest and almost the only way of reaching the island is by the little mail-steamer Danielson, which makes tri-weekly

trips to Newport during the winter. Entering the island harbor at this time, and leaving the breakwater on the left, one stares blankly on a bluff perhaps one hundred feet in height, and crowned by one of the great summer hotels. The huge caravansary is dreary enough at this season, with its summer bravery all fled, the salt sea-spume crusting shutter and cornice, and bits of algæ and beach-grass drifting up and down its wide verandas. Below, trailing along the side of the bluff, is a narrow country road, which, after passing hotels, stores, a billiard-saloon, a photographer's cabin, and little groups of boarding-houses and modest one-story cottages, hurries away into the interior, marching up and down the sharp, wave-like hills that compose the surface of the island. Lower down, at the foot of the bluff, is a row of long, low fish-houses, their dim interiors cumbered with tubs and hogsheads and piles of salt, and emitting a strong fishy smell, which you discover comes from heaps of cod and mackerel piled for packing. A broad beach slopes from the fish-houses to the water's edge, thickly set with stout oaken poles, to which, before the breakwater was built, the fishermen moored their boats. Several cods' heads tumbling in the surf introduce the tourist at this early stage of his visit to one of the chief industries of the island. This is the "Harbor,"—the sole port and business centre of the island, its only considerable village, and the home of its summer visitors.

A horseback-ride of fifteen miles will introduce one to all the salient features of the island. The main road, winding and narrow, but fairly smooth, leads directly across it from the Harbor to the west side, and at the Centre branches, one arm stretching down to Sandy Point at the extreme northern limit, and the other to the bluffs and light-house on the southern shore. A mile west of the Centre this road passes Beacon Hill, a little eminence two hundred and fifty feet high, and the loftiest point on the island. On its summit some enterprising genius has erected a tower, from

which in summer floats the American flag, and where for a pittance one may have the use of a good glass and an outlook of miles over sea and land. From the tower one surveys the whole island, which appears as a gourd-shaped dot in the midst of the sea, the bulb being the southern portion, and the neck and stem the long, narrow peninsula terminating at Sandy Point on the north. The landscape, viewed from this eyry, is exceedingly novel and pleasing, comparable with no bit of scenery along the coast, unless it be the table-lands of Montauk, just opposite, across the Sound. It is simply a mass of sand-hills thrown up in every conceivable shape, but every suggestion of barrenness hidden by green pastures and smiling meadows. In every hollow of the hills glimmers a pond, fed from some hidden source, and covered with fronds of pond-lilies, fragrant in their season with great creamy-white blossoms. The hills are treeless, bare, and cut into squares and parallelograms by numerous stone walls,—a form of mural architecture almost universal on the island,—and on their summits, rarely at their bases, are set the farm-houses,—isolated, whitewashed structures, each surrounded by its cluster of out-buildings and communicating with the highway by a grassy lane, which often winds through the fields for a mile before reaching its destination. Five miles north of Beacon Hill is Sandy Point,—a tongue of land continually being devoured by the waves, crowned by the gray tower of the light-house, and thrusting out a long bar which has been more prolific of wrecks than any other point on the island; for here the swift currents that sweep both shores meet and struggle for supremacy, the bar in the terrible combat being alternately laid bare and swept by seas towering fifty feet above its surface. Midway to the Point is the Great Pond, covering one thousand acres and stretching across the neck from the Sound to the ocean. At one time it communicated with the former by a narrow inlet, and the fishermen rejoiced in rich harvests of clams,

oysters, and other shell-fish; but a violent storm closed the inlet generations ago, and it is now a brackish, commonplace lake, tenanted by bass, perch, pickerel, and other fresh-water fish. Farther down the west coast, and nearly opposite the Harbor, we have Dickens Point, where the government has recently established a life-saving station, and where one of the island wrecking companies has its principal seat. On the south shore the cliffs reach their highest altitude, and are cut into every variety of fantastic form by the combined action of wind and rain. Off the southwest point is Black Rock, sunk beneath the surface, and on the southeast bluff the Southeast Light, erected in 1875, and one of the most complete and best-equipped light-houses on the coast. Grace's Point and Dovin's Cove, on the west side, Grove Point, Clay Head, and Old Harbor Point, on the east, are places often mentioned in wrecking annals.

The cod- and mackerel-fishery is the chief industry of the island, and will most interest the average visitor. From the days of the aboriginal inhabitants it has been the principal source of the food-supply of the islanders. In these bleak November days, when the season is at its height, a walk to the Harbor at an early hour in the morning introduces one to a busy scene. The fishermen are there, making preparations for the day's "catch." A fleet of fifty or more nondescript craft are drawn up within the breakwater, some anchored, and some moored to oaken poles thrust in the sand. There are trim smacks from ports along-shore,—Providence, Newport, Stonington, and New London, on the main, and from Greenport and Sag Harbor on Long Island,—dories and lobster-boats, and the odd-looking "double-enders" of the island, which have attracted the attention of nautical men wherever they have wandered. A Block Island boat is *sui generis*. Its distinguishing feature consists in being pointed at both ends, so that stem and stern are alike and will take a sea with equal facility. They are carefully made with oaken ribs and

lapstreak sides of cedar, keel inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, are undecked, fitted with two small masts without shrouds or jibstays, carry narrow, tapering sails, and in skilful hands are said to be unequalled for sea-worthiness. From two to four brawny fishermen man each craft, some busy coiling lines, assorting hooks, and stowing bait, others chaffing their fellows or busy with preparations for getting under way. By and by the

preparations are all completed, the tide is at the proper level, and, with the wind bowling freely down the Sound, the fleet begins to make sail, but not all at once, as you are hoping it will. First a skipper more active than the others hoists his sail, darts through a rift in the breakwater, and passes swiftly out upon the heaving, tumbling waters; another and another quickly follow, until in a short time the whole fleet, in straggling line or two or three abreast, is speeding



GATHERING SEA-MOSS.

over the waves in quest of the "banks." It will be a novel experience, perhaps, if we accompany one of the double-enders and witness her method of securing a cargo, and her disposition of it. The "banks" are the feeding-grounds of the cod, and lie at distances of from five to fifteen miles off the island, chiefly in the narrow channel separating it from Montauk. The cod feeds principally on lobster, crab, herring, and lant,—the last, a small fish about ten inches long, being a favorite tidbit,—and these abound in the numerous reefs and ledges that form the bed of the sea westward of the island. Here the cod resort during their spring and autumn migrations, and here the fishermen capture them. Our craft carries an anchor, cobble-stones for ballast, and lobsters and fish for bait. Each man has two stout lines

twenty fathoms long, furnished with heavy leaden "sinkers," and extra lines, hooks, sails, etc., are stowed in the lockers.

The fleet keeps well together on the outward run, rounding the southern point of the island: the men are in high spirits, laughing, joking, and bandying bets as to who shall be "high hook"* that day. Our skipper—a lean and salty veteran of fifty seasons, the counterpart of Whittier's sailor-man,—

Salt as the sea-wind, tough and dried
As a lean cusk from Labrador—

has decided to try his luck on Cartwright's Ledge, and, once off the Southeast Light, thither he shapes his course. A raw northwester is piping

* In fishing parlance, he who catches the greatest number of fish.

down the Sound and dashing the spray into eyes and nostrils. Our little vessel swings on the long swells with the regular motion of a pendulum. White seagulls wheel overhead; a flock of Mother Carey's chickens skims the waves before us; we pass numerous little painted buoys marking the location of lobster-pots, have a fine run with a school of porpoises, leaving them astern, and then, suddenly, we heave to, the anchor plunges into the depths, and we are riding easily on the waves over Cartwright's Ledge. It is ten fathoms down to its cavernous recesses. If the amateur has no special fancy for blistered fingers, cramped limbs, and aching shoulders, he will leave the "sport" to the professionals to whom fishing comes as a matter of course. They go about it with the stoicism of their Manisean predecessors. The hooks are baited and cast overboard, the men standing by to await the result. Surely Skipper Lisk is "in luck" to-day, for scarcely is his line paid out ere there comes a savage tug, and he begins hauling hand over hand, the line whistling in through a little groove cut in the oaken gunwale of the boat by years of service. Betimes the water begins to foam and bubble, but he betrays no excitement; then a huge, gaping mouth cleaves the surface, and a thirty-pound cod, glowing all over with iridescent hues, is landed in the boat. A dexterous flirt clears the hook; it is again baited, cast, and taken, and another patriarch threshes the boards in his agony. The skipper's comrades are equally busy; with equal stolidity they bait and cast and haul, and the cobble-stone ballast goes overboard with sullen plunge to make room for the constantly growing cargo won from the sea. This is the whole operation of cod-fishing. It continues for an hour, the men scarcely speaking or looking up in the interim, when suddenly it ceases. The school is off, in quest of new feeding-grounds, perhaps, or frightened away by sword-fish or shark. The skipper may follow, or he may stay where he is and await the coming of another school. He chooses the latter

course. The lines dangle idly; the men fill their pipes, light and puff and fill again, and between-times the skipper favors the amateur with a quaint dissertation on the habits of his favorite quarry. "The cod is a curious creetur," he begins. "Three weeks ago he was a-frolickin' on the banks, chawin' up herrin' an' lant, an' narrerly escapin' a berth, I reckon, on the Gloucester or Marblehead smacks. Then he heard the call to winter-quarters, and began coastin' sou'ard,—coastin', I say, because he allers follers along shore, callin' on his old friends at the Cape, whiskin' by the Vineyard and Nantucket, but stayin' longer here at the island, which is a favorite of his'n, I reckon. He's pretty plenty here now, and if you could look under water from here to Montauk, and twenty miles out, you'd see droves of 'em, all movin' sou'ard, regular as the bison on the plains, an' devourin' pretty much everything that comes in their way. How far south they go I can't tell ye. I never heerd of their bein' caught south of the Capes; but they winter South somewhere, and in the spring come North ag'in, bringin' all their relations with 'em. One curious thing about him is outside of the books, I reckon: he'll scent a storm further 'n a b'rometer, and, when he feels a nor'easter comin', swallows pebbles enough to sink him in deep water out of reach of the big waves. It's a fact, sir: many's the time I've found gravel in a cod's gullet, and h'isted sail and p'inted for port; and many's the time I've had a hundred skippers to wind'ard, looard, and astarn, all doin' the same thing for just the same reason, an' we never one of us got in a minit too soon, either." But at this juncture the lines tug and straighten again: another school has struck the ledge, and the skipper cuts short his yarn for a fresh bout at casting and hauling.

This school completes the cargo, and at one o'clock we are ready for the homeward run. Our success, however, is phenomenal,—what the toilers call "fair-weather fishing." Not often nowadays can they so readily fill their boats.

Often they toil all day and take nothing. Sometimes a storm breaks almost before the anchor is dropped, and they are forced to fly for their lives; or they are lost in the fog and drift helplessly for hours, and then reach shore only by riding on the back of the biggest of the "three brothers;" and again the storm strikes them without warning, and skipper and crew return never again to wife or sweetheart waiting on the strand. But to-day no such mishaps occur, and by mid-afternoon the whole fleet is in motion, standing into the harbor. Safely moored at last, we remain to witness the final disposition of the "catch." The island fisheries are conducted largely on the "share" principle, the catch of each boat being divided into as many shares as there are partners, and equally divided, the boat drawing one share. The method of division is a primitive one. The fish are thrown on the shore and heaped by skilled hands into as many equal piles as there are partners. Then the skipper turns his back, and one, pointing to one of the heaps, asks whose that shall be, the skipper naming one of the partners in answer; and this proceeds until all the shares are disposed of. There is no appeal from this judge, and no murmuring at his awards. Each man then proceeds to dress his own fish, removing head and viscera with a few dexterous passes of his long, sharp fish-knife, while a long line of farmers' carts receives the offal, which is used as a fertilizer for the fields. Dressed, the "catch" is carried to the fish-house, counted, and placed in pickle preliminary to "drying." Then the coveted honor of being "high hook" is bestowed on the fortunate winner, and the weary and bedraggled fishermen wend their way homeward to the bright welcome of their firesides.

A rival of the line-fisherman, and one which he regards with unmitigated disgust, is the "pound." A "pound" is a marine counterpart of the corral. There are four on the shore of the island, all on the west side. The "pound" has three divisions,—a "leader," a "heart," and the pound proper. The "leader"

is formed of a row of oaken spiles driven firmly in the sand, extending from the shore eighteen hundred or two thousand feet into deep water. To these posts a fence of cotton netting is fastened, which rises from the bottom of the sea several feet above the water. The sea-end of the leader terminates in a "heart"-shaped structure, which is also constructed of spiles and netting. At the small end of the heart is the pound proper, from fifty to sixty feet square, and formed of spiles and netting like the leader. Netting forms the bottom of this structure as well as its sides, and it communicates with the heart by an aperture seven feet wide. Adjacent to the pound are two "cars," twenty-eight feet by twenty-five, constructed of the same material and of the same depth as the pound, and used as magazines for storing the fish caught in this marine corral. The operation of the pound is very simple. Cod, scup, mackerel, blue-fish, foraging along the coast, and approaching from either side, are stopped by the fence, and proceed to swim around by the deep-water end, since they cannot pass on the shore side; at the end of the leader they enter the heart, and, still seeking deep water, enter the pound through the seven-foot aperture, from whose intricacies they rarely escape. Every morning the pound-keepers row out and lift one side of the pound, thus throwing its inmates in a heap on the other, whence they are taken out with wire baskets, and either transferred to a smack which delivers them in New York, or placed in the "cars" for safe-keeping until needed.

The visitor will wish to tarry long at the Centre, which lies west of the Harbor, a mile and a quarter distant. The term is used in a political rather than a geographical sense, the village being nearer the eastern than the western side of the island, nearer the southern shore than the northern. Here are the town-hall, the Baptist meeting-house, three stores, several farm-houses, and stone walls and green fields in abundance. One has only to pass a week of autumn days here, and nearly the whole life of the

island will pass in review before him. All the trade of the west and south sides centres here. Stout, sunburned farmers drive up in vehicles of antique pattern, heavily laden with corn and barley, or patient sheep, or carcasses of beeves and hogs, or bundles of geese, ducks, and turkeys, for which the island is noted. Anon comes a florid dame, chirruping to an antiquated steed, her stout person flanked by pots of golden butter and baskets of eggs, and a pile of goodly cheeses weighing down the springs behind. She has come to "trade," and be sure she will hold her own in the wordy warfare with the merchant. A weather-beaten fisherman from the west side succeeds, his wagon loaded deep with bales of white, flaky codfish. Next comes a fisherman's lass, bright-eyed, agile, scant of skirt, bearing a bundle of nicely-dried sea-moss; a lad with an egg in each hand, another with a pullet under each arm, a woman with a huge bundle of paper rags, a wagon with a rattling load of old junk, succeed; and so the procession continues endlessly, there being few moments in the day when the varied stores of the merchant—dry-goods, wet-goods, hardware, crockery, wooden-ware—are not called into requisition by some needy customer. At night the "store" becomes an animated club-room, where all the local quidnuncs gather, to retail village gossip, talk politics, and banish dulness by stirring tales of adventure and hair-breadth escapes on sea and land.

It is on the west side, however, rarely visited by the summer tourist, that nearly all that is wild, primitive, and picturesque about the island is found. Every summer the cities send their culture and refinement to the east side, which has been brought fully abreast of the times; not so with the west side, where the good old customs and traditions of a hundred years ago still prevail. From the Centre a pleasant walk or ride of four miles will bring you there. The road winds and twists through the hollows and over the hills, and gives you fleeting views of the sea, with its white caps flying, the sails flitting hither and yon, and mayhap

gray phantoms of fogs stalking up and down. The sea-breeze blows shrewdly and covers every exposed part with rime. Stone walls about closely on the road, enclosing pastures still green, where sheep, pigs, ducks, turkeys, and geese feed amicably together; little round ponds fill the hollows, broad meadows succeed, then a lane branches off and leads up to a quaint old farm-house nestled in the midst of a little community of hay-stacks, cattle-pens, and out-buildings. The prosaic structure takes on new interest when you reflect that there, possibly, pretty Catherine Ray made the famous cheese which was presented to Benjamin Franklin, of which the great philosopher makes frequent mention in his letters and of which Mrs. Franklin was so proud, or that there General Nathaniel Greene wooed and won Catherine Littlefield, the modest Block Island maiden, who, later, followed him to the camp and became intimate with Madam Washington and other stately dames; for these things happened somewhere on the island. Other pastures and meadows and farm-houses succeed, and in an hour's time you descend into a little shingly rift in the bluffs that shelters the life-saving station, and are on the west side.

It is a strange, weird, mysterious coast that you look out on, buttressed by huge cliffs, at which sea and wind are continually gnawing, patrolled by unquiet ghosts, and pounded by as violent a surge as of old smote the thundering shores of Bude and Bos. One who strolls along its bluffs from Sandy Point to Black Rock will receive impressions not easily effaced. The strong ocean-currents that come in at Montauk set fiercely against this shore. Nights of storm and darkness are frequent, and on one of these some gallant vessel—staunch East-Indiaman, or whaler full laden, or mayhap but a lumbering collier—is sure to enter the Sound at the gateway of Montauk. The fog lowers, the gale shrieks, the strong currents whirl her insensibly but irresistibly toward the island. Suddenly the breakers foam beneath her bows, then comes a sicken-

ing crash, and vessel and crew are swallowed in the boiling surges. The relics of a thousand such wrecks are scattered along this coast or buried beneath its sands. The sea plays with them like a dog with the bones it has picked, now burying them deep in the sand, now unearthing them and leaving them bare and ghastly in the sunlight. You meet them everywhere in your stroll, scattered along the beach, thrown up under the cliffs, or collected in "yards" by the wreckers, to be used as fuel or for the repair of buildings, boats, or fences.

The man of gentle fancy will be apt

to linger long about these yards: their twisted bolts, battered planks, and spars ground to pulp mutely witness to the terrible power of the sea, while no great stretch of fancy is required to rehabilitate them in their old-time grace and beauty and send them out again into the coral seas, by dim, treasure-haunted cities, for the precious freights that once enriched them. Quite as pathetic are the little sea-side cemeteries scattered along the bluffs, where sleep the unknown waifs cast up by the sea. Wind-shorn, bare of everything but grass, with only rude headstones, nameless and dateless, marking the mounds, they are the



THE PHANTOM SHIP.

sole mementos of many a goodly ship's company that has perished on this terrible coast. Several passengers of the famous ship *Palatine*, one of the crew of the *Warrior*, a baby from the ill-fated *Metis*, are among those who fill these lonely graves. At intervals rude roads wind down the face of the cliffs to the beach, traversed in summer by bare-footed moss-gatherers on their way to the fisheries on the rocks below. This moss is the carrageen or Irish moss of commerce, and grows luxuriantly on the rocks of the west coast, often below low-water mark. It is gathered by the fishers' wives and daughters, who wade into the surf, often waist-deep, and pluck

it from the rocks, then dry and bleach it in the sun, and barter it at the stores for home-necessaries. In autumn these cliff-roads bear other burdens, — great oxen and farm-carts, the latter loaded with sea-weed taken from the beach below, which, spread over the island farms, contributes materially to their fertility. Up these roads, too, the wreckers haul spar and mast and the shattered *débris* of wrecks to the yards above.

Cottages of wreckers and fishermen are scattered all along the coast. They are one-storied, low-roofed, strongly built, nestled in sheltered places, out of the reach of tempests, and generally

surrounded by green fields, in which cattle, sheep, and poultry are feeding. The wrecker is almost always a fisherman, but not all fishermen are wreckers. The fisherman's domicile is generally denoted by the "flakes"—long, low stagings for drying codfish—in the yard, and by the nets strung along on the palings. He has a sovereign contempt for government harbors, and makes a landing on his return from the banks in the old-fashioned way,—by riding on the back of the largest of the "three brothers." The "three brothers," we may premise, represent the rhythmical measure which the surf beats on these shores, the waves breaking in an unvarying series of three, of which the first is at the bottom of the gamut, the second far up the scale, and the third drops again to the level of the first. They are best represented to the eye by the following series: — — — —. It is on the largest of these that the surfman rides ashore, his boat being thrown by it far up the strand and beyond the reach of the smaller wave that follows. Woe to him, however, if he attempts to come in on the smaller wave: he will be followed and overtaken by the monster behind, his boat thrown end over end, perhaps broken into fragments, and he himself, if he escapes drowning, hurled, bruised and bleeding, on the sand. It is rarely that such mishaps occur, however, so expert are the boatmen.

Perhaps the island wreckers form the more interesting class. One can easily tell their cottages by the insignia of their calling scattered about,—surf-boat, empty oil-casks, rusty cables and anchors, hawsers, tackle, piles of old junk, and fragments of wrecks. They differ widely from the haggard, ill-omened ghoul of half a century ago, who kindled false lights to lure vessels ashore and then hastened down to seize whatever of value the sea cast up. The modern wrecker is the friend of mariner and underwriter, saving each year millions of property and no inconsiderable number of lives. Of the island wreckers there are two organizations, known respectively as the Old Protection Wrecking

Company and the New Wrecking Company, the former having been organized in 1860, and the latter several years later, when the success of the first was well assured.

As little has been written concerning the coast wreckers, a short sketch of their method of proceeding may be interesting. Their members live all along shore, and act as so many vedettes for the early discovery of wrecks. There are stations at intervals, where the gear is kept, and where the men gather on an alarm being given. The "gear" consists of surf-boats, hawsers, ropes, anchors, cables, blocks, strong windlasses, and empty casks for buoying up the vessel. A steam-tug in many cases is indispensable. At the alarm of a wreck, the men gather at the station, launch the surf-boat, and, if possible, row out to her. If the vessel is in a critical condition, the captain and crew will return with them, but if not, they may stay by the vessel and take the chances: in either case the captain enters into a contract with the wreckers to get his vessel off and into port for a stipulated sum, generally from two thousand five hundred to three thousand dollars. As soon as practicable the wrecker begins operations. He lightens the ship, and learns from a careful survey how much and what kind of gear is required to get her off. If she rests lightly on the sands, he will buoy her up and trust to a tug to haul her off. If she is hard aground, however, other measures must be resorted to. Stout anchors, each capable of holding a ship in a gale, are sunk in the sea several hundred yards abaft of the wreck. Immense hawsers stretch from these anchors to the ship, and are there secured to stanchions, masts, and windlass by a net-work of ropes, which distribute the strain to all parts of the vessel and give her the appearance of a fly embedded in the spider's toils. A strong windlass firmly attached to the vessel applies power to the hawsers by pulleys attached to the shore ends, the object being to haul the vessel away from shore and out to her anchors. These preparations completed, and the

cables hauled taut, the wreckers await a flood-tide, and then apply the force thus created. The power of the windlass when thus applied is enormous, equal to that of a dozen tugs, so great that the anchors are sometimes dragged by it. Yet it often happens that the ship, firmly embedded in the sand, fails to respond. In such a case the wrecker awaits a storm heavy enough to loosen the wreck from the grip of the sand: it may be days and weeks in coming, but it comes at last, and in the height of its fury the men stand to the windlass, the power is applied, the seas toss her, the tide lifts, the anchors tug seaward with the power of a thousand horses; by and by she moves slightly, again and again, and at last, with a supreme effort, she leaves the bar and shoots out to her anchors. But not yet are her perils over. She may have been so damaged on the bar as to leak and fill, carrying her rescuers with her, or her hawsers may chafe and part, letting her dash again into the breakers. But, if neither of these mishaps occurs, the wreckers will weigh and slip her anchors, spread her storm-sails, and take her gallantly into port, there to receive the plaudits of her owners and their own hard-earned wages.

Many exciting tales connected with the wrecker's calling are current on the island. Perhaps the most characteristic of these is that of the rescue of the *Laura E. Mercer*, which occupied nearly the entire winter of 1874-75, and in which the skill and bravery of the wreckers were displayed to good advantage. The *Laura* was a three-masted schooner of seven hundred tons, bound from Newport to Baltimore. She struck on Sandy Point, at the extreme northerly end of the island, and, as has been remarked, one of the most dangerous points on the coast. Being lightly laden and the tide at flood, she was driven high on the bar, and the wreckers saw on their first examination that more than ordinary efforts would be necessary to get her off. An eye-witness on the island gives a very graphic account of their proceedings. "The men

were ready, their gear consisting of immense hawsers, smaller ropes, blocks, anchors, etc. An ingenious net-work of ropes over the deck, fastened to stanchions, masts, and windlass, distributed all the power to all parts of her, and also concentrated it all on two great hawsers that led from the bow to the anchors out in the ocean, one of them extending out two thousand one hundred feet. To this were attached three heavy anchors, at proper distances from each other. The other hawser ran out parallel with the first nine hundred and sixty feet, and to this was added a chain four hundred and fifty feet long, making a cable fourteen hundred feet in length, and to this were attached two heavy anchors. One of these five anchors was sufficient to hold a ship in an ordinary storm, but they all had a power applied to them that would move them at times. This was done by the windlass and pulleys on the deck,—'the best windlass,' the old captains said, 'that they had ever seen.'

"Trim and beautiful she sat upon the beach, high and dry, and every timber groaning under the terrible strain. Moons waxed and waned, tides rose and fell, storms from the wrong direction came and went, and only a little gain was secured by wheeling her bow toward the deep. Almanacs were consulted for moons and tides; and, as the highest tide came at midnight, the wreckers were to be ready then for action. On that night, amid the storm, Mr. Day and I walked four miles to see her off; and, oh, what a sight was around that vessel! Such a commotion where the two seas met! such a roaring of winds and waves! Some had gone aboard in the early evening, others slept at the light-house close by until twelve o'clock at night. Then the old 'sea-lions' rose, lighted their pipes, and put on their oil-suits with a solemn silence like that when men go into battle. They knew their danger,—for if she should leave the beach and be hauled out to her anchors it was possible for her hawsers to chafe and break, and then she would be driven on the bar again, amidst breakers where every life would be lost. With lantern in

hand we stood upon the shore in the howling storm and saw the wreckers one by one ascend the ladder leaning against the wreck. Soon we heard the rattle of the windlass, and watched patiently for the 'jump,' as she might rise upon a swell and quickly yield to the strain from her anchors. Her masts were seen in the dim light to sway a little, but she hesitated until the wind shifted, the tide fell, the waves were cut down, and she 'stayed,' while Mr. Day and I walked home through the falling and drifting snow. How many more moons must wax and tides flow before another favorable combination of wind and tide should occur, not one of Daboll's almanacs could tell. The number of pipes to be filled and smoked while discussing the damage likely to be done to that five-thousand-dollar gear none could guess. At last the day came. Wreckers from all parts of the island were there. At sunrise she 'jumped' at the chance to leave the bar as a heavy surge for an instant lifted her from the sand, and she darted for the deep water. The wind was off shore, and she went beyond her anchors and wheeled about, as if to look back at the place of her confinement. With no cargo, light, and bow to the wind, she seemed to writhe with impatience to escape. After waiting for an hour, we saw her last anchor weighed and hawser slipped, and a scene was before us so beautiful that in a quarter of a minute we were paid for all our long stormy walks to the wreck. At that instant she was completely freed, a huge swell lifted high her noble prow, the jib was hoisted, the gale struck it, and she wheeled hurriedly, and seemed to say, 'Good-by, Block Island: you'll not catch me there again,' while her colors were run up and she proudly began her flight for Newport."

Instances of individual daring and rescue by the wreckers are equally numerous, and substantiate their claim that before the life-saving stations were established they furnished needful aid to the shipwrecked. We will cite but one instance out of a hundred,—that of the brig *Moluncus*, which drove on Grace's

Point one dark stormy night in the year 1855. The wreckers soon boarded her, and brought off captain and crew to a house on shore, where the former signed a contract with them for getting off the vessel. Although it was still many hours from daybreak, the men rowed out to inspect the vessel and determine on the gear necessary to relieve her, when, to their surprise and chagrin, she was gone: wind and wave had floated her off and out to sea. Nothing daunted, the crew put out in their little surf-boat after the derelict. For several hours they were tossed about in the chaos of winds and waters, catching no glimpse of the prize. At length they saw the outlines of a brig, rocking in the deep troughs, her tall masts almost touching the waves as they swayed to and fro. It was the vessel they sought. To board her in such a sea required nerve and seamanship; but it was done. Watching until her lee side was buried in the brine, the boat was forced alongside: a sailor sprang upon the gunwale and passed a line to his fellows, who by means of it pulled themselves astern, and thus gained the vessel's deck, where they hoisted sail and steered for Newport, arriving there safely in the early morning with their prize.

No coast has been more prolific of wrecks than this dot of land set in the path of all the sails that crowd the Sound, its powerful currents, like great arms, drawing many to its embrace that would otherwise have escaped. Between the years 1854 and 1868, the loss by wrecks on the island reached the sum of three hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars; in the seventeen years between 1860 and 1877, the Old Wrecking Company got off and carried into port vessels to the value of one million two hundred thousand dollars, besides losing five of an aggregate value of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. In June, 1846, six vessels came ashore in one day; the same thing was repeated in September, 1850. To guard this dangerous coast, government has two life-saving stations (Nos. 4 and 5, third district, the former on the east and the latter on

the west side of the island), and two light-houses, one at Sandy Point, at the extreme north, and the other on the southeastern point of the island. The latter only is furnished with a fog-horn,—an omission that seems unaccountable in view of the fact that a large percentage of the wrecks on the island are caused by fogs. The islanders also characterize the placing of the South-East Light on its present site as an error of judgment, and say it should have been built on the southwest point, where by far the greater number of wrecks occur. A volume, novel and interesting, might be filled with records of these wrecks. The old men love to recount them snugly seated by their fires of peat, while the blast shrieks fiercely without. Saddest of all, they say, attended with greatest loss of life, was the wreck of the *Warrior* in 1831. She was a large two-mast schooner, a packet carrying goods and passengers between New York and Boston. The night before her loss she was becalmed a little to the westward of Sandy Point, and anchored. During the night a fearful gale arose, and in the morning she was driven with terrible violence on Sandy Point. By the dim light she was seen hard aground on the "hog's back," in the very vortex of the conflicting currents that make this point a seething caldron even in moderate weather. Now waves mast-head high were pouring upon her decks, and, although she was but one hundred and fifty yards from shore, the wreckers who soon gathered there saw that no mortal power could aid the hapless people on her decks. The end came quickly: her masts had been unstepped at the first shock, and soon fell, ripping open her main deck: then a wave broke over her, and in a moment tore her into fragments, while the horror-stricken spectators saw passengers and crew dropped into the boiling surges. Of the twenty-one souls on board not one was saved, and only eight bodies were recovered. Many other notable wrecks the old sea-dogs love to recount. There is one, however, that they rarely touch upon,—the most famous of all,—so famous, indeed, that it has been

celebrated in song and story, and is known the wide world over,—the wreck of the ship *Palatine*, whose ghostly figure, wreathed in flame, is still seen gliding down the Sound of nights, awaking the awe of the superstitious and the futile researches of the learned. Whittier, in his fine poem "*The Palatine*," has given wide currency to the legend. His version is that current on the mainland, but it is false in every particular and does gross injustice to the islanders. In this poem, it will be remembered, the vessel is spoken of as being lured ashore by "false lights over the rocky Head," and the wreckers are pictured as swooping down like birds of prey, tearing out the heart of the wreck, and afterward burning it, that no traces of their crime might remain.

The true story of the *Palatine*, however, is almost the opposite of this, and runs as follows. About the year 1720, nearly two hundred emigrants from the German Palatinate embarked at the Hague in a vessel bound to New York. Many of them were well-to-do burghers and bore with them a store of guilders for the purchase of land or for purposes of trade. This treasure the officers of the ship coveted, and agreed on a plan to secure it: accordingly, they treated the poor passengers with the utmost rigor, penned them up in narrow, filthy compartments, starved them with insufficient food, and kept the vessel so long at sea that nearly all the emigrants were sick or dead ere she sighted the American coast. Passing inside Montauk, she came ashore on Block Island, probably by design, and the surviving emigrants were hurriedly put ashore, leaving their effects on board,—all except one woman, who persisted in remaining by her treasure. At flood-tide the vessel floated clear, and, with the woman and crew on board, drifted down the Sound. She was never seen in her material form again; but it was currently reported that the crew burned her to hide their crime, escaping to the shore in boats, and that the woman perished with the vessel. But now comes the strangest part of the tale. A year after

the disappearance of the *Palatine* (for so the ship came to be called, from the poor *Palatines* her passengers, although no one ever knew her real name, or the name of her officers, or had seen her papers), a strange light began to be seen hovering about the coast. At first it appeared like a ship's jib, dancing over the water, sometimes near the surface, and again elevated as high as a mast-head above it; in a short time two of these sails of flame appeared; and before the first year had passed, the entire ship—hull, decks, masts, shrouds, and sails—had been seen, sharply defined in fire, and madly careering over the billows. The hardy fishermen soon discovered that her appearance heralded storm and disaster, nor were they slow in connecting her with the *Palatine* which had drifted away from their shores the year before, and which they believed was now being purified by purgatorial fires, her cruel officers doomed to man her fiery decks and haunt the scene of their crimes until this should be accomplished. The apparition caused a great excitement among the simple fishermen, and throngs of the curious came to see and judge for themselves of this strange appearance. For a hundred years the light continued to linger about the island, and then suddenly disappeared, and it was believed that the unquiet spirits were finally at rest. But within the last two years it has suddenly reappeared, and the local public is again agog with speculations concerning it. It is certain that such a phenomenon does appear off the western coast of the island, between it and the mainland, and the fact is worthy the investigation of the scientist. Dr. Aaron C. Willey, a reputable citizen, formerly residing on the island, in a letter published in 1811 averred that he had several times seen it, and had studied it critically. The first time was at early twilight in February, 1810; the second on the 20th of December of the same year, when he mistook it for the light of a passing vessel, but soon discovered his mistake. "It moved along apparently parallel with the shore for about two miles," he says,

"then it remained in one place for some time, when it moved off quickly for several rods, and again made a halt. Alternately in a state of motion and then of rest, it finally disappeared altogether."

We have no authentic account of the *Palatine* light appearing to any one since 1832, until the summer of 1880, when the phantom was suddenly presented to Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, an estimable citizen of Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island. In a letter to the local newspaper, that gentleman thus narrates his experience: "When I first saw the light, it was two miles off the coast. I suspected nothing but ordinary sails, however, until I noticed that the light upon reappearing was apparently stationary for a few moments, when it suddenly started toward the coast, and, immediately expanding, became much less bright, assuming somewhat the form of a long narrow jib, sometimes two of them, as if each was on a different mast. I saw neither spar nor hull, but noticed that the speed was very great,—certainly not less than fifteen knots,—and they surged and pitched as though madly rushing upon raging billows."

As to the causes that produce this singular phenomenon, the writer ventures no opinion, content with introducing it to the notice of investigators; but while on the island he made a point of gathering all the data to be had concerning it, and the proof as to its existence and characteristics was conclusive. There was also an entire unanimity of opinion as to its nature and origin: all declared it to be the spectre of a burning ship. Gnarled and grizzled veterans, strong of nerve and keen of eye, had seen it rise suddenly before them while out on lonely fishing-cruises, every mast, spar, rope, and sail perfectly outlined in fire. There were strong young men, too, rather sceptical than otherwise of the existence of the supernatural, to whom it had appeared under like circumstances, and who became firm believers in the existence of the phenomenon. There were fishers' wives, too, who had seen it from their cottage doors careering down the

Sound, in summer and winter, in storm
and calm, on the eve of birth and death,
and always assuming the appearance
either of a sail or of an entire ship. Not all connected it with the story of
the unfortunate Palatines, but all were
ready to take their oath as to its ex-
istence. CHARLES BURR TODD.

A RELIC.

WE found, that night, when, free from pain at last,
She slumbered in the darkened room below,
In her old Bible pressed and folded fast
A flower gathered fifty years ago.

Wondering we scanned it there, so brown with age,
So withered, and with curious eyes read o'er
The writing traced beneath it on the page,—
A date, a dim initial,—nothing more,—

And asked, with eyes that filled we knew not why,
And hands that touched it gently, reverently,
What dear memorial of days gone by
This little faded floweret might be.

Why had she kept it hidden there away
Through all those years? What hopes, what joys that were,
What golden memory of some far day,
Spoke softly from those withered leaves to her?

What potent talisman was this, to start
To life again that old forgotten time,
Renewing in her chill and wintry heart
The flush and fragrance of her youth's glad prime?

Had hand of lover gathered it that day,
That fair, bright summer day, so long ago?
What sweet, shy dreams lay folded there away?
What maiden hopes and fears? We might not know.

Silent we stood. We felt a sense of shame,
As those who, wandering, enter unaware
Some holy place. Ah me! we were to blame.
Softly we turned, and left it lying there.

But when we gathered for our last long look
Upon her, in her calm and tranquil rest,
We drew the flower from the worn old book
And laid it gently on her peaceful breast.
ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.

FAIRY GOLD.



"WE HAD BY THIS TIME REACHED THE LITTLE GATE IN THE WALL."—Page 562.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. HUBBARD had travelled wide, seen much, been a part of all that he had met, and now remembered everything with the mental grip of an ardent gossip. He went out from our rather over-brilliant reception that afternoon with strong convictions which he at once confided to Fanny Burt and Snow Morris. In Mrs. Darcy, he declared, he had almost instantly recognized a variety actress who had attained some success in certain parts fifteen years before, then lost her voice and failed. Her stage name, he said, had been Madeline Darcy, and she had possessed brilliant beauty: by this time she had aged and coarsened, but she was Madeline Darcy still, in tone, look, and manner. Whether this was triviality, absurdity, mistake, or truth, the hint was eagerly seized, and before midnight the clue

was being worked out. If it had any results, Mrs. Darcy was likely to have bungled sadly in forcing herself upon our party that spring day and unguardedly giving a name which told so much.

Fanny was at first inclined to tremble at the possible effects of the awkward encounter, for which Mrs. Newmarch and Mrs. Fox might hold her responsible. But a little experience at first hand was not unwelcome to these fine ladies, who had never had a chance to meet anything so audacious, so wicked, and perhaps so piquant, as Mrs. Darcy. It was easily surmised that she was the plaintiff in the impending law-suit, and before noon next day every one of the guests of the preceding afternoon had either called or sent a note to ejaculate, commiserate, or ask for explanations. I was both object and victim of a sympathy and curiosity which took different

forms moulded by individual instincts and prejudices. Mrs. Fox wished to carry me off at once and hedge me safely in away from such ordeals. Mrs. Newmarch, on the other hand, liked a fight to the bitter end, and, having rather rudimentary ideas concerning legal procedures, offered to sit by me through the trial, evidently believing I was to be held for some crime. We could wear, she remarked, the deepest mourning, with long veils, and I should be obliged to raise mine only once for the judge and jury to identify me. As for Hildegarde De Forrest, she had always, she affirmed, considered me an object of envy, but never so much as now, when I had real interests at stake, like a man, real antagonistic forces to encounter, real blows to parry or endure, real enemies to contend against.

With real enemies it was a comfort to find real friends. And I was glad that everything at last was known, and that I had no longer to bear the burden of what had seemed an almost guilty secret.

I had not met Claude De Forrest for some weeks, when one morning in May he came to see me in a suit of dark blue with knickerbockers, carrying a sprig of white hawthorn in his hand.

"It is a genuine May day," he said, "and hawthorn hedges ought to be everywhere; but I was obliged to buy this little branch from a florist."

His usually pensive mood was not changed; his face was placid, and his eyes, although particularly brilliant, looked aside, as if his mind held them to its own workings and not to outside realities.

"I needed to feel spring freshly and vividly to-day," he proceeded. "These dreary stone streets and high houses disenchant one; but, fortunately, one may create one's own atmosphere. I wanted to get the whole beauty of the May day into my mind before I came to you,—to be drunk with it, as it were,—impregnated with its rare subtle meanings."

His words suggested sublime frenzies, but his tone was gentle and his face beamed kindness. I had grown used to his little phrases, and knew that he liked

high color. I asked him if he had been painting lately, and he said he had brought me a sketch which he had made that very morning, and he now produced it. He had had, he declared, an impression of the morning, the light and warmth and upshooting of all that grows. He had felt the vibrations of coming summer in the air, and tried to catch the glory and gleam of its upward wave. The sketch startled me a little, because, slight as it was, I recognized myself in it, picking flowers.

"It is more like me than the portrait you made in the winter," I exclaimed.

"I did not venture to paint you then," he said quickly.

"Why not?"

"You were too rich then," said he. "I could not bring my mind to the point of marrying a rich woman: it would have stopped my development. A man has to mould his own destiny with the utmost care, and must avoid any want of harmony in the proportions if he wants a perfect life. Now, I need a wife who is devoted to me and to my ideas,—not one whose views are daring and original and who would perpetually administer shocks to my moral world. Thus I was afraid to ask you to marry me then; and, accordingly, I did not venture wholly to give my heart to you. Yet to paint you successfully I required a certain set of emotions, and not giving myself up to them I had to be contented with a half process: so I painted you from the outside, just as I did the bric-à-brac of the picture. But, now that I hear you are likely to be poor, I have dared to sketch the actual woman."

I listened, a little bewildered; for, soft, even tender, although his words were, the expression of his face made them seem far off and dream-like.

"You are rather fanciful," I said, half confused and half laughing.

"I can make a great picture of you now," he went on. "There is a charm about you difficult to catch; and going to you as an artist must go to a rich woman, I could not seize hold of it. Now, if you will come to me as the beggar-maid to King Cophetua, I can

paint you. Not that I mean to call myself a king. I have something to begin with. I will work hard and make myself independent. We will leave this sham, trivial, idle, shackled life, and live with nature and art."

I began to believe he had spoken truly when he said the day had intoxicated him. His words, however, left an hiatus which his look and manner did not fill up. He still held the sprig of hawthorn in his hand, and once or twice, while he spoke, pressed it to his nostrils, looking at me all the time intently with an expression of clearness and sweetness impossible to define.

"Hitherto," he went on, "I have not been in love. Until Hildegard told me last night about your changed prospects, I had declared to myself I had neither part nor lot with love. But now it is different. The moment I thought of you as poor, I became so glad and excited I could not sleep. I am here to-day to tell you that I love you and that I want you to marry me. If you consent to love me, it will be the keynote,—the key to the harmonies and the mysteries I could not get at before. Don't you feel that from the first there has existed between us a close, even if unacknowledged, bond?"

"I think there has been a very pleasant friendship," I returned, a little puzzled to know how to answer him. "I should not like to put any more meaning than that into your words."

"I put all the meaning into my words they are capable of expressing. I am deeply, madly in love with you."

"Don't say that. It would be a painful surprise to learn that you cared for me except in a certain way."

"It surprised me at first," Claude insisted gently. "All you have to do is to give yourself up to the emotion: once accept it, and you will feel yourself uplifted and borne on as by the sweep of wings. Then the feeling will no longer be painful to you, but a joy."

There was an ambiguous quality about all this, for I had heard him speak in the same way about music and art, and if he now aimed at any more personal

meaning the force of it was not yet clear enough to my perceptions to allow me to answer him. It had, of course, dawned upon my mind that what he wanted to tell me actually was that he had loved me for a long time, but had not wished for a rich wife, but now came forward.

"It seems that you have heard I am likely to be poor again," I said.

"I have heard that, or I should not be here."

"That is very generous of you."

"I hope it is you who are going to be generous. Do promise to marry me."

"I can't promise to marry any one just now," I said, laughing a little. "Nothing is very constant and fixed in my mind save that resolution. And as to your wanting me for a wife, I really think, dear Mr. De Forrest, you are too young, too absorbed, too many-sided, to marry. Your harp has a hundred strings, and I should feel that I limited and hindered you if I kept you playing my one little tune."

"I shall be absolutely satisfied if you will marry me," asseverated Claude. "I will limit my wants, my needs, to you. If I have been many-sided, it was that I have not found the opportunity I required for concentrating myself. I used to turn from one beautiful thing to another and wonder which it was. I longed for a thousand things, but I have found them all in you."

He said this with supreme delicacy of expression, but I shook my head.

"I have never for a moment thought of you in that way," I said.

"Begin to think of me now: it will all come to you. Everything may be cultivated. Look at the subject simply and candidly."

I could not help laughing at this. He seemed sufficiently in earnest up to a certain point; but he halted there and left a blank I was not ready to fill up.

"We both love the beautiful," he went on; "we have the same tastes."

"No," said I wilfully, "we differ on many essential points. Some of your ways to me are absolutely hideous, and—"

He interrupted me with a swift gesture.

"Those collections of mine have been mere substitutes for—for—a definite inspiration."

"Besides," I went on, "it may, after all, turn out that I shall keep all my money. Your uncle, Mr. Morris, is of the opinion that the claimant is an impostor."

He regarded me solemnly.

"As a rich woman I am likely to have so many whims and caprices that you would be quite worn out," I went on. "I might be a very disturbing element in your life. I might wear colors which you disliked." He shuddered visibly. "I am an eminently healthy person," I insisted, "and I like to live as my heart and mind direct, not choosing and settling beforehand what I shall say and feel and counting the pulses of my ardent feeling by the watch."

Claude began to argue the matter, but it was evident that I had given him a shock, and that he began to doubt if I were absolutely to be the poetic and shaping spirit of his life. He saw clearly at least that he must wait a little, so dismissed the matter and began to tell me about a new picture he had seen.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARION HUBBARD had sent for me to go and see her, and I obeyed with a distinct mental impression of what I was to hear from her. Fanny had picked up the news that Mr. Harrold's series of text-books had had great success, and a paragraph had gone the rounds of the papers that he had accepted the position of Greek professor in the ——— University. Once he had counted on such success as a means of winning me. I had been his inspiration, part and parcel of his hoped-for reward. But now Marion was going to tell me of her own engagement to him, and what I had to do was to listen, smile, and wish the two God-speed.

She came toward me serious and rather pale.

"I wanted to tell you something," she began at once, laying her hand on mine,—"something which ought to be known, yet which is terribly difficult to put into words."

"But what if I already know it?" I asked, with some forced archness.

"Why, if you did, then the thing is of no consequence," she said, with a little laugh. "For, if you know it, others are aware of it, and all I care is to have it understood by Mrs. Burt."

I looked blankly at her. My prepossessions were so distinct that I could not at once rid myself of my little circle of ideas, which only in fact fastened the more firmly upon me.

"I have told no one," I exclaimed. "But it is generally understood; and as for Fanny, she knows it quite as well as I do."

"What makes you so certain Mrs. Burt knows it?" Marion asked, with abruptness.

"She heard your father allude to it."

"Oh, did papa speak of it?" Marion cried, with an air of unmistakable relief. "I never find papa quite calculable. If he proclaims it, I can gracefully be silent."

"Perhaps I ought to add," I went on, rallying myself and laughing a little, "that Mr. Harrold himself spoke of it to me."

"Mr. Harrold? I should hardly have expected that if he had known it he would have given the subject a thought."

"Of his engagement to you?"

We exchanged a conscious, critical look.

"My dear Millicent," murmured Marion, then looking away, "what are you talking about?"

I had been sadly off my guard, and I now perceived that when a woman is anxious to confide to you a secret it is well to let her bear the burden of the recital, and not, by endeavoring to help her, betray what is too much in your own mind.

"Did you think," asked Marion, with a peculiar little smile and a very soft voice, "that I was going to tell you I was engaged to Mr. Harrold?"

Having thought of nothing else, and now my ideas all flying about like leaves in a whirlwind, I could only assent.

"What could have made you think so?"

"Your father suggested it, and I confess it seemed most probable. Then, too, Mr. Harrold,—I must have misunderstood him,—but—" I broke off, feeling incompetent and helpless.

"It is quite likely papa suggested it. He has the most picturesque imagination, and bubbles over with the most romantic ideas. But surely you heard no allusion of the sort from Mr. Harrold?"

"He said something about his good fortune."

"That was about his appointment as Greek professor. He had never had a thought of me. I have no existence for him,—none."

For some moments after this we did not speak. Marion sat very quietly, her little hands folded tightly in her lap, her face luminous, her eyes burning. I had her secret, and the moment was painful to me in spite of my own selfish throb of joy. Novel and forcible impressions took hold of me with distinctness. I had believed that in the quiet currents of her life a great happiness lay deeply hidden. She seemed to have gained so much, while all the worth and charm of my existence were lost in the mere eating, sleeping, yawning, and making attempts to divert myself and others.

"I have not seen Mr. Harrold for some weeks now," she remarked, when the pause had grown heavy. "He is going away from New York soon. His future will be quite different from his past. He has been sadly encumbered and hampered; but both his sisters are to be married next month, and he will be altogether free to live out his own life."

"He is very fortunate," I contrived to say.

"I think," said Marion with decision, "he is a singularly fortunate man."

She looked up at last, and our glances

met. She leaned forward, her passionate, youthful face losing everything for the moment except a pathetic, weary little look. I kissed her, the sad, dumb, hungry spirit in her eyes stirring a stinging sense of pain in me.

"What I wanted to tell you to-day was this," she now said. "It is about papa and Mrs. Burt. It seems to me he goes to see her all the time."

"It is something that way, actually."

"He makes little allusions to possible changes in the future. He seems more captivated with his own company than ever before while he is at home, and has long and apparently pleasant reveries. I confess he seems to me to be really in love."

"I have thought so at times."

"If it is so, I hope Mrs. Burt loves him dearly," Marion continued, looking away, "and that she knows papa is poor."

I could not conceal my surprise. "Poor?" I exclaimed. "I supposed that he was very rich."

"The miserable thing about it," Marion went on, flushed and pained, "is that the money which would have been mamma's was all given to me. Mamma died a few months before her father, and he did not feel too kindly toward papa, for he tied up the money in a way that allowed it to profit him only through me. And I have no control over it for five years to come. I will be very good to Mrs. Burt if she should marry papa; but it has worried me lest she should feel this arrangement something very different from what it would be if he had an ample income of his own."

Having more than once heard Fanny recapitulate the drawbacks to such a marriage and balance them against its advantages, all of which hinged on Mr. Hubbard's possession of twenty thousand a year, it was hard to accept this news as if it did not change the aspect of things. It gave me a difficult task on both sides, and I had it in my heart to wish Marion had chosen to tell Fanny herself.

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM a certain perturbation I had observed in my cousin Snow I had long drawn the conclusion that matters concerning the law-suit were not settling themselves satisfactorily. The two witnesses upon whose evidence he depended concerning the plaintiff's identity were not likely to be forthcoming. One had declined to obey the summons, the other had first accepted, but now was trying to evade it, finding it perhaps undesirable to mix himself up in concerns whose substantial profits could be counted, while the risks were not so easily measured of uncomfortable results from the glare, dust, and fatigue of an encounter with hostile counsel. Thus Mr. Hubbard's hint had been very timely. I had seen Snow rarely of late, and when he did come in in his old way he was so evidently restless, with so little of his usual calm if the conversation drifted toward personal matters, that everything was unreal and unsatisfactory in our intercourse. Fanny liked to probe him a trifle: it had not often been her experience to find him assailable, and now she used her chances to revenge herself for his old attacks made when he was perfectly well equipped for the social battle. It was indeed singular to see him ill at ease, jumping up from one seat after another, to walk about, push aside the curtains, knock over the knick-knacks, and seem at a loss for safe conversational material. Our intuitions were keen enough to find his disquietude ominous of disaster. As for me, I hated the suspense and longed to be free of it. I was tired of holding without the grasp of actual possession, and felt more and more every hour that there would be something inspiring, almost exhilarating, in losing all my inheritance.

The case was to come on the third week in May, and the time was very near when one Monday morning Snow Morris sent a message early to the effect that he had important news to communicate and that Fanny and I must go down to his office. We set out at once. My imagination had played me too many tricks, given me too many spectres and

vague shadows, to allow me now to spend much force in mere conjecture as to what I was to hear.

"There is a brilliant vagueness about our prospects to-day," Fanny remarked, as we sat side by side in the carriage rolling down town; "but it may end in something definite."

"Perhaps so."

"Snow would never have given you all this trouble for the sake of telling you bad news."

"I am not sure."

"If everything does go right, what shall you do this summer?"

"I don't in the least venture to look ahead."

"There is a splendid immensity about one's chances, certainly, when they take in everything from bitter loss to the most absolute good fortune. You will have a keen sense of freedom if you are well clear of all this."

"I hope I may."

"You have not so much spirit as I once gave you credit for," she continued.

"If your money were mine, I would never give it up: I would fight for it inch by inch and step by step. Mentally you renounced it weeks ago. You don't believe in your own right to it. You have spent nothing of late: the money has been in your hands, but you have not fastened your fingers upon it more than if it had been flowing water."

"You called it 'fairy gold' once, Fanny," said I. "That has often been in my mind since. It is fairy gold: it turns to dry leaves, and does no good to me or to anybody."

Fanny opened her eyes. "You have had the spending of a good deal of it," she exclaimed. "When our coach turns into a pumpkin and our horses into mice, then I shall believe that I named it right. I know that I was disagreeable at first, Milly dear. It seemed dreadful to have these tumults invade our pleasant life. But, on the whole, I've behaved pretty well and been tolerably faithful, haven't I? I am not capable of what one calls romantic devotion, but practically I think I am a fairly good friend."

I looked at Fanny with some eager-

ness. "I have had something to tell you for days," I said, "which may test your faithfulness."

She gazed back at me, her bright, pretty face showing the liveliest interest: she guessed that something out of the common was in store for her.

"I wonder," I began, ill at ease and rather timid, "if Mr. Hubbard has ever told you just how he is situated with reference to his daughter."

The color had leaped to her face at this name, then faded away. "No," she said under her breath.

"The money is all hers. He has no control over any of it. It came from Marion's grandfather, and is all hers."

Fanny continued to stare at me, the color quite gone from her cheeks and lips and all her features assuming an expression of fright.

"I thought you ought to know," I continued; "but perhaps I have done wrong in telling you."

She regained her self-consciousness, and with it a little ease in carrying off the matter lightly. "I am the unluckiest woman in the world," said she. "After this, I expect to hear Snow tell us that everything of yours is swept away. Oh, it is horrible, this taking a commercial interest in people and in things! If I were going to try my life over again, I'd be sentimental, I'd be romantic, I'd be everything that is disinterested. I would have some feelings to fall back upon: it makes life so poor and vacant when one has to lose like this."

"Dear Fanny—" I began, singularly at a loss in deciding what her actual mood was.

"It has always been just so. There is a flaw in everything: I can never be quite happy. Why did he not tell me?" she went on, half laughing, but with a little spark of resentment in her blue eyes. "If I had known that he had only his own fascinations to rely upon, I might have scrutinized them more closely, instead of gilding them all and letting rainbows play over them." She was trying to make her tone tally with her consciousness of the need to conceal

her discomfort, for her perceptions were rarely more than a moment clouded as to what was incongruous and ridiculous. She went on talking with a certain exaggerated volubility until we stopped in front of the office in Wall Street, and without enlightening me as to the extent of her disappointment.

The moment we were at the end of our journey our thoughts naturally reverted to our errand. An office-clerk was opening the carriage door for us, and in another moment we were in Snow's private room. If I had feared bad news, my fear would have vanished at sight of my guardian, and I wondered indeed what could be this startling good news which had so transformed him. There was something striking, even touching, in the unwonted softness of his face as he came toward me and took both my hands between his. "You are safe," he said, with suppressed emotion. His exultation made him slip the leash of the reserve which usually held him under control. He looked younger, stronger, freer.

"What is it, Snow?" Fanny demanded impatiently, while I waited, feeling myself face to face with the old Snow Morris I had known and believed in months before.

"The woman is an impudent fraud, a tricky impostor. Their whole case is a wind-bag of lies, and is exploded into thin air."

"Who found it out?"

"Harrold sent me the news,—Felix Harrold. I have had two detectives at work ever since December, and what they failed to establish, even to scent, he found the clue to at once. He would have got hold of the truth even if Mr. Hubbard's guess had not helped him."

"Do you mean that Mr. Harrold is in Louisiana?"

"Yes. Weeks ago he came here, and we discussed the case. He wanted to get to the bottom of things. He attacked my management with the eye of a hawk and the grip of one, and gave it a good shaking. We were in full accord, some capable man must be on the spot; and he offered to go." Snow stopped

short and looked at me, as if something in my face surprised him.

I roused myself to smile and say, "Well, what has he found out?"

"I have had six telegrams from him since Saturday. Your uncle's wife died years ago, Millicent, of yellow fever. This woman is her cousin, Sara Boncourt. The two grew up like sisters, and resembled each other closely. In fact, if the question of identity had rested upon mere likeness, the testimony might easily have gone in her favor. As it is—" He paused again and looked at me, then laughed. "Don't take it so seriously," he exclaimed. "It's immense good luck. You don't begin to realize what good luck it is."

"I know it is."

"Then why do you not look delighted? What are you sorry about?"

"I think I feel sorry for the woman. It's a terrible disappointment for her."

"I shan't take that to heart. If she had not come upon the scene anxious to throw herself into a contest, she would have had a better chance. In fact, they had made rather a pretty case of it, and they are bitterly disgusted with this news. They took it up at first half doubtful, but their confidence grew. Riddell was a little captivated by the woman. She is a born actress, and he was completely the dupe of her art. She went through her part very well, and seemed to believe in the illusions she had created. Harold says her story is this. She went on the stage when a very young girl, and soon married a man by the name of Hobart; then he divorced her. She had three children, of whom only one survives. She is supposed to have married again some five years ago, but whether she was actually married is not clear. This idea of victimizing Harry Farnham or his heirs has been probably a slowly-developed one. No doubt she first intended to fasten the child upon him as the issue of his marriage to her cousin; then the accident of his death suggested the further extreme."

Fanny went on eagerly asking a hundred questions, for which I was grateful, since they covered my almost ungracious

silence. Together with the feeling of relief had come a strange, exquisite intimation which kept me doubtful and timid. I could not help, too, a tremor of dismay at the thought that all the problems and secrets which had haunted and vexed me must find their solution now. I was at once so agitated and so reserved, so bewildered and yet so grave, that Snow, who had evidently looked forward to a great pleasure in telling me the good news, was disappointed and half wounded. He went on brightly, however, narrating all that had happened. A visitor had just gone out,—Mr. Ardle, the counsel who had acted with Riddell, on the other side. He had taken up the case with some enthusiasm, not suspecting its flimsiness and shiftiness. "He heard from New Orleans yesterday that we had got hold of important witnesses," Snow said, "and came in to tell me he had resigned his position as counsel. He went to see the woman last night, and cannot sufficiently express his disgust at her and the whole affair." Snow looked at me with his brilliant smile. "It is a nightmare off my mind," said he. "Ever since December the conviction that there was something incontrovertible in the woman's claims has lain at the bottom of my heart like lead, weighed upon my tongue, clogged and hampered my free action. And yet it was all false from beginning to end."

I knew this very well. His forebodings, his sceptic doubts, had impressed me as well. Now that they had been dispelled, he was gay, assured, complete master of himself. Having told us what he had to tell, he sent us home. Fanny talked gayly all the way back. The thought of danger and risk was over and done with for her. Let me live as long as I may, my old thoughts, my old longings, my deliverances and my failures, can never leave my mind: they are a part of my consciousness for evermore, my gauge of the past, my hope and prediction of the future.

Fanny had forgotten everything except that there were summer plans to make. She turned over a dozen pretty schemes.

We would make a tour of the British Isles, go to Switzerland, or have a cottage at Newport. I was a princess again, with ample powers in my own right. She caressed me, she flattered me. I held again the golden key to all the pleasures she coveted.

As for myself, I was growing tranquil. Not in vain, not in vain, I was saying to myself, should my fortune be redeemed for me! I yielded to the feeling of relief, of security, of hope. I was glad that this first moment of my success was not vacant of opportunity, but that all my energies must at once gather to the point of finding help for the woman and the child who had so strangely entered and disturbed my life. It had been a hope for them, even if a mad and wicked one: losing it, they lost much. She would need substantial help, and at once. I must give it in a way which would make it come with a voice to urge, to help, to comfort: I must make it seem no temporary expedient, no make-shift, but a lasting benefit. The woman's possible tragic fate impressed me. The miserable creature, so prodigal, so wasteful, was poor, and to her, as to others, poverty was a temptation. She, too, loved elegance, ostentation, comfort, and she had the temperament which had made her long to break down the barriers that hedged her in with limitations. How to put some of her eagerly-coveted opportunities within her power was at the root of all my thoughts, and I went over the problem again and again all the way home.

Fanny dropped me at the door and set off herself to tell her sisters the news, and I went up the stairs alone. My hand was on the knob of the door, when I heard the sound of a spirited altercation inside.

Edith was exclaiming, in a tone of passionate indignation, "Put it down! put it down, I say!"

"It is mine," somebody answered.

"It is not yours. It is Millicent's."

"It is mine. Everything of hers is rightfully mine," the other voice replied. "Take care of yourself, mademoiselle. You've no right to be meddling with me."

I had opened the door, and, leaving it wide, I ran toward the library, where I saw Edith struggling with Mrs. Darcy, who, excited, flushed, dishevelled, was rifling my cabinet, which she had wrenched apart, breaking in one compartment after another to get at the secret drawer.

"What is this? oh, what is this?" cried I, at once sorrowful and bitter.

The woman looked up and saw me. "I will have something. I will not be robbed of everything," she cried fiercely, and at the same moment struck Edith out of her way with a powerful hand. The table was between me and the two, and the unequal contest lasted but an instant. Perhaps I might have effected something, but I had not, like Edith, risen to the emergency. I stood gazing, silent and aghast, smitten with wonder at the folly and infatuation of the woman. I was stifling with the conviction that in thus robbing me she was despoiling herself. I wanted to say it, I longed to stay her, but there was no time. Before I could speak, she was out of the room, the child, whom I had not before seen, was huddling after her, and we heard the pair rushing down the staircase like the wind.

Edith gathered herself up, bruised and bleeding, but inspired with the liveliest courage. She ran to the window, flung the shutters wide, and looked out. "There she goes!" she shrieked. "There she goes up the street!"

A policeman was sauntering down in a leisurely way, and she tried to arrest his attention, but it was too late.

"She has taken your diamond horse-shoe, Millicent," the girl then said, coming up to me and grasping my hands, while her angry eyes and flushed cheeks turned to pallor and streaming tears. "She has stolen those beautiful diamonds, and lots of money."

CHAPTER XXIII.

So this was the way I lost the diamonds my poor uncle had given me; and, little although I had grown to love them,

the way of their going grieved me deeply. The theft was odious and monstrous, and was, besides, so inexpedient an act, it filled me with a sort of incredulous horror. I had so wanted to be generous to this enemy! I had so sincerely intended to be generous! but either she had no belief in generosity, or her discernment was utterly false, and when she felt herself beaten she was impelled by an irresistible instinct to use the only weapon she had and clutch at what she could get.

She had come to the door and inquired for me,—declared that she must see me, as she was about to leave the city, and that she would come in and wait. Edith, who was at home a little ailing, was asleep on the sofa in her mother's room, and roused herself at the sound of something being first pried at and then broken. For a few moments she had lain, wondering lazily what the noise could be, then, interested to investigate it, came out and found the visitor working at the little lacquered chest with a slender Damascus dagger, used for a paper-knife, which lay close at hand. The rest had passed under my own eyes, but so far transcended anything within my experience that nothing could seem more unreal to look back upon.

Now that the woman's history was known and could be clearly looked at, this incident seemed tolerably consistent with the rest of her career. Her unreasonable temper and blind obstinacy had more than once dismayed and confounded her counsel. Whatever was in her heated fancy at the moment shaped her actions, and anything beyond was chaos to her perceptions. She seized an idea in rather a bold and original way, and, anxious to put herself into picturesque positions, neglected good sense and caution, and generally brought herself to grief.

My victory was considered rather brilliant, but Edith was the heroine of the hour. She had acted with decision, promptitude, and an absolutely masculine courage.

Snow Morris came to see me in the evening. The whole story was in the

papers, and he had heard the comments of half the town upon this singular turn of events. He congratulated Edith upon having made her *débat* in the actual world with some *éclat*, and predicted that she would never subside again into an insignificant school-girl. The only thing to lament, he declared, was the loss of the diamonds; but one was willing to pay a high price for safety. I might solace myself by the thought that this heavy sacrifice would appease destiny. Like Polycrates, I had had my best jewels swallowed up by the black sea.

"That is an ominous comparison," I said. "You know very well that Polycrates' gift was not accepted by the Fates. They sent it back to him."

"Well, I won't try any more metaphors," he returned. "Your diamonds will not come back. They were superb stones; but money will replace them. Let them go. Don't regret them. Don't regret anything."

"There are some things I regret very much; but I do not regret that I have been obliged to find out what a poor, half-possession my money was. It perplexed and humbled me at first to realize how much of what was called my success rested solely on my material prosperity. Then I counted up what would be left me if I became poor again, and I took heart. After all, the world I had entered was not what I wanted most. Its accidents, failures, and triumphs were beyond my powers,—could never be managed by any contrivance of mine: all I could do was to control the spirit with which I took them. So when I had settled on that I was content to look on and wait."

"I don't believe over-much in your philosophy," Snow retorted.

"Having mentally renounced my wealth, I did not feel that I had very much at stake. Still, the suspense was irksome."

Fanny and Edith had gone out and left me alone with Snow. He had been standing before the open window, but now came and sat down with a look of leisure and large content opposite me.

"It was I who had everything at stake," he now remarked, and, whatever he had risked, he looked to-night as if he had gained it. "Suppose now," he went on, "you had been obliged to give up your money, or a part of it, what would it have cost you?"

"These pretty rooms, this gown, and all my foolish finery, most of those who call themselves my friends, all those who call themselves my lovers, except perhaps one."

"Is that I?"

"Indeed, Snow, it is quite a different man." My words and my manner tried him a little. When he spoke again his voice had roughened slightly, and there was something of emotion in his tone and emphasis.

"You spoke to me once of feeling like a queen who had but a hundred days to reign. It startled me when you said it. I knew that I was keeping back facts you had a right to know, and your words sounded prophetic. Do you remember it?"

"Very well."

"You said that if a queen were to lose her kingdom in such a way, and had not the comfort of feeling that she had gained a friend who loved the woman that survived the queen, she was likely to suffer much. I have asked myself a thousand times since why I did not tell you then and there that I was the one man in the world who loved you in that way."

When Snow said this, looking at me with cool but tender scrutiny, it seemed hardly strange that a little of my old feeling for him returned, enough at least to show him that his allusion touched me.

"For I did love you," he went on. "I have loved you devotedly ever since we first met. I am going to tell you everything to-night," he continued, a sudden flush rising to his forehead, "and you must listen, and not prejudice me. Promise me you will not prejudice me."

"I will try not to do so."

"Put your hand in mine and promise me faithfully you will not." He leaned

forward, stretching out his white, shapely hand, smiling into my eyes with an audacity which defied my power to resist him. I thought it unnecessary to make so serious a matter of a mere friendly assurance, so I drew back, laughing slightly.

"I feel most kindly toward you," I said. "Indeed, you seem more like the first Snow Morris I met than you have for a long time."

"And you liked that Snow Morris?"

"Very much. I had never seen any one so apparently the master of the world, himself, and—"

"And of you! Master of you?"

"To a degree. He made me feel that he was far above both my experiences and my powers."

"Then you began to be disappointed in him!"

"I admired him at first because he had conquered the world. When I found the world had in reality conquered him, I was, I confess, disappointed."

Snow listened with a little frown between his brows. "A young girl's imagination is a terrible thing," said he. "She is in love with ideals, and resents the actual qualities of a flesh-and-blood man as if he could not be allowed the failings of mortality. You made a demi-god of me."

"Call my fancy by that name, if you please. I thought you grander, nobler than others—"

He cut me short with a gesture. I had at first spoken archly, but at last with the old grievance haunting me.

"Let us wait for the rest. Don't freeze the words on my lips," said he eagerly. "You have told me you liked me a little to begin with; now let us go back to that day we first met. Then you sat in the garden, your cool, clear face framed against the greenery, your pretty hands crossed on your lap. You had heard my name, and were wondering what had suddenly stirred this far-away cousin to come and see you. You knew nothing of the good fortune within your reach. Now, as I advanced along the garden-path, I had the advantage of knowing what your prospects

were. I had known for weeks that you were rich, and I had told myself, 'That girl may prove to be the wife for me.' You see, I wanted a rich wife, and the idea of a pleasing young girl who had lived out of the world, possessing the wealth I coveted, made the conquest seem easy. I did not count on my heart's beating when I saw you. I had determined to take things coolly. Nevertheless, my heart did beat. 'By heaven!' I said to myself, 'she shall be my wife.' That was the way we met." He had ventured the whole truth rather brutally. "You see," he went on in a different vein, "there were the two feelings working together from the first. I wanted money, yet I fell in love with you. I could hardly believe in my own good luck. For years, in spite of a superficial good nature, I had been bitter over the way life had gone with me. I had been forced to waste my youth, my time, my chances. It did not seem to have been my own fault that I had been galled by debt,—forced always to be working for the past instead of the future. Now here was a chance to clear away all arrears and begin the race anew. Besides, the happiest sort of fate was made ready for my hand if you would but take me. For you charmed me, Millicent. It was not alone that you were rich, but you pleased my eye, you bewitched my ear,—you made me love you." He bit his lip and stopped short. There was a look in his eyes as if they were moist with tears, although he was smiling. "Other men have told you they loved you," he continued, after a moment's hesitation. "The word comes readily enough to a man's lip when he is young. But I was a hard-headed and hard-hearted fellow, who had held himself aloof from all passionate emotions. For a battered man of the world like me to fall in love is to regain youth,—I will not say, like Faust,—perhaps rather like Mephistopheles: instead of eating sawdust he tastes fresh fruit again, color and scent return, a longing for simple pleasures comes over him. One of these days, Millicent, I will tell you what it was for me to relax, unbind, shake

off my apathy, my torpor, my cynicism."

He looked at me so kindly that my eyes drooped under his. He moved me, and I did not wish to be moved. He was master of the arts of appeal, and forced an answering emotion in me both dangerous and misleading.

"My dread of a foolish marriage had been the habit of years. Again and again I had sworn to myself I would not hang that mill-stone round my neck! And it was just such a feeling as I had for you with which I associated the petty miseries of a married life without sufficient means. So I constantly said in my own mind, 'I must not commit myself too rashly.' I was afraid to obey my impulses, having subordinated my heart to my discretion so long. I was to go to New Orleans in December for two weeks, and when I returned, having tested my feelings by absence, I might be ready to press my suit. All through my journey South I was haunted by your face,—all your tender, impetuous, unspoiled ways. I wanted you for my own." He got up here, crossed the room, then turned on his steps, and sat down as if mechanically. "That woman began to trouble me in New Orleans," he said softly. "She gave me a cruel shock of surprise. I was credulous enough to believe her story at first. There was in my mind that long-sustained consciousness of disappointment which made me accept the conviction of my own bad luck. I said to myself, 'At least I have not been such an ass as to have counted too securely on the advantages of marrying Millicent.'" His voice had grown hoarse; he had flushed crimson, and his features worked. "Pitifully small, was it not?" he said, with a poor sort of smile.

I had sat passive until now, but I could bear the humiliation of it no longer. I burst out, "Why do you tell me this? I don't want to know it."

"It was not falseness, it was not coldness," he cried.

"No: it was cowardice."

"Call it cowardice, if you will. I call

it the result of my civilization,—of the ideas instilled by my family and by society and stamped by experience into the very fibre of my being. It was a brief craze. If I loved you with any common love, if I now asked for any common love in return, I should not dare to tell you this—” He stopped short and looked at me. He had counted on carrying me along with him, but now saw that I was cold. “Good God, Millicent!” he cried, “don’t you believe me? Don’t you see it all came from the habit of doubt, of cynical disbelief, of regarding expediency? I dared not throw the whole of my soul’s desire into my actions. I halted,—I wavered.” He reached out his hand and touched my dress. “If I had been actually put to the test—” he said.

“What test?”

“If the worst had come to you, I should have shown you that I had a heart.” A passion leaped to his face. He gave a powerful thump with his clinched fist upon his knee. “I wish the worst had come,” said he: “then I could have stretched out my arms to you and cried, ‘Here is shelter, here is comfort, here is wealth for you!’” He had spoken with a trembling voice, and now sprang up and came closer. “Let us begin anew, Millicent,” he said. “Let us forget these old memories. But tell me first that you forgive me.”

“I have nothing to forgive.”

“Don’t say that. I would rather have you declare you are unforgiving. Be angry with me,—furious,—anything rather than indifferent.”

He looked into my face with such a trouble in his that I began to tremble.

“My little love, my little love,” he half whispered, “you must be mine, you know. I cannot bear it otherwise. I want a chance to prove to you that I love you tenderly.”

I wanted to tell him that I did not ask the proof. More and more I dreaded the feeling that lay behind his agitation and his words.

“You may say,” he went on, “that I once had the chance and failed. But you love me a little,—I will swear you

love me a little,—and you will be kind and give me another. How your color comes and goes! Those burning lips and those feverish cheeks tell me a story I long to know. You are a proud woman, Millicent; you have doubts and you have scruples; but don’t trouble yourself with vague apprehensions. Be content to be happy. Don’t you know that I can make you happy? Heaven seems spread out before me when I think of you as my wife. You know as I do this outside world is dim, gray, dreary: inside is happiness. . . . If happiness can’t tempt you,” he pursued, preserving a certain lightness in his tone in spite of the fervid passion in his look and words, “listen to duty. It is your first duty to marry me. You, and you alone, may make a good man of me. The faults you see in me are faults you can count. I am not the hero of your first fancies: I am only a world-tried man who loves you deeply and gratefully, and who longs for the blessing of a love and care like yours.”

My courage almost failed me. I did not love Snow; but what, after all, is a girl’s love? I could think of no good reason to plead: a thousand reasons, not only in his look and tone and words, but in my own consciousness, seemed to urge me imperiously to marry him. What his happiness in gaining me would be, was a reality to my mind vivid and overwhelming; while to give him keen pain revolted me. He had shown me his heart. He was trying to work out of his slough of selfishness, discontent, and apathy. His real needs had taught him to love something better. Some men are born with clear insight; others find out what life means only so deep as they live. Snow realized the worth of truth by the wretchedness of what his experience had proved to him as false: he hated the results of dishonor, so clung to honor. To marry him would be to give up my independence, many of my best hopes, perhaps my peace of mind; but if it were actually my duty I might, after all, gain much.

“Give me a single reason,” he insisted, after remaining silent a moment,

"a single reason why you ought not to marry me."

"I do not love you, Snow."

"You loved me once." His tone was abrupt and rather fierce. Agitation and anger were rising both in his face and in his manner. He began to walk up and down the room. "Millicent," he said finally, coming back and speaking with a look and voice of entreaty, "if I have not justified myself, tell me how to do so. For my folly, my selfishness, my cowardice, my penitence is deep: if you knew how deep, I verily believe you would concede that it is greater than my offences ever were."

I looked back at him pitifully.

"To have almost gained you," he muttered, "to have had you as men have entertained angels unawares, and then to have lost you! I can't lose you,—I won't lose you. You must love me, Millicent! If you loved me a little once, there is no reason why you should not love me more now."

I looked at him and tried to smile. He had frittered away the momentary influence he had gained over me. My mood had shifted.

"Will you give me a definite answer?" he asked, and there seemed to me not only irritation but irony in his words.

"I will give you a definite answer," I returned.

He stopped me with a vehement gesture. "Not to-night," he cried; "not to-night. I have worn out your patience, and you are angry with me."

"Well, not to-night, then."

He was standing still, trying to regain the self-command he had lost, but his effort was fruitless. "It is that teacher—that Harrold—who stands between us," he said, in a bitter tone.

I was under the pressure of such complex feelings that the worth of any simple statement might have been magnified beyond its actual force. But Snow's words touched something which flamed up with intense and sudden brilliancy. He had spoken the truth: that was the truth,—the solemn fact of my life, which answered all cravings,

settled all questions, banished all dangers for me.

Having said this against his own will, Snow looked at me with a sort of despair. "Is it really so?" he asked.

Then, when I kept silence,—for indeed I found it impossible to answer him,—he made some inarticulate exclamation and left me on the instant.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE was a great stir and talk in our little rooms now that our painful ordeal was known to be over. Fate spins a single isolated thread for most of us when our experience takes us through the dark places of life; but in our fortunate days our strands are braided in with others, warp and woof, and take all the bright colors of the existences which come near ours.

Fanny had halted a little in suspense and hesitation, and doubted whether she was to keep on in the highway to pleasure; but now that she felt that I was free there could be nothing before me, in her imagination, save the widest and sunniest horizons. And indeed everybody thought the same. I was the luckiest of girls; life lay before me; all gay and happy things called and beckoned, and the entire world seemed anxious to sail on to pleasure in my company.

Mrs. Newmarch had cabled the good news to her son that he had gone abroad to wait for, and had promised him that I should sail with her for Europe the 1st of June.

"Charlie is getting terribly impatient to see you," she told me, when she came to arrange this plan. "He wanted to return at once, but his father thought that unnecessary, so he will meet us in Liverpool."

One of the most difficult feats in social intercourse is successfully to parry blows of good fortune that one does not want. It was a difficult matter to persuade Mrs. Newmarch that I had no intention of going to Europe with her, and, above all, that the raising of the

Newmarch portcullis did not open for me the gates of paradise. I had a kind thought for Charlie, and no rebuke for him that he had run away to wait for the turn of tide in my favor. I knew that in any case he would be happy. He was still in the golden age, and the apples waved on the trees temptingly, and called to him, "Come and pluck us," and enough laden branches were in reach to make him disregard the bough which would not bend for him. When Mrs. Fox begged me to go abroad with her, I entreated that she should ask her niece Hildegard instead, and it was Hildegard De Forrest who was married to Charles Newmarch at the embassy in Paris the following August. The bride had a trousseau for which Mr. Fox paid, and which he declared outstripped in price that of a daughter of a royal house who was married at the same time. Charlie and Hildegard were thrown together at Thun, where they chanced each to be staying for a week. Charlie's head and heart were full of heaven only knows what romantic hankerings and regrets, and he found the answer perhaps to something he had dreamed of in the girl's beautiful eyes; for the fancy came back that it was, after all, his old flame Hildegard with whom he was in love. She wrote me when they were first engaged. She was very happy, on the top wave of the social world, and yet so sweetened, so brightened, so thrilled by intimate personal hopes, that she seemed to have developed a fresh sense toward the common facts of life. All her family were with her at the time of her marriage, Claude among them. He had sent me this little note weeks before:

"DEAR MISS AMBER: Your good fortune impoverishes me. I have nothing to offer a woman who is rich and happy. To have had dreams about possibilities which can never be fulfilled,—to have stretched out for summer blossoms my hands can never reach, coveted lips my own may never press,—that should be perhaps the fate of any man who sets out to live for art alone. You have passed over my life like the flight of a

swallow over the flowers. The swallow may forget,—the flowers never. But you have shaped and directed my life.

"Yours always,
CLAUDE DE FORREST."

He has not yet returned from Europe, but he sends his pictures every year. They are never commonplace. He seems to have picked up ideas everywhere, as a man collects bric-à-brac; but the public talk about them, go to see them,—do everything save buy them.

And now, to dismiss those who belong least to my story, and take up matters which lie closer to myself, I must go back to Fanny Burt. She had ostentatiously vaunted her theory that friendship and love were mere speculations, and that she insisted on generous returns for her least investments. To put so much of her capital—that is, her time and her fascinations—into the keeping of an elderly man of no moneyed resources, seemed at variance with all her ideas of life. She wanted the shortest road to success: nothing must be allowed to impede her chance of the best place, the nearest view, the highest seat. Not that she was always interested in the spectacle or hungry for the feast, but that she knew once in a second place her day was over. Yet for months now she had let Mr. Hubbard devour her time without scruple; other women had walked past and eclipsed her, while she sat talking to her admirer, their talk interspersed with jocund laughter over each other's witticisms. I had expected to see a change after her enlightenment as to his actual means. But, to my surprise, Mr. Hubbard came oftener than before; he stayed longer; his tone grew more intimate with Edith and with me; he was almost domesticated among us. In fact, his spirits, always buoyant, rose to their highest pitch after his sagacity in recognizing Mrs. Darcy, for he now felt that he had substantial claims upon us. But one day I chanced to meet him going away crest-fallen and out of spirits, and Fanny came to me at once to be petted and sympathized with. "Isn't it too absurd?" she asked, half

laughing and half crying. "That man thought I had heaps of money."

"Mr. Hubbard thought so?"

"Yes. He has offered himself to me. He told me he had only the thousand a year allowed to him by his daughter's trustees for pocket-money, but that his ardent admiration, his deep love, forced him to aspire to me."

She laughed loudly, but as the unhappy laugh. "Isn't it too ridiculous?" she went on. "Each of us began by thinking the other a desirable match, then gradually we grew to like each other. Most people are so stupid; they call it something else,—that they are superior, proud, dignified, or elegant; but the fact is they are stupid. They see nothing, hear nothing, get no amusement out of life. And Mr. Hubbard and I find it all immensely diverting. I really think it is a sad pity we are too poor to spend the remainder of our existences together."

I commiserated Fanny, and listened to her patiently besides. She alternated between a tone of banter and sentimental regret concerning her lost love-affair. She said she should miss Mr. Hubbard: she had become used to him and me: a piece of furniture taken away leaves a void. She compared her acquaintance with him to that of Mme. du Deffand and M. Pont de Veyle, and told a story of the gay old marquise sitting blind in her easy-chair, and calling out to her friend, who was as usual opposite, "Pont de Veyle!" "Madame!" he replied.—"Where are you?"—"On the other side of the chimney."—"Lolling on a chair, with your feet on the sofa, as we should do with our friends?"—"Yes, madame."—"It must be owned there are few friendships in the world of so old a date as ours."—"Very true."—"It has lasted fifty years!"—"Yes; more than fifty."—"And in all that time we have never quarrelled nor had the shadow of a quarrel."—"That is what I always admired."—"But, Pont de Veyle, has it not been because at bottom we were always extremely indifferent to each other?"—"That may very possibly be the true case, madame."

But after hearing Fanny talk about Mr. Hubbard for a fortnight I began to believe that in her case no extreme indifference lay at the root of her feeling for Mr. Hubbard. She showed in every way that she experienced a novel sensation: she called herself deserted, hopeless; she was ready to throw away the prizes of life hitherto most esteemed and coveted by her.

We had been a little irresolute what to do in the summer, and it now seemed my duty to undertake a journey which should interest Fanny and restore her old spirits. Edith regarded her mother with dismay, and, little understanding the real state of things, began to dread illness or misfortune for her. Thus she was my zealous co-operator in a plan for an excursion to the sea-side and mountains: we were to set out the 1st of July, and I sent word to Marion Hubbard that she must come and bid me good-by.

"I have felt for a long time like the daughters of Lear," she said to me, almost without preamble. "I have robbed my father of his kingdom. He is the most unhappy man in the world." I found that she was disquieting herself a good deal for interfering materially with the apparent designs of Providence, and accordingly I told her what I had learned about the mutual mistake respecting ways and means. I found her so interested in Fanny's affairs that I went on and gave her the whole story of her first marriage and her perpetual struggle through her widowhood to keep her old plane on an insufficient income. Then, with a desire to do justice to Fanny where I had always in part done her injustice, although silently, I told Marion that I could not help believing that she was sincerely attached to her father,—that she had been of late almost engulfed in a great wave of disappointment which had blotted out her old landmarks and made it a hard task to regain her old footing in life again.

I poured out this rather sentimental confidence without expecting more than Marion's sympathy. But next day Fanny came to me with a brilliant ani-

mation lighting up her face. "Do you know what is going to happen?" she asked me.

"Are you going to marry Mr. Hubbard, after all?"

She nodded. "That is just it," she said. "It has all come right. It has all been made right. That girl is an angel. She wanted, she told her father, to see him happy and settled; and, as nothing would make him happy and settled except being married to me, the sacrifice had to be made. Mr. Hubbard came to me two hours ago, and the real truth is we are the two happiest people in the world."

I was very glad that Fanny was to be happy, and as for Mr. Hubbard, I begrudged him nothing. He belonged to the class of people who do nothing, yet accomplish and gain everything in life. He had never worked, yet found others always working for him. He had made debts, and others had paid them; he ate rich feasts while others were sent empty away, flourished where others withered, and enjoyed where others found nothing but bitter tears.

Fanny liked him, however, and the two were to be married at once. They had an ample income from Marion's property, and, in spite of the terms of her first husband's will, Fanny was never called upon to relinquish her claim to the remnants of his fortune.

CHAPTER XXV.

FANNY was to be married the 1st of July, and would sail with her husband directly for Europe. Edith considered the nuptials an affair both absurd and trivial, but she had been well trained to understand social economies, and tolerated the idea of a second papa for the sake of utilizing him for the few months or years which remained before she herself might marry and be free of chaplains.

As for myself, I was not anxious to commit myself to any special plan of action. I had to begin anew. I was to have what mortals rarely have,—a

fresh chance, practically unhampered by my mistakes, my omissions and commissions. My year had put plenty of memories into my life, and, now that these intimate figures were vanishing and that their voices were to be heard no more, I felt that I had had much and lost much, and told myself regretfully that the fashion of this world changed too often with me.

Snow Morris was perhaps of this opinion as well. After the interview which I have given elsewhere, he stayed away for weeks, but as soon as the news of Fanny's coming marriage reached him he resumed his old visits and brought with him his old manner. He had ample social resources, and I found myself meeting him without embarrassment and finding pleasure in his society. He treated me with much of the tenderness one accords a child, and a strong dash of imperiousness was mixed with it. He made me understand that he considered me capable of unlimited caprice, but that he knew the science of life to be the knowledge of opportunity, and that everything may be done at the right moment. Once he said to me, "I shall give you up when you are married to another man, and not till then." I begged him not to put this useless ingredient of strong feeling into our intercourse, which else might be so friendly, "Light gunpowder," was his reply, "and tell it to burn slowly and safely."

I may confess here that there were times when this fate which Snow Morris sought to impose upon me seemed the probable and indeed the only one for me,—when my power of choice seemed gone. I told myself in these moments of depression that long before and quite unconsciously, knowing little or nothing of what I was doing, I had thrown away the threads of my destiny and left them for any one to pick up. I had made a mistake,—accepted fiction for reality, glamour for substance. When I discovered how much Mr. Harrold had undertaken in my service and how much he had effected, I wrote to thank him for his work in Louisiana. He wrote back so coolly, with so entire a rejection of

my gratitude and with so explicit a statement that the whole matter had been arranged between my lawyer and himself, without reference to me, that I could only regret having made any acknowledgment. Among the friends who were vanishing Mr. Harrold took his place, and asked no part in my future. I had once chosen, and I must abide by my choice, although I had now come to understand what the real outcome of my youth was,—a feeling which had been hidden away in my heart for years, unsuspected by myself until I had tested life a little and found out my own needs.

The days went past one by one. So many preparations were going on that it hardly seemed to count that no pleasant schemes for me were among them. Snow Morris asked me now and then what I was to do after Fanny went away, and smiled when I told him I had not yet decided. But little by little I had made a sort of plan, and the last day in June, when Fanny's wedding was only twenty-four hours off, I set out on a little expedition to make arrangements for it. I stole away early, leaving word with Edith that I was going over to see Madame Ramée for a few hours. The morning breeze was still stirring, and the river was all alive with motion and light when I reached it. The soft silvery blue of the sky, the marvellous blending of lovely hues on the water and in the hazes which melted dreamily away to far horizons, gave me a feeling of serenity and peace. Difficulties vanished; my vision cleared; my strength came back to me unimpaired, and I felt that I might once more dare be happy.

I stood on the forward deck as the boat moved tranquilly across. There were few passengers away from town at that early hour, but as we neared the opposite landing-place there was the usual crowd of business-men, shoppers, and travellers. My eyes, which had been ranging from water to sky and back again, were suddenly compelled by some instinct to scan the nearest group: Mr. Harrold was among them.

I passed close by him as I crossed the plank, and he took off his hat.

"What a place to find you in!" I exclaimed.

"It seems very familiar to me," he returned rather reluctantly, and followed me slowly into the ferry-house. "Are you going to Madame Ramée's?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"She has gone to town, and will not be at home until twelve. She sent for me yesterday, wishing to ask my opinion about some new plan of hers, and begged that if I called I would wait until her return."

I looked at my watch. It was just half-past ten. "Now that I am so far, I think I will go there and stay until she comes back," I murmured.

Mr. Harrold stood looking at me with some indecision.

"Are you going to cross on this boat?" I inquired.

My question seemed to end his irresolution. "Yes. I must go now."

I said nothing, but moved on with a slight inclination. I was disappointed, a little wounded; and when, the next moment, he came running after me, I felt with intense embarrassment that my eyes were tearful and my lips tremulous.

Mr. Harrold said nothing, however, except that, after all, he had nothing to do, and that he might as well help me to find the way. "Have you been often to see madame?" he asked.

"Not often. Madame at first took my change of circumstances as a direct grievance, and was not inclined to be gracious."

He glanced at me with a little lifting of the eyebrows. "Your old friends were rather jealous of your good fortune,—knowing that they could be no part of it," he now remarked.

"They might have guessed that my good fortune left me lonely and doubtful of the worth of things when everything seemed swept away from me at once. It showed how little any one really cared for me who believed that my love, my friendship, my sympathy, were not likely to survive the change."

Mr. Harrold bent his eyes on the ground and said nothing.

We were walking slowly up the clamorous city street, and the heat and glare of the market-place became oppressive. Neither of us spoke again until we reached a more quiet spot.

"Will you go in at the garden gate? I brought the key of it to-day," said Mr. Harrold, laughing slightly as he took it from his pocket and twirled it on his finger. "It would, I fancied, renew some powerful associations to let myself in that way."

We turned down the side-street which led past the rear of the house.

"There is the clock on the church tower," I said. "I used to think my life was set to that, and in those days I declared at times I hated it. Now, of my own accord and from a feeling that nothing else attracts me so much, I am going back to ask Madame Ramée to let me stay with her a few weeks,—through the summer vacations at least. If she has a journey in prospect, I can take care of things in her absence, just as I used to do; and if she is to be at home, I will write letters for her in the day-time and play cribbage with her in the evenings."

"Are you in earnest?" demanded Mr. Harrold, in a tone of utter amazement.

"Entirely in earnest. In fact, I seem to have trodden a circle which brings me back naturally to this point."

We had by this time reached the little gate in the wall, with the slats in the upper half, overgrown by the ivies and wisterias. As he opened it, I went in, and the old garden, with its graceful unpruned luxuriance of roses and honeysuckles, greeted me with the refreshment of my childish dreams.

"How natural it all seems!" I exclaimed. "And there are the two little Cubans playing under the laburnums, just as I taught them to play a year ago."

Bella and Anita came timidly toward me at my call, and, after I had spoken to them, stood looking at me in bewilderment.

"I like this," I said, sitting down in my old seat under the acacias. "I shall enjoy living here again day by day, or rather hour by hour."

Mr. Harrold had followed my steps, and stood looking at me from a little distance. "I suppose," said he, "you are over-excited, over-tired. You want to grow calm, to let the vivid and painful impressions of the past few months die away, before you take up your new life. Still, I cannot understand it."

"What? my coming here? How little you know my need of quiet, of a chance to think out my thoughts, to determine the meanings of my experience and their bearings upon my duty!"

"I supposed," he observed, in a dull voice, "that your duty was well defined."

"Nothing is definite, save longing to do and to be something better."

"Has anything new happened?" he asked, in an abrupt and almost stern way.

"Nothing new. This feeling has been growing on me for months."

He did not speak again for some time, nor did he look at me; but, for all that, his coldness somewhat abashed me. I went on telling what had been in my heart and mind,—how if I had lost the money my poor uncle had left me it would have been almost a relief, since in that case my burdens and responsibilities would have fallen elsewhere; how, as it was, all question as to my actual title having vanished, my doubts as to its possession were deepened and intensified. There must be some way of using it well, I pleaded, of making it help me to a wide usefulness, which should in some feeble way atone for evil, if evil there had been, in the way it had been gained. It ought, too, to teach me, by its power of doing good, how to live without this perpetual self-disgust, this weariness of others, this disbelief in the worth of anything within my grasp.

"I want to be good," I said finally.

"I want to be happy, if I can; but first I want the rest and security of a good life."

The little girls had listened to me at

first, and I had not minded the solemn gaze of their soft black eyes. But now, tired of my story at last, and puzzled, too, by this incursion upon their playground, they had withdrawn behind a rose-thicket, and were whispering to each other. Mr. Harrold came nearer with a movement as if clogged by some power he could not throw off. He sat down beside me, but with a far-off look, and when he spoke his tone was distant and cold. "I cannot understand you," he said. "If these were real regrets, real struggles—" He broke off, then said, in a different tone, "Here you are, an enchanted princess in a fairy-tale, a magic wand in hand which brings you every gift, talking as if shut out of the sunshiny paradise you long for and shivering in outer darkness."

"Not quite so bad as that. But I feel lonely and rather dreary. Fanny Burt is to be married to-morrow; Edith and Marion are going to Canada for six months. Everything I have had and counted on has passed away."

He reached out his hand and touched my arm. "You are engaged to marry Snow Morris," said he.

"No, oh, no!"

He regarded me doubtfully: "It has been broken off?"

"I have never been engaged to him for a day, for an hour. Everything conspired to throw us together. He was my relation; he was, besides, my guardian and trustee; he had known my uncle."

"Then I have been grossly deceived." He was looking at me with the expression of a man dazzled by a sudden illumination which hides objects near at hand. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you are free?"

"I am free."

"Snow Morris does not count in your plans of a future life?"

"No."

He looked at me with a straight, strong gaze. "The thought of you in any trouble, any dilemma, left alone, uncherished, unregarded, cuts me like a lash," said he under his breath. "I can have but one instinct in the matter."

His words stung me. I seemed to see all at once that I had been making a plea for his sympathy, and I met his look with my cheeks on fire, my eyes burning, while my heart throbbed so fast I trembled all over. I started up. "I will go into the house," I murmured. "I want to see—"

"Not yet," said Mr. Harrold firmly. "Wait until I know more or less. I have some rights in the matter. I was told two months ago, by some one whom I considered excellent authority, that you were Morris's promised wife. When I met you to-day I considered you engaged to him. Even now, so strongly have I been impressed by the conviction that you were lost to me, I hardly dare say to myself, 'She is free.'"

"But I am free," I exclaimed, with intense indignation against him, against all the world.

He had risen, and stood close beside me: "There is only one feeling in my heart or that my tongue wants to utter."

I was quivering all over with my foolish resentment and humiliation.

He put his hand on mine, but I snatched it impatiently away. "I want to tell you—" he began.

"Do not, do not. Wait: I want nothing here to-day which—"

"Why not, here in the old place? But, after all, you know my story so well it needs no telling. I have gained no new worth, no new powers of pleasing you; but, Millicent—"

I had tried to rise, but he detained me, and I sat still, doubting if this were happiness or pain.

"Dear," he said very softly, "I love you so much I am blind to everything save the wish to win you. There may be others; but you have had a year to choose from them. Perhaps it is asking too much; but it will be something to have a man take care of you who loves you—loves you—loves you as I do. I promise to take care of you faithfully. And you say you want to be good. With all the power that is within me I will do my best, and we will both be as good as we know how to be. And as

to the money, there are plenty of ways to use it well, and you shall not need it for yourself, for I am no longer a poor man. If, Millicent, if you would believe this, if you would trust in me, if you would just look at me a moment, just stretch out your little hand—"

Something of radiance and peace

seemed to have opened before me. It was not unreal. There was a sweetness and depth in its reality which sustained me. But I could not look at Mr. Harold yet: so I just stretched out my hand.

The Author of "A Lesson in Love."

[THE END.]

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

OF all the German composers there is probably none who for the last thirty years has been so universally popular in England and America as Mendelssohn. In England, Mendelssohn's music is the only German music, save Händel's, which, until within these last years at least, can fairly be said to have become domesticated. For this great popularity of Mendelssohn in England there are, of course, some accidental reasons. England loved him because he first loved England, because he spent so much time in England and became so closely related with English musicians and their enterprises. Of the men who chiefly control current opinion in the English musical world, as composers, performers, or critics, some still feel the charm of his personal influence, and most were trained in its fresh traditions; his memory is not yet dead in the orchestras, and many of the older members of the choruses of Birmingham and London cherish as their most sacred recollection that of the days when they answered his *bâton*. But there are other reasons than these personal ones for Mendelssohn's peculiar popularity in England, and the most important is, that of all the great German music Mendelssohn's is the least German and the most comprehensible, that which appeals most strongly and directly to sentiments characteristic of the English people and typified in the English Church. The Church of England has been the nursery of a type of piety altogether peculiar and most winning in its catholicity, humanness, gentleness,

reliability, and repose,—a piety so sweetly pictured by George Herbert and in Mr. Hare's "Quiet Life," and so attractive to every one of us, whatever one's theology or ecclesiastical politics. It is not the sort of Church which likes religious enthusiasm. Robertson and Kingsley used to say it would endure no heroism, no *dash*; but it likes limits, it likes serenity, it likes decency and dignity, it likes the simple and domestic, it likes good order and good taste.

With such a sentiment and temper what could more completely harmonize than the music of Mendelssohn, free alike from mysticism and strong passion, neither sensuous nor profound, but finished in its form, chaste, elegant, and simple, essentially "well bred," and always religious? The English must needs love Mendelssohn for the same reason that they love their Church, or that their Church is what it is. Where there is revolt from the Church, or where within the Church itself men are moved by some strong impulse not native to the type of religion we have pictured,—as in the Oxford Movement,—there we see an instant turning to a different and a deeper music. But neither Bach nor anybody else is likely to dispossess Mendelssohn speedily either in the English choir or in the rectory. The symphonies of Beethoven, indeed, are so supremely great that they burst the bounds which culture fixes, and, like the Sistine Madonna of Raphael and Shakespeare's plays, speak truly and satisfyingly

to every man, to each according to the measure of the fullness of his life. But it is only to the reflective and the speculative that the greater works of Weber or Schubert or Schumann can have charm or meaning, and only the man who has entered genuinely into the German spirit and become possessed of something of the German lore who can grasp the purpose of "Tannhäuser" or follow with true pleasure the movement of the "Nibelungen." Wagner and the appreciation of Wagner are, and we believe must remain, *national*, or the belonging of the philosophic few; but there is nothing in the simple, melodious work of Mendelssohn that shuts it from the common, unspeculative Englishman or imposes strain upon him.

It was probably with the introduction of the "St. Paul" that Mendelssohn's popularity in America began. The taking up of the "St. Paul" by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, says Mr. Dwight, in his invaluable musical chapter in the new "Memorial History of Boston," marked an era in the history of that society. This was in 1843, and during the forty years from that time to the present there has been almost no great musical festival in the country in which Mendelssohn has not had a prominent place. With the Handel and Haydn Society itself he has constantly maintained the same peculiar popularity into which he stepped with the first performance of the "St. Paul." The society has given the "St. Paul" at least a dozen representations since 1843, and the "Elijah," which it took up immediately after its production in England, fifty representations,—the "Elijah" being the most popular, after the "Messiah," of all oratorios. For many years the society has given the "Elijah" at Easter almost as regularly as it has given the "Messiah" at Christmas. At the inauguration of the Music Hall, in 1852, the beautiful chorus "Happy and blest," from "St. Paul," constituted one of the numbers of the programme; at the memorable jubilee-concert on New-Year's Day, 1863, in honor of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the

solo and chorus from the "Hymn of Praise," "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" and the chorus, "He, watching over Israel," from the "Elijah," were sung; at the dedication of the great organ, in 1863, some of Mendelssohn's noblest organ-work was given; and at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Handel and Haydn Society, in 1855, the "Hymn of Praise" and the "Elijah" were among the choral works, and the "Scotch Symphony" was also performed. At the first triennial festival of the society, in 1868, the "Reformation Symphony," the "Hymn of Praise," the "Ninety-fifth Psalm," and the "St. Paul," all entered into the programme.

This passing reference to the record of our leading choral society—for even the Cincinnati people, we think, will still concede the honor of being that to the Boston society—is simply to illustrate the prominence which Mendelssohn's greater works have had in our more important musical programmes; for the work of the Handel and Haydn Society is a pretty reliable index to the work of the various important choral societies of the country, for which it has generally furnished the key-note. And the parlor bears yet stronger witness than the concert-room to the peculiar hold which Mendelssohn's music still has upon the American heart.

The life and character of Mendelssohn, also, are doubtless more familiar to our general musical public than those of any other of the German composers, not only because he is nearer to us in point of time and because the memories of his acquaintance and his personal influence are still so common and so fresh, but chiefly perhaps because he was himself so good a literary man, because he has taken us into his confidence so charmingly by his own letters and has become the subject of so much interesting and really excellent literature. In once more going over, therefore, the smooth and sunny story of his life and work, it is not for any new thing that one can hope to say, but for the simple pleasure many of us take in reading or repeating a twice-told tale.

There are certainly no men whose biographies are more interesting, as a class, than those of the great composers,—none of more singular and striking character and personality. Very often all that is interesting about the writer, even the poet, is his book; not only is his life in the world a dull and uneventful one, but there is nothing in himself, outside his page, that exercises any spell upon us or holds our interest. But there is almost no one of the great men of music whose life is not as interesting as romance, even to the man who knows nothing of operas or symphonies,—so crowded are they all with strange vicissitudes, “disastrous chances, moving accidents,” so rich in revelations of energy, heroic suffering, aspiration quick and faithful through neglect and dramatic triumphs, so strong, intense, and beautiful the natures of the men. How many homeless nomads among them! how much of genius in the attic! what unearthly precocity! what excitement! what life-long disappointment! what consuming melancholy! Where are there more touching tragedies than the lives of Schumann, Weber, and Beethoven? what lives of stranger surroundings and episodes than those of Chopin and Liszt? what pictures more memorable than that of Bach at his old organ among the school-boys, of Berlioz at his *feuilletons*, or of Händel bringing out his “Messiah” before the handful of London snobs? what contrasts more dramatic than those in the career—in our own time—of Verdi, now creeping to the top of La Scala to hear the opera for sixpence, and now magnate of Italy, or of Wagner, between the days of half starving in Paris, before the “Flying Dutchman,” and the triumphs of the Baireuth festivals?

There is little of this sort in the life of Mendelssohn,—no contrast of want and jubilee, of neglect and idolatry, no lonely struggle or hard chances, little suffering of any sort, and still less cause for suffering, but an almost unbroken course in the sun of good fortune, easy opportunity, and instant recognition. Mendelssohn was not, indeed, a man of genius in any such sense as Beethoven

and Mozart were men of genius,—his greatest admirers would not claim that for him,—or as Wagner is such. Some of the critics choose to say that he had not genius at all, but only—keeping to the old antithesis—the highest order of talent. Original in striking degree Mendelssohn certainly was not. He was a diligent student of the masters who had preceded him,—as Palestrina was, and much more than most modern composers have been,—and beyond doubt was affected by his masters more than many; but to say of him, as Liszt has done disparagingly, that he was a mere imitator of Händel, is to say what is most unfitting and untrue. With equal propriety might he be called an imitator of Haydn, or of almost any of the earlier masters, who quite rightly, as some of us believe, ascribed to melody a greater virtue and importance than our more modern composers are wont to do.

Of all the great composers, Mendelssohn was certainly the most versatile; and the saying that those who do good work also do much work was never more strikingly exemplified than in his case. There is almost no variety of composition which he did not attempt and in which he did not succeed. He wrote two of the four greatest oratorios which have been written; he wrote five symphonies, including the “Scotch,” the “Italian,” and the “Reformation;” he wrote an opera and an operetta,—the “Walpurgisnacht;” and he wrote overtures, concertos, sonatas, scherzos, cantatas, motets, psalms, hymns, and songs innumerable; besides the famous music to “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*,” “*Athalie*,” “*Antigone*,” and “*Cædipus*.”

He was one of the greatest pianists who have ever lived. “Mendelssohn’s playing,” says Clara Schumann, “was to me a shining ideal. He could carry one with him in the most incredible manner. One forgot the player, and only revelled in the full enjoyment of the music. I have heard him in Bach and Beethoven, and in his own compositions, and shall never forget the impression he made upon me.” “Mendelssohn’s playing,” says Hiller, “was to him

what flying is to a bird. When he sat down to the instrument, music streamed from him with all the fulness of his in-born genius: he was a centaur, and his horse was the piano. What he played, how he played it, and that he was the player, all were equally riveting, and it was impossible to separate the execution, the music, and the executant. This was absolutely the case in his improvisations, so poetical, artistic, and finished, and almost as much so in his execution of the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or himself."

He very rarely played from book, and the feats of memory that are related of him are prodigious. An instance is mentioned by his father in which, after Malibran had sung five songs of different nations, he was dragged to the piano and improvised upon them all. He knew the long and complicated Passion Music of Bach by heart. Schubring relates that one evening, after accompanying one of the choruses at the piano without book, he said, "At the twenty-third bar the sopranos have C, and not C sharp." In his descriptions of the ceremonies attendant upon the installation of Gregory XVI., which he witnessed at Rome, down to the smallest details of the music, he rivalled Mozart's famous accomplishment.

He loved the organ almost as much as the great Bach himself, and some describe him as even more at home there than on the piano-forte. His extemporizing on the organ was something which electrified those who heard it. His organ-playing, on the occasions of his visits to England, was always most eagerly watched. He was the greatest of the great German organists who had visited England; and the English organists, some of them no mean proficients, learned more than one lesson from him. "It was not," wrote Dr. Gauntlett, "that he played Bach for the first time here,—several of us had done that. But he taught us how to play the *slow* fugue, for Adams and others had played them too fast. His words were, 'Your organists think that Bach did not write a *slow* fugue for the organ.' He

brought out a number of pedal fugues which were not known here; and even in those that were known he threw out points unsuspected before. One thing which particularly struck our organists was the contrast between his massive effects and the lightness of his touch in rapid passages. The touch of the Christ-Church organ was both deep and heavy, yet he threw off arpeggios as if he were at a piano." He played the organ very often, during his English visits, at Christ Church and St. Paul's, and at Manchester and Birmingham,—sometimes at St. Paul's with his friends at the bellows and the church empty. The story is told that on one of the occasions of his playing at a regular service at St. Paul's, the vergers, finding that the congregation would not leave the cathedral, withdrew the organ-blower and let the wind out of the organ.

But, quite aside from his music, no composer ever had so many pursuits as Mendelssohn. He was an accomplished artist with brush and pencil. A great number of his sketches and drawings are still preserved, beginning with the Swiss journey in 1822. The Scotch and Italian tours are both fully illustrated, and so they go on, year by year, till his last journey into Switzerland in 1847, of which fourteen large, highly-finished water-color drawings remain.

His correspondence is even more remarkable than his drawing. During the last years of his life, few eminent men in Europe wrote more letters than he; and there is scarcely anything in recent literature more delightful than the volumes of his letters which have been published,—“the happy mixture of seriousness, fun, and affection, the life-like descriptions, the happy hits, the *naïveté* which no boldness of translation can extinguish, the wise counsels, the practical views, the delight in the successes of his friends, the self-abnegation, the bursts of wrath at anything mean or nasty.” His letters were all written in a finished and elegant hand, the lines all straight and close, the letters perfectly formed, no word illegible. An autograph letter of Mendelssohn's, as

has been said, is a work of art: to the folding and the sealing, everything is perfect. How he found time for the vast number of these long and exquisite letters in days crowded so full that it makes the head swim to read of them, is a mystery; but he seems to have found time for everything, and was never driven into a corner. He composed "*Antigone*" in a fortnight, and many others of his works with equal rapidity. He appears to have made few preliminary sketches, but to have arranged his music in his head at first, as Mozart did, so that his swiftly-written scores rarely show any corrections. He had a remarkable power of order and concentration, and the practical business habit of doing one thing at a time, and doing it well, which most artists, and especially most of the great musical composers, have so lacked. Händel possessed it in some degree; but with that exception Mendelssohn seems to stand alone.

Mendelssohn was a scholar. How profound and subtle his understanding of the Greek tragedians and of Shakespeare was is proved alike by his music and his letters. The overture to "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" was written when Mendelssohn was only seventeen years old, and was the immediate result of a closer acquaintance with Shakespeare, through the medium of Schlegel and Tieck's version, which he and his sisters now read for the first time. Just now, too,—in 1826,—he entered the University of Berlin, where his old tutor Heyse, the father of Paul Heyse the novelist, had become a professor. For his matriculation-essay he sent in a translation in verse of the "*Andria*" of Terence, which was afterward published in a volume with a preface by Heyse, and was the first attempt in German to render Terence in his own metres. At the university he attended, among other classes, those of Hegel,—including one course on music,—and he took especial pleasure in the lectures of the great Carl Ritter on geography. His culture was ripened and rounded by his extensive travels in France, Italy, and England; and his father's house was the

constant resort of the masters in every department of thought, including such men as Humboldt and Hegel, for which latter worthy alone a card-table was provided. Mendelssohn became acquainted with Goethe in his thirteenth year, and maintained most intimate relations with him until the poet's death. He visited Goethe three times at Weimar, and the opportunities which he enjoyed of seeing and knowing the poet in his own house gave an impulse to his whole life, strengthening and fostering that love for perfection and that dislike for everything mean and morbid which always distinguished him. In all the Mendelssohn literature there is hardly anything more interesting than the little book on "*Goethe and Mendelssohn*," by Carl Mendelssohn, the composer's eldest son. He was taken to Weimar first by Zelter, who was a great admirer of Goethe and wanted to show him his wonderful pupil. The boy had already written two operas and nearly finished a third, had composed for the Berlin Sing-Akademie a psalm in four or five parts, besides a number of symphonies, fugues, and songs, and was as much the wonder of the musical world as Mozart had been in his boyhood. Goethe when in his fourteenth year had heard Mozart, in his seventh year, at Frankfurt, and, like all the rest of the world, was astonished at his extraordinary execution. "But what your pupil already accomplishes," he said to Zelter, "bears the same relation to the Mozart of that time that the cultivated talk of a grown-up person does to the prattle of a child. What this little man can do in extemporizing and playing at sight borders on the miraculous." Goethe quite idolized the boy. Generally reserved and indifferent to strangers, for the "little Berliner" he laid aside all his ministerial dignity, and stroked and patted his head with such fatherly tenderness that the boy soon lost all bashfulness and gave way to his tremendous spirits in all their youthful freshness. Felix played Beethoven to him, and Bach fugues, of which Goethe was particularly fond. Goethe asked for a minuet, upon which

the boy cried out, with flashing eyes, "Shall I play you the most beautiful one in the whole world?" and played the Minuet from "Don Juan." "Every afternoon," says Felix in one of his letters home, "Goethe opens the Streicher piano with these words, 'I have not heard you at all to-day, so you must make a little noise for me.' Then he sits down by me, and when I have finished (generally improvising) I beg for a kiss, or else I take one. You can have no conception of his goodness and kindness, nor of the quantity of minerals, busts, engravings, statuettes, and large drawings which this pole-star of poets has in his possession. That he has an imposing figure, I cannot see: he is really not much bigger than my father. But his look, his language, his name, they are imposing. His voice has an enormous sound in it, and he can shout like ten thousand fighting-men. I don't think any of the pictures are like him; and one would never take him for seventy-three, but for fifty." All this shows remarkable power of observation in a boy of twelve. The little Berliner became the favorite of the whole family. Goethe entered heartily into the uproarious spirits of the young people, and wrote some little poems for Felix and his sister; and when, at the end of a fortnight, Zelter began to talk of going home, he seriously reprimanded him. He specially inquired how Felix was educated at Berlin, and whether he was not too much coddled. He did not like to see so much fuss made with the boy. "These women here," he said, speaking of the court ladies, before whom Felix had given several concerts, "are doing all they can to spoil the boy for me."

"You are my David," said Goethe to Mendelssohn on the second visit to Weimar, "and if I am ever ill and sad, you must banish my bad dreams by your playing: I shall never throw my spear at you, as Saul did." A frequent correspondence was kept up between the two. As an acknowledgment for the dedication of the B-minor quartet, Goethe sent his young friend a beautiful "love-letter;" and when Mendelssohn

was composing the "Walpurgisnacht" in Italy, Goethe expressed his approbation and pleasure, and sketched out for him the fundamental ideas of the poem. Before going to Italy, Mendelssohn went to Weimar for the poet's blessing; and this was the most interesting of all the visits. "I had to tell him all about Scotland, and Hengstenberg and Spontini, and Hegel's æsthetics," writes Mendelssohn. "From the Bach period downward," writes Goethe, "he has brought Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck to life for me, has given me clear ideas of the great modern masters of *technique*, and, lastly, has made me understand his own productions and given me plenty to think about in himself." Every morning they had a music-lesson, which consisted in Felix's playing to him for an hour pieces by all the great composers in chronological order, and then explaining what each had done to further the art. All the while Goethe would sit in a dark corner, "like a Jupiter Tonans, with his old eyes flashing fire." He commissioned a painter to make a portrait of the young artist for a collection of his friends' likenesses which he had for some time been making, and he gave him a sheet of the autograph of "Faust." He talked to him about the opera and the theatre and pretty girls,— "My dear fellow, you must go to the women and make yourself very sweet to them;" he talked about the year 1775, and how "liberalism, Jacobinism, and all other inventions of the evil one cropped up;" and he talked of Schiller. "There was something terrific in Schiller's progress," he said to Mendelssohn. "If you had not seen him for a week, you found him quite changed, and did not know what to make of him for astonishment. He went forward unceasingly till his forty-sixth year, and then came the end." Speaking of Schiller at another time, Goethe said, "In his youth he was too much influenced by physical freedom, and in maturer life, when he had had enough of physical freedom, he drifted into ideal freedom. And I might almost say that this idea killed him. For it caused him to make

demands on his physical nature which were too much for his powers. He used to force himself to work for days and weeks when he was not well, with the view of making his powers obey him and be at his command at all times. I have all possible respect for the 'categorical imperative,' and know how much good may proceed from it; but one must not push it too far, for then the idea of ideal freedom can lead to no good."

When Mendelssohn came to the poet's room to take his final leave, he found Goethe sitting before a favorite picture of Ostade's,—of a peasant family at prayer. "'We must not part from one another without a moment's devotion,' he said, 'and so let us look at this "Prayer" together for a little while.' Then he told me that I was to write to him sometimes, and then he kissed me, and we drove off to Jena."

To Mendelssohn Goethe's words about Schiller supplied a fresh spur to increased activity. Well would it have been if they had operated as a warning. With a temperament strikingly like Schiller's own, what Goethe said of Schiller's restless and self-consuming energy became prophetic for himself: "There was something terrific in his progress; he went forward unceasingly" till his thirty-eighth year,—that fatal age for genius,—"and then came the end!"

Mendelssohn's temperament was most sensitive and intense. His power of enjoyment of everything in nature and in art was boundless. His spirits, when he was happy,—and he was almost always happy,—were uncontrollable and like a boy's. His manner was peculiarly fascinating. Few men had fewer enemies abroad, and he was loved devotedly at home. He had a great capacity for being angry, and anything like meanness or deceit roused his wrath at once. "There was a great deal of manliness packed into his little body," says one of his English friends. Toward thoughtlessness, negligence, or obstinate stupidity, he was very intolerant, and under such provocation said things the sting of which sometimes remained long after, and which he himself deeply regretted.

His figure was lithe, light, and mercurial. His look was dark and very Jewish, the face ever varying in expression, full of brightness and animation. His hair was black and abundant; and when thoroughly agreeing with one he would nod his head violently, so that the hair came down over his face. When especially amused, he would quite double up with laughter, and shake his hand from the wrist, to emphasize his merriment. Indeed, his body was almost as expressive as his face. His mouth was unusually delicate and expressive, and had generally a pleasant smile at the corners. But the most striking part of the face was the large brown eyes. When he was playing extempore or was otherwise much excited, they would dilate to twice their ordinary size and give an extraordinary brightness and fire to his face. He had a slight lip or drawl to the end of his life, but this only made the endearing words and pet expressions which he was fond of applying to his own immediate circle all the more affectionate. He was passionately fond of society, and he had troops of devoted friends. In the musical world he knew Moscheles, who was for a time his piano-teacher, Spohr, Hiller, Hummel, Halévy, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Cherubini, Spontini, Chopin, Paganini, Joachim, Liszt, Schumann, Berlioz, Gade, Ole Bull, Jenny Lind, and Sterndale Bennett,—many of them intimately. But his affections centred mainly in his own family, upon his father and mother and sister, his wife and children. "The best part of every pleasure is gone if Cécile is not there." Never was a more beautiful picture of family life than that which is revealed by the Mendelssohn Letters.

There was no particle of vanity or false pride in Mendelssohn. He was most deferent to all intelligent opinion, and he was a severe critic of himself. But he could not bear public criticism or disapprobation: it made him sick. The sneers of the press after the first production of his "Camacho" undoubtedly caused the long despondency which fol-

lowed, and laid the foundation for his dislike of the institutions and the very soil of Berlin; and the rejection of his "Reformation Symphony," quite as much as the Parisian insults to Weber and Bach, led to his dislike of the French character. He never set foot in Paris after it. It was not that he might not himself sometimes share the very feelings of his critics, but it seemed to him that he was loved so much the less, and that the world was so much the colder, and coldness or the lack of love his sympathetic, craving nature could not for a moment bear. What would have become of Mendelssohn if he had had to face the criticism which Beethoven and Wagner met, or if he had had to fight disease and mental torture like Schumann, or if he had been exposed to those conflicts with poverty and long neglect which have been the lot of so many of the great composers, it is hard to imagine. "I do not in the least concern myself," he said, "as to what people wish or praise or pay for, but solely as to what I myself consider good." He was certainly very fortunate in being able to disregard "what people pay for." Born in affluence, idolized by family and friends, he was a favorite from first to last, and his path was strewn with flowers from the cradle to the grave.

The worries and troubles which in the end killed Mendelssohn began with his acceptance of the post of Director of Music in the Berlin Academy. He believed, to begin with, that Berlin was one of the least influential and Leipsic one of the most influential places in Germany in the matter of music. But it was chiefly the coldness and hypercriticalness of the Berlin public and the pretentiousness and wearisome pettiness of Berlin officialism which wore upon him. His free and radical spirit revolted against the officialism and etiquette of a great and formal court, and he denounces roundly "the mongrel doings of the capital,—vast projects and poor performances, the keen criticism and the slovenly playing, the liberal ideas and the shoals of subservient courtiers, the mu-

seum and academy and the sand." He superintended several series of concerts at which large vocal and instrumental works were performed, he brought the cathedral choir to a high state of efficiency, and he fulfilled faithfully the various duties of his position; but his feelings toward the musical and official circles of Berlin constantly grew colder, and he was happy enough when the king at last freed him from all duties which would oblige him to reside in Berlin, and he turned back to his beloved Leipsic. "The first step out of Berlin" was to him "the first step to happiness."

London, Mendelssohn loved as much as he hated Berlin. "That smoky nest," he exclaims, thinking of his old quarters in Great Portland Street, amid the sunshine of the Naples summer, "is fated to be now and ever my favorite residence: my heart swells when I think of it." His father accompanied him on one of his visits to London, and his letters are full of little hits at the fog, the absence of the sun, the Sundays, and other English institutions, and at his son's enthusiasm for it all. But Mendelssohn himself was always full of happiness in London. The enthusiasm for him in London was always greater and greater, growing into perfect ovations; and this was all the more welcome after the irritations of Berlin. He visited England no less than ten times. He was more widely known at each visit, and every acquaintance—Dickens was among them—became a friend. Upon his first visit he was elected an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society,—it thus being an English body which gave him his first recognition as a composer. He travelled this time all over England and Scotland; and it is interesting for us to read that at Liverpool he went aboard a new American vessel and played a sonata upon a Broadwood piano in the saloon. "I was never received anywhere with such universal kindness," he wrote, during his seventh English visit, "and have made more music in these two months than I do elsewhere in two years." He conducted many concerts in

London, Manchester, and Birmingham; and it was at Birmingham, on the 26th of August, 1846, that "Elijah" was performed for the first time, under his own direction. On his last visit to England, in the succeeding year, the "Elijah" was performed at Exeter Hall. The Queen and Prince Consort were present, and the prince addressed Mendelssohn as a second Elijah, faithful to the worship of true art, though encompassed by the idolaters of Baal. Mendelssohn was highly appreciated by the royal family, and two of his most interesting letters are accounts of charmingly informal visits to Buckingham Palace. Mendelssohn plays on the organ his chorus from "St. Paul," "How lovely are the messengers," the queen and Prince Albert joining in the chorus, and the prince managing the stops; and then the queen sang for Mendelssohn his own song, "Schöner und schöner schmückt sich!"—"sang it quite charmingly; only in the line 'Der Prosa Lasten und Müh,' where it goes down to D, and then comes up again so closely, she sang D sharp each time. The last long G I have never heard better, or purer, or more natural, from any amateur."

None of the great German composers since Händel have had so much to do with England as Mendelssohn. He was long looked upon as half an Englishman. He spoke and wrote English freely. His first important work was founded on Shakespeare; his last, the "Elijah," was first brought out in England; and both his oratorios are performed much oftener to-day in England and America than in Germany. The "Scotch Symphony," the "Fingal's Cave" music, and the "Hebrides Overture," are the results of the influence of British scenery upon him. The best life of Mendelssohn, it is also right to say, has been written by an Englishman,—the sketch by Mr. Grove, to which I am so much indebted.

Of Mendelssohn's oratorios, the "Elijah" has always been the most popular both in this country and in England, taking its place almost on a level with the "Messiah" in public favor,—and rightly so, for there is nothing in the

whole range of oratorio-music finer than the double quartets in the "Elijah," the "Thanks be to God," and the exquisite trio. The "Elijah" is Mendelssohn's undoubted masterpiece. He worked upon it for nine years, from the completion of the "St. Paul" almost to the time of his death, and it was his last great work. He had begun a third oratorio, the "Christus," but only eight numbers of it were completed fit for performance. Nothing could have been more interesting than this finished work, enabling us, as it would have done, to compare Mendelssohn and Händel on the same ground. The "Messiah," of all musical works, is certainly the richest in great melodies; but it does not have the unity or the dramatic force of Bach's "Passions" or of the oratorios of Mendelssohn. It is, if the expression may be forgiven and turned into something better, a magnificent patchwork. To Mendelssohn, the oratorio is a drama, its personages "not mere musical images, but inhabitants of a definite active world." Händel did not compile the words of the "Messiah;" but Mendelssohn prepared the librettos, as well as the music, for his oratorios, although assisted on the "Elijah" by Schubring and on the "Christus" by Bunsen. He knew his Bible well. "The Bible is always the best of all," he said; and in his oratorios he followed it implicitly. "Whilst writing the 'St. Paul,'" he says, in one of his letters, "I have felt with renewed pleasure how forcible, how exhaustive, and how harmonious the Scripture language is for music. There is an inimitable force in it, and a rhythm which has often seemed of itself to suggest the music to me." He turned from opera to oratorio largely because of the low *morale* of the opera-librettos of the time. "If that style is indispensable," he said, "I will forsake opera and write oratorios."

Mr. Grove observes, with reference to the "St. Paul," that perhaps the nature of the subject does not wholly lend itself to forcible treatment. We are compelled to dissent from this authority, eminent as it is. It seems to us that Mendels-

sohn could have hit upon no more striking subject in the whole compass of the Bible history, and none better suited to his own peculiar genius. And his treatment of it, both in choice of words and in music, and especially the first part, seems to us masterly. We have in one of his own letters a sketch of his plan. "The subject of my present oratorio," he writes from Düsseldorf in 1835, "is St. Paul. It begins with his presence at Stephen's trial; and this, with his persecution of the Church, and his conversion, as far as the conversation with Ananias, forms the first part; the chief points in his after-life—the conversion of the heathen, the worship offered him at Lystra, his imprisonment with Silas, the parting with the elders at Ephesus—constitute the second and last part."

With all his love for London and the English, Mendelssohn was nevertheless a true German; and the place where we feel the presence of his spirit most is Leipsic. It is no wonder that Mendelssohn loved Leipsic as he did. Is there in all the world another place so dear to the lover of music? With nothing of the stateliness of Munich or Berlin, with no art-galleries, like Dresden and Cassel, to hold the traveller, there is an indefinable something about this old Saxon town which makes every stone in every one of its gray and crooked courts and alleys as beautiful to the student—whether of music or philosophy—whose home it has once been as the lime-trees upon its Promenade and the quiet ways in the woods of the Rosenthal, through which he walks at evening when the nightingales are singing. It is not that Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul, "the Only," once lived here; it is not that here the "Battle of the Nations" raged; it is not that it is the town of Bach and Mendelssohn; it is not that the people are *gemüthlich*, the beef good, and the lodgings and the garden-concerts so cheap; it is not that Brockhaus is here, and Taubnitz, and Breitkopf, and Härtel; it is not because of the Thomauer-Chor and its Saturday Motet, nor because of the Gewandhaus and the Conservatory and

the University, with all its free student-life. When all these are told, the old Leipsic student feels that the charm of Leipsic is not half explained; and for himself he does not bother about explaining it, but simply cherishes it as one of the good things that have come into his life.

It is to the Gewandhaus that the music-student hurries first when he finds himself upon the enchanted soil of Leipsic. How his heart beats as he turns into the old court where the Conservatory is, and climbs the bare stone stairs, and finds himself in the little hall which is so identified with all that is purest and best in music! What a little hall it is! and how devoid of ornament! Only above the orchestra there is one medallion,—a marble profile. It is Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn conducted the Gewandhaus concerts from 1835 to 1843, and in this latter year he founded the Conservatory. The idea of the Conservatory was due entirely to Mendelssohn, by whom the King of Saxony was induced to allow a sum of twenty thousand thalers, bequeathed by a certain Hofkriegsrath Blumner "for the purposes of art and science," to be devoted to the establishment of a "solid musical academy" at Leipsic. It opened under the modest title of the "Music School," with Mendelssohn, Hauptmann, David, Pohlenz, Becker, and Schumann as the teachers. The relations of Mendelssohn and Schumann were thoroughly good on both sides, and nowhere can we get so good a picture of this brilliant period in the musical life of Leipsic as from Schumann's letters. The two men differed much on some matters of music. Mendelssohn believed in the absolute and obvious "meaning" of music. "Notes," says he, "have as definite a meaning as words." He thought that everything should be made as clear as a composer could make it, and that rough passages were blemishes which should be modified and made to sound well. Schumann, on the other hand, was equally fixed in the necessity of retaining what he had written as representing his intention. But such dif-

ferences of opinion never affected their intercourse: they were always friendly, and even affectionate, and loved to be together.

Almost every German who has been eminent in music since Mendelssohn's time has been connected in some way with the Leipsic Conservatory; and among the hundreds of Americans who have studied there are Paine and Mills, Peter-silea, Perabo, Parker, and William Mason. Otto Dresel, who lived so long in Boston and exercised so strong and wholesome an influence upon the musical life of that musical capital of America, is one of the finest instances of Leipsic culture, and is now living and teaching in Leipsic, as well as working and studying with his old friend Franz, now totally deaf, in Händel's birthplace, Halle.

The most brilliant period of the Gewandhaus concerts was during Mendelssohn's conductorship. Upon the opening of the Conservatory and the assumption of the direction of the church music at Berlin, he relinquished the regular control of the concerts, and was succeeded by his friend Hiller. The conductors since Hiller have been Gade, Reitz, and, since 1860, Reinicke.

Leipsic, as we have said, was particularly congenial to Mendelssohn. He was the idol of the town, he had an orchestra full of enthusiasm and devotion, and he was relieved of all business cares; and Hiller's letters upon his home life at Leipsic show how simply and happily a great and busy man can live. At Leipsic he died, on the 4th of November, 1847. The public feeling was intense. It was as if every one in the town had sustained a personal loss. "It is lovely weather here," writes a young English student, "but an awful stillness prevails. We feel as if the king were dead." On Sunday the body was borne to the old Pauliner Church, the band before the hearse playing the "Song without Words" in E minor, the pall borne by Moscheles, David, Hauptmann, and Gade. Then came a student of the Conservatory, with a cushion, on which lay a silver crown; then the professors

and pupils of the Conservatory, the members of the Gewandhaus orchestra, the officers of the town and of the university. In the church the chorale "To Thee, O Lord!" and the chorus, "Happy and blest," from "St. Paul," were sung, and the service closed with the concluding chorus of Bach's Passion Music. Then, at night, the coffin was conveyed to Berlin; and on the road, during the night, the choirs were gathered, and chanted their farewell songs as the train waited at the stations. His tombstone is a cross: "Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, geboren zu Hamburg am 3. Feb. 1809. Gestorben zu Leipzig am 4. Nov. 1847." He rests between his boy Felix and his sister Fanny. His father and mother are a short distance behind. It is in the old Dreifaltigkeits Kirchhof, close outside the Halle-thor, at the south end of the long Friedrich Strasse. At the north end of the Friedrich Strasse, in the old church-yard, by the Oranienburg gate, sleep Fichte and Hegel.

There is little in Mendelssohn's music that is strikingly original, nothing that is startling. He marked no new departure in anything, like Bach or Händel, Haydn, Beethoven, or Wagner. His music is the product of the purest feeling and most exquisite taste and the finest and most symmetrical culture. It is like his life. "Few instances can be found in history," says Mr. Grove, in his admirable summing up, "of a man so amply gifted with every good quality of mind and heart, so carefully brought up amongst good influences, endowed with every circumstance that would make him happy, and so thoroughly fulfilling his mission. Never, perhaps, could any man be found in whose life there were so few things to conceal or to regret.

"Is there any drawback to this?" asks Mr. Grove; "or, in other words, does his music suffer at all from what he calls his 'habitual cheerfulness'? It seems as if there were a drawback, and that arising more or less directly from those very points which we have named as his best characteristics,—his happy,

healthy heart, his single mind, his un-failing good spirits, his simple trust in God, his unaffected directness of purpose. It is not that he had not genius. The great works enumerated prove that he had it in large measure. No man could have called up the new emotions of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream Overture,' the wonderful pictures of the Hebrides, or the pathetic distress of the lovely Melusina, without genius of the highest order. But his genius had not been subjected to those fiery trials which seem necessary in order to insure its abiding possession of the depths of the human heart. 'My music,' says Schubert, 'is the product of my genius and my misery; and that which I have written in my greatest distress is that which the world seems to like best.' Now, Mendelssohn was never more than temporarily unhappy. He did not know distress as he knew happiness. Perhaps there was even something in the constitution of his mind which forbade his harboring it or being permanently affected by it. He was so practical that as a matter of duty he would have thrown it off. In this,

as in most other things, he was always under control. At any rate, he was never tried by poverty, or disappointment, or ill health, or a morbid temper, or neglect, or the perfidy of friends, or any other of the great ills which crowded so thickly around Beethoven, Schubert, or Schumann. Who can wish that he had been? that that bright, pure, aspiring spirit should have been dulled by distress or torn with agony? It might have lent a deeper undertone to his Songs, or have enabled his Adagios to draw tears where now they only give a saddened pleasure. But let us take the man as we have him. Surely there is enough of conflict and violence in life and in art. When we want to be made unhappy, we can turn to others. It is well, in these agitated modern days, to be able to point to one perfectly-balanced nature, in whose life, whose letters, and whose music alike all is at once manly and refined, clever and pure, brilliant and solid. For the enjoyment of such shining heights of goodness we may well forego for once the depths of misery and sorrow."

EDWIN D. MEAD.

A CONGENIAL COUPLE.

AS Mrs. Vincent Sharpe fastened the last adornments of pale tea-roses, streaked with carmine, in hair and bosom preparatory to attendance at the Butler reception, she was made very pleasantly aware, by the gratified looks of the attendant monitress who faced her in the long mirror, of the complete success she had attained in the matter of costume. Nothing could be more becoming than that long sweeping robe of lustrous cream-colored stuff, with its garnishings of rich yellow lace, relieved by bits of crimson satin peeping here and there from beneath ruffle and fold.

"It's a perfect fit," she murmured in

tones of subdued emotion, as she turned a side- and shoulder-view to the afore-said monitress.

Some of Mrs. Sharpe's more critical friends—she had no enemies, only critical and uncritical friends—would have agreed, could they have put their feelings into words, as to the entire appropriateness of her new costume. Its mild neutrality of tint, armed at vulnerable points with a sly dash of the most reckless color, served as external symbol of a mental disposition which hid beneath an exterior of lady-like decorum not only a girl's love of fun, but a coquette's love of intrigue. But abstruse specula-

tions on the laws of correspondence were quite beyond the reach of the feminine intellect of B——, for it need hardly be said that these critical friends of the lady in question were confined to her own sex, whose distrust, however, was of the most covert order.

So amiably disposed was Mrs. Sharpe toward all her fellow-creatures that she numbered almost as many intimates among women as admirers among men,—intimates selected with unerring tact, it being generally observed that the latest particular friend and confidante was a near relative of the most recent admirer. Just now Arthur Donney, a youth of twenty summers, figured in the latter rôle, having transferred his attentions from the immature misses of his own set to pretty Mrs. Sharpe. He took her for frequent drives behind his new pacer "Jenny Dare," spent his afternoons in lounging on her piazza or in a desultory game of croquet, and constituted himself her ready escort to the picnics and excursions at which Mr. Sharpe would have been too much bored. Society would, indeed, have severely discountenanced this sort of thing had it not at the same time been witness to the affectionate interest Mrs. Sharpe had lately evinced in young Donney's eldest sister,—a hard-working, sad-visaged school-teacher, who had her own knowledge of her brother's tastes and habits and her own little code of social rules and manners. It was also observed that Mr. Sharpe was on terms of excellent companionship with his friend Donney, always ready to join in a good cigar or to take his turn in watching the paces of Miss Jenny Dare. Plainly, it was nothing but a case of family friendship, and Mrs. Sharpe had the pleasure of hearing herself praised for the attention she bestowed on "poor uninteresting Miss Donney."

Mrs. Sharpe's place of leadership in the first circles of B—— was none the less secure that she held it in right of her pretty face and engaging manners, instead of by virtue of the more solid acquirements of bonds and mortgages which distinguished the two or three

social magnates of the town. When she first came to B——, a bride of eighteen, her beauty, wit, and unfailing amiability made her a speedy favorite. The lapse of nearly five years had wrought but little change. The face had lost but a shade of its girlish contour and bloom, though the eyes may have shone with a somewhat less soft and innocent lustre, requiring the dexterous use of heavily-fringed lids to prevent their betraying too much.

No wonder Mrs. Sharpe was inclined to prolong her mute but agreeable converse with the radiant figure reflected in her glass; but she heard her husband impatiently moving about in the room below, and, taking her gloves and fan, descended to join him.

Vincent Sharpe was by no means a handsome man, but he had a certain faultlessness of appearance which, combined with an air of cool self-command, gave him a distinguished bearing more to be envied than good looks. He was a man of too much mental force to be visibly disturbed by such a petty trial as waiting an hour after the appointed time for the appearance of his wife, and his present gloomy and abstracted manner indicated some deeper cause of annoyance. He was leaning against the mantel, looking moodily down at the figures on the fire-rug, when his better and finally-dressed half entered the room and crossed to where he stood, her rustling skirts conveying that pleasant sense of triumph which, consciously or unconsciously, betrays itself in the well-dressed woman.

"How do I look?" she asked, in a little mocking tone, and demurely folding her hands before her in the attitude of a pretty child.

Vincent Sharpe and his wife were as much in love with each other as was possible to people of their peculiar natures. They shared the same taste for an easy and care-free existence, and the same disposition to gratify this taste at the expense of their more wealthy and generous friends. Marriage to some ardent, overflowing souls means the daily outpouring of libations of happi-

ness to all around,—the constant giving of a doubly-enriched self,—while to others it means but the union of two grasping wills into what becomes a confirmed habit of hardened selfishness and egotism. To get a maximum of the good things of life at a minimum expenditure of money and feeling was the ruling aspiration of the Sharpe household, between whose united heads there existed the tacit understanding that friends were desirable in so far as they were useful. Mrs. Sharpe always had a score of intimates on hand who were continually bestowing small but very acceptable favors upon her, which she returned with the most gracious smiles and thanks; while Mr. Sharpe had that superior air of indifference and command which led his acquaintances to propitiate his good will by the offer of various convenient benefits in the shape of choice Havanas, free passes, etc. Aside from their common gratification over this favorable adjustment of their little world to themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe enjoyed such connubial satisfaction as ensues when husband and wife admire and believe in each other considerably more than in anybody else. Mr. Sharpe, in spite of a few lost illusions, still regarded his wife with the same fond adoration as when he first wooed and won her. When a bridegroom of a few months, the knowledge disagreeably forced upon him that his young wife was not so engrossed in her new affections as to be insensible to the admiration of other men had been eminently unpleasant; and there were times when, even as a sobered husband of five years, he fell into inward rages over her continued appreciation of promiscuous masculine attentions. Generally, however, he was able to mask such feelings under an air of calm and easy security, and in the mean time he had learned to avail himself of the privileges, by no means contemptible, afforded the husband of a popular and fascinating woman.

Mrs. Sharpe was also in love with her husband, so far as the previous engagement of her affections to herself would permit. To do her justice, she consid-

ered him her proudest conquest. None of the other men she met were half so shrewd and brilliant as he, and she had a thousand-and-one ways of conveying this opinion to him, infinitely flattering to his self-love. On the whole, Mr. Sharpe felt well assured of his wife's devotion. Once he might have been inclined to look upon her as a spoiled child, with a child's wilful fondness for dangerous sweets; but time had taught him that a woman's heart, full of daring ambition, beat within that supple girl's frame, and the knowledge had not particularly displeased him. He would have been deeply chagrined had he found himself tied for life to a pretty doll; but Fate had always been kind to him, Vincent Sharpe often reflected, preserving him from those foolish mistakes which wreck the lives of other men. He had married a charming woman, sure to bring him plenty of friends and make life agreeable in many ways,—sure, too, fully to appreciate himself. Mr. Sharpe liked to be appreciated, and Mrs. Sharpe, as we have said, was proud of her husband. Being *her* husband, she wished him to succeed in life, meant that he should succeed, and had set her heart on his going to Congress next term, flattering hopes of which had been held out to him. In four days the convention would meet which was to determine whether the vacant seat for the Tenth District in the House of Representatives was to be given to Reuben Stowe, a wealthy farmer and one of the original settlers in the district, whose native integrity and wit were fast being blurred over by the fumes of too much alcohol, or whether that post of honor was to be more fittingly bestowed on Vincent Sharpe, the rising young lawyer of B—.

The latter turned slowly at his wife's gay challenge, and surveyed her with that look of careful attention which a preoccupied person often bestows on the object farthest from his thought. As his eye rested on the shapely figure before him, with the face of rich bloom and dark eyes overrunning with roguish laughter raised to his, the habitually

satirical expression of his face gave way to one of unwilling admiration. But disagreeable thoughts were uppermost in Vincent Sharpe's mind, which were not easily removed. He felt himself to be in one of his rare moods of genuine ill temper, when he was likely to say dangerous things.

"Well?" said the lady in waiting, who was not accustomed to such prolonged verdicts.

Once more he looked her over, this time very coolly and critically, an ironic smile playing about his lips.

"Upon my word," he said, "you are ambitious."

She frowned a little: "Don't be enigmatical. Don't you like it?" with an anxious uplifting of the delicate eyebrows.

"Oh, it is charming," he replied, with a broad smile, which, however, quite failed to light up his features, save as it revealed a row of dazzling teeth. "We shall all like it. You'll be the prettiest woman in the room,—the envy of all the rest; but you're used to that. But Mrs. Morey and her friends will hardly approve of this." And his fingers rested lightly a moment on the bare round arm.

There was a little defiant toss of the brown braids: "Is it Mrs. Morey you wish me to please? If it is, I had better put on my black silk and a muslin tie."

He shot a quick, sharp glance at her, as though he suspected a double meaning in her words; but she was fastening the fifth button of her glove with an absorbed air which indicated entire oblivion of all lesser matters. Her indifference to any possible trouble of his seemed to combine with some hidden sense of injury to anger him, and, when he replied, the tones usually so even quavered with feeling.

"That would not be necessary," he said, "and it would be a pity to practise such mortification for nothing. You could please her, yellow dress, no sleeves, and all, if you cared to try. It doesn't take much to satisfy any one of us." There was a movement of surprised attention on her part, and, in

spite of his attempt to regain his old playful irony, his manner grew more intense as he proceeded: "But you are right. It is altogether too insignificant game. There's nobler prey afield. There's young Donney, for instance. Poor devil! I suppose he'll be laid on the shelf some day, like—" But here he seemed to become suddenly aware of the import of his words, and checked himself.

This astonishing speech was received with an air of cold *hauteur* which had the effect of making the listener appear several inches taller than her natural height. In her way, Mrs. Sharpe was a model of discretion. Nothing could be more awkward than sarcastic allusions like these to matters which polite society never speaks of above its breath. She would keep up appearances at her own fireside, as elsewhere, and, though sheltered by its privacy, she did not hesitate to reply to her husband's grim and satiric observations on their neighbors in a vein of light and easy commentary; yet, when he turned his batteries upon her, some underlying womanly sense of the fitness of things kept her silent. She only said quietly, the look of frozen dignity melting into one of patient endurance, "I don't understand you in these moods," and, turning away, proceeded to wrap a white knit shawl about her head and shoulders. "It is time to go," she added, as she saw that he was not following her preparations for departure.

He looked at her as she stood there in her fleecy wrappings and shining draperies. With the look of gentle grievance on her face, she seemed the picture of sweet and patient wifehood. Either through compunction or because he could not help it, he approached her with a quick, impulsive movement, and, throwing his arms about her, strained her to his breast and pressed his lips to hers. It was a rough lover's embrace, and she struggled to extricate herself.

"Crushed roses," he laughed, as he noted her look of dismay. "Excuse me, but you look dangerously pretty with that thing wrapped round your

head. "I'm sorry if I annoyed you," he went on in a lower tone, and standing in a half-pleading attitude before her, "but I've been horribly vexed all day. Bestow a little of your clemency on me, seeing that I too am in love with you."

It did not appear that Mrs. Sharpe objected to this style of love-making. She listened with a complacent half-smile in which a pout was faintly discernible, and smoothed her ruffled fineries, when one of his remarks seemed suddenly to arrest her attention: "Horribly vexed? What about?" raising an apprehensive face to his.

"I have been waiting to tell you. Stowe will get it."

"What!" a slight rasping quality making itself felt in the usually smooth accents. "How could that happen? I thought everything was settled."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Everything was settled,—on the slate. I'm sorry, my girl," laying a hand on her shoulder, and half smiling at the look of mystification and alarm on her face. "We deserve better things than to waste our beauty and talent in this dull town; but if our respected fellow-citizens don't see it in that light, we can't help ourselves."

"Don't be nonsensical," she said, face and voice betraying the irritation she felt. "What do you mean? Couldn't you prevent it? Oh, I wish I was a man!"

"Don't do that," he replied, with a touch of his old sardonic humor. "Don't wish you were a man, I mean. Maintenon wasn't a man, nor—nor—but never mind," hastily recalling his previous blunder. "The game is up," he went on, in a harsher tone. "Tyler says my chances are not worth a straw since—" Here he came to another abrupt pause.

"But it was only yesterday that he was sure you would get it. Why has he changed his mind? I want to know all about it," in the slightly imperative tone the best of wives will occasionally use.

"Well, then," he said soberly and with deliberate emphasis, "the plain truth is just this. Morey has got back,

and his word is law in a matter like this. He has got the inside control of things, and it will be for him to say who shall represent the virtue and intelligence of the Tenth District. He won't choose me." This last with still slower emphasis. "Tyler had a talk with him this morning, and says he was as surly as a bear."

"I thought this was a free country," said Mrs. Sharpe, who, taken unaware, sought refuge in the first trivial remark that came to hand.

"I am glad you take it so lightly," he said, and turned away. But she did not appear to take it so lightly. The mention of Mr. Morey's name seemed to produce a variety of emotions: surprise and annoyance at the news of his return were mingled with a certain sense of amusement that her cherished plans were to be thwarted by such means. Her face crimsoned under a flood of unpleasant memories, while her foot beat a restless tattoo on the carpet where she was standing. Her husband stood watching her from the opposite side of the room, a curious mixture of eagerness and resentment mantling his countenance. When she spoke, it was with the air of one who seeks to cover an embarrassing pause.

"He is a temperance man," she stammered. "How can he support a man like Stowe? At least his wife is. And they are going to petition to have a temperance man sent,—I mean the Red Ribbon Club. His wife is president."

Under other circumstances Mr. Sharpe would have felt inclined to slightly ridicule this incoherence, but he let it pass, and resorted to his natural vein of light irony: "A politician's conscience is like—a lady's slipper," his eyes falling on the dainty sandal just visible beneath the cream-colored silk,—“made for stretching. But the whole thing lies in a nutshell,” with a gesture of impatience. "I am the last man Morey will consent to support. He's not the man to miss the chance of a small revenge, and some of us are likely to learn the wisdom of the proverb which warns against playing with edged tools."

"I call Mr. Thomas Morey a very dull tool," said Mrs. Sharpe rather pertly.

"He is sharp enough to spoil the plans of many of his betters,—to prevent Mrs. Vincent Sharpe from achieving the distinction of an entrance into Washington society, for instance."

The lady looked as if there might be two opinions about that. It was rather singular that since the introduction of Mr. Morey's name into their discussion husband and wife had carefully avoided meeting each other's eyes, and, in spite of the manifest excitement of both, each wore an air of painful constraint. As they were about to leave the house, Mrs. Sharpe, with an apparent effort, turned and faced her husband.

"So it's all settled?" she asked, with a little tightened pressure of the lips. "If—if Mr.—if he could be induced—if he were to give his support, would everything be safe?"

Mr. Sharpe was busy searching his pockets to make sure of his night-key, and took time to reply. "Ye-es," he said finally, in the drawling tone he sometimes affected. "One nod from those ambrosial curls would be all-sufficient. But," in a tone of virtuous suspicion, "I hope you don't think I would court the favor of a man like that?"

"Of course not," she replied soothingly. "I quite understand."

B—— was a small inland town in one of the older Western States, and presented no more striking features of interest to the passing stranger than were to be found in its neat row of business blocks lining the main thoroughfare and the commodious well-kept dwelling-houses standing far back from the maple-lined streets. The monotony of the front yards of B—— suggested a corresponding similarity of taste and disposition in their owners, who dwelt together in that neighborly confidence and ease which distinguishes a small and old-settled community. Everything about B—— showed that the inhabitants cared more for comfort than for progress. Business—conducted after the safest and slowest methods—and politics gave sufficient

employment to the men, while, aside from their housewifery, of the most capable order, dress and church-work served as the principal occupations of the women.

B—— was the county seat and the autocratic centre of political power and influence in the outlying district. The dingy court-house which stood in the centre of the town was the scene of more political scheming and bargaining than the unsophisticated voter, confident of living under a government controlled by an honest majority, would willingly believe. The political fortunes of Green County had time out of mind been under the control of what the opposite party bitterly stigmatized as the "Court-House Ring," and we have already learned that the clasp and band of this ring was Mr. Thomas Morey. During his absence on a mining-expedition in Colorado, a lively movement had sprung up in the interests of reform, which, aided by the enthusiastic support of the temperance folk, soon gained a fair promise of success. Vincent Sharpe, whose name stood at the head of the Reform ticket, was thought to stand a good chance of winning the coveted seat in the House,—when the chief of the home forces suddenly appeared on the scene, and the Reform movement came to a sudden stand-still.

Thomas Morey was not a man whose appearance indicated the born commander. His portly figure was too unwieldy, face too broad and rubicund, lips too full, and eyes too weak and fitful in their light, to give the impression of power. His whole air and bearing proclaimed the vain, self-consequential man, strong only in his resentments and the tenacity of his grip on the few hard facts and principles which had contributed to his success as an iron-merchant. A man of petty ambitions, of loose and wandering instincts, partly held in check by a superstitious fear of imperilling his respectability here below and his eternal salvation hereafter, his nature was essentially coarse-grained and vulgar. Men of twice his brain-power submitted to the leadership of one who was willing

to pay handsomely for such privilege, and the hard-won profits of the iron-trade kept the machine in good running order.

In his intercourse with men, Mr. Morey's manner was a mixture of jovial comradeship and heavy condescension, but among women he was a mass of stupidity and folly. Mrs. Morey was a woman of the plain and discreet order, with old-fashioned instincts and beliefs, which had the effect of scaring her back from that gay worldly society in which Mr. Morey tried to mingle at his ease. He had married her at an age when prudence rather than impulse guided all his actions. She had brought him a comfortable sum of a few thousands, and by her careful management had ably seconded his more enterprising efforts to amass a fortune. Mrs. Morey greatly admired her husband, that being, to her thinking, the proper mental attitude of a woman toward the man she had promised to honor and obey. If during her married life there had been times when this feeling of admiration had nearly given way to a rising sense of disappointment and shame, she had loyally smothered it almost before recognizing it. Women did not understand men, she told herself: she did not understand her husband as well as her minister, for instance, who was always praising him for his generous subscriptions to the church and town charities. Was she a better judge than the minister? Mr. Morey was born to do great things in the world, she reflected,—to move in a wide sphere, to live in a large house, and to exert a great deal of influence. For herself, Mrs. Morey was conscious of being very inferior to her surroundings. The plain simplicity of her dress and manner gave her an air of deferential apology toward the magnificent upholstery which filled the big showy mansion where she lived and seemed to stare her out of countenance. Had it not been ungrateful, she would have wished herself back in the little frame cottage where they had set up housekeeping and the two boys were born; and Mr. Morey sometimes felt that she was not quite so becoming a companion as one of his merits had a

right to expect. Still, she had made him a good wife, and, on the whole, he could not have done better,—a sage conclusion, whose only defect was that it did not diminish Mr. Morey's appreciation of feminine charms different from those of his wife.

When Vincent Sharpe brought his young bride to B——, the susceptible iron-merchant was the first to fall a victim to her light, bewitching beauty. Led on by her love of adventure, and a little giddy with the sense of conquest, Mrs. Sharpe permitted her admirer to expose the folly of his infatuation to the utmost. Falstaff in love did not present a very heroic figure, and neither did Mr. Morey, who was as blindly obedient to the slightest beck and hint of his inamorata, and as blindly ignorant of her propensity to dupe and beguile her victims, herself remaining intact in true womanly decorum the while, as was ever the graceless companion of Prince Hal.

But Thomas Morey was not altogether the harmless simpleton he seemed, and he at last awoke from his dream to find that the pretty Mrs. Sharpe, who had received his attentions so kindly, whose fan and bouquet he had been permitted to hold while she danced with the younger men, who smiled so graciously back upon him when obliged to accept another escort to supper, had been laughing at him all this time, and the whole of B—— had joined in her merriment. All at once he became conscious of the troubled look of shame on his wife's face, the repressed smiles on the countenances of his friends. Mrs. Sharpe, suddenly reminded of the danger of playing with fire, became more pert and satiric in her manner, and transferred all her beaming looks to her husband, whose growing glumness society had hardly noted before it was obliged to confess its mistake and pronounce Mrs. Sharpe one of the most agreeable and devoted of wives.

Since this little episode of nearly five years ago, only the most formal intercourse had been maintained between the two families. It was an awkward termination of the pleasant prelude which

ushered Mrs. Sharpe into the first society of B——. Both she and her husband had been sensible more than once of the inconvenience of incurring the displeasure of one who had it in his power to sweeten friendship with so many pleasant benefits, and each had secretly cherished the idea of a future reconciliation, to be effected whenever a discreet opportunity or a weighty motive presented itself.

On their arrival at the reception, they were gently reprimanded by their hostess for being so late: "Everybody is inquiring about you, my dear. The evening would have been quite spoiled without you." Mr. Sharpe, to whom the principal attraction of such occasions lay in the champagne and oysters furnished at another's expense and the chance of a quiet rubber of whist, sauntered idly through the rooms, bestowing a loose hand-shake on his numerous acquaintances, and then sought out a few particular cronies and retired with them to the seclusion of one of the upper rooms. Mrs. Sharpe allowed herself to be borne away to the ball-room by young Donney. She wore a pensive and *distrain* air which was very becoming and had the effect of precipitating her companion into a state of gushing sentimentality, where he was led to utter a number of nonsensical nothings, for which, when his listener awoke to their import, he was sharply reprov'd and sarcastically reminded that he was still a boy.

"You are always calling me a boy," said the young man in an injured tone. "At least I have a man's feelings."

"Oh, have you, indeed?" she replied, with a little derisive smile. "I suppose that is the reason you wear such tall hats and smoke so many cigars. You'll ruin your health." This last with the severe air of a sisterly Mentor.

"I'll stop smoking if you wish me to," said the infatuated youth; but she made no reply save to declare her fatigue and request a seat. They moved toward a group of older people who were watching the dancers, and where Mr. Morey stood in the midst, distributing his gallantries among two or three elderly matrons. Mrs. Sharpe paused and smiled

a greeting to the entire circle one by one, not omitting to extend a hand in the most friendly and unconscious manner to her ancient enemy, whom she welcomed back in cordial tones and with her own easy natural grace. If the small circle of witnesses to this pretty scene experienced a slight shock of surprise, it was cautiously distributed from one to the other by means of secret nods and winks, which did not appear to include the chief actor within their circuit.

Mr. Morey, whose mental processes, except in the hardware line, were of a slow and blundering order, replied to the questions of his fair interlocutor concerning his health and the beneficial effects of the Colorado climate with mingled surprise, constraint, and delight, though the last was plainly uppermost. Mrs. Sharpe continued her pleasant chatter for a few moments longer, when, yielding to Donney's importunities, she surrendered herself for the final round of Strauss, which she executed with great spirit, conscious that admiring eyes were following her.

As she stopped a little way from where Mr. Morey now stood alone, that gentleman himself took the initiative and made his way to her side: "How well you dance! You are as young as ever." He spoke as an old friend might who had not seen her for years, and in a tone of paternal interest, but with a halting eagerness of manner not exactly paternal.

"Oh, no, I am not," she replied, with a little sigh.—Then to the waiting Donney, whose arm she had dropped, "Did I leave my fan in the parlor?" He immediately went to see. "I shall not dance any more," she continued. "It is too tiresome. Doesn't that sound as if I was getting old?" And she lifted her laughing face to his.

"It is very warm in here. How pleasant it looks in the conservatory!" He offered his arm. People stared and whispered a little as they passed by, but he did not heed it. The memory of past humiliation was lost in the bewilderment of the present, and Mr. Morey realized nothing fully but the soft, cling-

ing pressure on his arm and the music of the voice addressing him.

Seated on a rustic bench near a trickling fountain, Mrs. Sharpe made her companion tell her all about his recent travels, asked innumerable questions about the mining prospects of Arizona and the railroad enterprises of New Mexico,—all in that artless, infantine way in which some women affect a craving for knowledge, and which the masculine mind, in intervals of rest from more solid occupation, delights to gratify. All the world might have listened to their talk. Mrs. Sharpe was one of the most appreciative of listeners: she knew just when to cast her eyes down thoughtfully, just when to raise them inquiringly. Encouraged by such signs of flattering attention, Mr. Morey continued to expand on that mighty theme, himself, until a full hour had elapsed, and Mrs. Sharpe began to feel that she was paying very dearly for whatever benefits were likely to accrue from this repaired friendship. She rose to go, murmuring, "We must not be selfish."

Before offering his arm, he looked down into her face with a gaze somewhat bolder than that of an hour before, but irresolute still and appealing. He was not an imposing figure as he stood there before her. His fat cheeks trembled, his eyes blinked feebly, and a silly smile hung round the corners of his mouth. Mrs. Sharpe had a keen sense of the ludicrous, which had acted as a marplot in several laudable schemes like the present. She turned her head to one side, and drew down a branch of heliotrope to inhale its fragrance.

"You—you have been very kind," he faltered. "Are we to be good friends again?"

"I hope so," she replied, looking at him with the clear, direct gaze of a child. Then, with an air of conscious embarrassment and averted eyes, "I have wished it for a long time, but it was not for me to make the first advances."

He could hardly have reminded her, even had he remembered it, that it was not himself who had made the overtures to the present reconciliation. He liked

this insinuation against his cruelty: it gratified his rampant self-esteem. "I think we have misunderstood each other," he said, with his magniloquent air. "I have done you injustice; but," laying his hand over the ample region of his heart, "it shall be the endeavor of my life to atone for my unworthy suspicions. Let no harsh thoughts come between us more." He bent over to take her hand, but, becoming apprehensive, she seized his arm and led him away.

"You were the first friend I had in my new home," she whispered, as they re-entered the crowded rooms: "I can never forget that." And his face shone with satisfaction.

As the day of the fateful convention drew near, public opinion, which for the past few days had wavered helplessly between the merits of the opposing factions, showed a decided inclination to again foster the chances of the Reform candidate. There were signs of intestine strife and confusion in the Ring, and the leaders of the opposition wore an air of repressed hope and cheerfulness which boded ill to that sacred institution. It was rumored that Mr. Morey was about to sever his connection with his old associates. The reason for this sudden rupture was not clearly understood. Some said he had conscientious scruples against supporting the too convivial Stowe, and others were of the opinion that he sought only to win the honors of leadership in a new and popular cause; but the majority declared that Mr. Morey was always on the side of good morals, and hoped he would not forget his responsibility as leading citizen in the present crisis. It looked as if he would not. To place himself at the head of a rising movement in favor of uncorrupted politics and good government would have quite accorded with Mr. Morey's notions of public duty, even had he had no ulterior object to accomplish; and as for the displeasure of the Ring, he could afford to be indifferent to that, inasmuch as on the ruins of the old *régime* a new order

of things would spring up, in which he would still hold the position of chief. He listened with an air of pompous attention and good will to the discourse which the temperance ladies had prepared in the form of a petition to the citizens of Green County, and granted several confidential interviews to that ardent apostle of reform, Dick Tyler, whom he had sent out from his presence in such depressed spirits a short time before.

At last the great day arrived which witnessed the complete destruction of the Ring and proved that B—— had lost none of her *prestige* as the controlling centre of her district. She had elected her man as the successful nominee of the convention, and the delegates from adjoining towns retired with a crestfallen air. Mr. Sharpe, who, to prove his indifference, had absented himself from town the past few days, was not on hand to receive his congratulations, which were transferred to the chairman of the convention, who was regarded as the hero of the hour. The order-loving citizens of B—— pressed forward to thank him for his services in the overthrow of a corrupt organization, and the city band played "Hail to the Chief" as he elbowed his way through the crowd to his carriage.

A little knot of Mr. Stowe's friends gathered on the court-house piazza to condole with each other.

"It beats me," said Reynolds, the chief henchman of the overthrown Ring, on whom devolved the unpleasant duty of riding out to Stowe's farm and imparting the news of his defeat. "I never thought of his going back on us like this. And to take up with Sharpe, of all men, when they've been such bad friends all these years."

"Oh, he's got on one of his moral streaks," said Giles, savagely whittling a stick in his hand. "His minister's been talking to him, probably. I always knew he was a soft old fool." Giles had been in office for the last ten years,

and felt rather vicious over the new prospect.

"Depend upon it," piped up little Perkins, "there's a woman at the bottom of it."

They pricked up their ears at this, and Arthur Donney, who, a good deal mystified at things in general, was hanging about to secure all the information he could, clinched his hand and looked hard at the speaker.

"It's his wife's doings," Perkins went on. "She's one of the quiet kind, but she's got a head-piece equal to any. She is president of the temperance society, and they've made a regular row about Stowe. Take my word for it, she made him support Sharpe."

Reynolds, who had all along scouted the notion that the temperance people could do anything, bent his shaggy eyebrows together and looked reflective.

"Bah!" he exclaimed at length. "I hate women in politics. They always make a muss of things. My wife stays at home and minds her business."

Young Donney turned on his heel and walked down the street.

The two people who speculated least about the nomination, and seemed indeed to avoid the subject, were Mr. Vincent Sharpe and his wife. The latter had a very brilliant season in Washington the next winter. Though she was only in the "House," she received many distinguished attentions from the reigning dignitaries of the Cabinet and Senate Chamber, and her presence soon became as indispensable to the *fêtes* and receptions of the Capital as it had been to the smaller festivities of B——.

The popularity of so charming a woman was naturally shared by her husband, whom, however, society regarded with a shade of distrust, pronouncing him "satirical" and doubting if he appreciated his wife. But there were a few who professed superior discernment, and shared the opinion of this historian,—that they were a perfectly congenial couple.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

NEWBURGH AND ITS CENTENNIAL.

NEWBURGH, New York, is familiar to most voyagers up the Hudson, because it flashes upon them so prettily as they emerge from the frowning pass of the Highlands. It will gain a wider circle of admirers during the coming year, without doubt, since it is to be the theatre wherein will be re-enacted the closing scenes of the great drama of the Revolution. The public is to be congratulated on the fact that the accessories to the drama are so fitting and convenient.

The city lies on the west bank of the Hudson, along the irregular surface of one of the green hills of Orange county, sixty miles above New York, and ninety-five south of Albany: It is both old and new: the old quarter—the Newburgh of the Revolution—covers a bit of level space at the base of the hill along the water-front, and is almost wholly devoted to business. The new town—a bright, cheery city of homes—occupies a moderately wide plateau near the summit of the hill, and commands a view of the finest imaginable variety of river-, cliff-, and mountain-scenery. The chief interest of the celebration will centre about the old house which was Washington's head-quarters during the last year of the war, and with which the several important events it is intended to commemorate are intimately connected. It stands on a green plateau several acres in extent, on the southern verge of the city, commanding a view far into the crooked pass of the Highlands,—a little old Dutch farmhouse, so quaint and primitive in style that it is well worth preserving merely to tell how men planned and builded in old colonial days. Viewed externally, the building seems to have been erected quite as much for defence as for shelter. The low, thick walls of roughly-hewn stone, the heavy roof, oaken doors, and windows like casemates, suggest the idea of resistance. It stands on ground given

by Queen Anne in 1719 to the unfortunate exiles from the Palatinate of Neuburg on the Rhine, and was built in 1750 by Colonel Jonathan Hasbrouck, a descendant of one of the Huguenot settlers of the Hudson Valley, and later a colonel of militia in active service in the Revolution. He died in 1780, and when Washington fixed his head-quarters here in the spring of 1782 the place was tenanted by the wife and children of the deceased colonel. The precise date of Washington's occupancy has not been determined, but it was early in April, 1782. The first of the long series of letters written by him here—included in Sparks's edition of his writings—is dated April 19, 1782. One of his first acts after taking possession was to send an escort to Mount Vernon for Mrs. Washington. She came "in a plain chariot, accompanied by postilions in white and scarlet liveries, and attracted no little attention as she passed through the country." With her advent the pleasing domestic life of the head-quarters began, some details of which, gathered by local antiquaries, we reproduce as necessary to a full understanding of our subject. "When at New Windsor and Newburgh, Mrs. Washington, in accordance with her regular practice, sought out the poor, that she might relieve them, and cultivated the acquaintance of her neighbors. She was fond of gardening, of raising plants and flowers, by her own care and labor. Her garden was on the east side of the house, and the red tile or brick which formed the sides of the walks remained for many years as she left them. If report be true, on one occasion at least she exercised the privilege of her sex in giving a curtain-lecture to her husband. The general had perhaps stayed out too late when visiting Mrs. Knox, who was often his partner in the dance, or it may have been after a ball at her house which he opened with

Maria Colden, one of the belles of the neighborhood. On one of these occasions, or at some other time, she was overheard, by a person sleeping in the adjoining room, calling the general to account. When she had entirely finished, his only response was, 'Go to sleep, my dear!'

"The habits of the household with regard to their meals were much after the English manner of living. Breakfast was informal; after which all the members of the family followed their own inclinations, or filled such engagements as they might have, till the dinner-hour, being present at lunch or not as they chose. Washington always wanted Indian cakes for breakfast, after the Virginian fashion. He usually mounted his horse soon after breakfast, expecting to meet his officers during the morning. He broke his own horse, was a bold and excellent rider, leaping the highest fences and going extremely fast without standing upon his stirrups, bearing on his bridle, or letting his horse run wild. Dinner was a formal meal, at which all were expected to be promptly present in appropriate costume. It was usually served at five o'clock, Washington always appearing in a blue coat with brass buttons. Five minutes were allowed for the variation of clocks, and then the dinner commenced, whether the family and guests were present or absent. He is said always to have asked a blessing in a standing posture, unless the chaplain was present, who, in such case, was requested to perform the service and also to return thanks. Three or more officers in order were regular guests by invitation. . . . The general and Mrs. Washington occupied adjacent seats. There were generally three courses,—the first consisting of meats and vegetables, then pastry, and last walnuts and apples. There was an abundance of madeira and claret, and sometimes other French wines, drunk with toasts and sentiments to enliven or check the conversation as might be necessary, but no one was ever pressed to drink. The dinner lasted about two hours, and the first toasts were ceremonious ones. After dinner,

the table, which was long, was made round, and tea and coffee were served by Mrs. Washington, she always presiding at this part of the entertainment with her accustomed dignity, her set of silver, which she carried with her always brightly polished, being brought into daily requisition. A supper-table was spread at nine o'clock, which lasted till eleven. It was composed of three or four light dishes, with fruit or walnuts. The cloth being removed, toasts and sentiments were given over a glass of wine without order or ceremony, each guest being called upon in turn.*"

On Washington's relinquishing it in August, 1783, the head-quarters lapsed to the former tenants, and remained in the Hasbrouck family until 1849, when it was purchased for its historic associations by the State of New York, and shortly after placed in the care of the board of trustees of the then village of Newburgh. The legal successors of those gentlemen still discharge the trust, and have committed to a curator the care of the house and grounds and the fine museum of historic relics gathered there.

Entering the head-quarters by the east entrance, one finds one's self in what was the dining-room of 1782. The trustees have restored it to nearly its original condition. Huge whitewashed beams are overhead; the uncarpeted floor echoes to footfalls; on the left is a wide, smoke-blackened fireplace, with a teakettle depending sociably from its crane; a round table awaits its burden of simple viands; straight-backed wooden chairs are ready for the guests; the sun comes gayly in through the one window on the east. Seven doors open from this room. One on the northeast gives access to the former bedroom of Washington; a small room adjoining was his office, and is historic, because at a little desk here he wrote the letter declining the kingly crown, the masterly address to his disaffected officers, the pæan of joy and thanksgiving that announced to the army the return of peace, and the circular let-

* "Washington's Head-Quarters." By J. J. Morrell.

ter to the governors of the various States. On the west is a door opening into a moderate-sized hall, in which is a stairway leading to the chambers above, and an outer door opening on the grounds to the west. On the south and southwest are doors giving access to the apartments occupied by the Hasbrouck family, and which were in no way connected with Washington's occupancy. The parlor in which Madam Washington received her guests was the northwest room, adjoining the office, and opening into the hall before mentioned.

Immediately on the acquisition of the head-quarters by the State, citizens of Newburgh and its vicinity began forming here a museum of Revolutionary relics, which in the process of time has become one of the most interesting collections of this character in existence. The old arm-chair of Washington has resumed its former post in his bedroom. Portraits of General and Madam Washington and of Lafayette grace the walls of the former office. The watch with which Madam Washington timed the coming of her guests is one of the trophies of the dining-room. So also is the dingy, battered, copper teakettle that hangs in the fireplace, and which once formed a part of the camp-equipage of Lafayette. Aaron Burr's sword hangs in its iron scabbard in the southeast room; while a collection of several hundred letters and private papers reveals to the student the whole minutiae of the Revolution and acquaints him with the secret thoughts and purposes of its leaders. The printed catalogue of the collection enumerates nearly eight hundred articles, which it is to be presumed the intelligent visitor to the Centennial will study at his leisure.

In the spring of 1782 the Northern army returned from the victory at Yorktown and resumed its old duty of guarding the passes of the Hudson, Washington, as we have seen, establishing his head-quarters at the Hasbrouck House and stationing his army at various points in the vicinity,—at Newburgh, at Fishkill on the opposite side of the river, at New Windsor three

miles southwest, and at West Point, whence it could be readily massed should Clinton's ships attempt to force the pass of the Highlands. The general officers were quartered near by.—Knox at the farm-house of John Ellison in New Windsor, where he was joined by Greene on the latter's return from the South, Gates and St. Clair at Edmonston's, near Ellison's, Wayne at the old hotel of Martin Weigand in Newburgh, Lafayette in a farm-house in the outskirts of that village, and Steuben at the Verplanck mansion in Fishkill.

The first marked event in the history of the Newburgh cantonment was the conspiracy on the part of the field-officers to confer the kingly power on their idolized commander-in-chief. Probably nine-tenths of their number honestly believed that a modified form of the English government was the only one possible for the now practically freed country. There was much to stimulate the belief. Congress had become a mere mass of discordant elements, and had effectually demonstrated its inability to govern. The noble system of government which later the best minds of the infant nation were six years in evolving was chaos then; and, in the absence of experience and precedent at home, what more natural than that thoughtful minds should turn for both to the long-tried, stable forms of the mother-country? Manifestly, the head of such a government could be no other than Washington, the leader and deliverer. In the enforced idleness of the camp the project assumed shape, and it was decided to approach the commander-in-chief upon the subject. The latter's first intimation of the plot came on the 22d of May, 1782, when, seated in his office at head-quarters, an aide handed him a letter which had just been received. Glancing over it, Washington saw that it was signed and purported to have been written by Colonel Nicola, a gentleman of years and judgment, and his warm personal friend. It was a specious letter,—a fine example of special pleading. It noticed rapidly various forms of govern-

ment, and skilfully worked out the conclusion that of all governments republics were the most unstable and insecure and the least capable of securing rights of freedom and property to the individual. America, it prophesied, never could become a nation under such a form. It instanced the English system of government as the most successful ever instituted. After recounting the difficulties in the way of prosecuting the war and the burdens then pressing heavily on the people, it concludes with these significant words:

"This must have shown to all, and to the military men in particular, the weakness of republics, and the exertions the army has been able to make by being under a proper head. Therefore I little doubt that, when the benefits of a mixed government are pointed out and duly considered, such will be readily adopted. In this case it will, I believe, be uncontroverted that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power to victory and glory, those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of an army, would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother paths of peace. Some people have so connected the ideas of tyranny and monarchy as to find it very difficult to separate them. It may, therefore, be requisite to give the head of such a constitution as I propose some title apparently more moderate; but, if all other things were once adjusted, I believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king, which I conceive would be attended with some material advantages."

Washington considering this letter in the little bare room of the Hasbrouck farm-house affords one of the most dramatic scenes in history. There could be scarcely a doubt of the feasibility of the plan, and the thought that by making himself the responsible head of the government he could still the divisions of Congress and lead his country out of her difficulties must have presented itself. His letter in reply, however, expresses only surprise, grief, alarm, at

the character of the proposition submitted.

"Be assured, sir," he writes, "that no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view them with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. . . . Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate as from yourself a sentiment of the like nature."

Washington, in this letter, pledges himself to a conditional secrecy: nevertheless, rumors of the affair leaked out and were spread broadcast throughout the country. They exerted an important influence on the subsequent course of affairs, awakening the sober thought of the masses, inspiring the rank and file with the sentiments expressed in Billings's anthem, "No King but God," led to the birth of the republican idea, and in the end made a monarchical form of government impossible on American soil.

Throughout the summer the army lay encamped about the Newburgh hills. In July, Washington went on a tour of inspection along the frontiers, visiting Schenectady and Saratoga. On July 9, he writes to Greene that Mrs. Washington is to set off on the morrow for Virginia. From the 15th to the 27th he was absent in Philadelphia, arranging the plan of the summer campaign with Rochambeau, whose troops were then marching up from the South. On August 6, he

wrote to Greene that negotiations for peace had been commenced at Paris, and on the 29th issued orders which placed General Knox in command at West Point, and ordered the main army to Verplanck's Point, to effect a junction there with Rochambeau's forces. At the same time his head-quarters were removed to the Point, and for five or six weeks the Hasbrouck farm-house resumed its wonted quiet and sedateness. On the 26th of October the army broke camp at Verplanck's Point, and returned to Newburgh and vicinity for winter quarters, the Hasbrouck farm-house again becoming the centre of events. Thacher, in his "Military Journal," thus refers to the movement: "At reveille on the 26th the left wing of our army, under command of General Heath, decamped from Verplanck's Point and marched to the Highlands: took our lodging in the woods, without covering, and were exposed to a heavy rain during a night and a day. Thence we crossed the Hudson to West Point, and marched over the mountain called Butter Hill: passed the night in the open field, and the next day reached the ground where we are to erect log huts for our winter quarters, near New Windsor." This ground, now called Temple Hill, which is to play a prominent part in the proposed centennial celebration, is three miles southwest from Newburgh in a direct line, though by the highway some two miles farther. The traveller on the Newburgh branch of the Erie, by alighting at Vail's Gate Junction, will find himself within half a mile of the historic spot. The hill, wooded in the Revolution, is now nearly destitute of trees, and its topmost summit is occupied by a meadow and wheat-field. No finer theatre for a military or civic display could be imagined. Southward one looks directly into the grim pass of the Highlands, barely three miles distant, and beyond, along the shimmering bosom of the river, far into the heart of the valley. West and northwest a wider vista opens. Masses of mountains form a background,—south and southwest the jagged cliffs and spurs of the Highlands,

north and northwest the ranged Shawangunks, with the blue domes of the Catskills in the horizon, and between them the green hills and intervalles of Orange County. Temple Hill, on the west, falls sharply into a narrow valley having a deep morass in its centre. Beyond this morass, at the base of the opposite hill, the main body of troops—comprising nine brigades—formed their camp. The ruins of a causeway across the morass, built by them, are still plainly to be seen, as well as the remains of the camp. The officers' quarters were fixed on the summit of Temple Hill, an airy spot of a winter's day, which could only have been selected from its advantages as a post of observation. One who stands upon the historic spot to-day, amid the clover- and wheat-fields that clothe its summit, and looks down along the sinuous path of the Hudson, cannot but admire the judgment and tact which posted here an army that was expecting the approach of an enemy from below.

After the barracks and other necessary adjuncts of a winter cantonment had been built, the army proceeded to erect on the topmost summit of the hill a temple of logs, rude and primitive, but strong and defying shocks from without, typical in some degree of its builders. This building vies in historic interest with Independence Hall or the Old South, though little enough of it has been made by historians. In letters and papers of the day it is called indiscriminately the "Temple," the "New Building," and the "Public Building." The precise purpose for which it was erected has caused much debate among local antiquaries, but it has been established that it was built primarily for the practice of Masonic rites.

Freemasonry had its stronghold in the army. American Union Lodge accompanied the post under a travelling dispensation. Washington was a craftsman, and Lafayette assumed the obligations of the guild, it is said, in the building which we are considering. Its use for Masonic ceremonies gave it the name of "The Temple." It was, however, used

for many other purposes. We have it on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Gano, a chaplain in the army, that three religious services were held there each Sabbath, the different chaplains officiating in turn, and one of which the family at headquarters regularly attended. It was also used as a hall in which public meetings, balls and other entertainments were held, and as a club-room in which the officers met to lounge, smoke, read when anything readable offered, and discuss the burning questions of the day. The building was eighty feet long by forty wide, and is described as being a structure of rough unhewn logs, oblong-square in form, one story in height, a door in the middle, many windows, and a broad roof. The windows were square, unglazed, and about the size of ordinary port-holes in a man-of-war. There was a small gallery or raised platform at one end for speakers and presiding officers.

The officers had occupied their quarters about the Temple four long dreary months, idle, listless, ragged, sick, their pay long in arrears, their future doubtful, seemingly forgotten by a corrupt Congress and an ungrateful country, when a youthful Roscius appeared in their ranks, and, in one of the best specimens of declamatory appeal extant, boldly urged the expedient of marching on Congress and securing a redress of their grievances by force of arms.

This letter forms an important part of the history of the Newburgh cantonment, and is interesting as showing the state of feeling existing in the army at that time.

It was addressed to the officers, and recounted in a most effective manner their sacrifices and privations, categorized their fruitless appeals to Congress for redress, and continued, "If this, then, be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary for the defence of America, what have you to expect from peace, when your voice shall sink and your strength dissipate by division,—when those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides, and no remaining mark of military dis-

tinction left but your wants, infirmities, and scars? Can you then consent to be the only sufferers by the Revolution, and, retiring from the field, grow old in poverty, wretchedness, and contempt? Can you consent to wade through the vile mire of dependency, and owe to charity the miserable remnant of that life which has hitherto been spent in honor? If you can, go, and carry with you the jest of Tories and the scorn of Whigs, the ridicule, and, what is worse, the pity, of the world. Go, starve and be forgotten."

The writer, however, presents an alternative: "If your determination be in proportion to your wrongs, carry your appeal from the justice to the fears of government; change the milk-and-water style of your last memorial; assume a bolder tone, decent, but lively, spirited, and determined; and suspect the man who would advise to more moderation and longer forbearance. . . . In any political event the army has its alternative: if peace, that nothing shall separate you from your arms but death; if war, that, courting the auspices and inviting the direction of your illustrious leader, you will retire to some unsettled country, smile in your turn, and mock when their fear cometh." The letter was accompanied by an anonymous call for a meeting of the field-officers at the "Public Building" for the succeeding Tuesday at eleven o'clock, "to consider the late letter of our representatives in Philadelphia, and what measures (if any) should be adopted to obtain that redress of grievances which they seem to have solicited in vain." The author of this letter was long after discovered to be Major John Armstrong, a young officer of twenty-six, aide-de-camp to General Gates, but at the time it was supposed to have emanated from Gates himself. That that officer was cognizant of the letter, if indeed he did not inspire it, is a familiar fact; and it is certain that other well-known officers were in the plot. This letter, with the anonymous call, was at once conveyed to Washington.

It could not have taken him unpre-

pared, for that the course pursued by Congress toward the army could end in no other way must have been long apparent to him. Be this as it may, a graver danger never confronted him, not even in the presence of the foe; and the skill and address with which he met it add lustre to his fame. A moment's thought convinced him that stern measures were not needed here, and he decided not to forbid the called meeting, but himself to assume control of it and cause it to serve lawful and patriotic ends. He at once issued an order appointing a meeting of the officers at the New Building on the approaching Saturday, to hear and act on the report of their committee recently returned from Congress, and designated General Gates as the presiding officer. This done, he began the preparation of an address to be delivered on the occasion, while to trusty friends, men of influence and approved judgment, was deputed the work of personal effort among the disaffected.

Washington never appeared to better advantage than at this Saturday meeting in the Temple. It was a large and, in some respects, an imposing assemblage. Gates occupied the chair. Putnam, Greene, Knox, Heath, and other trusted counsellors of the commander-in-chief gathered near, while the large hall was filled by the field-officers in uniform, scarcely a regiment being unrepresented. Amid a solemn stillness, the commander-in-chief rose to read his address.

Pausing to adjust his spectacles, he remarked, with touching pathos, "You see, gentlemen, that I have not only grown *gray*, but *blind*, in your service."

The first sentence of the address, while it conveyed a gentle rebuke, was well calculated to gain the attention and sympathy of all present. "Gentlemen," it began, "by an anonymous summons an attempt has been made to convene you together; how inconsistent with the rules of propriety, how unmilitary and how subversive of all order and discipline, let the good sense of the army decide."

With a compliment to the author of

the address "for the goodness of his pen," and a stern rebuke for his evident design "to impress the mind with an idea of premeditated injustice in the sovereign power of the United States, and rouse all those resentments which must unavoidably flow from such a belief," the speaker entered on a personal appeal to his hearers: "If my conduct heretofore has not evinced to you that I have been a faithful friend of the army, my declaration of it at this time would be equally unavailing and improper. But, as I was the first who embarked in the cause of our common country, as I have never left your side one moment but when called from you on public duty, as I have been the constant companion and witness of your distresses, and not among the last to feel and acknowledge your merits, as I have ever considered my own military reputation as inseparably connected with that of the army, as my heart has ever expanded with joy when I have heard its praises, and my indignation has arisen when the mouth of detraction has been opened against it, it can scarcely be supposed at this last stage of the war that I am indifferent to its interests. But how are they to be promoted? 'The way is plain,' says the anonymous addresser. 'If war continues, remove into the unsettled country; there establish yourselves, and leave an ungrateful country to defend itself.' But who are they to defend? our wives, our children, our farms, and other property which we leave behind us? or, in this state of hostile separation, are we to take the two first (the latter cannot be removed) to perish in a wilderness with cold, hunger, and nakedness? 'If peace takes place,' says he, 'never sheathe your swords until you have obtained full and ample justice.'

"This dreadful alternative of either deserting our country in the extreme hour of her distress, or turning our arms against it, which is the apparent object, unless Congress can be compelled into instant compliance, has something so shocking in it that humanity revolts at the idea. My God! What can this

writer have in view by recommending such measures? Can he be a friend to the army? Can he be a friend to the country? Rather is he not an insidious foe?—some emissary, perhaps, from New York, plotting the ruin of both, by sowing the seeds of discord and separation between the civil and military powers of the continent?"

Turning from this subject, the speaker next remarked severely on the advice of the pamphleteer to suspect the man who should recommend moderate measures, labored to disabuse his hearers' minds of the impression that Congress was of design hostile to the army or its interest, and closed with this fine exordium: "While I give you these assurances, and pledge myself in the most unequivocal manner to exert whatever ability I am possessed of in your favor, let me entreat you, gentlemen, on your part, not to take any measures which, viewed in the calm light of reason, will lessen the dignity and sully the glory you have hitherto maintained. . . . And let me conjure you, in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, and as you regard the military and national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes, under any specious pretences, to overturn the liberties of our country, and who wickedly attempts to open the flood-gates of civil discord and deluge our rising empire in blood.

"By thus determining and thus acting, you will pursue the plain and direct road to the attainment of your wishes; you will defeat the insidious designs of our enemies, who are compelled to resort from open force to secret artifice; you will give one more distinguished proof of unexampled patriotism and patient virtue, rising superior to the pressure of the most complicated sufferings; and you will, by the dignity of your conduct, afford occasion for posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind, had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection that human nature is capable of attaining."

The last was the master-stroke: with its utterance the speaker withdrew, but with the proud consciousness that he carried the hearts of his audience with him. Knox at once moved, and Putnam seconded, a resolution tendering a vote of thanks "to His Excellency, and assuring him that the officers reciprocated his affectionate expressions with the greatest sincerity of which the human heart is capable." The resolution was carried by a unanimous vote, and a committee appointed to prepare resolutions expressing the sentiment of the convention on the business that had brought them together.

The resolutions were reported in half an hour, and were passed unanimously. They expressed a firm confidence in the justice of Congress and its desire and ability to liquidate the claims of the officers against the country. It was also resolved, "That the officers of the American army view with abhorrence and reject with disdain the infamous propositions contained in a late anonymous address to the officers of the army, and resent with indignation the secret attempts of some unknown persons to collect the officers together in a manner totally subversive of all discipline and good order."

Thus right triumphed, while the spirit of misrule withdrew abashed.

A few weeks later—April 19—the Temple was the theatre of another most impressive scene,—the publishing of the proclamation of Congress announcing the cessation of hostilities.

Washington had been in receipt of news of peace for some days, but hesitated to publish it to the army, lest the troops who had enlisted for the war should consider their engagement filled and demand a discharge. But on the 18th, unable longer to conceal the good news, he issued his orders, directing that the proclamation of Congress should be published on the 19th, at the New Building, at twelve o'clock, in the presence of the several brigades. By a happy coincidence, it was the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, fought eight years before. When the day ar-

rived, it was ushered in by salvos of artillery. At noon the nine brigades were marshalled in the open space before the Temple door. They stood many ranks deep, brigades, regiments, companies, battalions, ragged, penniless, homeless, diseased, forlorn, with long years of unrequited service behind them, and a sombre future before. On these war-worn veterans the words of the commander-in-chief—words that were not the mere formal citation of a fact, but a psalm of joy and thanksgiving—must have exerted the most beneficial effect.

"On such a happy day," the address began, "a day which is the harbinger of peace, a day which completes the eighth year of the war, it would be ingratitude not to rejoice, it would be insensibility not to participate in the general felicity. The commander-in-chief, far from endeavoring to stifle feelings of joy in his own bosom, offers his own most cordial congratulations on the occasion to all the officers of every denomination, to all the troops of the United States in general, and in particular to those gallant, persevering men who had resolved to defend the rights of their invaded country so long as the war should continue.

... While the general recollects the almost infinite variety of scenes through which we have passed, with a mixture of pleasure, astonishment, and gratitude, while he contemplates the prospect before us with rapture, he cannot help wishing that all the brave men, of whatever condition they may be, who have shared in the toils and dangers of this glorious Revolution, of rescuing millions from the hand of oppression, and of laying the foundation of a great empire, might be impressed with a proper idea of the dignified part they have been called to act, under the smiles of Providence, on the stage of human affairs; for happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced hereafter who have contributed anything, who have performed the meanest office, in creating this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire on the broad basis of independency, who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature and establishing an asylum

for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions."

Hearty and continued applause greeted the eloquent words; then there was a stir in the audience, and ten thousand voices took up the strains of the grand anthem, "Independence."

Why has not some industrious writer prepared for us a paper on the lyrists and minnesingers of the Revolution? He would find here an untrodden field. History ignores their existence, yet their stirring strains rose on the air at the beginning of the conflict, and continued until they fitly celebrated the dawning of peace and the settlement of the quarrel. John Trumbull, captain in the Connecticut Line, Timothy Dwight, chaplain of the same, Joel Barlow, who later achieved fame as the "Hasty Pudding" bard, William Billings, of Massachusetts, and others whose memory is lost, were well endowed with the poetic faculty, and by their patriotic odes and lyrics exerted a most beneficial effect on the morale of the army. The most popular of these productions was an anthem by Billings, styled "Independence," which has no literary merit, but was vastly popular, because it voiced so well the democratic sentiments of the rank and file.

As the anthem has never been placed within reach of the general public, I reproduce it here entire.* The reader may imagine it as being sung by a choir, the whole army joining in the chorus:

The States, O Lord! with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice,
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

Chorus.

To the King they shall sing, Halleluiah!

Thy goodness and thy tender care
Have all our foes destroyed.
A covenant of peace thou mad'st with us,
Confirmed by thy word.
A covenant thou mad'st with us,
And sealed it with thy blood.

To the King they shall sing, Halleluiah!

* I copy it from Mr. E. M. Ruttenber's "History of Orange County," Mr. Ruttenber receiving it from Dr. Lowell Mason, of Boston.

And all the continent shall sing,
 "Down with this earthly king.
 No king but God."

To the King they shall sing, Halleluiah !
 And the continent shall sing,
 "God is our rightful King. Halleluiah !"
 And the continent shall sing,
 "God is our gracious King. Halleluiah !"

May his blessings descend,
 World without end,
 On every part of the continent.
 May harmony and peace
 Begin and never cease,
 And may the strength increase
 Of the continent.
 May American wilds
 Be filled with his smiles,
 And may the nations bow
 To our royal King.
 May Rome, France, and Spain,
 And all the world, proclaim
 The glory and the fame
 Of our royal King.

God is the King. Amen.
 The Lord is his name. Amen.
 Loud, loudly sing
 That God is the King.
 May his reign be glorious,
 America victorious,
 And may the earth acknowledge
 God is the King.
 Amen. Amen. Amen.

This gathering, however, was but the precursor of a grand jubilee in honor of peace, which occurred some days later, and which was celebrated by the entire army at Newburgh, Fishkill, West Point, and at all the scattered outposts far down the river. Great preparations were made for the event. In front of the Temple a huge framework, containing nearly one hundred pieces of timber from ten to thirty feet long and seven inches wide, was erected for the display of lanterns and fireworks alone. Arms were refurbished, cannon charged, tattered regimentals darned and brushed, and the great beacons built on every projecting headland along the Hudson were piled high with fresh combustibles, ready to break into long lines of fire at the word of command. Soldier and citizen were alike intent on celebrating the day. It dawned at last, and was ushered in with a salute of thirteen cannon from Fort Putnam, at West Point, which were answered, while their echoes were still calling in the Highlands, by thirteen

from the old head-quarters at Newburgh. This was followed by a general *feu de joie* along the lines, and by loud huzzas from the soldiers and citizens massed upon the hill-tops, all proclaiming that peace and freedom had dawned upon the happy land. The day was spent in speeches, parades, salutes, banquets, and other demonstrations of joy at the auspicious event. With the evening a more imposing spectacle was presented. At a given signal the beacons along the Hudson were lighted, and at once the breathless spectators saw

Headland after headland flame
 Far into the rich heart of the South.

Fort Putnam again thundered a salute to the meek maiden with the olive-branch, while the Head-quarters, New Windsor, and Fishkill responded ; musketry blazed all along the lines, and the mountains resounded with the shouts of excited thousands. Brightest of all blazed the framework erected at the cantonment and aflame with fireworks and lanterns. The day closed with a grand ball at the log Temple, which had been brilliantly decorated with flags and colored lights for the occasion, and at which the heroes of a hundred fights danced with Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Knox, and a score of accomplished and high-bred ladies of the country-side who lent their gracious presence to the festivities.

This was the last event of importance in the history of the cantonment at Newburgh, and will form the closing scene of the proposed centennial celebration. If properly managed, the general effect must be magnificent, and will fitly symbolize the closing events of the great drama which we have been considering.

After the proclamation of peace, military discipline at the camp was less sternly enforced, furloughs being freely granted, and many availing themselves of them to return to their homes. In June the army was removed to West Point, and there, and not at Newburgh, as has been stated, Washington's Farewell Address was read, and the war-worn ranks formally disbanded.

THROUGH TIME AND ETERNITY.

I HAVE done at last with the bitter lie,—
The lie I have lived so many years.
I've hated myself that I could not die,
Body as well as soul. What! tears?
Tears and kisses on lip and brow :—
What use are tears and kisses now?

'Twas not so hard. Just a kerchief wet
In the deadly blessing that quiets pain,
And backward the tide of suffering set,
Peace swept over the blood and brain,—
Utter peace, to the finger-tips ;
And now these kisses on lids and lips.

Sweet caresses for lips all cold,
And loud laments for perished breath,
For the faded cheek and the hair's wan gold,
But not a tear for the sadder death
I died that day. How strange the fate
That brings your sorrow all too late!

All these years, with my dead, dead heart
I've met the world with smiling eyes :
I feigned sweet life with perfect art.
And the world has respect for well-told lies ;
And I fooled the world,—for no one said,
" Behold this woman : she is dead."

And no one said, as you passed along,
" Behold a murderer." No one knew :
You carefully covered the cruel wrong :
That the world saw not, was enough for you.
You had wisdom and worldly pride,
And I had silence,—for I had died.

The world says now I am dead ; but, oh,
Lean down and listen. 'Tis all in vain :
Again in my heart bleeds the cruel blow,
Again I am mad with the old-time pain,
Again the waves of anguish roll,—
For I have met with my murdered soul.

Oh, never to find the peace I crave,
'Twere better to be as I have been.
In the peace of the fleeting years I have
Eternity now to love you in,
Eternity now to feel the blow
Your dear hands gave in the long ago.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

DECKER'S SECOND WIFE.

I.

AT the close of a clear, cold day in early December, a man plodded doggedly along the turnpike that leads into the village of Shandaken. Ankle-deep in mud was this turnpike in the spring, and in summer ankle-deep in dust; but now it was frozen fast and hard, and the fall of the traveller's heavy boots resounded sharply. On either side of the road stretched dreary fields, with here and there a lonely tree standing up black and gaunt against the sky, through which the setting sun had striven to infuse a pinky flush. There were no farm-houses near, no red-painted barns, but only the rickety buildings of the brick-yard, deserted now, and with the great wheel that a blind gray horse had pulled round and round all summer frozen fast in a heavy black slough. The whole landscape had a chilled, despondent aspect, and the bare trees and fields seemed to pray the tardy snow to come and cover their nakedness.

It was a steep pull up the hill yeleded "Brick-yard," and when the wayfarer reached the top he sat down upon a boulder to rest. Just below him lay the village, from whose comfortable houses the evening lamps began to shine out one after another. The chimneys sent up delicate curls of smoke, that to an imaginative person might have wafted an odor of hot suppers. But the traveller seated there on the boulder did not look like an imaginative person given to weaving delicate fancies or spinning sentimental reveries. He was tall, gaunt, and bearded, clad in a cheap, ill-fitting suit of gray, and his large, ungloved hands were those of a man who swings a hammer. His whole appearance was quite congruous with the hard, lonesome landscape. There was a joyless look on his face as he sat and gazed down at the village: it was the look of a man who would be welcome in none of those snug

dwelling, by none of those cosey fire-sides; and it was with a sort of sigh that he finally picked up his satchel and trudged forward again along the frozen turnpike. A gig drawn by a wiry roan mare rattled suddenly up behind him, and as the driver passed he bestowed a shrewd, inquiring look on the wayfarer.

The man afoot smiled a little. "The doctor's mare is good for another ten years, I guess," he said to himself.

On down the road, through the dilapidated toll-gate, over the bridge, the man tramped steadily and with the easy confidence of one to whom every rod of ground is familiar. He passed through the straggling village street, by the post-office, blacksmith's shop, and tavern, and halted finally before a neat cottage standing in a small, well-kept yard. He paused irresolutely at the gate for an instant, then lifted the latch softly and stole up to the window, whence a gleam of light streamed through the blinds. He could see into a small room, simply furnished indeed, but with an air of comfort pervading it. There was a table in the middle set for supper, and the lamp cast a cheerful gleam over a shining metallic teapot, some cups and saucers, a great pile of fresh white bread, a pot of butter, and a generous dishful of raspberry jam. There was a little boy sitting at the table,—a rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired, ten-year-old lad, who drummed impatiently with a spoon. Soon there entered a slim, trim woman, whose large, light-brown eyes had an undefinable expression of hardness in them. Her hair was brought smoothly down over her temples, and her collar was spotless. She looked neat, methodical, energetic, and as coldly unsympathetic as a china doll.

But the little fellow at the table ruled her with a rod of iron. He ate jam and bread-and-butter manfully, drank a great tumbler of milk, made the cat sit up and submit to having her meek

nose smeared with jam, since she declined to eat it, and indeed comported himself with grave independence and silent disregard of his mother's remonstrances.

The man outside the window watched and waited patiently until the supper was ended and the dishes put away. Then he stole softly up to the porch and rang the bell.

The door was opened by the boy.

"Is your—your father at home?" the stranger asked hesitatingly.

"He is dead," answered the boy, evidently much astonished to find that all the world was not acquainted with this fact.

"Your mother, then?"

"Yes, she's in here. Come along." And the child piloted the tall stranger into the sitting-room.

"Mrs. Decker, I suppose?" said he.

The woman looked up at him quickly: a patch of red flashed into each cheek.

"I am Mrs. Decker," said she.

"Won't you sit down?"

He seated himself deliberately in a large rocking-chair, and put hat and satchel on the floor.

"I called to see your husband," he observed.

"I told you she hadn't any husband," broke in the boy. "I told you he was dead."

"Tommy," said Mrs. Decker, "go and sit in the kitchen for a while."

She turned sharply toward the child, who stood staring gravely into the stranger's face.

"No; I guess I'll stay here," Tommy answered with much deliberation.

"Now, you run along, sonny," said the man persuasively. "You must do as your ma says."

Very reluctantly Tommy turned and went into the adjoining room.

"I do not care to talk about my husband before the child," said Mrs. Decker, resuming her sewing. "It is best he should know as little as possible about his father. Mr. Decker died West some four years ago."

"So he died West," repeated the man in a reflective way. "I was a great

friend of Eben's, and I am sorry to hear he's dead. Did he leave you comfortably off?"

"He ran away from me, left me in debt to everybody, and with a child to support. For a week before he went, he lay dead-drunk at the tavern. I had to pay the bill for the liquor myself." Mrs. Decker never looked up as she spoke, and her tones were quiet, but her lips tightened ominously.

The stranger seemed, however, rather affected by this curt recital of what she had suffered at her husband's hands. He brought out a large red handkerchief and wiped his face as though it were bedewed with perspiration. "He wasn't much of a husband, I guess," he said at last.

Mrs. Decker laughed. "Do you call that being much of a husband?" she said, pausing in her work and looking straight into the stranger's face. "You say you were a friend of his; and perhaps you can defend him."

"No, no; I can't defend him!" the man cried hastily. "Nobody could defend him. But I'm sorry to hear he is dead. I had business that brought me this way, and I thought I'd look Eben up. I'll say good-night now, Mrs. Decker."

He went out again into the nipping air, and walked rapidly back to the tavern. Entering the bar-room, he found no one there but the landlord himself, Josiah Bedle,—a great, hearty, rubicund fellow, a Falstaff to the life. "It is a cold night," he said with stentorian geniality. "Won't you have something to warm you up?"

"I don't drink," the stranger replied.

"What! Temp'rance?"

"Yes, temp'rance,—teetotaller."

"Gosh! you don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Bedle, looking at his guest suspiciously.

"I'd like to have some hot supper, though, and I suppose you can give me a bed for the night," said the stranger, walking up to the stove and stretching out his benumbed hands.

"Yes, you can have supper and a

bed, of course." And therewith Bedle waddled heavily out of the bar-room.

The stranger, left alone, gazed about him curiously, and finally deserted his post by the stove to inspect a dark spot under the bar-room counter. He was bending down over it when Bedle re-entered.

"Halloo! What the devil are you doing there?" he cried sharply.

"I saw a queer-looking spot just under the counter, and I wondered what it was," his guest replied, tranquilly seating himself near the stove.

"That's a blood-stain," said Bedle, pausing and looking at it. "Eben Decker once fell just about there and bled a quart. The blood kinder soaked into the wood."

"Was he drunk?" the stranger asked indifferently.

"Drunk as a lord," was Mr. Bedle's reply. "In fact, for about a year before he cleared out he was drunk pretty much all the time. You couldn't keep him away from a bottle of whiskey."

"Did you try very hard?" said the stranger by the stove.

There was a certain dry, peculiar intonation in the words that made Bedle turn about and look at him sharply. "Gosh! I ain't no man's keeper," he exclaimed. "If a chap comes here and wants to buy whiskey, and I have got it to sell, it ain't my lookout whether he gets drunk on it or not. But you're a temp'rance man: any one could see that you don't know about the ways of men who take a glass once in a while."

The stranger spoke not a word for some time; then he said slowly, "I used to know Eben Decker."

"You don't say so!" Mr. Bedle exclaimed. "Did you know him out West?"

"Yes; I knew him out in Colorado. He was a hard chap, was Eben; but he wasn't *all* bad."

"All bad?" echoed the landlord. "Well, I should think not. There wasn't a kinder, better-hearted man in the country than Eben,—that is, till he got drunk. But there was a queer streak in him. He cleared out one day without

saying a word to anybody, and the next we heard was that he had been killed in a row somewhere West. I guess his widow wasn't very sorry. She led a pretty life of it with him; but she gets along first-rate by herself,—takes boarders in the summer, and does all sorts of things. She's smart. Fact is, I always thought she was a little too smart for Eben; kinder sharp, you know,—snap your nose off. The fellers used often to say that Eben Decker never would have been a sot if he hadn't had such a 'tarnal smart, sharp sort of a wife."

The stranger shook his head very gravely. "You are wrong there," he said. "From what I know of Eben Decker, I am sure he set great store by his wife. But the drink was too much for him. It is too much for most men."

With this the stranger rose and faced the fat, prosperous landlord solemnly.

"There, there!" cried Mr. Bedle in dismay; "don't treat me to a temp'rance lecture. Come along and get your supper. It must be ready by this time." And he led the way to the dining-room, a great, barn-like place, with long tables scattered irregularly through it. On one of the tables stood a dingy lamp, that illuminated a little space and cast queer shadows through the gloom surrounding it. A small cloth was spread over a tiny area of this long table, and here Mr. Bedle motioned his guest to be seated, and then left him to the tender mercies of a slatternly, sleepy wench, who brought him in some smoking tea and a dish of ham and eggs.

The stranger ate his supper hastily, and then returned to the bar-room. A group had formed round the stove by this time, and he took his place in the circle, lighted his pipe, and smoked it in silence. At first his presence cast a restraint upon those convivial souls, but a few glasses of hot whiskey-and-water loosened their tongues and set them to talking and joking together. Once or twice they tried to draw him into conversation, but his short answers soon quenched their curiosity. One young farmer did indeed try to banter him a

little, but there was something about the stranger's tall, muscular frame and brawny fists that impressed the drinkers of whiskey-and-water. Temperance man that he was, he looked as though he might be very unpleasant if his anger were excited, and he was allowed to smoke his pipe in peace. At ten o'clock he bade them a grave good-night and followed Bedle to a small, cold bedchamber. Outside, the wind whistled sharply and came through the ill-fitting window in gusts that made the tallow dip flicker fitfully.

"Hope you'll sleep well," said Mr. Bedle. "Good-night." And he rejoined his friends in the bar-room.

The sun the next morning shone down bravely on the fields that glittered with hoar-frost. After an early breakfast, the stranger went out on the narrow piazza that ran along the front of the tavern, and stood there, evidently undecided whither he should direct his steps. A group of children, chattering together, came past, and went up the road toward the school-house that clung to a bleak hill-side a quarter of a mile away. Some distance behind them appeared Tommy Decker, alone, and rather overloaded with a big geography, an equally big slate, and two or three smaller, chubby books, that kept slipping out from under his arm. Just as he reached the tavern he felt the books sliding, slowly but surely. He gave one look at them and one at his overladen hands, and then gravely backed himself up against the fence, and thus shoved the books into place.

The man on the tavern piazza smiled at this pantomime, and then slowly descended the steps and followed the sturdy little fellow trudging so bravely along, with the ends of a gay red scarf fluttering out behind. A few long strides, and Tommy Decker felt himself overshadowed by the tall figure of the man who had been at the house the night before.

"You've got too much to carry, Tom," said the man gently. "Suppose you let me put some of those books in my pocket."

Tom looked at him shyly. "But I'm going to school," said he.

"Well, I'll go 'long to school with you," the man replied, with a smile. "I want a walk this morning."

Tommy, still feeling rather shy, gave him a dog-eared arithmetic, a spelling-book, and a Second Reader, and these three volumes were slipped into the stranger's capacious pockets.

"Now let me have hold of your hand, Tommy," said he, grasping the little red-mittened paw and accommodating his strides to the chubby legs of his companion. For a while they walked on in silence. "Do you like to go to school?" said the man at last.

"I have to," Tommy answered concisely.

"Your mother says you must, eh?"

"Yes: 'cause I've got to be educated, you know. You ain't the new school-master, are you?"

"If I was, would you be afraid of me?"

Tom looked up into his face, then said, with a confidential smile, "No."

They walked on after this in silence almost to the foot of the hill. Then, at the school-house door, there appeared a spectacled young man, who shook a big bell fiercely.

"I must run," said Tommy, disengaging his hand. "I shall be late."

The stranger halted, gazed earnestly at the child for an instant, then lifted him, pressed him close to his breast, and kissed him twice. "Be a good boy, Tom," said he, as he set him upon his feet and handed him his books. He stood there and watched the youngster race up the hill, and, as he stood and watched, two big tears rolled down his cheeks and trickled into his bushy beard. Lost in thought, he turned and retraced his steps to the Widow Decker's cottage. He did not ring the bell this time, but went round the house and knocked at the side-door. In response to the summons to "come in," he entered the warm kitchen, where Mrs. Decker, neat and calm, was ironing.

"Good-morning," said she, in a tone that asked as plainly as words why he

was troubling her at such an unseemly hour. She did not for one minute pause in her work, but, taking a fresh iron from the stove, applied a moist forefinger to the under side of it in a critical way. The hot iron sizzled satisfactorily, and thereupon she began to pass it with swift dexterity over a small embroidered collar.

The tall man paused in the open doorway, the crisp air blowing in about him, and stared at her for a moment in a silence that was weighted with import. "Jane, don't you know me?" said he at last.

Mrs. Decker replied not a word, but the color flamed into her face, and she pressed her lips tight together.

"Jane," said he, "I'm Eben. I can prove it easy enough."

"You needn't to," she answered dryly. "I knew you the minute you came in last night."

He seemed paralyzed by this, and stood motionless, then entered the kitchen, closing the door gently behind him. "You ain't very glad to see me," he said in mild accents.

She ironed the collar viciously. "I don't know why I should be glad to see you," she returned.

"Well, I don't know; it would seem sort o' natural if you were glad to see your husband again."

She laughed, a short, fierce laugh.

"Yes, yes, I know, Jane," he exclaimed hastily. "I wasn't an over-and-above good husband; but I ain't the same man now. I work hard, and I don't drink a drop."

She looked incredulous. "I suppose you found a gold-mine out West," she said with quiet irony.

"No, I didn't find a gold-mine; but I came East two years ago, and ever since that I have been working in a foundry at Hartford. I have got a good place, Jane, and I could keep you and the child first rate."

"We can keep ourselves, thank you," said she dryly.

He passed his hand over his beard and looked at her steadily. "I ain't going to use force or law to get you

back," said he, "but I'd like to take you and Tommy to Hartford. We could live nice, and I'd insure my life."

"Yes; and how long would it be before you got drunk and came home and gave me a scar to match this?" she cried with intense passion, lifting up a lock of brown hair that hid a small red mark on her forehead.

The man put his hands up before his face: her reminder was a blow between the eyes for him. "Jane," he said at last, "you must forget all that. I want you and the boy: I am all alone, and I can't stand it. I could do well by you and Tommy. It ain't natural for a man to live as I do."

"Then get another wife," said Mrs. Decker. "I won't trouble you any if you want a dozen wives. There are plenty of women in Hartford who would like to marry a prosperous, steady man like you."

He gazed at her in silence.

"You ain't hardly human, Jane," said he slowly. "I made up my mind last night to go away without troubling you again, after hearing you speak of your husband as you did; and then you knew it was me all the time! I thought it would be best just to go away without saying a word; but this morning I went along to school with Tom, and"—his voice broke. "Jane," he cried, "the child is as much mine as yours!"

Not a line of his wife's face softened.

"I see," said he, "it's no use urging you." He brought a scrap of paper out of his pocket and scrawled a few laborious lines thereon. "Here is my address," he continued. "If you ever want help, or if anything should happen to Tom, you might let me know." He held out the paper to her, but she would not even look at it. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "you ain't human." He dropped the paper on the table beside her, and then, without a word more, left his wife to her solitude.

II.

THE long winter finally gave way to spring. Mrs. Decker might be seen in

her little yard, digging flower-beds and planting seeds, and setting out the plants that she had cherished so carefully in the house all winter. She was not the sort of woman one would picture cultivating flowers; but nevertheless she had a passion for them, and was never happier than when down on her knees before a verbenabed with a trowel in her hand. But she could not inspire Tom with any enthusiasm. He regarded a rake and spade as implements of torture, and would wield them only under compulsion. And it grieved her, as some mothers who love books are grieved by children who consider reading a bore. Mrs. Decker had a dim notion that if Tom would only find pleasure in 'monthly roses he would grow into a great and good man.

"Here is a package of seeds for you," he cried, running into the yard one day. "Mr. Ward says they are sweet peas, and that nobody will have any like them but you and him."

Mrs. Decker dropped the long vine that she was training over a trellis, and took the package eagerly. The seeds were wrapped loosely in a newspaper, and she saw the heading of the sheet. It was an old copy of the "Hartford Courant." Filled with an indefinable curiosity, she glanced up and down the columns of the paper. This paragraph caught her eye: "Married.—On the 14th March, by the Rev. John Grant, Ebenezer Decker and Mary Lasher, both of this city." In her astonishment, she let the seeds fall out of the paper, and then with a beating heart bent down to gather them up. She was free! Eben could never trouble her any more,—could never come and take Tom away, as she had been fearful he might. She smiled triumphantly, and carried the newspaper and the seeds into the house. The latter she put into a drawer carelessly, but the newspaper she locked up in an old desk where she kept some relics, her marriage-certificate, and Eben's Hartford address. She wondered what Mary Lasher looked like,—whether she was dark or fair, young or old, prudent or giddy. She tried to picture Eben as a

bridegroom, and her mind reverted to the day when she had been married to him. He was a merry-eyed, blithe young fellow at that time, full of jokes, and always singing or whistling. And now—a queer sensation stole over her, and for some unaccountable reason she seized the broom and swept the kitchen as it had not been swept before in years.

"Why, this is a regular house-cleaning," said Tom discontentedly when he came in and found his mother with an old green veil tied over her head and sweeping like a tornado. "You clean house all the time. I'd like to know where I am going to sit." And he gazed at his mother with reproach.

"It is all done now," she answered humbly. "Go into the other room for a while, till I get things dusted." Eben married! This Miss Mary-Lasher must have been a fool, to marry a man she knew nothing of. Very likely she was one of those flighty things who would die unhappy unless she could have "Mrs." on her tombstone. And she wasn't his wife, after all! Ay, there was the best part. A thought flashed into Mrs. Decker's brain. Suppose Eben was really very fond of this new wife,—as fond as he had been of his first? She was probably a young girl, and he was foolish about her, as middle-aged men always are over girls. But, after all, what did it matter?

The next morning Mrs. Decker found a long gray hair in her brush, and the sight of it discouraged her. She leaned over the old-fashioned dressing-table and gazed at herself intently in the mirror. The forerunner of a deep wrinkle lined itself across her forehead; but, as she looked, a faint blush stole into her face, and she smiled in triumph: she was not so plain, after all.

When she dressed, she put a scrap of ribbon at her throat, instead of the accustomed old brooch, and then she went down-stairs and prepared a most tempting breakfast. She wondered if Eben's new wife made such coffee, such light biscuit. The thought that she was probably some giddy young thing who did not know how to set forth tempting

viands was exhilarating. Eben had always been very appreciative of a well-spread table, and the widow's bosom swelled with a sweet sense of revenge as she gazed about her sitting-room that morning. It was the picture of cheerfulness. Through the eastern window came the spring sunshine, and in the warm rays sat the big gray cat, purring and blinking, too contented even to look at the birds that outside were twittering blithely together. There was a clean, pungent odor of coffee pervading the atmosphere, and the table with its white cloth and shining china was an object that carnal man would have gazed upon with satisfaction. And then there was Tom, rosy and serene, taking all the goods the gods—that is, his mother—provided, as no more than his due.

From that day Mrs. Decker entered into rivalry with her unknown successor. Always the most methodical and neat of housekeepers, she now vexed her soul over the problem of the beautiful. She strove to follow the advice of the domestic column of the weekly paper, and in accordance with its instructions she one day placed a vase with flowers upon the dinner-table, and then awaited Tom's comments with anxiety. But Tom said never a word: he looked at the nosegay with great gravity. There was, however, a comical twinkle in his eye, such a twinkle as his father had once had, and before which Mrs. Decker felt rather shamefaced. It was the twinkle in the eye of a man who is amused at feminine caprice, but is loftily indulgent.

Æsthetics, however, soon lost their charm for Mrs. Decker, and she wearied of trying to excel so vague an adversary as Eben's new wife. Her feeling of emulation gave way to one of pity. She felt sorry for the poor girl whom Eben had so deceived. Once, as she sat in the twilight thinking of the wrong that had been done, the tears almost came to her eyes. Great was Tom's astonishment when he found his mother sitting thus alone in the fading light and looking out of the window with an expression of sadness on her face.

"Are you sick?" he asked.

"No; I am not sick," she replied, "but I feel badly."

"You are thinking about papa," he said with awe.

The widow made no answer, but, with something very like a sigh, rose and lighted the lamp.

Mingled with her pity for the victim was resentment toward the deceiver, and this feeling grew as fast as the dandelions in the grass. She could not banish her false husband from her thoughts. As she worked about the house, mended Tom's trousers, even when weeding her beloved garden, the memory of his perfidy rankled in her heart. Her first waking thought was one that made the color flash into her cheeks and her eyes snap, and she found that in the night she awoke to dwell upon the faithlessness of the man she had once trusted. Sometimes an uncomfortable sensation crept over her as she remembered how she had treated him when he came to implore her to live with him again; but she comforted herself with the reflection that her conduct could not palliate his crime. A longing—vague at first, but that grew momentarily—to confront the guilty man, to wither him with her scorn, scorch him with her blazing indignation, took possession of her. At last, one day in early summer, a man walked into the bar-room of the tavern and announced that the widow Decker had gone to Hartford on business. The assembled cabinet listened to this news and discussed it gravely.

"You needn't tell me it's business," said Mr. Bedle emphatically. "She has lived here all her life, and never had any business in Hartford before, and it's very likely she's had business there all of a sudden. Oh, very likely, very likely!"

His sarcasm was so severe that it silenced the other members of the cabinet for a full minute.

"Well, what's your idea?" quoth one at last.

"My idea? Well, when a smart, spry widow takes to wearing ribbons and looks as though butter wouldn't

melt in her mouth, and then goes off on business, my idea is that the business is with a parson."

A white-haired old toper, whose lips were always trembling as though with the weight of the profanity that was ever upon them, chuckled in senile delight. "I guess you've hit it, Josh," said he.

Mr. Bedle looked as though it were impossible for him not to hit it every time; but he said nothing.

Meanwhile, the clerks in the office of a certain large foundry at Hartford had looked up from letters and ledgers to stare at a slim, neatly-dressed woman who stood in the door-way. She was no longer very young, but as she stood there the color came into her face and made her look youthful and even pretty. "Is there a workman here by the name of Eben Decker?" she said.

A portly, bald-headed young man who sat at a desk near the window smiled affably. "Yes," said he: "Eben Decker has been in our employ two or three years."

This was the junior partner, a bachelor and gallant, and his light-blue eyes rested approvingly upon the trim figure before him.

The unaccustomed scene and the eyes fixed upon her abashed the widow Decker and gave a touch of soft, womanly timidity to her appearance. "I would like to see him," said she.

The junior partner sent a clerk out to call in Decker. "And, as I suppose you would like a private interview," he added, with a smile, "just step into this room."

Thereupon he led her into an inner office,—a small room containing a large table and six arm-chairs. A minute later Decker entered.

He had on a big leather apron, and his rough flannel shirt was open at the neck, and the sleeves were rolled up, disclosing his brawny arms. He looked in these familiar trappings twice the man he had in his ready-made Sunday suit. "Jane!" he cried. He closed the door behind him and came up close to her, the ruddy color fading out of

his face and an anxious look gathering in his eyes. "Is Tom dead?" he said, almost in a whisper.

"No," answered his wife, gazing at him fixedly. "Eben," she continued solemnly, "I know all about it."

The guilty man looked at her in perplexity. "What do you mean?" said he roughly.

A smile of scorn curled her lips. "Ah, you would like to deceive me," she said.

"Now, see here, Jane," said he, in a brisk, matter-of-fact tone: "I can't leave off work to be blown up. If you have got anything to say, say it."

"Then I will say it," she exclaimed hotly. "I mean that I know you are married."

A droll look flashed into his face: "Well, I don't know as there is anything wonderful in that. If you ain't aware I'm married, I don't know who is."

"I didn't come here to be laughed at," she continued, her eyes snapping with anger. "I came here to tell you that I knew you had gone and married some other woman; and you are a bigamist, Eben Decker,—that's what you are."

He pursed up his mouth and whistled. "Somebody has been lying to you," he said good-naturedly.

"Lying!" she repeated, her voice trembling. "I saw it in the paper with my own eyes,—Ebenezer Decker and Mary Lasher."

"Well, it ain't me," said Eben. He looked at his wife curiously for a moment, then added, "But, if it had been, you'd have been pretty mad, eh, Jane?"

She made no reply.

"I guess, Jane, you've got a kind o' soft spot in your heart for me yet,—because otherwise you wouldn't have cared if I had married fifty Mary Lashers."

Mortified and overwhelmed at the mistake she had made, she said nothing. The fiery speeches she had composed were useless now.

"But you had no business to suspect me of any such dirty doings," he con-

tinued. "Ebenezer ain't my name, and Decker is as common, 'most, as Smith. You ought to know that, whatever my failings were, I never was the kind o' man that goes around getting girls into trouble. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"How do I know it ain't true, after all?" she murmured, not quite daring, however, to look him in the face.

He was silent a minute, then said, "Jane, you ought to have your ears boxed. But, if you want proof, go out and ask any man in the yard. They all know that I am living alone in a boarding-house; and a devil of a way to live it is, too."

"I believe what you have said," said

she quite humbly. "I'll go now, I guess."

But he stretched out his hand and took hers. "Hadn't you better say you will come back and be my second wife yourself?" said he.

She looked up into his face, her lips quivered, and unaccustomed tears sprang into her eyes.

"There, there, Jane," he exclaimed hastily, putting his arm around her and patting her cheek with awkward tenderness.

Again she looked up, a smile struggling around her lips now. "Oh, Eben!" she cried; "what do you suppose Tom will say?"

CHARLES DUNNING.

THE EARLIER AND LATER WORK OF MR. HOWELLS.

WHEN an author makes his first appearance before the public with a work which is obviously tentative or immature, we note what promise it contains, and follow his after-course with curiosity to see whither his talent will lead him. But in the case of a writer who has begun by presenting us with deliberate, finished work, who has ranged himself by the first strokes of his pen with a distinct school, we forget to look for any change: we are apt to take up his latest book with the certain expectation of finding the same thing done again with the same skill. Our anticipation is the livelier that we know just what to anticipate. But it is not safe to take an author for granted while he is still holding the pen. He may disappoint our knowledge, or, what is just as likely to happen, we may lose a part of what he is doing in remembering what he has done. Mr. Howells is a case in point. He has perhaps never surprised his readers or led them to any reversal of their early judgments, and yet in the dozen years during which he has been

before us as a novelist he has passed through several phases of art, and has changed to a considerable degree his style, and indeed his whole manner of writing. When "The Wedding Journey" first appeared, nobody thought of it as promising: it was already a complete performance, a book with marked limitations, but within those bounds almost perfect. It was hardly to be counted as a first novel, for the observation, the satire, the neat turns of thought and phrase, were only a little more noticeable there than in the clever essays which had preceded it. Thus each of Mr. Howells's books has prepared the way, in a measure, for the one which was to follow. But if we put "The Wedding Journey" beside "A Modern Instance" we shall see the difference. The one is simply an essay, the other is actually a novel. In the one book the characters are outlined by a few clever strokes, half their individuality lying in the cut of a whisker or a fantastic curve of drapery. We should hardly recognize Isabel if we were to meet her with-

out the travelling-hat which reposed so gracefully on Basil's shoulder. How far the personages in "A Modern Instance" are more life-like or complete is a matter which we shall discuss farther on: it is obvious at the first glance that they are more minutely and solidly painted.

The transition from essayist to novelist has been such a gradual and assured thing on Mr. Howells's part that in tracing it in his books we feel as if we had assisted at some mechanical process and carried away the receipt in our pocket. There is only one break in the continuity of the work. In "A Foregone Conclusion" Mr. Howells had already written a novel, with a slight but definite plot, four distinctly-drawn characters, and a situation which was dramatic and tinged with pathos. It remains the most perfect in construction of all his books, and by many of his admirers is alluded to with a gentle regret as marking a height which he reached but once, an aberration of his talent in the direction of genius. To our mind, the passion which forms the key-note of "A Foregone Conclusion" is every whit as extraneous as the lighter mood of "A Wedding Journey." It is a tragedy watched at a railway-station, instead of a comedy,—a tale of failure caught from the sad face of a fellow-traveller and pieced out with the finest and daintiest imagination. It is the passion of a dream, not of an actual occurrence. In style as well as in tone the book belongs to the earlier period of Mr. Howells's art. With the change of scene we find, a little later, a change of plan. In suppressing "Private Theatricals" Mr. Howells destroyed the bridge which connected the two periods. Here the theme was again a passionate one, and in this respect the book belongs with "A Foregone Conclusion," though far inferior to it in interest; but the fidelity and charm of its New-England landscape and the accurate touches in the delineation of rural character showed that Mr. Howells's cosmopolitan talent was becoming very much at home among the granite hills, and the roots have been getting

firmer ever since. While Mr. James has remained abroad and retained for his subject the typical American, the man of the New World and of unfettered conditions, as distinguished from the tradition-haunted and polished European, Mr. Howells has shown more and more a tendency to localization, a preference for New-England types and home scenes. He has become by his later novels the interpreter of New England, as Auerbach is the story-teller of the Black Forest.

The distinctive features of Mr. Howells's work during the last four or five years (what we may call his new style) are a closer and finer diction and a somewhat deeper study of life. Yet, after everything has been said in praise of his cleverness, his realism and keen observation, his highest quality must be acknowledged to be, like that of Daudet, his charm. His realism is more or less allied to that of the conventional New-England novel, which is forever testifying to the ubiquity of the bean and the angularities of horse-hair sofas. His cleverness brings him into competition with Mr. James, who has spent a lifetime in the practice of saying exquisitely clever things in a neat and delicate manner, and who could hardly be rivalled in that accomplishment. But Mr. Howells's charm is all his own. It is as delicious in its way as Daudet's, and it is not marred or contradicted by the forced contrasts with which the French romancer cheapens and adulterates the delicacy of his art. Daudet's inveterate habit of heightening the purity of his idyllic scenes and characters by surrounding them with morbid and sinister shadows gives the reader a constant suspicion that he is the victim of some trick, and makes him finally doubt whether the white he sees have not specks of black in it. We remember that mould cannot be kept from spreading, or fair fruit and rotten lie cheek by jowl without contamination. Daudet seems always seeking to take back the pleasure he has given us. But in reading Mr. Howells we can surrender ourselves to the spell without any danger of being rudely awakened. His charm

is like a subtle flattery, and we are constantly beguiled into the belief that it springs less from the fancy or artistic sense than from a superior fineness of heart.

In "A Modern Instance" Mr. Howells has allowed himself very little opportunity for the graceful semi-idyllic writing to which he has accustomed us of late. We miss the inactive comedy which spun itself out so daintily on the deck of the Aroostook, the exquisite rural pictures and decorative borders which made "The Undiscovered Country" a book to delight in, independently of its rather slight human interest. But, if the charm is less potent, the sympathetic quality is still present. Mr. Howells's superiority to all other New-England novelists of his day comes out nowhere more strongly than in his insistence on the beauty of common scenes and characters. He has brought out perhaps more minutely if not more distinctly than anybody else the aridity and gloom of village life, its hard necessities and scanty compensations. Its humorous side has been treated by other writers with a broader and sometimes a keener sense of the ridiculous than belongs to Mr. Howells. But the coarseness of the subject has often been too much for the novelists. The ordinary New-England novel smells of the kitchen: it is a raw concoction, like hasty pudding. Mr. Howells has never dipped his pen in molasses. He keeps in view the fact which is familiar to all Old-World writers on homely life, that crude things may be painted with art, and commonplaces treated in a rare manner. Notice his handling of the difficult and rather unsympathetic character of Marcia. Now and then we meet in the country some young girl badly dressed, yet with the air of being well dressed, young and fresh-looking and confident, intent on her own narrow aims, and the eye rests upon her with a certain tenderness. There is a momentary impression of youth ignoring both its own possibilities and the forces around. It is some such impression as this which Mr. Howells has embodied in Marcia; but he has not

stopped at the outside. He has followed up and studied with the closest interest a character which is not easily accessible and which at first sight promises little material to the literary worker. Marcia is as distinctively a New-England type as the cultivated Miss Bessy Alden or the over-conscientious Dr. Breen. She is one of those women in whom hardness and narrowness are not faults, but simply inherent qualities, inseparable from the conditions of their birth, the result of shrewdness and calculation in their ancestors, or of the chill conditions in which they were brought up. Marcia's indifference to her father and mother does not appear to spring from any positive lack of affection, but simply from the fact that she has always been accustomed to regard them as conveniences, that being the attitude into which they have themselves fallen. She is more countrified than even Lydia, whose "I want to know" was uttered in the most lady-like tone, and who had only a few trifling habits of this sort to overcome in order to develop into a cultivated woman and charming hostess. Marcia has no interest in intellectual matters, nor any religious motive to soften or broaden her. She throws the entire unsuspected strength of her nature into her love for the flashy young journalist who is her ideal at least in exterior. It is a narrow love, an *égoïsme à deux*; and yet the very intensity of her feeling, the fierceness of her jealousy, lends a certain largeness to her character. Her quick indignation at anything dishonorable points, moreover, to a nature which is not small, however narrow and wrong-headed. The finest touch in Mr. Howells's delineation is shown in the result which Olive Halleck notices, that Marcia's grief has made her common. In her abandonment to a perpetual sorrow without the check of religious or mental effort, the finer possibilities of her nature drop out of sight, and she becomes merely rebellious and tearful,—a commonplace, suffering woman,—a Rachel refusing to be comforted. If Mr. Howells meant to show that the limitations of Marcia's nature would have prevented

any real happiness in a union between her and Halleck, he should have made this in some way the text of their separation. If, on the other hand, he wished to intimate a possibility of regeneration for Marcia in Halleck's love, it was an excess of cruelty to shut the door upon her future with a moral bar which is imperceptible to herself.

How far Mr. Howells intended the disquisition on divorce toward the end of the book to be taken as marking its purpose we are unable to tell. The story is far too common a one to be disposed of in such a commonplace manner. When a novelist undertakes to show us moral solutions, it should be with a deeper spiritual discernment and from a loftier point of view than would be possible to every-day conventional men like Atherton. It would be unjust to Mr. Howells, however, to intimate that he has not done so. The story of "A Modern Instance" has a far graver significance than the moral which the author has allowed Clara Kingsbury's husband to draw from it. It is written throughout in a tone which is full of earnestness and sympathy. If the ending is a little unsatisfactory, this is not to be wondered at. A commonplace end would simply have begged the question. A tragic conclusion would have answered it with more force; but Mr. Howells has not gone so far as this. He has been content to make a set of prison-regulations take the place of an avenging fate.

Gradually, but surely, Mr. Howells has defined his position as the leading novelist of New England,—the author to whose pages we must turn to find the social features of that country mapped out in all their relations. He began with a pretence of disdain,—with clever outside sketches of Boston as we meet it in the street-cars or on the Common. He has ended by painting in charming detail the more gracious side of New-England life, and by entering more closely than any one else has done into its meaning. We have only to glance through his novels to see how many aspects he has illustrated, how many types are transferred to his pages. In

"The Undiscovered Country" he showed us some of the most prominent but least permanent, the foredoomed community of Shakers, and that strange fungous population of quacks and clairvoyants which crops out in mysterious sign-boards all over Boston. It was a picture of ruins which the artist's brush had covered with verdure and painted in moist, delicate hues. "Dr. Breen's Practice" is a study of the New-England conscience,—that curious, morbid development which surpasses health and is superior to nature. "A Modern Instance" may almost be regarded as a sequel to "Dr. Breen's Practice," in that it deals with the dangers which lie in a weakening of this conscience. That the buckram virtue infused into our national life by Puritanism depends on a sort of mental tension, and must inevitably relax with time, has become, in our own day, tolerably evident. The question of what is to take its place has already begun to trouble the minds of moralists. Shall we finally become no better than other nations who dance on the Sabbath and override the seventh commandment? Or will there be, as visionaries tell us, a larger and more intellectual religion invented for our salvation? Or must we perforce step back into the old bondage and try to look as if the armor fitted? That is what Halleck does. We question whether in real life he would not have gone into the Catholic Church; but Mr. Howells's disposition of him is certainly finer, as showing a sterner asceticism, softened by the harmony with his early traditions.

Mr. Howells has written no novel which covers so wide a field as "A Modern Instance,"—none in which the interest is so absorbing. Indeed, no other work of fiction by an American writer combines in the same degree the chief essentials of a good novel,—fidelity to life and a climactic interest in the story. The characters hold our attention from beginning to end; we follow their course almost with anxiety, and we no more think of criticising the sequence of events than of suggesting alterations in the

happenings of actual life. Yet, with all their vigor and *vraisemblance*, we should hesitate to speak of any of Mr. Howells's characters as creations. They impress us as real from their resemblance to persons whom we have seen, not by the sheer force and vividness of their conception. Each is an aggregation of particulars, not an absolute individuality. The same thing is true of Mr. James's characters, with this difference, that Mr. James builds up his delicately-organized men and women by a molecular process in which art and intuition play the chief part, while those of Mr. Howells appear to be the result of a marvellously fine and active observation. If there be an exception, it is in the character of Marcia, which is throughout artistic and well sustained; but we cannot help the suspicion that Marcia was already in existence before Mr. Howells met her and saw the pathos which lay in her crudities and latent powers. If he did not invent Marcia, he has done everything else for her, and almost recreated her in the care and skill with which she is represented. The other *dramatis personæ*—Bartley Hubbard, the old squire, the man with a baked-bean theory—lay more ready to hand. We need not to be informed, but merely to be reminded, of their appearance and idiosyncrasies. We should have known without being told how the squire wore his hat, and how totally at sea he found himself in Boston; but we like to come across these little things and pay our

tribute of admiration to their accuracy. This precision of detail has always been familiar to the readers of Mr. Howells. The realism of "A Modern Instance" is of a larger sort. In the matter of vigor and importance the book is decidedly in advance of anything else that Mr. Howells has done; but it cannot be pronounced his best work in the same sense in which "The Portrait of a Lady" is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mr. James. It is rarely indeed that an author produces a single work combining so perfectly all the qualities and excellences displayed in his various productions as did Mr. James's last novel. "The Portrait of a Lady" is a summing up.

"A Modern Instance" is the strongest and most thoughtful of Mr. Howells's novels; but no complete or final estimate of his powers could be formed from a book so largely wanting in the charm which we have pointed out as constituting his finest and most enduring claim upon our affections. We are grateful for the earnestness, we admire the determination of purpose which has made of his latest book a compact and serious novel, not an essay in dialogue form: still, we cannot but look back a little way with regret to stories in which the action loitered here and there, giving an opportunity for delicious bits of idleness and poetry. We would have Mr. Howells continue strong and serious, but we would not have him forget to be charming.

DELAY.

I DO affirm that thou hast saved the race
 As much as thou hast ever made it lose.
 Men of quick action may thy name abuse,
 But the world's life and theirs attest thy grace.
 An hour of thee doth sometimes turn the face
 Of men and kingdoms, bidding them refuse
 What, chosen last, it had been death to choose:
 Through thee alone they missed the fatal place.

How often dies the guileful thought or end
 When guileless eyes detain us on our way!
 What sin and shame that hindrance may forefend
 Which we so hate and storm against to-day!
 What mighty evils over all impend
 Averted graciously by kind Delay!

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

MRS. GALLUP ENTERTAINS A FRIEND AT TEA.

DON'T tell me you won't take no more bread, a'ready! Nor crackers neither? Why, you ain't no eater at all, Mis' Silliman. 'Twas for all the world the same way with husband when he was alive,—never cared a row o' pins about what he et in the evenin', so long as he'd had a good dinner in the middle o' the day. Let me fill your cup, though,—oh, come, I re'lly must insist upon't. And, Janey, pass Mis' Silliman the cake (not that side,—the other, you heedless critter), and then hand me them presarve-plates. I dew hope you'll excuse this quince-sass. I ginerally have good luck with my sasses, but the heft o' this's taken to workin', and I'm afraid I'll have to send it over to the orphan asylum: 'tain't fit for nothin' else. Janey, spoons.

Lemme see,—where was we? 'Oh, you was a-sayin' that Parson Bascom was settled over to White's Creek. Well, I wish 'em joy of him: hope 'tain't a very hilarious section o' the country, for their sakes and his'n. Married ag'in, d'you say? Well, well, well! and his second wife tew,—did you ever? Rachel Parrott? Yes, but that was fifteen years ago. You don't mean to say yer aunt Van Horn hain't never told you how *that* affair was broke up? Why, Rachel herself's been married years to Ashbel Piper: they're livin' at Leicester. We was all dreadful worked up at the time, for fear Rachel was certainly goin' to marry the minister in spite of all her friends could do or say about it; but when that circumstance over to the Synod at Baskerville occurred

it just cut short the hull matter. 'Twas awful funny, too, when you think of it. Never can help laughin' when I happen to call it to mind. That's right, help yourself; I can recommend that angel-cake, if I *did* make it myself.

Ever see Parson Bascom? No? Well, I'll wager he ain't a bit changed, extarnally or intarnally, from what he was when he come here that summer of the freshet to supply Parson Kittell's pulpit. Parson Kittell had the bronkesters. Mr. Bascom was quite a young man then,—not more'n thirty,—had been preachin' over in Northwestern New York for a year or so. He was a terrible clever, deep-thinkin', conscientious young man, powerful in the pulpit and an onwearyin' worker. But what struck everybody precisely alike, from the first identical minit he come here, was his solemnness. That was his distinguishin' p'int! He was, without exception, the solemmest man, no matter what he was doin' or sayin', that I actilly ever encountered in my hull naternal life. Husband used to say that every day was a funeral twenty-four hours long to him, and that he was bent on enjoyin' it to the full. 'Twasn't that he was always talkin' so much about death, an' the welfare o' souls, the desolation o' Jerusalem, the triflin' o' the perfessers, and so on, though them was his principal topics. Whatever he was speakin' about, crops, the blessin's of Providence, children, 'twas all the same thing; his long face and dretfully earnest never-a-smile never-a-laugh way was re'lly all but onbearable,—used to git me so narvous I

sometimes felt I couldn't sit still. When he come to a little tea-party of an evenin', first thing you knew, all the young folks'd have slipped into another room. He married 'Lias Wells's daughter and Franklin Bennett, over to Gamblesboro', and they say he got bride and groom, father and mother, and all the weddin' party, into hyestericks before he got through his address to the young couple. One evenin' he was walkin' slowly past Mis' Deacon Runkle's gate, when her little Kit, that was then, run up and ketcht holt of his knees, callin' out, "Minister,—how do, minister?"—and Mis' Runkle told me that she seen him gravely pick her up and kiss her (for he was a real tender-hearted man, spite of all his solemnness), and, holdin' the little thing kind o' aukerdy, he says to her, almost with tears in his eyes, "Dear, thoughtless innocent! Can it be possible that, young and joyous as you are, you are by nature a child of wrath and a vessel of damnation?" Did you ever? Kit run off roarin', and nobody could say "Minister" to her for six months without she become sober as a judge.

I don't dare to offer you no more quince: I'm dizgusted with it.

When I heard that Parson Bascom was attentive to Rachel Parrott, I thought I should die laughin'! "That handsome, lively, high-sperrited girl," says I: "why, she'll never give him the *chance* to be attentive to her. Rachel's a good girl, and a real Christian, if there is one, but she won't endure to think of bein' a minister's wife,—above all, the wife of a man like Mr. Bascom." When I heard their engagement announced, I couldn't believe it! What in the world had got into her? It seemed perfectly onaccountable to me at first. But, after all, it turned out not to be so extraordinary. You see, that spring her sister Hetty'd died. Rachel hadn't gone out none after that; or, when she did, she'd made such an effort to seem like her old lively self that we hadn't none of us realized how grave and settled she'd become. 'Twas nat'ral enough Parson Bascom should see her frequently. She'd got to have a deep

respect and admiration for his gifts,—a kind o' awe of him. More than all, he actilly'd got to exert over her a reg'lar fascination, just as some critters does over birds. When he discovered he'd fell in love with her, after his solemn, terrible-earnest fashion, why, what with her previous acquaintance with him durin' the family's affliction, and her admiration an' respect an' awe, she was completely under his influence. So she promised to marry him. I re'lly believe that she thought she loved him. The engagement was giv' out, and they was together day in and day out from that week.

Her father and mother, Judge Parrott and Mis' Parrott, 'twas reported, felt very badly about it, an' for exceedin'ly sensible reasons. One day Mis' Parrott came over here with her knittin' for the afternoon (her and me was always more or less intimate), and she told me very frankly all their objections. You see, Rachel was now the only child they'd left. They was completely centred on her happiness. They was sure 'twas in a false state of mind she'd got since Hetty's death. She was always an exceedin'ly good girl, but they didn't think she was by natur' suited at all for marryin' a minister, especially Parson Bascom. When she'd git back her health and spirits she'd think so too,—perhaps too late. They'd had a good deal to say with both her and the young parson, but it hadn't done no good, and they was both of 'em old enough to have a right to stick to it that they knew their own minds better than the Judge and Mis' Parrott. "All I can hope for, Mis' Gallup," says Mis' Parrott, says she, "is that some little thing'll occur before the weddin'-day's talked about, that'll all of a sudden sort o' shake Rachel out o' the stupor she's fell into,—make her think and act like her old fun-lovin' self for five minutes. That'll be the beginnin' of her wakin' up, as 'twere; and then, I conceit, she'll discover in a flash that she ain't the wife for the Reverend Amos Bascom, nor he the husband for her. *Our* Rachel was a real light-hearted, laughin'.

high-sperrited girl,—not this sober, grave creetur that's made such by Mr. Bascom, and that he wants to marry."

I met the two several times shortly after this. Occasionally they'd be walkin', or ridin', or visitin' some sick person, or somethin' of the sort. 'Twas perfectly amazin' how like Mr. Bascom Rachel seemed to be gettin' every day. She seemed to be clean bewitched,—no longer made any effort to appear cheerful. She never stopped to speak to a friend in the street: "Mr. Bascom thought 'twas wastin' minutes that'd ought to be better spent." And so they'd ought; but who's ever goin' to spend 'em better? She couldn't accept no invitations to tea any more (onless he happened to be invited too, and so could keep with her the majority of the time), for "Mr. Bascom always expected to read aloud to her evenin's." She never read no more light entertainin' books, nor opened her pianna: "Mr. Bascom was of the opinion that ginerall litteratoor, and music, 'cept sacred music, was largely snares to one's sperritooral progress," and so forth. It's an actual fact that for a month, as regular as the clock, you'd see him and her walkin' soberly up the street here to observe the sunset from the hill where the graveyard is, every clear afternoon: "Mr. Bascom thought 'twas exceedin'ly edifyin' durin' our pilgrimage to meditate on the onsartinty of life." Ondoubtedly. (Excuse me: how forgetful I be! Won't you re'lly take nothin' more?) Husband said 'twas the worst case of the kind he'd ever known of. "But," says he to me one day, "I believe Mis' Parrott's right. It may be it'll only take some small thing to, all of a sudden, start Rachel right clean out of this onnatural condition she's fell into. I've heard o' folks gittin' into such states afore, and comin' out o' 'em surprisin' quick."—"Well," says I, "if that's the case, I wish somebody'd kind o' let off a speritooal fire-cracker in Rachel's head and completely conflaggerate her all to oncet."

That year Synod was to be held over in Baskerville. In those days, holdin' Synod made a great time in any town,

—a deal more than it does nowadays. Of course the ministers and elders come to it from far and near, and up our way 'twas quite the custom for 'em, if 'twas convenient, to fetch their wives along with 'em, and *they* looked forward with a deal o' pleasure to attendin' the meetin's, bein' entertained in the town, seein' each other, and so on, I assure you.

As it happened, Rachel Parrott had an aunt, Mis' Capten Bissell (she 't was Ann Blauvelt, the teacher), settled over to Baskerville; and she, havin' a large house and expectin' to entertain three or four clergymen and their wives, sent for Rachel to come up and spend the week and help her. Parson Bascom was to stop there durin' Synod. He drove Rachel over there the day before 'twas to begin. Husband was to foller with me the next mornin'.

Janey, hand Mis' Silliman that fan on the shelf. You run out into the kitchen and begin your supper.

We arrived there, accordin'ly, safe and sound the next mornin', and was very han'somely received. Besides Parson Bascom and us, there was the Reverend Luke Chandler, from Gander's Mills, and his wife, and the Reverend Ethan Scullem, from Apple Hook, and *his* wife, and a couple more whose names I disremember,—quite a houseful. And the second evenin' we was there, as if we all wa'n't enough, what does Mis' Bissell do but invite a hull mess more of people to come in after the meetin' was over and take some refreshments? You see, she lived right close to the big church. When they was all come in, 'twas quite a party,—mostly clargical, of course, but still quite a number o' the leadin' members and the young folks in the congregation there, as well as strangers. We had conversation an' a little sacred music and promenaded from the piazza to the back parlor and the back parlor to the piazza: 'twas an exceedin'ly agreeable occasion altogether. Amongst all the rest I could see Parson Bascom, walkin' about, or sittin' sober and silent in a corner. He looked as if he disapproved o' the hull affair; but it seemed

to me Rachel appeared a little more chirked up than common,—ondoubtedly with seein' so many new faces and bein' spoke to by so many new voices. What with Parson Bascom's bein' occupied with the meetin's and her 'tendin' to her aunt and the house, the couple'd re'lly seen precious little of each other since the Synod begun.

Well, the evenin' was pretty well over and the company considerable broken up, when—as 'twas quite customary then on such occasions, though you don't recollect it, I expect—Capten Bissell speaks up loud, and says, "Well, my friends, suppose we all be seated as soon as convenient: Reverend Mr. Bascom's a-goin' to lead us to the throne o' grace.—Wife, 'll you kindly give Mr. Bascom the Bible and hymn-book?" For nearly always there'd be readin' o' the Scriptures, and a hymn sung by all the company, and then a prayer'd be offered, after which the folks'd bid one another good-night. But 'twas a sing'lar fact that while down in our section 'twas always the practice for the prayer to follow direc'ly upon the readin' o' the Scriptures, and, last of all, on risin', for the hymn to be sung, why, up in the Northern parts 'twas jest as invariably the practice first to read, and then to sing, and finally to offer the prayer. 'Twas a curious little difference between them and us; but 'twas the case for all that.

I shall never to this day understand what was the matter with Mr. Bascom, without that his seein' Rachel durin' that evenin' so interested in everythin' and everybody in the room except himself had kind o' disturbed his mind. Besides, he was always apt to be aukerd and confused in such conspicuous situations out o' his pulpit. He took the Bible from Mis' Bissell, and sat down in an ongainly kind o' way alongside the stand where the candles was, an' crossed his legs. We was quite a large circle 'round the room,—as many as two dozen folks, old and young,—though most had gone away earlier. Rachel sat next to husband, behind her come Reverend Mr. Scullem and his son Luther (he'd been a school-mate o' Rachel's, and if ever there

was a limb he was one), and on her other side sat Capten Bissell's cousin, Bethiar Kip, a deaf-mute, poor soul! who'd lived with 'em for years. Mr. Bascom opens the Bible, lets fall two big markers out o' it, picks 'em up, wonderful confused by their droppin', and then reads a chapter out of Lamentations. Then says he slowly, "Let us unite in—" Of course the hull roomful expected he was goin' to say "prayer." So, prompt as a regiment, and—as I know husband and I, at least, done—the hull roomful gets up with a tremendous rustle, men, women, an' all, and kneels down properly on their knees, leavin' poor Parson Bascom bolt upright in his chair, so consternated with the suddenness o' what they'd done that he completely lost his head. For he'd intended to say, "in 'All Hail the Power,'—tune 'Coronation';" thinkin' that hymn too well known to require readin'. At any other time, I've no doubt, he'd either have reminded himself, before he begun, o' the difference between the way of conductin' such exercises here and that where he'd formerly lived, or else he'd have "adapted himself to the majority," as husband used to say, in a jiffy. But, you see, what with the suddenness and unexpectedness o' the performance, his confused state o' mind owin' to Rachel, and the dear knows what, he jest set there, as red as fire, with his mouth open, starin' helplessly at the rows o' backs and waterfalls surroundin' him.

Meantime, none o' us moved, — couldn't tell what might be delayin' the minister,—then begun to get dumfounded as he; and he never said a syllable, but set there with the perspiration pourin' down off his face, I dare say. Then, a few seconds later, each solitary individual in that hull circle, of course thinkin' himself or herself the only one darin' to do it, slyly turns his head round, and meets somebody else's eyes a-turnin' too. Nobody spoke a syllable. The hull thing, recollect, didn't take half the time I'm tellin' about it. Poor Mr. Bascom, by this time utterly unable to git the best o' his embarrassment, set

there in perfect agony. Finally, husband ketches Capten Bissell's eye, and husband had a wonderful onlucky sense of humor, an', besides, was always an awful hand to laugh jest at the wrong times. First *he* begun to grin, an' then every other head begun to grin, and the next second—you know how ticklish such a sittivation is, especially when there's many young folks about—somebody else spluttered, and "Ch-e-e-e!" goes another, an' then, I declare for it, we all give up in a bust; and such a laughin' and stranglin' and gurglin' I actilly never heerd in my born days. It *was* re'lly shockin'. But 'twa'n't no use to help it. We was all completely upset; and when, in the middle of it all, we all seen poor Miss Kip kneelin' there placidly, and entirely unconscious o' the hull mistake, with Mis' Bissell's best tidy stickin' fast to her back, *that* didn't help matters. But the worst of all was poor Rachel Parrott. I was really afraid she was goin' into a fit. It seemed as if all the fun she'd kept shut away somewhere in her so long, and all her sense o' the ridiccalous, had broke out to oncet. She laughed and laughed, and finally kept on laughin' from pure nervous excitement.

Parson Bascom didn't so much as look at the rest of us. He marched straight up to her, where she sat on a stool, and, lookin' at her very sternly, says he, "Rachel Parrott, is this *you*?"

"I—I don't know," says she, lookin' back up into his eyes, with her own all swimmin' with tears o' laughter, and her long brown curls tumblin' down her back; "but I'm afraid—I'm dre'dfully afraid, Amos—it must be."

Mr. Bascom stood there a second or so, lookin' fixedly at her,—she with smiles strugglin' out o' both corners of her mouth. Presently he says, very slowly and re'lly hatefully, as 'twere, "A minister's wife with so ready a conception o' the humorous would be a treasure indeed," turns square around, ketches up a candlestick off the stand, and walks out o' the room without another syllable or look to anybody.

By that time we was all quite sobered

again, and re'lly ashamed of ourselves for all actin' so like folks possest. But poor Rachel! it did really seem as if she actilly was clean bewitched the wrong way from what she'd been. She went straight off the minute Mr. Bascom's back was to her; and off it was, with a vengeance, for it took us women-folks an hour to get her quieted down. Several o' the company went up-stairs to apologize to Parson Bascom. He received 'em stiffly, declined to accept any o' their excuses, or to come down-stairs and afford any o' the rest o' us a chance to make ourn. It was too bad, wasn't it? But to this day I can't explain how it was we was all so struck all to once by the drollness o' *our* sittivation and *his'n*, when, one by one, we all turned so slyly round. Besides, I don't think he'd ought to have behaved so stiffly afterwards; do you?

But, to finish up tellin' the story, the next mornin', when we come down to breakfast, lo! Mr. Bascom was gone. He'd left a letter for Mis' Bissell, excusin' his sudden departin' in some way or other. He'd likewise left a note for Rachel Parrott. She showed it to me: 'twas a formal breakin' o' the engagement on his part, and 'twas never renewed. She was a changed girl. From that night she seemed to be just her old, merry-natered, happy self. The Bascom spell had been broke forever by that occurrence. When we got back home, after the Synod was over, we found that the parson'd been here, made all his arrangements, and left the village for good; and all while we were at Baskerville. He got over his anger after some while, and wrote to Rachel, beggin' her pardon for his share in the affair toward *her*, and askin' for a renewal o' their relations. But she'd seen herself in a new light by that time, and told him so; and a while later she married Ashbel Piper, as I've said. She'd had a narrow escape from the most dangerous misunderstanding in any woman's likely to have in life,—a misunderstandin' with herself.

Walk right into the parlor, Mis' Silliman. 'Tis a warm evenin', ain't it?

EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

A DAY IN COYOTEVILLE.

"I WILL show you," said my companion, "a typical frontier village."

"Just what I want to see above all things in the world," I replied, "for conflicting accounts of such villages have completely mystified me."

"I am not surprised," said my friend, with a significant smile. "Life in these rural settlements is very peculiar. If there is one word which more forcibly than another expresses the condition of society in these same places, that word is 'mixed;' but you shall judge for yourself."

There were two of us—two women—scurrying along one of the ragged streets of a Territorial capital as fast as the shaggy, one-eyed pony attached to the wide-seated phaeton could carry us, our destination a settlement twenty-five miles farther up the Missouri. My friend and companion for this occasion, a native Western girl, quick and alert, held the reins, and drove with the reckless *abandon* which characterizes the driving of all women who are not afraid of horses. Our turn-out, I suspect, was not exactly such as to please her fastidious tastes, and so, to escape prolonged inspection on the part of early risers, who might be stirring, she put the pony to his best paces, and we fairly whirled away like a young tornado into the country.

It was midsummer of 1881, and the sun was just rising as we reached the city outskirts. The air was soft and cool, and fragrant with the odor diffused by the blooming plains. Striking the prairie road, we sped onward, leaving behind us the little white town, which lay nestled among the clustering hills, the clear, radiant sunrise dimmed only by the smoke of a river steamer rising dark against the rosy sky. It was lovely in its summer-morning freshness, that green waterless sea, which spread with a mighty sweep away to the far, far north and the snowy ranges of the

west. Its rolling waves rose and fell as far as the eye could reach, and were dappled here and there with waving corn and fields of golden wheat. See, there are light mists hovering over the course of the great Missouri, and along the distant horizon; there are fleecy, rose-colored clouds in the sky, and all about you the long, rich grass ripples and tosses in the gentle breeze. The air is filled with sweet, glad music: birds are singing; in the rustling grass you hear the soft chirping of the prairie-chickens as they call their young; and there is also present, as a never-ceasing refrain, the lively hum of countless insects, while from the wheat-field yonder, where some inveterate pilferers are revelling, comes the familiar merry whistle of "bob-white."

The hour, the air, and all this loveliness had a subtle effect upon my companion and myself. Leaning back in our seat, we permitted the horse to jog along as he chose, while we sought to drink in the spirit of the scene, so that we might remember it forever. Whole regiments of tall, vigorous sunflowers saluted us as they marched past in review. Bright-eyed daisies, roses, both white and pink, bachelor-buttons of wondrous size, and tangled masses of morning-glories, trailing along the ground or clinging to anything which offered them support, grew by the roadside and in the grass everywhere. The entire absence of fences, which the herd laws render unnecessary, inspires one with the same delightful sense of freedom as being far out upon the deep with no land in sight. Sometimes we saw a diminutive farm-house, which looked as though it might have tumbled from the clouds, so solitary and out of place it seemed. There it stood without a vine to shelter it,—a target for the midsummer sun, a toy for the winter tempests. But the sturdy, brave-hearted pioneer may look from his door and see fortune

smiling at him from his broad, fertile acres. Ah, what possibilities lie in that glorious country! A hundred and sixty acres of the best land in the world may be had by the man who is courageous enough to set his face to the western sun and there turn the virgin soil. There is room for all in that broad, new country, and secure prosperity for those who press on to these goals with stout hearts and unflinching purpose.

Occasionally a tuft of cotton-wood, with its dense, dark foliage, stood out against the delicate blue of the sky. These trees grow with extraordinary rapidity in that soil, and afford a grateful shade and a defence from the winds. Most trees common to Northern forests thrive here, if protected from the winds and the prairie-fires. The storms are so violent, however, that it is doubtful if scattered trees can be made to grow anywhere, except among the bluffs, for a good many years to come. The method in vogue for obtaining a grove is simply to plant cotton-woods first, and then after two or three seasons to set out other trees among them. When the latter are well rooted, and strong enough to endure the winds, the guardian cotton-woods are removed, and the owner has a treasure which is the envy of all his neighbors. But the first season he neglects to plough around it, it is devoured by that fiend of the prairies,—fire.

The road we were travelling is interminable; at least, I have never been able to learn its extent. It is the "up-country" road, and it stretches away, away, for hundreds of weary, dusty miles, to forts and Indian agencies, whose very names suggest tomahawks and scalping-knives and call up visions of Indian massacres which may well cause an icy sensation to creep along the spinal column. A guard of telegraph-poles, some of them blackened by the fires that every year sweep over this vast meadow-land, marches by its side, now on the right hand, now on the left. But, while we were noting the features of the country,—and there is little variety for a matter of several hundred miles,

—the sun had been rising higher and higher, and the cool, dewy breeze of dawn was becoming dry and hot. All the morning country wagons on their way to town or the fields, mowing-machines, reapers, and cultivators, had been rattling past. One can soon learn to tell the nationality of the people by the harness of their horses: it is as varied as the attire of the people themselves. While we were giving our attention to a haying-outfit made up of three horses harnessed abreast, two wagons hitched together, and a mule tied behind, the salutation "How!" caused us to start involuntarily. The voice came from a party of harmless Indians, located at one of the older agencies, who were jolting past in two heavy wagons drawn by wretched-looking little ponies called *Indian*, after the ill-starred race to which their owners belong. Swarthy faces, dark eyes, and long, uncombed locks had the men who occupied the front seats. The squaws, wrapped in blankets, although it was a blistering hot day, sat in the straw behind. One held a diminutive papoose in her arms, which she displayed quite proudly when I turned to look after them. We passed anon a prairie "schooner" (a sort of nondescript vehicle much used on the plains), with two bronzed, haggard, and disappointed-looking men in ragged clothes, whose raw-boned horses seemed ready to drop from fatigue. The charcoaled words on the canvas cover explained it all: "Black Hills—Hot Winds—Busted—Better go Home." Then came men on jaded, dusty animals, with packs strapped to their saddles, who had come from the far "up-country," and now and then children trudging past to school, with bare brown feet, and hands filled with flowers.

It was ten o'clock when we stopped at Ford's Ranch that our horse might slake his thirst and rest a little. An ugly, hunch-backed old woman came hobbling down the crumbling steps with a bucket. In a harsh, quavering voice, she demanded her pay in advance, and when we dropped the silver into her

wrinkled palm she clapped it into her mouth, displaying by the act a sunken jaw with two fang-like teeth. Ford's Ranch is a two-story, weather-beaten house of wood, shutterless, and unsheltered by tree or shrub or vine. In earlier days it used to be, as almost anybody on the Upper Missouri can tell you, a favorite resort for rough characters, whose voices on a winter's night, as they shouted their sturdy songs and caroused and brawled, were borne far out upon the frozen plain. Not unfrequently were their revels interspersed with the, to them, diverting pastime of promiscuous shooting; and perhaps in the gray dawn a band of outlaws would gallop over the white prairie, leaving behind, in a room with blood-stained walls and broken furniture, the lifeless form of a companion stretched upon the floor. It is only a wayside tavern now, with a bar, where the sun-browned traveller may rinse the dust from his throat with a draught of lager or something stronger, and a trough before the door, where the jaded teams may stop and drink. There is a whole colony of out-buildings, whose thatching of earth was prolific of grass and weeds, with an occasional sunflower, which looked comical enough planted here high up, as though stationed to perform the responsible duties of lookout over its lowlier sisterhood.

The sun, when we took up the reins again, was beating down in all his fierceness, and the wind was like a blast from some smelting-furnace. We pitied the men at work in the fields, and the women most of all. Those Scandinavian and Russian women seem always to perform the most laborious drudgery of the fields. The cattle in the great herds along the way, and over on the bluffs, were quietly grazing, or lying asleep in all the light and heat; and the cow-boys, with huge spurs and long black whips, rode here and there, swift as the wind itself.

As we ascended a slight acclivity, a cluster of buildings came into our field of vision a mile or so ahead, and my companion joyfully exclaimed, "Coyoteville!" There is no tree or shrub near it: it is a village of to-day, with no

more reason for its present site than have a hundred other mushroom hamlets of the West that spring up one day and are likely enough to be deserted the next.

We drove up to the broad veranda of the village tavern,—I think they called it a hotel,—and were met with a welcome that was thoroughly Western in its heartiness. Our hostess was perhaps a trifle effusive; but the good woman knew that the eyes of the village were upon her, and, next to the personal appearance of her guests, the manner in which they were received and entertained would be the all-absorbing theme of gossip for at least a fortnight to come. She conducted us triumphantly into the house, and there, screened from the gaze of curiosity, she became her plain, genuine self. With kindly consideration we were presently shown to our rooms, and in the stillness and coolness, with the sweet smell of new-mown hay wafted to us through the open windows, we sat down to rest. An hour later I was roused by a confusion of noises in the yard below, and, upon looking out, saw that two stages, white with dust, had just arrived; and simultaneously came the welcome sound of the dinner-bell.

I noted with much interest the people who assembled in the dining-room. There was an old gentleman, with white hair and beard, who wore the uniform of an army-officer; there were two younger officers, one of them accompanied by a lady and a little boy; two ladies—Indian-mission teachers—of uncertain age, one with short hair and blue spectacles, the other with curls and a well-developed moustache; a typical Western cattle-dealer, large, strongly built, face bronzed and beaming with smiles which betokened a love of good-fellowship; and an Indian Agent with a bald head,—not that there is anything remarkable in an Indian Agent's being bald-headed: such, I believe, is usually the case, the government having learned that a luxuriant growth of hair is too strong a temptation for an ambitious chief to resist. Then there were other

gentlemen, in bare feet and cool and easy undress. Everybody seemed in good humor, and there was no lack of conversation during dinner. The free-and-easy gentlemen talked and joked and laughed with their mouths full; the cattle-dealer entered into a conversation with an army-officer who sat at the other end of the room, about a beef-contract he was going to fill for the government; and the mission-teachers spoke glibly concerning a project for furnishing hats and hoods for the little natives at their mission.

Dinner over, and the two stages and some private vehicles disappearing in a cloud of dust, our host proposed a little stroll about the village. We took an oblique path across the common, where all the village horses were picketed, and where the sunflowers and grass were sometimes taller than our heads, to the county jail, which, except for its barred casements, might be mistaken for a small country school-house. A handsome young fellow, with a broad hat of gray felt decorated about the brim and crown with a cord of mottled red worsted, sat on a bench before the door, reading a newspaper and daintily smoking a cigarette. He looked up as we approached, and nodded to our friend, who greeted him with, "How are you, Bluff?" and while we waited for the jailer the two engaged in a conversation about a lawsuit that was in progress over at the court-house. The young man was not more than twenty-three or four, tall and slender, with hands like a girl's; he had dark eyes, hair, and moustache, and there was a certain dash of dare-devil in his general make-up. I supposed him to be one of the young men of the village who had casually stopped there in the shade to smoke and read his paper. My surprise was great when I happened to remark a pair of shackles about his ankles. He observed the look of astonishment which came into my face at the discovery, and looked a trifle amused, —not in the least disconcerted.

The jailer ushered us through a little vestibule into the common living-room. It was small and cramped. Three or

four quite young prisoners, browned and sunburnt, were lounging upon the table and benches. A boy came in just behind us with the dinner, and they all started up and watched him with comical eagerness as he placed it on the table. When everything was ready, the jailer unlocked the two cells, and a young man walked out of each. Both had forbidding countenances. The young man we had first seen came in now, and all the prisoners turned their attention to dinner.

From the jail we bent our steps toward the court-house, hard by. This court-house, which is the pride of Coyoteville and of the county, is a two-story building of wood, with a little square observatory, not unlike a chicken-coop, on top.

"Mr. Carter," said I to our host, "what is the charge against that handsome young man,—Mr. Bluff, I think you called him?"

Our host laughed. "Excuse me," said he; "your mistake is perfectly natural, but it sounds funny to have a handle put before that name. 'Bluff' is a nickname they gave him out in the Hills, on account of his nerve in playing poker; and as 'Harry the Bluff' he is known from the Missouri to the mountains. His record in the Black Hills has made him quite a famous character. He shot four or five men out there, ran a drinking-saloon and faro-bank, cleared out some road-agents who attempted to rob the Sydney stage, and, at the time of the Deadwood fire, dashed into a burning house, that was just ready to fall in, and dragged out a sick woman and baby. Last year he came over to Coyoteville and started a saloon, and a few weeks ago he shot a man who insinuated that his reputation for veracity was somewhat under a cloud, so to speak. He's a good-hearted fellow, but, as they say here, 'he won't stand any foolishness.'"

We both caught our breath as this bit of personal history was concluded.

"Will he be hung?"

"Hung? Oh, no," said the landlord: "there's not the least danger of

that. There are not twelve men in the county who would agree to convict him. No; his trial comes off next month, and he will be cleared.

"The other prisoners? Those two rough-looking customers are house-breakers and road-agents. They came up here to hide, and went to herding. They would never in the world have been found out if they had kept themselves straight; but it wasn't a month before they attempted to run off some stock, and got caught at it. We know just who they are now, and they are wanted in half a dozen places; but this county will settle her account with them first. They tried once to get away, and since then the jailer keeps them locked in the cells. Those boys are in for petit larceny."

We climbed into the observatory of the court-house. From thence we looked down upon the green, flowing, sunlit plain, with its broad, gleaming river winding among the bluffs into the far distance, where a thin veil faintly obscured the horizon. There was not one sharp outline in the whole of that summer landscape: all was soft and harmonious.

We found a lawsuit in progress in one of the lower rooms as we descended. Most of the male population of Coyoteville was present; the jailer, even, was there with his prisoners, all except the cattle-stealers: their offence was too grave to be favored with any such clemency. A goodly number of country-people also were on-lookers. Coatless and hatless were most of the spectators, who, in the absence of chairs, sat huddled together on the floor, or in wagons drawn up before the windows outside. Several women of rustic appearance, who had been summoned as witnesses, occupied places on a dry-goods box. The room itself was large and dingy. The rough, smoky walls were garnished with cobwebs, and elaborate devices in ink and tobacco-juice ornamented the floor. A pine table, surmounted by a cupboard filled with shelves and pigeon-holes, stood in one corner, and a rusty stove, with but one length of pipe, fur-

nished a resting-place for the brawny person of the counsellor for the defendant in the suit. The plaintiff, an angular, thin-faced man, with a countenance expressive of cunning and hypocrisy, had perched himself upon the table; his lawyer sat at his elbow. The justice occupied the only chair in the room, and his spectacles and expression of dignity and wisdom befitted his position and the occasion. An empty soap-box stood on end at his right, for the accommodation of witnesses. The defendant, a scared-faced Norwegian, occupied a reserved seat in the orchestra, so to speak: that is to say, he squatted on the floor in front of his honor the squire.

The suit was brought to recover three dollars for the keep of a cow,—the plaintiff claiming that he had found the animal roving at large, and had taken her up and kept her for two weeks before he could find the owner.

The examination of the last witness was about concluding when we looked in, and a few moments later the plaintiff's lawyer began his speech. He made an introductory eulogy upon his client, laying great stress upon his being a church-member, a Sunday-school teacher, and a most exemplary citizen. "Look upon that benign and open countenance, your honor and ladies and gentlemen—"

Here the speaker was interrupted by peals of laughter from the spectators: by an unfortunate coincidence, he had called attention to the open countenance of his client just as the latter was indulging in a prodigious yawn, which he struggled in vain to abbreviate. The justice pounded upon the table with his fist, and shouted in a thundering voice, "Order! order! Gentlemen, we must have order!"

"Why did he make that charge?" said the attorney, when the outburst subsided. "Was it from greed of gain? Did he do it because he coveted the three dollars? No, your honor; no, ladies and gentlemen: he did it from duty,—from that motive which is the most just, the purest, and the best,—a motive which has its birth in heaven. The plaintiff had at heart the public

good,—the rights of all free-born American citizens. His pastor, as I happen to know, went to him and tried to persuade him not to bring forward this suit. 'Look,' says he: 'this man has a wife and eleven children to support. He is a poor man.' How did the plaintiff reply? He burst into tears. 'Don't,' he said, as soon as he could speak, 'don't, I beseech of you, make my duty any harder for me. Do you not know me well enough to understand my motive? It is not alone this poor, ignorant Norwegian and his little children that I must take into consideration,—heaven knows I pity them!—but I must not forget my duty to others. If American citizens do not appeal to the courts to protect their rights when they are invaded by foreigners, are they not guilty of a wrong to their countrymen?' The speaker then digressed to rail against the "heathen hordes swooping down upon the Pacific, and the insurgent tribes which every breeze wafted across the Atlantic." Then he spoke of the danger of having an unruly animal running at large about the country, and introduced an anecdote about a woman who was gored by a cow, which was so affecting that it caused many of the listeners to wipe their eyes. But the crowning effect was spoiled by the defendant's lawyer inquiring, with seeming innocence, if the cow was hurt.

The attorney for the defendant was a tall and burly Irishman, with a pair of lusty lungs, a rich brogue, an astonishing disregard for every grammatical rule, and a special fondness for long words, over which he stumbled like an awkward boy attempting to jump the rope. Rising to speak in reply, he first opened his collar and wrist-bands and bared his brawny arms to the elbows, remarking, with a swagger that would have made the impersonator of "Moriarity" in "The Broadway Squad" wild with envy, that there were some people who would want to move out of the country by the time he had finished showing them up. He stated, by way of preliminary, that he had no affecting stories to tell, and, in

fact, had no intention of "boring for water," but that he should show how a poor, hard-working man had been imposed upon and abused by a rich old hypocrite, with a countenance like a steel trap, and a disposition like the same when it is sprung. "Who is there in Coyoteville," he exclaimed, "or, in fact, in the whole county, that doesn't know old Pennysnatcher, the wolf encased in lamb's-skin, the cheat who sells bad eggs at the grocery? Four dozen at a time, ladies and gentlemen."

"It is false!" screamed the plaintiff, purple with rage.

"Who dares impeach the veracity of Dennis O'Brien? Let him do it again at his peril!" cried the defendant's lawyer, striking an attitude which displayed to advantage his magnificent physique, and holding up a pair of fists as big and solid as sledge-hammers. His appearance was so threatening that the plaintiff, in fearful apprehension, edged toward the window, and the defendant, who could not comprehend what it was all about, crept under the table. The room was in an uproar, and the plaintiff's lawyer was heard above the laughter and confusion, calling upon the court to protect his client from insult and violence, while his honor, joining in the Babel roar, vociferated his "Order! order! Gentlemen, we must have order!" When quiet was restored, the justice sharply reprimanded the pugnacious lawyer, and told him that he must speak to the case in hand, and that if there were personal animosities they could be settled in the usual way at the close of the suit.

The attorney for the defendant next alluded to the attempt of the prosecution to create a prejudice against the defendant on account of his nationality. He compared this part of the gentleman's speech to the sputtering of a wet skyrocket. He referred to evidence showing that the cow had disappeared between two days, and intimated that she did not go of her own accord. He concluded by a wild flight of eloquence, in which he spoke of other lands, iron heel of "tyranny," swelling plains, humble

hearths and happy hearts, "boranzer" kings, rattlesnakes, American eagle. He roared, he stamped, he waved his arms, he clutched the air. The listeners were electrified, the defendant sat cowering under the table, and the plaintiff crawled out of the window.

At the village school-house we stopped a few moments, of course. School was in session. As we entered, the scholars, from a common impulse, stopped work and stared at us with wide-open eyes and mouths,—all except a tall girl with yellow hair, on the back seat, whose flaming cheeks threatened to consume the book which she held before them. It was in vain that the teacher tried, by winks, and motions, and taps upon her book, to get the attention of five small boys who stood leaning against the black-board. They paid no heed to her until she sternly commanded them to stand erect: then they half obeyed, only to slide back into the old position a moment later. Presently, however, they were all sent to their seats in disgrace for misspelling "crumb," with the warning hint that if the lesson was not learned by afternoon they knew what they might expect, which dark threat seemed to make little impression upon them, for they were soon engrossed in carving their desks, making grimaces, and trading marbles. We remained to hear the class in parsing, and it afforded me great pleasure to listen to those girls as they ran glibly through the whole order for each part of speech, giving the reason for every property, qualification, and agreement, and finishing with the rule which clinched the whole. What matter if one did say, in parsing the word "apples," "Apples are a noun,—because they are the name of an object"? She parsed it correctly, the teacher said, and that, surely, was paramount to everything else. It gave me great pleasure, I say, because I remembered when I could have done the same (who does not?), and it was a comfort to know that such an essential feature as parsing is not omitted in the schools of to-day.

Coyoteville has a population of only about three hundred; but it has three

churches and five beer-saloons. There is a store and post-office combined,—to obtain an adequate idea of which the reader has only to visit any such establishment which is twenty-five miles from town or railroad. The houses were all small and new. In some of the yards were beds of bright flowers, and *ma-deira*, morning-glory, and other vines of rapid growth were trained before the windows and over the verandas.

Active preparations were afoot, when we returned to the hotel, for an evening company, and, when the last faint flush of a marvellous prairie sunset had faded from the western sky, the guests began to arrive. It was with surprise and a great deal of pleasure that I noted the elevated, and even to a certain degree refined, status of society in Coyoteville. I met people of culture, ladies and gentlemen who would have been ornaments to society anywhere. I learned that Yale had four, Harvard two, and nearly every college of note in this country one or more representatives there. The place numbers about twenty young professional and business men who as yet have made no matrimonial venture. And, for the benefit of any it may chance to interest, let me say that there is a great dearth of young ladies; in fact, there were but two residing in the village: of course they were rival belles. Young ladies who are scarcely in their teens help to equalize matters at their social gatherings.

The lights were all out in the little dwellings, and deep slumber had fallen upon the village, when we went to our rooms. Out of the window the moonlight was broad and white upon the village common, where the horses and cattle were placidly lying, and upon the prairie beyond. The stillness was broken only by the distant baying of coyotes, to which a village dog occasionally responded. While we slept, the clouds along the horizon crept up, and by and by the rain and wind and thunder joined in a grand chorus. Little disturbed, we slept through it all.

Shall I ever forget how Coyoteville looked that summer morning when my

friend and I drove away? The brightest and bluest of skies smiled above it, and rain-drops were glittering everywhere in the brilliant sunlight which flooded all the earth and air. Down the street, past the white cottages, the court-house,

and the churches, a dash and a turn, and we were once more upon the interminable river-road, drinking in all the sweetness and beauty, and breathing the light, intoxicating air.

LAURA WELLS MORSE.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

The Elections.

THE dejection felt by a defeated party in a political struggle is seldom equal to the elation experienced by the victors. The natural tendency of the human mind to throw off painful thoughts and to "make the best of things" is especially efficient when the misfortune is a general one and, except in the case of a few persons, entails no individual loss. It is characteristic, too, of the American people to accept reverses with an equable mind, and to count on the compensations that attend them, as well as on the turn of fortune that must come sooner or later. This tendency was never more strongly displayed than after the recent elections. It might almost be said that the mass of the Republicans were hardly less satisfied with the result than their opponents. One great reason of this was, of course, the disaffection or apathy that extended through the Republican ranks,—a feeling not confined to those who were in open revolt, or who stayed away from the polls, but embracing, as is well known, many who, nevertheless, voted the "regular ticket." Another cause lay in the very completeness and extent of the overthrow. Had the contest been anywhere a close one, or if the line had been firmly held at some points while giving way at others, the reflection that a little more zeal and exertion might have thrown the balance on the other side would have been a source of regret

and of mutual recriminations. But a prostration so general and overwhelming could only have come from an irresistible force, and had to be accepted as something inevitable and belonging to the natural order of things. In point of fact, it was taken not only philosophically but good-humoredly, as well as with an acknowledgment, more or less open, that it had been well deserved.

After the first surprise, which was general, it was seen that the event had not come as a sudden and inexplicable catastrophe, but might have been anticipated as one of a series led up to and foreshadowed by all that had preceded. That the Republican party had lost its preponderance in the country was shown in the last two Presidential elections. That it was shaken internally, and threatened with disintegration, had become equally evident. The Ohio election left no doubt that the Democratic party was in a condition to profit by this state of things; and its nominations in New York and Pennsylvania, coupled with the weakness and blunders of its adversaries, insured its success in these two States. The unexpected magnitude of the victory indicates the extent to which the gross misconduct of the Republican managers and the criticisms that have been showered upon it have acted on the mass of the party and roused a spirit of resistance. In New York this feeling had but one means of expressing itself, and its force and determination are seen in the astounding majority given to the Democratic candidate for governor.

In Pennsylvania the same sentiment was, of course, the controlling influence, but it found a divided outlet; and, while the Independent vote is far from giving the measure of its strength, it must be conceded that the result is a disappointment to the friends of Reform and proves that this cardinal principle has failed to take deep root in the popular mind. So far Reform has acted simply as a destructive agent, and there is at present no prospect either of a remodeling and reunion of the Republican party or of the rise of a new party strong enough to take its place. The Massachusetts election points to the same conclusion. The result in that case seemed at first sight like a grim joke, a cynical acceptance of the doctrine that high principle is not to be looked for in political matters, that the stronger the professions of it the emptier they are, and that the best mode of showing contempt for them is by an open preference for that frank avowal of views and motives of an opposite nature which must be reckoned a virtue in its way. But the simpler and more probable explanation is that here, too, the general dissatisfaction with the course of the Administration and the Republican leaders chose the one mode by which it could make itself effectively felt. Everywhere, too, the natural desire to be on the winning side must be taken into the account, but, above all, the general tendency to consider the transfer of power from one of two great parties to the other as the only practicable method of condemning and checking abuses. The time seemed to have come when the Democratic party might safely be allowed to regain the ascendancy, and to show by its work whether or not it was worthy to retain it.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

A Tendency to Monotony in Heroines.

JUST at present we seem to be threatened with what might be called a literary epidemic of female doctors. Though these medical heroines could not fail to

be interesting were their characters always developed with the skill and delicate intuition which are the gifts of the author of "Dr. Breen's Practice," there may be some danger of their becoming professionally monotonous. To avoid all risk of verifying the old saying about "too much of a good thing," would it not be well to introduce as heroines some youthful lawyers or ministers of the feminine gender? How would the following skeletons of stories do if clothed with the firm flesh of epigrammatic conversation and vivid description?

A young man, handsome, cultured, rich, is spending the summer in a seaside village. He has a narrow escape from drowning (chance for telling realistic writing), becomes impressed with the uncertainty of life, and wishes to make his will. Inquires the way to the nearest lawyer's office. Arrived there, finds a young girl of twenty-three (tall, fair, singularly grave), who, to his surprise, answers his demand for the man of parchments, with the words, "I am he." (Difficulty about pronoun here.) Several pages of conversation, and conclusion: the attorney and counsellor-at-law becomes the wife and sole legatee of the would-be legator.

An even more telling plot, and one that would require the glowing pen of a Mrs. Southworth to develop all its harrowing possibilities, might be on this wise. Young man about to marry young woman to whom he has been plighted since infancy. The wedding-day arrives, and, as the supposed-to-be-happy pair approach the altar, and the clergyman—woman—(again that troublesome gender) advances to meet them, the intended groom receives the glance of her bewildering eyes, and recognizes in a flash the other soul for whom he has so long yearned in secret. Conclusion: fainting-fits, suspension of ceremony, and a general exchange of partners, such as we find at the close of some of Shakespeare's comedies.

These, of course, are the merest outlines. Properly worked up, it seems to me that they might be made effective: at least they would serve to avert the

danger which now threatens us of being obliged to read our magazine stories with the aid of a medical dictionary.

M. H. B.

Household Decoration and Sweeping.

No doubt our old-time ideas of internal decoration were crude and false to all canons of art. The rectangular marble mantel, with its big bouquet of wax flowers under glass, the square, uncarved piano, the shiny horse-hair furniture, the carpet of many hues, the long mirror, and the pictures in gilt frames, gave a cold and hotel-like air to a room; but then how easy it was to keep it clean and in order! A few touches of the broom and feather duster, a little picking up and replacing, and not a sign of dust or disorder remained. Compare such a task with the herculean labor of putting to rights the modern internal-decoration-craze sitting-room after a *musical* or "small and early," or even after a few days of careful use by the family. Such a room it were madness to trust to the unskilful hands of the ordinary servant. The mistress of the house, or the daughters, must attend to it personally; and what a labor for them it often is! The tapestried or embroidered hangings, the tiger- or leopard-skins, the heavy rugs, and the central carpet, must be taken out and carefully whipped and shaken; the polished parqueted floor must be swept with a hair broom. But this is only the beginning. The worst is the dusting and polishing of the brass fireplace-furniture, elaborate sconces, old crockery, faience, bronzes, and wood-carving. Ordinary endurance is after a while exhausted, and the duster adopts the favorite theory of artistic souls, that dust in carving "relieves the shadows," and so heightens its beauty,—a theory as comforting, no doubt, as it is comprehensible. And then the bits of old armor, old bric-à-brac generally, old clocks, old spindle-legged first-empire chairs, old spinning-wheel,—what a task to remove even one day's accumulation of dust from these! Dust has a passion for sticking to such

things, and specially to the oil-polished surface of parqueted floors. To remove it from these floors there is but one way: first, sweep with the ordinary French hair broom, and then get down on the knees and rub briskly with woollen or silk rags. The ordinary servant may assist in this part, only it will generally require one or two members of the family to keep guard, lest she upset a vase of peacock feathers or cat-tails with her heels, or a mediæval candlestick with her elbows.

A modern magazine-writer says, "Nothing can be more beautiful than a modern New York house which has blossomed out in this fine summer of perfected art." This may be all true; but the opulent are better able to take care of such houses. They can have better servants, and also humble relatives glad to take an upper servant's position, in fact if not in name, for the honor of inhabiting a princely mansion. For people of ordinary means to feebly imitate such artistic luxury is folly. They cannot afford separate rooms wherein to arrange and preserve collections of rare old things, and so their drawing-rooms often look like old bric-à-brac shops. A museum is the only proper place for useless old pottery and other things, like spinning-wheels and spindle-legged furniture, which the art-craze collector has a passion for. Would that every family could afford such a museum! Until then, the only consolation for the victim of mediæval art dust is the reflection that these crazes are of short duration. By and by all the cat-tails, old crockery, candlesticks, etc., may be gradually removed one by one to the barn-loft, and none will miss them.

M. H.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Early Home of Adelaide Neilson.

MANY a year had elapsed since I had felt the clear cutting airs from Rombold's Moor and Otley Chevin in my face and trod the narrow streets of Guiseley village. Then it was a York-

shire hamlet of the most primitive kind, given up to hand-loom weaving, and doing that weaving pleasantly and leisurely in its pretty cottages. Everywhere one heard the clatter of the looms in the upper stories, and saw through the open doors the handsome women standing at the wheels, reeling the yarn on their own hearth-stones. The peculiar noise of the driving shuttle, and the singing of Methodist hymns, were sounds tossed to and fro on Guiseley streets then; and I could always bid my ears give back the echoing memories. But steam-power and railways had since taken possession of the place: the blended noise of song and shuttle was silent. In its place there was a thundering reverberation in two or three mysterious-looking buildings, like model prisons, with curling black smoke above them and gurgling black water below. And also there had sprung up those monotonous rows of stone cottages that mills and railways always call into existence.

But, apart from these things, Guiseley was Guiseley yet. The great moors and hills and the winding Aire were just the same. The Yorkshire homes, with their delightful "best kitchens," revelling in warmth and comfort and color, were unchanged; the hearts of their owners were young as ever. As I wandered about, full of joy, from the best parlor to the best kitchen, two familiar faces on a wall struck me. One was that of President Garfield; the other, that of Adelaide Neilson. Garfield's picture I had become used to seeing in all kinds of out-of-the-way places, and it roused no particular sense of wonder; but Adelaide Neilson, in the charm of her wondrous Juliet, in the house of a Yorkshireman who believed with all his soul that the road to heaven lay right through "t' Methodist meeting-house," did affect me curiously.

Still, perhaps I should have taken no further notice of the singularity had I not casually lifted an album and opened it on Adelaide Neilson. There was no mistaking the face, though the dress was that of an ordinary lady. In a few

pages I came upon Adelaide Neilson again and again and again: it seemed to me that it was almost a Neilson album.

I carried the book into the house-place and sat down by my hostess. "We'll hev our dinner directly," she said radiantly: "there's nothing like a bit of good eating."

"What a beautiful face!"

"You are right there. She wer a bonny lass, she wer that *for sure*. And she wer always reckoned a clever one, particular after t' Queen and t' Prince of Wales and all London thought so too."

"You knew her, then?"

"I should think I did know her. Deary me! I'd rayther hev lost a bit of brass than she should hev died yonder way,—and 'mong them French people, too. Poor Lizzie Ann!"

"But her name was Adelaide."

"Whya! maybe so to them as didn't know her. She wer brought up i' Guiseley, but she wer niver quite like other lasses. When she wer a slip of a thing, she wer always reading. I can mind her often coming to our shop for a pound of sugar, or the like of that, and being so taken up with t' reading on t' paper bags as niver was."

"The reading on the paper bags?"

"Yes. The bags we bought then for wrapping up goods had always a bit of poetry or a description of some foreign place on them; and often she'd say to me, 'Give me this other bit of paper too, Mrs. B——,' and I'd say, 'For sure, and welcome, Lizzie Ann.' Eh! but I can see her yet, half leaning over t' counter, and that taken up with some bit of paper she forgot iverything, till I'd say, 'Why, Lizzie Ann, *niver!* Art thou here yet? Thou'd better be framing home with thy parcel, or thy mother will be fratching at thee, and serve thee right too.' Then she'd go her ways quick enough, but with a kind of yonderly look in her eyes."

"So her mother lived here also?"

"She lives none that far from us now. We'll go and see her when we've eaten summat."

"I should like that very much. Is her father living?"

"Her father! Hum!—well, her step-father it was,—he's dead. He painted and glazed this very room, and it was reet well done. No one could say Bland wasn't a good workman; and a man who does his duty by his work is worth summat. Come, now, and we've hev some Yorkshire pudding of t' reet sort: I'll be bound thou niver sees it in America."

"And you'll go with me after dinner to Mrs. Bland's?"

"For sure I will. Thomas'll put t' horses in, and we'll ride up to Chevin top, and call as we come back again."

The promised call was at a small, pretty cottage standing in a strip of garden fragrant with a bush of southernwood and a sweet-brier. A dark-eyed, solemn-looking woman, sharp and cutting as the east wind, opened the door.

"Could we see Mrs. Bland?"

"Whya! it's like enough. Come yer ways in and sit ye down."

The parlor into which we were taken, I saw at a glance, was a shrine dedicated to the fair Neilson's memory. Pictures of her in every character and mood covered the walls; and these walls were remarkable in a little village like Guiseley and in a cottage whose rent could hardly be more than twenty pounds a year. They were of the richest and most dazzling white, picked out with a quaint pattern in gilt. The room was otherwise indicative of quiet and refined tastes: a few very comfortable chairs, good books, some fresh primroses in a vase, and a plate of fine purple plums on the table.

In a few moments Mrs. Bland came to us. She is still a handsome woman, about fifty years of age, with manners singularly dramatic and demonstrative. There was no difficulty in introducing the object of our visit. The poor, heart-broken mother could talk of only one thing,—the child who had perished in the very zenith of her beauty and fame. I began to ask her about her youth, and she brought me a little

colored daguerrotype taken when the actress was in her eleventh year. The face was exquisite; not even the disfiguring style of the dress and the wide muslin pantalettes down to the ankles could injure its beauty. But even in this early picture there was that inexplicable shadow of early death or sorrow which few or none of the best likenesses of Miss Neilson are without.

My friend took the portrait from me and looked at it. "I remember her in that very dress," she said. "Eh! but she wer bonny, she wer that! she wer even-down bonny!"

"I'll show you the very hat she wore with it," said the fond mother, going upstairs, and returning with a pretty round flat of fancy Tuscan straw, having a faded blue satin ribbon tied round it. A dainty little hat it was, and I took it in my hand with a very curious sensation: in fact, I think we were all crying softly over it.

I asked the mother then if the future actress had displayed any histrionic talent in her childhood.

"When she was four years old she was inventing and acting characters," she answered. "She seemed to seize on any peculiarity people had, and not only did she try to imitate them, but often invented a new manner for them, trying to realize her ideal in all sorts of queer ways. When she was five years old she had formed her own opinion of what a ghost ought to be like, and how it ought to walk and act, and she begged me often to let her be a ghost."

"A child's conception of a ghost! Do tell us about it."

"I would not allow her to translate it; she was already too nervous and imaginative; but she clung to the idea a long time, and I dare say satisfied herself in private. She was very persistent, and she returned and returned to a fancy till I was often angry at her."

"Was it from yourself she inherited this dramatic instinct?"

After a moment's hesitation, she answered, "Her father was an actor."

"I heard she was born in Leeds."

"Nobody but myself knows where

she was born," she answered, with a trifle of irritation. "I have told no one, and I don't mean to." Then, with a smile at my friend, "I think we may say she was a Guiseley girl, Mrs. B——."

"We're none like to give her up, Mrs. Bland. We're proud as iver can be of Lizzie Ann. Horsforth may boast itself about t' Longfellows, we'd rather be half hev our lass. Beside," she added, with a triumphant toss of her head, "*Horsforth is in Guiseley parish.*" Now, then, what can they say to that?"

"Did Miss Neilson know her own father?"

"No. Let me show you her grandfather and grandmother,—my parents." She took from a drawer two strong, rugged faces in photograph,—faces of the purest Yorkshire type,—the man having a kind of ministerial look, which I remarked upon at once.

"Yes: he was a Wesleyan local preacher," said Mrs. Bland.

"And one of t' strictest Methodists as was iver known," added my friend. "He wer always ready for t' Methodist Chapel, he wer."

Mrs. Bland was silent, and a singular expression flitted over her face. I thought back thirty years or more: a stern, religious father, a lovely, impulsive girl, a handsome actor, a first absorbing generous passion,—these were the elements out of which had sprung the beautiful and gifted child.

Then we examined some of her needlework, and some souvenirs of her theatrical life,—theatre-bills printed on white satin for royalty, bouquets from princes and princesses, etc.,—and, finally, photographs of her last resting-place. The mother's remembrances of her daughter's professional career were told with fast-flowing tears and sometimes hysterical sobs. "She came to see me as often as she could," she said; "and, oh, how sweet and kind and good she was! Once when we were riding together we found a great patch of bluebells; the ground was as blue as the sky for quite a bit with them. 'Stop, mother!' she cried; 'I must go to those flowers!' and

she got out and knelt down beside them and stooped and kissed them. Then, gathering a handful, she said, 'Oh, happy, innocent flowers! Oh, happy, innocent flowers!' and the tears rolled down her cheeks. I could not understand her at all, and I said something,—I have forgotten what now. 'Mother,' she answered, 'I have stood up to my knees in flowers on the stage, and never felt so happy as I did kneeling there by those bluebells,—those happy, innocent flowers that God has just fresh made.'"

This little incident, combined with the mother's passionate tears and the sweet face of Juliet looking down upon them, made an impression upon me that cannot be translated into words. A little afterward, pointing to the gay walls, she said, "They were done at her request. She wrote to me when I took this cottage, 'Do make the walls white and bright, and have everything as cheery as possible. Never mind the expense. I am coming very soon to see you, and shall want to find you in a pretty home.'"

"But she never came! She never came!" the poor soul continued passionately; and then she plunged into the subject of the apparently inexplicable will of the kind daughter and wealthy artiste. Her strictures upon the conduct of the noble residuary legatees I should think it unjust to repeat; nor am I able to agree altogether with the opinion that many express as to the unnatural conduct of Miss Neilson or the injustice of her heir. Mrs. Bland said positively that Miss Neilson was on the point of marriage with him, a fact warranting her disposition of the bulk of her wealth; and the annuity left to her mother is, in a village like Guiseley, a most comfortable income.

"Well," I said, as we drove away, "Miss Neilson seems to have had a happy and tenderly-cared-for childhood. I had heard a whisper of something different."

"I'll be bound you heard none so far from t' truth. Mrs. Bland was a dress-maker, and made a bit of money for herself; and when Lizzie Ann wer a

little one she took a pride in dressing her up: plenty said she dressed her more like a circus-lass than should hev been. Bland was niver a man to make brass or to save it; they were often at a pretty pass for a bit to eat. Lizzie Ann worked in t' Greenbottom Mills then; but even as a mill-hand she wer a strange one; she niver wer seen to lake [play] with t'other lads and lasses."

"Was it not strange she left her half-brother nothing?"

My friend straightened her lips queerly: "There's a why for ivery wherefore. There's nobody in Guiseley will blame her. It's an ill bird 'files its own nest, and Lizzie Ann said little to any one about things iverybody knew she had to put up with. I think she did better by her home than many another would hev done. She looked over a deal, I tell you."

"Was she long in the mill?"

"Not so long. She went to be nurse at Mrs. John P——'s: you remember her; for sure you must."

"For sure I do. Let us go and see her." In a few minutes we stopped at one of those lovely, comfortable Yorkshire homes, set deep in shady, sweet old gardens. Mrs. P—— had been a belle when I saw her last; she was now a handsome matron. After some private recollections and chatter, I told her where I had been; "and I hear her daughter lived with you before her theatrical *débat*," I said.

"Poor girl! yes, she nursed my youngest daughter. She was a good, bright, loving soul as ever lived. It was from this house she ran away when her home had become impossible to her. At the time her mother was away,—I forget where,—probably making dresses for some family, and her step-father—well, we won't name him. From what she told me, I knew it was not right for her to enter his house again. She came to me one night weeping bitterly. 'I am going away,' she said, 'far away, and no one will hear of me again unless they hear something wonderful of me.' I begged her to wait till her mother came back. 'What for?' she asked

sadly: 'it is no use. I must go; I feel it.' The next day she was missing, and nobody did hear of her again till she took London by storm as Juliet. I remember the day she came back here to see her mother. The whole village was out to welcome her; and Dr. H——, you know, took his own carriage and drove her from the train."

"And eh! but she wer dressed! T' queen herself couldn't hev been grander. T' mill lads and lasses stood watching for her, and many a rough welcome—rough but hearty—she got. I'll niver believe that any one said an unkind word of her that day,—niver!"

"She could not have had much money when she went away?"

"Very little, and very few clothes. I really did not believe she was going, or I would have helped her."

"She got into London without a sixpence," said my friend. "Poor lass! And she slept t' first night there on a bench in Hyde Park. There, now! To think of that! A kind-hearted policeman saw her crying, and fetched her home to his wife; and the woman took to her bonny face and ways, and got her some coarse sewing to do,—very coarse it wer, and badly paid; but she managed to live until she got a place in some little theatre, just to go on and off like. But Lizzie Ann needed only that. If she got one foot on t' stair, she was bound to get to t' top of it; that wer she."

With Miss Neilson's public career I need not meddle; it is well known; but the incidents of her childhood revealed to me in such an unexpected, truthful, and kindly manner are surely worth repeating, although they are but another variation on the old story of genius triumphing over adverse circumstances. Those inclined to blame her must visit Guiseley for the key to what seems unkind in her conduct, and perhaps they may then stand with a fresh admiration and sorrow by the grave of one who died so early and so sadly,—

The gifted and the beautiful.

AMELIA E. BARR.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Swift." By Leslie Stephen. "Sterne." By H. D. Trail. (*English Men of Letters Series.*) New York: Harper & Brothers.

SWIFT and Sterne are usually and not improperly coupled as the two greatest of English humorists, the humor of each being not only pre-eminent in its way but predominate over the other qualities, not, as in Fielding,—the only prose writer who possessed the faculty in equal measure,—subordinate to the art of the story-teller, or, as in Shakespeare, balanced by a like superiority of every other intellectual gift. In almost all other respects the two are so dissimilar that we can associate them only for the purposes of contrast. Swift belongs to the school of Rabelais, Sterne to that of Cervantes. The imagination of Swift found its scope in grotesque conceptions utterly remote from actual life, and suggestive of reality only on the principle of inversion or of a world turned upside down. Sterne, on the other hand, with all his eccentricity, never wanders beyond the province of human nature as seen in its actual workings and relations, and is always at his best when dealing with its simplest forms and manifestations. In bitter irony, in savage and cynical mockery, Swift exceeds all other satirists, while Sterne is the gentlest of laughers, inviting sympathy rather than ridicule for the foibles he points out. The excesses by which they repel us lie in opposite directions: Swift grows inhuman in his fierceness, Sterne becomes maudlin in his tenderness. Their merits are equally divergent: one is profound, the other subtle; one has a piercing vision, the other a delicate scent; one illuminates a subject, the other follows the windings of an idiosyncrasy. There were strange coincidences in their lives, with a strong diversity in their characters. Both were Irishmen, and both clergymen of the Church of England; both were constitutional invalids; both involved themselves in singular and questionable relations with women; both indulged in a style of writing which is the most abhorrent to good taste. But no contrast could be greater than between the commanding personality, the stern energy, the gloomy tragedy, of the one existence, and the fantastic weakness, the butterfly frivolity, and

the mere commonplace pathos of the other.

As a subject for biography Swift's life is, of course, incomparably the more important and attractive. Unfortunately, it is one that baffles as often as it invites attempts at elucidation, and each fresh contribution whets without satisfying curiosity. No research seems capable of clearing up the mysteries connected with it, and the psychological problems involved in the study need for their solution those rare powers of intuition which, when applied to biography or criticism, seem to place it on a level with the creative arts. Mr. Stephen has given us what we had a right to expect from him,—the fruits of a careful study of all the accessible material, guided by a cultivated intelligence, a special knowledge of the period, and a perfectly impartial spirit. A certain flatness of tone pervades the whole performance and secures the reader against any pungent emotion or sense of irritation. It does not appear that Mr. Stephen has any peculiar aptitude for the appreciation of humor, but the well-equipped criticism of our day tests all qualities with a calm tolerance that supplies any want of insight and forbids it to impose its own deficiencies as a standard. Mr. Trail, with much more meagre material, writes with greater liveliness. His analysis is also closer, and seeks to define with precision the component elements of that charm which worked so strongly on Sterne's contemporaries and which is still felt by a limited number of readers. Why Mr. Trail should doubt whether it will long continue to be felt in the same degree we are unable to understand. The lapse of time has been sufficient to prove that Sterne had qualities which do not depend for their effect on mere surprise or on a temporary taste. The novelty is gone, but the flavor remains,—a flavor so fine and rare that it can never fail to give delight unless the sense by which it is perceived and enjoyed becomes extinct.

"The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford. As recorded in Letters from her Literary Correspondents." Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Es-trange. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is with a sense of incongruity that

we take up, from among a number of new books in regulation suits of green or red cloth, a volume like this, whose contents carry us back to the days of floral annuals and souvenir albums. This garland of epistolary effusions addressed to a once popular authoress has a very *passé* appearance to-day, not because the habit of mutual admiration in literary circles has become extinct, but simply because in that as in other literary matters we have *changé de style*. The first of its many contributors to take up the pen is Miss Mitford's mamma, whose letters, with their allusions to Ranelagh masquerades, and their elaborate descriptions of dinners, with top-, bottom-, and side-dishes, would have read "vastly well," to borrow from the lady's own vocabulary, in some eighteenth-century novel. The rest of the volume is of a more modern antiquity, but it continues to preserve a certain old-fashioned flavor even when the letters are dated 1855 instead of 1805 or thereabouts, where the correspondence begins. Enthusiastic ravings about the grace, the beauty, the pallor and earnestness—above all, the simplicity—of Louis Napoleon strike upon the ear of to-day as curiously and as remotely as personal anecdotes which go back to wigs and lace ruffles. When we come across a name belonging to our own day, it is with a sort of surprise. A few notes from Ruskin have all his earnestness of exaggeration, his power of absorbing himself in the thought of the moment and speaking out of the heart. They throw little flashes of light on a personality of which we should like to know more, and give a suggestion of what Ruskin's correspondence will be when it makes its way into print, as it inevitably must some day. Some letters from Mrs. Browning (written before her marriage) are also very interesting,—graceful, affectionate, and individual in tone. But the mass of the correspondence is neither very entertaining nor very valuable. Many of the letters have the formality which is found in merely incidental or occasional correspondence, and others are written with a ceremony belonging to the time or the writers. The editor has limited his labors to a brief introduction of each person writing or referred to, which he makes especially explanatory in the case of Americans. There are a good many of these, for Miss Mitford's correspondence was quite an international affair, and she was kept as well informed on Boston and Cambridge matters as on

London news. American readers may amuse themselves by picking out descriptions of their fellow-countrymen from the notes, and from allusions where they appear with that little foreign touch so often imparted by English reports.

Recent Novels.

"Doctor Zay." By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"A Fair Philosopher." By Henri Daugé. (The Kaaterskill Series.) New York: George H. Harlan & Co.

"A Transplanted Rose." A Story of New York Society. New York: Harper & Brothers. "Robin." By Mrs. Parr. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

In any case "Doctor Zay" might have challenged a comparison with Mr. Howells's "Dr. Breen's Practice," even if their authors had not at the outset called attention to the similarity of motive in the two books. Given two female doctors, each of whom sets out with a rigid outline of duty marked out before her, from which she swerves and declines, then finally renounces it altogether, one naturally regards the two, holds them in the same lights, and decides on resemblances and contrasts.

The two stories, although showing a certain correspondence, differ with all the fine and subtle differences which a man's and a woman's point of view necessitates. Mr. Howells's heroine seems more life-like, while Miss Phelps has bestowed on hers more sympathetic insight and imagination. It is to Mr. Howells a delicious joke that a woman should have a profession at all: the situation offers contradictions, absurdities, and dangers about which his wit and humor play fearlessly. It is evident that he believes in his heroine only as a charming woman: he finds irresistible piquancy in her alternations of dignity and triviality; he delights in her inconsistencies, weaknesses, and caprices. That Dr. Breen should, in spite of all her inspiring dreams, fall in love and marry, is the summing up of a man's critical experience of the female sex.

Miss Phelps, on the other hand, regards her heroine and her profession with the utmost seriousness. That Dr. Zay should be at the same time a young and beautiful woman and a great physician, is a matter not to be seized by the understanding but by faith, not to be proved but devoutly believed. That she finally marries her patient and suitor Yorke, is a mere little yielding, a tender human

infirmity of womanly feeling, which rounds off the sharpness of her perfected outlines and makes her, with all her powers, distinctly human. In the process of courtship, Dr. Zay tells her lover that he has become interested in a new type of woman, which requires a new type of man to accept and comprehend her,—a man whose sensitiveness as a husband yields to his belief in the dignity and worth of his wife's separate career,—who will patiently come home to dinner in the evening and find his hearth cold, his dinner lonely, while she is fulfilling the call of duty elsewhere. Miss Phelps leaves her lovers on the threshold of all these dangers, and the reader closes the book with some curiosity as to later developments in the Yorkes' *ménage*. It seems a distinct pity that the author, who has forcible insight and is a good storyteller, should allow words and phrases, vague, grandiloquent, and incomprehensible, to mar her pages and cumber and disguise her meaning.

In "A Fair Philosopher," the author, who seems to be a woman writing under a pretty masculine pseudonym, presents, like Miss Phelps, an exceptionally gifted heroine. The story deals with a little coterie of pleasant people in a New-Jersey village, whose doings do not deprive the life of monotony and narrowness. The characterization is not strong, and, although there is a pleasant suggestiveness in the way the men and women are sketched, there is not clearness or warmth enough to light up the rather cold and gray atmosphere of the book.

"A Transplanted Rose," on the contrary, carries its own scented atmosphere and the brightness of its coloring along with it, and gives a detailed account of the splendors of New York life, which, if material and prosaic, has at least the merit of intense realism. The author is evidently no novice in polite arts: all the most delicate *nuances* of social etiquette, the mysteries and subtleties of the laws that regulate elegant behavior, are set forth with a lucidity which might alone insure the success of the book as a "guide to good manners." The society we enter is not alone fashionable, it is correct; and it is the author's function not only to show the privileges and delights of the few, but to moralize upon the weaknesses of human nature in not keeping itself wholesome under the temptations of wealth and position. The heroine, Rose, a breezy Western girl,

comes to visit her aunt in New York, and meets successes which are in themselves troubles, since she is raw, untutored, undisciplined either by experience or good taste in the code of polite manners. Her progress is, however, rapid, and the climax of her success, marriage to an Englishman of rank, shows, no doubt, the fitting reward of virtue for all American girls. If a thread of sensationalism and melodrama had been excluded from the little book, it would better have presented the ideas which the writer wished to convey, besides being pleasanter and more readable.

It is something of a relief to turn from a budget of American novels which it is a critic's duty to try faithfully and accept cordially if there be flavor, no matter how crude, to a story of the well-known English type about which there can be no mistake. "If I call bad bad, what do I gain?" says Goethe; "and if I call good bad, I do a great deal of mischief." But there are few or no new vintages in English novels nowadays, and in Mrs. Parr's at least one is certain to meet no surprise, no shock to one's prejudices or prepossessions. Her last novel, "Robin," if not equal to her first success, "Dorothy Fox," is agreeable and readable, and holds the reader's sympathies quite to the end. The story is not a new one, and the first half reminds one strikingly of "Heaps of Money," with a father and daughter living on the continent, and a young Englishman of good family established as *ami de la maison*. Robin is a fresh and frank, purely girlish creation, and fulfils the first duty of a heroine by being charming. The idle, pleasure-taking, fictitious life at Venice is well described, and makes a picturesque background for the play of the four principal characters. Jack Dorian may win the reader's interest, but his actual sympathy is bestowed upon Christopher Blunt, the finely-touched spirit of whose life and death has issues beyond those which belong to happiness and to success. The story, after the scene is transferred to England, loses much of its charm, and the character of the elder Blunt is crude, harsh, and unpleasant, the chronic petty faults of pomposity and triviality of a *nouveau-riche* being given with too much emphasis and too little humor.

Juvenile Holiday Books.

"The Bodley Grandchildren and their Jour-

ney through Holland." By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Diddie, Dumps, and Tot; or, Plantation Child-Life." By Louise Clarke Pyrmelle. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The Talking Leaves." New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The Wreck of the Red Bird." By George Cary Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Elfin Land." Designed by Walter Satterlee. Poems by Josephine Pollard. New York: George W. Harlan & Co.

"Christmas Rhymes and New-Year's Chimes." By Mary D. Brine. New York: George W. Harlan & Co.

Mr. Scudder has given the excellent Bodleys such a substantial, downright existence that we are glad they have increased and multiplied and now can offer us the doings of three generations at once. We have met them before, at home in town and country, on wheels, and telling stories; and they carry into their journey through Holland the same intelligence, zest, and humor that won our hearts of old. The Bodleys have married Van Wycks, and the Van Wycks have married Bodleys, and the present group of young people, instead of being Bostonians, are ardent Knickerbockers, who first study up Dutch history at home in New York, then—a real case of the Dutch taking Holland—cross the water to find traces of the ancestral tree before their graft was cut from the parent stem. The descriptions of Dutch life, character, and scenery are given with much clearness and picturesqueness, while the historical matter is cleverly introduced without any painful effort after solid information. We miss, however, from this last Bodley book certain agreeable features of the old home-life, and nothing in the way of travelling experience can make up for the absence of Cousin Ned's stories, some of which—for instance, that of the "Happy Clothes-Dryer"—possessed much of the quaint charm of Hans Christian Andersen's best work for children.

Actual flesh-and-blood colored people were never better depicted than in "Diddie, Dumps, and Tot; or, Plantation Child-Life." The author says in her preface that a chief object in preparing the little volume was "the idea of keeping alive many of the old stories, legends, traditions, games, hymns, and superstitions, which with this generation of negroes will pass away." A declared purpose for a book is generally an apology for dulness and an excuse for poverty of resource; but these sketches are really admirable, given in a simple, effective

style, and bubbling over with fancy and fun. Diddie, Dumps, and Tot are the daughters of a wealthy planter, and, like other Southern children of that date, are on terms of the most familiar association with their sable retainers, each little girl having her own black maid, and all being given over to the supervision of an excellent "mammy" of great state and dignity, while certain "uncles" of vast age and supernatural wisdom make a background for the scene. Elders will like the book quite as well as the little people. There is wit, drollery, and humor on every page. We should like to quote the account of Aunt Nancy's sanitary measures, and her stiff creed that "too much furnifuge wuz better'n none," the doings of Old Billy, Uncle Snake-bit Bob's Sunday-school, and the sermon concerning "Swords and Famines." The "Tar Baby" is already well known, and it is not a little curious that the story is current among the colored people of all the States from Maryland to Louisiana. These sketches are of permanent literary value, and will, besides, be precious to many readers as helps to bring back scenes present, alive, and glowing once, now dead, buried, only coming forth to mortal recognition as sad-eyed ghosts. The little book gives the negro dialect most cleverly, but it is a thing to shudder at when the little heroines reproduce it entire, and we should have liked a hint as to the methods pursued to bring back English to their tongues after they had stiffened into the use of present participles without *g*'s and pronouns and verbs turned generally topsy-turvy.

"The Talking Leaves" is a spirited story of Indian and other frontier life, and ought to delight the hearts of all boy-readers by its moving incidents and adventures, its hints of gold discoveries, its sport, and its battles and skirmishes. The noble savage in its pages is the savage of to-day, and is as little given to the heroic vein in which he indulged in Cooper's and Mayne Reid's novels as he is to the war-cry and the free use of the scalping-knife. A bit of poetry attaches to the name "The Talking Leaves," which is bestowed upon some magazine pictures picked up by an Apache girl and her adopted sister in the trail of some emigrants. The story will tell how these "talking leaves" spoke to the heart and mind of Rita the white girl, bringing back her old life before she was stolen from her father.

"The Wreck of the Red Bird" gives

the account of the pleasure-expedition of three lads, which ends in disaster, leaving them shipwrecked on an island off the coast of South Carolina. Their experiences, their necessities, their make-shifts and resources, of course suggest "Masterman Ready" and "The Swiss Family Robinson;" but the spirit in which the boys find and accept the infinite friendly forces of nature about them is a little rough and brutal. The dedication of the book claims our respect and sympathy.

This is not the age of "Picture-Books without Pictures," which Hans Christian Andersen used to write to stimulate and nourish childish imaginations. Indeed, the artists and designers have made a great leap beyond the story-tellers of to-day, and literary fancy needs a balloon to effect flights bold and picturesque enough to keep up with them. One stands amazed at the beauty and novelty of a book like "Elfin Land," and the eye grows dazzled while turning the pages. The whim, the caprice, the prodigality of gay fantasies vibrating between the exquisite and the absurd, keep the mind on a stretch to see what audacity will follow next. The verses are very pretty, notably "The Moon has a Host of Children." As to the pictures, our choice inclines particularly to the frontispiece and the "Dance on the Beach," in which the elfish spirit of frolic that pervades the whole book has its acme.

There is great delicacy and beauty in many of the illustrations of "Christmas Rhymes and New-Year's Chimes," and some will, no doubt, prefer it to Mr. Satterlee's brilliant and sparkling pageant gleaned out of fairy-land. "Tableau Vivant," "A Happy Day," and "Queen of Hearts" will not easily be surpassed in any Christmas-book. Mrs. Brine has gained a wide and faithfully-earned reputation as a writer of verses which suggest the light, sunny, and tender phases of domestic life, and her little poems of themselves bring up pictures of sweet young mothers and wonderful little children with cherubic faces and witching flossy golden hair; who

"Rule by right of their summers two,
Their dimpled cheeks, and their eyes so blue."

Books Received.

Harper's Young People, 1882. New York.

Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Home-Life in the Bible. By Henrietta Lee Palmer. Edited by John Williamson Palmer. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

The Boy Travellers. Egypt and the Holy Land. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Knocking Round the Rockies. By Ernest Ingersoll. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Shakespeare's King Henry the Sixth. By William J. Rolfe, A.M. New York: Harper & Brothers. Parts I., II., III.

Gymnastics of the Voice. By Oskar Guttman. Illustrated. Albany, New York: Edgar Werner.

The Land and the Book.—Central Palestine and Phœnicia. By William M. Thomson, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of New York. By George W. Sheldon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Eras and Characters of History. By William R. Williams. New York: Harper & Brothers.

New Games for Parlor and Lawn. By George B. Bartlett. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Aubert Dubayet; or, The Two Sister Republics. By Charles Gayarré. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

New Arabian Nights. By Robert Louis Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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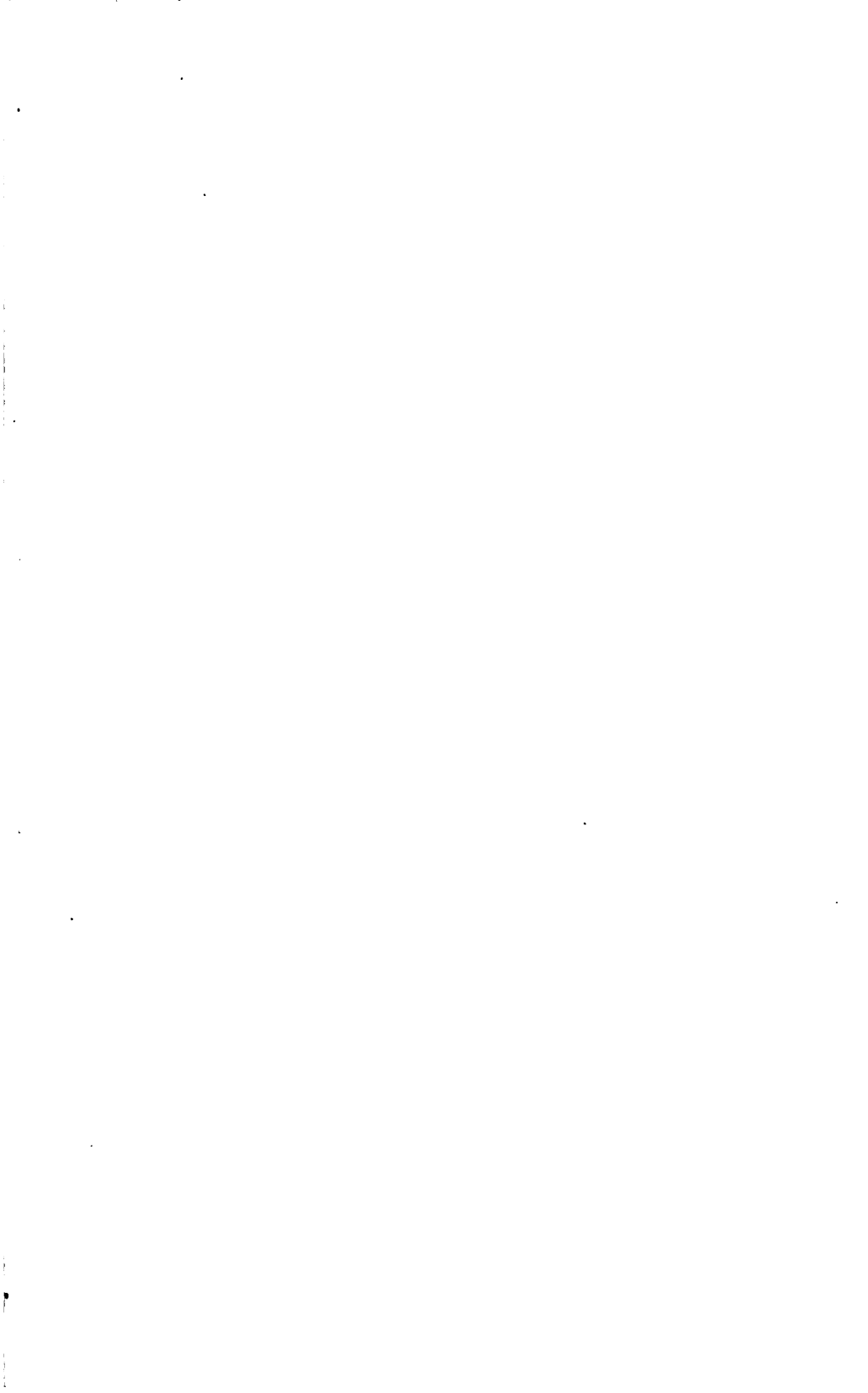
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